first snow -
coasting down the hill
my daughter's laugh

a boring TV show -
I choose
the snowflakes' dance

still winter -
on a beton wall
flower graffiti

Christmas Eve --
in the Cathedral
an expectant mother

beggar's steps
at the baker's shop --
slower and slower

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raindrops
on the windowpane - -
street lamps double

my cold hands
this early morning - -
missing you

in the last bus
only a stranger and me - -
long glances

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Alenka Zorman  
Ljubljana, Slovenia  

no crocuses yet - -
on the green
lilac cans

1'st March - -
in the empty flowerpot
fresh snow

main failure - -
while looking for a candle
the moonlight

back from hypermarket - -
on the handle of my bag
a ladybug

far from home - -
talking to the empty
screen of my GSM

spring not yet - -
on wet windowpane
two hearts

by the angel
on the church frontage - -
sleeping pigeon

Nikola Nilic  
Novi Sad, Yugoslavia  

from a roof,
together with icicles,
rolls down sun sparkle
in a dead angle
good neighbours are divided
by a hedge

Jadran Zalokac
Rijeka, Croatia

She washes a linen.
Zen stories
on a table

Dan Doman
Romania

drought --
hawk shriek
above the empty lake

seceta --
tipatul soimului
deasupra lacului gol

in dawn
driver gossip --
swallows flying down

sporovaiala
soferului in zori --
randunelele zboara jos

dinosaurs on show
at the castle in the creek
people bathing

dinozauri la castel --
in vale oamenii
fac baie

snowbound paths --
at the chalet
topless service
carari inzapezite --
dar la cabana serviciu
topless

cumulus clouds --
bride near a defiled
patch of snow

nori cumulus --
mireasa langa-un petic
innegrit de omat

new whitewashing room --
the old woman sleeps
in the moonlight

camera nou-varuita --
batrana doarme
in lumina lunii

Translated by Cristian Marciu

Copyright Authors, 2001
carried by the wind
a butterfly drops
in a dandelions' sea.

*gleda u nebo
podšišani maslačak -
eh, vetar, vetar*

looking at the sky
dandelions with haircuts
oh, that wind, that wind

*čuje se tok-tok
nije detlić - to pada
zrelo kestenje*

"Knock - knock!" -
there is not a woodpecker
ripe chestnuts fall down

*on the beach - -
my hands touch the sea
the sea wets my shoes*
na obali
se dotaknem morja - morje
mi zmoči čevlje

seminar o odnosih
med ljudmi - pogrešam
njegov SMS

seminar on
Human Relations - - I miss
his SMS

postelja za dva -
na blazini ob meni
le mesečina

bed for two - -
on the pillow beside me
only moonlight

pošiljam SMS
prelet
galebov

sending SMS - -
fly over
seagulls

sama na pomolu -
nekaj metrov bližje
obzorju

alone on the pier - -
some meters closer
to the horizon
ližem sladoled -
vetar prinese
okus po soli

licking my icecream
wind brings me
taste of salt

**Nikola Nilic**  
**Novi Sad, Yugoslavia**

glow of the sun
father’s eyes in the furrow
full of butterflies

staggering in the park
tipsy with the whiteness
of early chestnuts

river --
the night illuminated
by two moons

**Visnjislav Mikadeak**  
**Yugoslavia**

Evening game-
a boy and a girl
feeding a doll.

Cellar`s window-
from outside big shoes
guiding small ones.
I peel onion.  
As on father’s funeral  
tears run.

Eating a cherry-  
slap of child’s hands  
before the worm.

By the crashed bridge  
a man dressed in white  
seeks out radiation.

