Seed Poem:

FUJI CONCEALED IN A MIST.*

Into a sea of mist whither hath Mt. Fuji sunk?
— G. W. Aston (Grammar of the Japanese Written Language, 1877)
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.

mist —
shades of nikko firs
not nikko firs
— Adam T. Bogar

planting the
seed of patience
in my life
— Lakshmi Iyer

weighed down
by a water drop
the sapling
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

farmer’s pride —
sowing the seed
of his dreams
— Lakshmi Iyer

farmer’s dreams
sewing the seeds
into the pride
— pratima balabhadrapathruni
a seed
inside the peach stone
the secret you hide from me
— Olivier Schopfer

small garden
on the open book
a handful of seeds
— Nikolay Grankin

jinny jo seeds blown on the wind
— Bernadette O’Reilly

rolling mist —
no end or beginning
to the path
— Lucy Whitehead

teanga dhúchasach —
she Googles ‘indigenous language’
in Gaelic
— Marion Clarke

Indigenus indigenous indigenised implicitly indie
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

universal
this semaphore
of arms
— Marietta McGregor

 turning point-
the opening and closing
of the sparrows beak
— Robert Kingston
cloudshifting
the robin's song
between sobs
— Alan Summers
from “Paper Tears” in Narrow Road: Flash Fiction Volume 2 (August 2017)

far from home
the rustle of willow leaves
speaks my language
— Olivier Schopfer
Issa’s Untidy Hut 198 (January 14, 2015)

spoken al dente . . .
the hands of a deaf poet
make me see
— Alan Summers

safety instructions
we all turn a deaf ear
to the crew’s sign language
— Olivier Schopfer
Failed Haiku 2.14

first language languishing under the stars
— Alan Summers

a scops owl —
looking for the ring
of King Solomon
— Margherita Petriccione

twisted tongue…
is it hard to speak
the language of love
— Willie R. Bongcaron
evening bus
two English teens
French kissing
— Olivier Schopfer
Prune Juice 22

lovers face to face
a Brit & Japanese
engaged in French

a French kiss
the Universal tongue
of passion
— Michael Virga

farmer’s toil —
his hands where
his heart speaks
— Willie R. Bongcaron

between valleys
they greet each other
in whistles
— Willie R. Bongcaron

rain whistle
a blackbird hops
along its notes
— Alan Summers
Presence 47

birth mother visit a cabbie talks of spring equinoxes
— Alan Summers
proletaria — politics philosophy phenomena (April 2019)

eye of the song a blackbird touching the void
— Alan Summers
The British Haiku Society Awards 2018/19 First Prize
fainter stars the bluebells shake out a morning
— Alan Summers
Sonic Boom 13
Note: Even flora and fauna have their own Indigenous Languages.

a heart carved
on the cherry tree
when do they cry
— Vicki Miko

the snow-spinning wind
I dream of only big trees
in my prison yard
— Alan Summers
Vladimir Devidé Haiku Award 2015 Runer-Up

forgotten valleys
Switzerland’s
fourth language
— Olivier Schopfer

Gol Mountains Maasai —
our only common language
wildebeest grunts
— Karen Hoy
True story: Each Maasai warrior had a different dialect or language, but everyone knew
gnu (Wildebeests) grunts including this author, so fluid communication was able to be made.
The Gol Mountains are part of the Ngorongoro Conservation Area, Tanzania, Africa.

a panther
at my favourite restaurant
. . . butter chicken
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

hyena cub cull
the alpha female’s calls
echo against the hill
— Karen Hoy
Beginnings, British Haiku Society 2016 Members’ Anthology
a bit of his heart . . .
so many ways to show
endearments
— Willie R. Bongcaron

banyan tree-
searching my
family seed
— Lakshmi Iyer

revived language —
a Cornish valley bright
with wild violets
— Lucy Whitehead

Lizard Point
the lowing cow
answers the foghorn
— Topher Dykes

Land's End
I see my voice
in the sea
— Alan Summers
https://www.visitcornwall.com/places/lands-end

white noise
waves thrash the cliffs
at the Crown Mines
— Lucy Whitehead
(A Sense of Place, 18 July 2018,)

bee keeper
I learn
to hum
— Marilyn Ashbaugh
old recipe book
we're guessing
the ingredients
— polona oblak

stara kuharica
ugibamo
sestavine
— polona oblak

loved for years
and now I know your name
blue chicory
— Grace Ellen Olinger
https://charlottedigregorio.wordpress.com/

rolling potica
my mother's hands
now mine
— polona oblak

zvijam potico
mamine roke
zdaj moje
— polona oblak

To climb Mt. Fuji
10,000 yen admission
No poet discount
— Margie Gustafson

Romanian breakfast
a conversation in
local flavours
— Lucy Whitehead
tasting my Welsh
in a lava breakfast...
the dew falling
— Alan Summers
from Under Milk Wood: http://oedipa.tripod.com/thomas.html
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. A great breakfast!

‘ab kya kahe’
romain lettuce
in dal tadka
— pratima balabhadrupathruni

sunrise
the first time he speaks his own
language in public
— Maureen Sexton

soaring buzzard —
what do you see *
— polona oblak
we don’t know what the bird sees but what the viewer will see mostly depends on where they live: in Europe it’s a bird of prey, in America it’s a vulture — elsewhere???

*old turkey buzzard
flying high flying high”*
Russian lyrics
— pratima balabhadrupathruni
*Mackenna’s Gold

paintings of trees
on old pine walls
quiet music
— Grace Ellen Olinger
Four Hundred and Two Snails (Haiku Society of America Members’ Anthology 2018)
I duck
Into a foxglove . . .
her language
   — Marilyn Ashbaugh

pale gold foxglove heads
open to speckled violet throats . . .
what hidden code is this?
   — Sonam Chhoki

Tor Woods
the morning after . . .
a Babel of birdsong
   — Helen Buckingham

hangover
the morning after
the banshees of traffic
   — pratima balabhadrapathruni

Etruscan runes
the forgotten words
of ancestors
   — Eufemia Griffo

returning to Sorrento —
my Italian immigrant
dialect
   — Marita Gargiulo

lusting for avakai
as I eat gelato
we are what we eat?
   — pratima balabhadrapathruni
[avakai – mango pickle]
zipper web
decoding the runes
of spiders
  — Jan Benson
  Blithe Spirit 47.3

ancient language
on the terrace
peacock feathers
  — Aparna Pathak

off the terrace
peacock in panther maw
ROAR!!!!
  — pratima balabhadrapathruni

the urge
to speak his mother’s tongue
tangled vines
  — Billy Antonio

the urge
to remain silent
  . . . spilling beans
  — pratima balabhadrapathruni

father/son talk . . .
filling the gaps
with silence
  — Billy Antonio

quiet witterings
the art of yes or no
in secret ways
  — Alan Summers
glacial tongue
too fast
to catch
— Laurie Greer

Navajo song
reaching to the sky
an old prayer
— Eufemia Griffo

deserted beach . . .
a lone woman singing
in her native tongue
— Natalia Kuznetsova,

deserted beach
the ocean
sings her own song
— pratima balabhadraptunri

bone moon
the ululations
of mothers
— Jan Benson
Wild Voices Spring 2017

boomerang carving
elders recalls words
to teach the young
— Maureen Sexton

the oracle's song
so many words
we don't use anymore
— Sonam Chholi
deep roots…
retelling grandmas tales
in Pangasinan*

— Billy Antonio

*Pangasinan (Salitan Pangasinan) is one of the major languages of the Philippines.