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stifling heat - a fly licking the eye of a stale fish

*The Daily Yomiuri review award, Tokyo, 1994*

on the Venetian blinds
the old acacia shadow -
Tomcat napping

*Excellence Award at ITOEN - New Haiku Contest, Tokyo, 1996*

sunset, / with you I'll paint/ the Easter eggs! -
quiet of the evening- the poppies' call/ is burning harder-
singing its mantra / the cricket reaches / the source of stillness-
artesian wells -/ the crescent moon waters / its faint glimmer-
barely in bloom / unadmired irises / already wither-
back to the earth / dreaming of the summer green - / leaves still alive-
the first drizzle / wailing of crickets / helpless, the moon-
first snow - / a rosebud arises / white defeated by white

*Haiku from " 99 Haiku Exercices"*

---

mrzla noc -
na klopi
ljubimca
cold night - -
on the bench
lovers

zbudim se -
na steni
tvoja senca

awaked - -
on the wall
your shadow

tiha noć -
moja dlan
na tvoji sliki

silent night - -
my palm on
your photo

brez tebe -
samo nemir
in tiha noć

without you - -
only restlessness
and silent night

Jasminka Nadaskic Djordjevic
Novi Sad, Yugoslavia

ridji konj vuče
sumorno svoju senku
kola ih prate

roan horse
towing its shadow -
the cart follows
staza samo do
groblja - dalje i nema
kud da se ide

    path ends at graveyard -
    there is no more
    where to go

jesenja kiša -
u šumi, list po list,
pokvašen

    autumn rain -
    in forest, one by one,
    leaves are going wet

zelena bara
iznad i ispod isto -
žalosna vrba

    a green pond surface --
    over and under
    a weeping willow

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Endless day-
melting in gold
a reaper

With the falling leaves -
the growing number of stars
the willow allows

Moon at its full-
under the branch an apple
half in shadow

Over my shoulder-
suddenly the first thunder
of incoming spring

Blossomed apple trees-
and everything before me
on the empty table
"jugo"
moji lasje vse
bolj skodrani

damp wind
my hair more and more
curled

krema za sončenje
ustavi metulja
na moji rami

suntan cream
stops a butterfly
on my arm

šumenje valov
iz sosednje prikolice
globoki vzdihi

waves murmur
from the neighbor's caravan
deep breathing

počitek v senci
v ritmu mojega diha
skarabej

rest in the shadow
in the rhythm of my breath
a scarab

mesečna noč
plima in oseka
v meni

moonlit night
the ebb and flow
in me

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selo još spava -
putem kraj crkve ide
sanjivo pseto

the village asleep
along the path by the church
a sleepy puppy

gola ledina -
cirkus je otišao
rano u zoru

naked wasteland
circus was gone -
the crack of dawn

sa hladnim vetrom
proleće sve - latice,
lišće, proleće

everything flies by
along with the cold wind-
petals, leaves, and spring

cveće i deca
sve je u travi čak i
Uskršnja jaja

flowers and children -
everything is on the grass
even Eastern eggs
Alenka Zorman
Ljubljana, Slovenia

sončenje zgoraj brez
na njeni dojki
senca dlani

topless sunbath
on her breast
the silhouette of a hand

isto morje
vsak val
v svojem tonu

the same sea
each wave
in its tune

huda vročina
prejemem razglednico
s snežakom

summer heat
I get the postcard
with a snowman

oseka -
majceno morje
še v mojem popku

ebb tide -
a small sea only
in my navel

pošiljam SMS -
decek spušča
milne mehurčke

typing SMS -
a boy flying
soap bubbles

pred nevihto
deček z metuljnico
lovi veter

before the storm
a boy with the butterfly net
catching wind

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Aozora haiku publication: September 2001

Jasminka Nadaskic-Djordjevic
Smederevo, Yugoslavia

pramičak magle -
kraj smokvinog panja
cveta djurdjevak

a patch of fog -
by the fig-tree stump
lily of the valley

peče se hleb
u staroj trošnoj peći
pucketa prošlost

fresh bread is baking
in an old and worn oven
the past is crackling

sitna pečurka
nikla kraj dovratka - gost
kuće bez krova

(Asahi Haikuist Network

mushroom grew up
beside the doorway - guest of
a roofless home

Alenka Zorman
Ljubljana, Slovenia

zgodnje jutro -
okno spalnice še odprto
k polni luni
early morning
my bedroom window still open to
the full moon

dolge počitnice -
ob vrnitvi sonce zahaja
za drugim hribom

long vacation -
on my return the sun sets behind
another hill

konec poletja -
galebi na plaži iščejo
sledi turistov

summer ends -
on the beach seagulls searching for
the traces of tourists

The fall (autumn), the rain and coldness is already with us:

deževni večer -
med menoj in temo
le krhko steklo

rainy evening -
between me and the dark
only the thin glass

po prepiru
šum dežja napolnjuje
praznino med nama

after the quarrel
the sound of rain filling
emptiness between us
Jadran Zalokar
Rijeka, Croatia