welsh mist —
signposts thick
with consonants

— Helen Buckingham (for my Swansea Mum Xxx)
Modern Haiku, 42.1

border dispute
“I’m English” she trills
Welsh as daffodils

— Helen Buckingham (for my Tallowyn Godmother Xxx)

the ancestors
mutter their grievances . . .
whiskey moon

— Lorin Ford
3Lights Journal 1

Bashō in Silesian
I ask Uncle Google
what he means

— Marta Chocilowska

dawn chorus
broadcasting
seeds of light

— Helen Buckingham
Shamrock 21

Joining the dawn chorus
full-throated lilies

— Laurie Greer
sunrise
a lotus blooms

piano piano

— pratima balabhadrabapatruni
(*piano piano: Italian for slowly)

morning mist
from a light standard
raven speaks

— Ruth Powell

family tree
seeing our features
in distant lands

— Robert Kingston

on the old oak’s stump
sawdust and countless rings
my family tree

— Natalia Kuznetsova
Basho Festival Contest 2013

discarded
as if it were nothing
O’

— Laurie Greet

knot rings
in the clutches of birds
an endless story

— Robert Kingston

is my nose
American
or Irish?

— Bisshie
deep mist —
surprised, we all point
“Fujisan”!
— Marita Gargiulo

gone
in the fog
the rope bridge to the shrine
— Sonam Chhoki

a nightingale sings
Shakespeare in Klingon . . .
old and new origins
— Du’Ralle of the House of K’toh-maag (Alan Summers)
Note: Recently we’ve learnt that Turkish immigrants built Stonehenge in England, so we are all inter-connected despite an apparent difference in our immediate and general languages.

London borders —
the west end boy loses
the L in water
— Robert Kingston

withheld plums
the choir
reaches higher
— Robert Kingsston

wild tulips
like my parents
they are non-existent
— Ella Wagenmakers

lost again
among tangled trees
I wake up to the alarm
— Sonam Chhoki
reaping
what we all sow —
discord
— Natalia Kuznetsova

do atoms speak?
the Paschal moon
over Notre Dame
— Alan Summers
Note: The Paschal moon appears on April 19th

Notre Dame
a flame feathered bird
out of the bank
— Robert Kingston

different utopia
Quasimodo's private moon
over Notre Dame
— Alan Summers
Does Fish-God Know (YTBN Press 2012)

the flames of
eight hundred years of prayers
Phoenix
— Peggy Bilbro

Docklands
the mist develops
a horn
— Robert Kingston

Isle of Dogs
rumours of rhyming slang
kept secret
— Alan Summers
Isle of Dogs history: https://isleofdogslife.wordpress.com/tag/cockney/
perleys delight
holding strands
of the poor man's tongue
— Robert Kingston

Pearly Kings & Queens
c=o=m=m=u=n=i=c=a=t=i=n=g
the sheen of perspiration
— Alan Summers

pearly's delight
holding strands
of the poor man's tongue
— Robert Kingston

heat wave
poplar fluff
rises and falls
— Nikolay Grankin

no man's land …
the wild wind scattering
seeds of distrust
— Natalia Kuznetsovcz

the spin doctor's dilemma of which language to avoid truth
— Alan Summers

the spin doctor’s dilemma of skipping autochthonous truths
— Alan Summers
Spin: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spin_(propaganda)

FUJI CONCEALED IN A MIST.*
Into a sea of mist whither hath Mt. Fuji sunk?
in the smoke
glowing briefly
the spire falls
— Sonam Chhoki

fog-bound shrine
the sound of dung-kar*
comes and goes
— Sonam Chhoki
Otata 38
* conch

a fog of incense
chokes my prayer
into wisps
— pratima balabhadrathruni

mid-summer rite
incense of mist smoking
in the blue pine grove
— Sonam Chhoki

familiebijeenkomst —
ABN komt niet verder
dan de voordeur

family gathering —
Standard Dutch doesn’t make it
past the front door
— Corine Timmer
My parents grew up in an area in Holland where they speak Betuws, a South Guelderish
dialect which falls under the umbrella of Low Frankish languages. ABN stands for
Algemeen Beschaafd Nederlands (Standard Dutch).

all day fog
the white-bellied heron’s cry
almost fierce
— Sonam Chhoki
cattails , April 2019
winter fog
the way your accent reveals
new panoramas
— Olivier Schopfer
bottle rockets 33

fog lifts
briefly the promise
of distant lands
— Sonam Chhoki

pressing the silence
of an ancient grief
frozen lip of waterfall
— Sonam Chhoki
Otata 28

Reading Genji
I want to smell the incense
he prepares for Fujitsubo
— Sonam Chhoki
Otata 32

waterfall of lichen
deep in the mountain forest
a musk deer calls
— Sonam Chhoki
Genjuan 2015 Grand Prix Winning Haibun, “Mining Memories”

Kazimierz dream —
a woman stands in the doorway
her mouth full of pins
— Sonam Chhoki
Failed Haiku 2.19

your silence
more deafening than cymbals
echoing in the ravine
— Sonam Chhoki
Failed Haiku 2.20
as if in echo
of buried drums . . .
the sound of woodpeckers
— Sonam Chhoki
*Otata* 31

ancestral shrine
the woman uncombed
turns the prayer wheel
— Sonam Chhoki
*Otata* 30

rape seed field
a butterfly
in native yellow
— Robert Kingston

all the saffron in sudden crocuses
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

toga party
the slip of perfume
on the goddesses neck
— Robert Kingston

quake-destroyed shrine
a raven on the stone Tara
questioning the dusk
— Sonam Chhoki
*A Hundred Gourds* 5:2

where the lammergeir calls
prayer flags wear
the hue of silence
— Sonam Chhoki
*Failed Haiku* 2.18
Seine boat cruise —  
the steward asks in French  
what translation we need  
— Sonam Chhoki  
cattails Premier Issue January 2014

sound of the waterfall  
flows from his flute —  
the street musician  
— Sonam Chhoki  
“Portrait of a Lady” [haibun], A Hundred Gourds 2:4

Paris to Milan train  
the baby cries  
in every language  
— Karen Hoy  
Blithe Spirit 19.4

sunless morning  
and yet …  
sunflowers in Auschwitz  
— Sonam Chhoki  
Mainichi Daily News Haiku in English Dec. 18, 2014

sunflowers bend their heads  
only the passing train  
survives camp  
— Wendy Bialek

Petticoat lane —  
the canary’s raspy tweet  
out of it’s cage  
— Robert Kingston

silent crickets  
in their little cages  
Forbidden City  
— pratima balabhadrpathruni
Spring dusk, the blackbirds echo
— Robert Kingston

an echo
of the swear word . . .
oooops !
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

I thought repeated words intentional . . . don't delete the echo
— Wendy Bialek

government reform
the silver duct tape
on a child's mouth
— Anthony Q. Rabang

tenement washing lines
in the afternoon breeze
brawling, lovemaking noises
— Sonam Chhoki
Otata 3

Venice nightfall
the silence
after the last vaporetto
— Sonam Chhoki
Otata 19

the resilience
of Pavarotti floating
across the river
— pratima balabhadrapathruni
end of Uffizi tour
“grazie mille” not enough
for what I feel
— Sonam Chholi

biopsy results
my aunt with no English
understands cancer
— Sonam Chhoki

border control
seeing my Bhutanese passport
he speaks slowly
— Sonam Chhoki

cave paintings
the twinkling stars
covered in dust
— Eufemia Griffo

constellations
my consternation
in morse
— Alan Summers

applause in morse
the epiphany
of a standing ovation
— pratima balabhadrathruni

women’s handprints
in ancient caves
the language of touch
— Lucy Whitehead
nameless till I look them up
marbled white
on greater knapweed

brezimni dokler jih ne poiščem
travniški lisar
na glavincu
— polona oblak

Nilgiris the colours of my bruise
— pratima balabhadrapathruni
Nilgiris are the blue mountains, to the south, of India they look bluish at dusk.