Crna je macka
zbog hrane promijenila
gospodara

Children pass
in blue color
of the sky

The yard in a village.
A goose moves its wings.
It greets the sun

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walking down the path -
one tree after another
nuts are leading me

koračam putem -
sprovode me orasi
stablo po stablo

first cold snap -
the sun is overshadowed
by wild geese

prvi dašak zime -
sunce prekriveno
divljim guskama

a patch of fog -
by the fig-tree stump
lily of the valley

pramičak magle -
kraj smokvinog panja
cveta djurdjevak

Wet streets
are drawing
under the legs of passers-by

Suse se
pod nogama prolaznika
mokre ulice
Alenka Zorman  
Ljubljana, Slovenia  

vzpon na goro -  
na mojem ćelu  
kaplja ob kaplji  

up the mountain -  
on my forehead  
drop by drop  

jesenski gozd -  
korak za korakom  
šepet za šepetom  

autumn forest -  
step by step  
whisper by whisper  

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Aozora haiku publication : November 2001

Alenka Zorman
Ljubljana, Slovenia

obledeolo ime -
ob nagrobniku
vrtnica v popkih

faded name -
at the tombstone
the rose in buds

Vsi sveti -
v istem vetru vztrepetajo
plameni vseh svečk

All Saints' Day -
in the same wind tremble
all candles' flames

Dragica Gashpar
Belgrade, Yugoslavia

contact e-mail: dior@sezampro.yu

mottled butterfly
on yellow dandelion -
small cat waits

šaren leptir
na žutom maslačku -
mačka vreba

scarecrow keeps mellons -
on the old cottage roof
crows get wet

strašilo čuva dinje -
na krovu stare kuće
pokisle vrane

Where fly off
butterflies and bees,
my dear dandelion?
Kud odleteše
leptiri i pčele,
dragi moji maslačci?

Mike Cobb
USA

who's winning this war?
fear sitting at our doorstep
the neighbors are still

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Aozora haiku publication : December 2001

Alenka Zorman
Ljubljana, Slovenia

mokra ulica -
previdno stopam
po razsvetljenih oknih
wet street -
carefully stepping on
lit windows

kip na strehi
v roki drži
polno luno
the main post building in Ljubljana
the statue on the roof
holding in the hand
the full moon

sončni vikend -
hišna lestev moja
edina vzpetina
sunny weekend -
the house ladder
my only hill

gost promet -
listi v vetru
hitrejši
rush hour -
leaves in the wind
faster
vejavica -
staru kuću
ispunila tama

    snowstorm -
an old house
full of darkness

grana gloga -
gladnog gavrana biju
zimski vetrovi

    hawthorn's branch -
hungry raven is beaten
by winter winds

dečji smeh -
u reci se kupa
naga žena

    children's laughter -
in the river
naked woman bathing

(Submission by letter)

U prolećnoj noći
samo čujem rečici,
a ne vidim je.

    On a Spring night
hearing only a small river
but can not see it.

U gustoj šumi
slušam pesmu slavuja
i gromove iznad nje.

In the thick forest
listening to the nightingale's song
and thunders above it.

Vejavica -

u staroj kući
tama.

Snowstorm -
in an old house
darkness.

Nikola Nilic
Novi Sad, Yugoslavia (by letter)

two moons
from the river and the sky
illuminate the woods

Vid Vukasovic
Belgrade, Yugoslavia

Zraci zimskog sunca
prodiru kroz suvo lišće
staroga hrasta

Winter sun rays
pierce trough dry leaves
of old oak tree

ledenica na oknu
kaplje sve sporije
dok pada mrak

the icicle on the window
is slowing its dripping
while night is falling
stara ograda
jutros pod snegom
čini se nova

the old fence
this morning under snow
seems new

pod novim snegom
izgleda blistavo čisto
čak i deponija

under the new snow
even the dumping ground
is glitteringly clean

**Darja Kocjancic**
**Slovenia**

twisted branch
in chilliness
makes pirouette

icy river
for a short time
caught in silence

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