her broken face . . .
the iridescent blue
of ripened plums
— Sonam Chhoki

*Under the Basho* Spring/Summer 2014

standing rock
adjusting their cadence
hoof beats
— Erin Castaldi

the cadence
of dust rising higher
stampede in the gorge
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

withered brambles
a robin sings
to the winter sun
— polona oblak

*Presence* 61

the caws
around the waterhole
tropical mayhem
— pratima balabhadrapathruni
a crow
by any other name . . .
deep winter
   — polona oblak
   *Frogpond* 40.2

   deep winter?
sweat on the brow
cools a something . . .
   — pratima balabhadrapatruni

leaves changing a language i can’t fully grasp
   — polona oblak
   *tinywords* 11.3

the languages
we learned as children . . .
moss-covered stump
   — polona oblak
   *Daily Haiku Cycle* 20

   languages yet
to be discovered
exoplanets
   — Olivier Schopfer

foreshore erosion —
just a few patches
of our first language left
   — Lorin Ford
   FreeXpression XX11:5 contest, highly commended.

lines in the sand
a cast of hermit crabs
shuffling homes
   — Robert Kingston
In her fingers
the sign of her love
with a kiss
— Robert Kingston

mother’s native tongue*
words locked away
in my childhood memory
— Bona M. Santos
*one of the languages still spoken in a pocket of the northern area out of 170+ languages
in a country of 7,641 islands

unlocking memories
father’s voice
on an old tape
— Sonam Chhoki

out of the mist
a buzzard rises
and keeps on rising
— Sonam Chhoki

accented English —
Italian patient
and the Indian doctor
— Valentina Ranaldi-Adams

auscultation —
hesitating a bit
between heartbeats
— pratima balabhadrathruni

sigwan awan —
breathing in
lake’s first breath
— JS Graustein
*In Abenaki (first-language of New Hampshire) sigwan = spring & awan = fog*
nebes weskata —
honking geese sound the retreat
of lake ice
— JS Graustein
*In Abenaki (first-language of New Hampshire) nebes = lake & weskata = thaw*

no small talk between you crows
— Olivier Schopfer
Otata 24

what does it know
the crow
on the wind-torn prayer flag
— Sonam Chhoko

through bullet points
clipped raven wings
in the tower keep
— Robert Kingston

ia manuia
in silence
le aso fa‘amanatu

the roots of language
o le fa‘aipo‘ipoga
that bind us
— Hansha Teki
Today is also our wedding anniversary (parallel haiku – I hope it formats properly)

lapis lazuli —
the dusky hue
of a crow’s flight
— Madhuri Pillai
Akitsu Quarterly Fall 2017

at the waters edge
a string of martins
in rhythm and blues
— Robert Kingston
church archways
whispering with swallows—
spring vespers
— Marietta McGregor
cattails, Spring, 2017

haijin
stutters by the pond
egrets departing
— wendy c. bialek

stirring the pot
a magpie starts
the kerfuffle
— Madhuri Pillai
Akitsu Quarterly, Fall 2017

kerfuffle
a cuckoo’s song
lost in space
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

first light in the magpie’s language silver
— Lorin Ford
Modern Haiku 44.1

a silver river storm through turrets of moonlight
whooooohooooohoooo0000000000
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

Pitjantjatjara —
stories by the fire
told under stars
— Simon Hanson
Pitjantjatjara: People of the western and central desert regions and one of over 250
language groups in Australia around the time of colonial invasion.
shut up behind words the other war  
— Lorin Ford  
*Presence 45*

silent  
Earth  
Breathless  
— Dr. Allu Uma Devi

silence before  
everything blooms . . .  
mushroom clouds  
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

ingirlan ocean…  
I query my identity  
yet again  
— Samantha Sirimanne Hyde  
*Chrysanthemum 18*

angled roots —  
the moo-ving will  
of a cow  
— Ernesto P. Santiago

in the colors  
of the forest murmuring  
wind  
— Ernesto P. Santiago

petrified forest  
the long vowels  
of my bones  
— Lorin Ford  
*Otata*
multi-racial uni
my African accent
calls for repetition
   — Adjei Agyei-Baah

asphodels our ancestors many-tongued
   — Lorin Ford
Frogpond 36.1

all that remains
of the lost tribe's story —
scratches and scar
   — Adjei Agyei-Baah
Afriku (Red Moon Press)

dingo call by dingo call the terrain takes shape
   — Lorin Ford
The Heron’s Nest Volume XV:3

after the fight
we converse
through our kids
   — Adjei Agyei-Baah
Failed Haiku, May 2017

he draws the curtain words between us
   — Lorin Ford
Moongarlic 1

something he says
the bite inside my lip
   — wendy c. bialek

nothing
... just nothing...
empty spaces
   — pratima balabhadrachathruni
Harmattan fires
the forest crackles
in tongues
— Adjei Agyei-Baah
Africa Haiku Network Harmattan Haiku Series, Haiga #15

bushfire moon
the calligraphy
of charred trees
— Lorin Ford
Simply Haiku 4:1

crackling fire sound of gargoyles
— Billy Antonio

water song . . .
each pebble lends
a note
— Adjei Agyei-Baah
Shamrock Haiku 39

jaltarang
a thirsty puppy
laps up “RE”
— pratima balabhadrapathruni
jaltarang: musical instrument that uses water in bowls to produce the notes of music (RE: Sa Re Ga Ma are the Do Re Mi of Indian music)

all that remains
of the lost tribe's story —
scratches and scars
— Adjei Agyei-Baah
Afriku ((Red Moon Press))
open market
we taste the sound
of other languages
— Debbie Strange
*The Mamba*, 4

talking drums every song we know by heart
— Debbie Strange
*Hedgerow* 121

open market
we sample the taste
of other tongues
— Michael Virga

gentle palm-press
numbing the harshness
on a tone drum
— Jan Benson
*Human/Kind Journal* 1.4

handheld drum
a syncopation
on the down beat
— Jan Benson
*Human/Kind Journal* 1.1

hummingbird
I pull its colors
to create my own state
— Alan Summers
*haijinx* IV:1

Pharmakós the name you scratch inside
— Alan Summers
*Monostich*, a blog for 1-line ku (Wednesday, 25 May 2011)
convolvulus
a word on my tongue
and the bumblebee
      — Alan Summers
      *Blithe Spirit* 14.4

Blood Moon
my Rhesus positive rising
      — Alan Summers
      *Does Fish-God Know* (YTBN Press 2012)

giallo this restricted area my birthplace
      — Alan Summers
      *Bones – a journal for contemporary haiku* 0.1

end of matins
I decode into genomes
into petals
      — Alan Summers
      *Bones – a journal for contemporary haiku* Issue 0.1

place of fire
this part of the Novel
becomes my navel
      — Alan Summers
      *Blithe Spirit, December 2011*

beads of sweat
I lose myself in
the copulation of flies
      — Alan Summers
      *Blithe Spirit 22-3*

      buzz words
      a raven’s remark
cuts through
Armed Forces Day
a dark joke passes
among the amputees

Tag der Streitkräfte
ein gemeiner Witz macht die Runde
unter den Amputierten
— Helen Buckingham
Chrysanthemum 15

street people
between migrant and immigrant
empty bottles
— Robert Kingston

A Viking speaks through the Sun — Solar Language
November: Slaughter or Butcher Month

Gormánuður
the thoughts
of food

Ýlir
the Yule month
is language

Yule month
Odin gives us small gifts

Yule month
the children fill socks
with hay

Mörsugur
winter solstice falls early
for my own long night
Porri winter month
we choose rotten shark
with brennivín liquor

fifth winter month

the Gói blót
we “first love” in words
not yet formed

April (6th Winter month):

Einmánuður
the sixth winter month
for the boys in snow
   — Alan Summers
   The moon was important to Vikings but the sun was the central role. The year was mostly
dark and cold in Scandinavia. The sun brought light and life. When the sun is high we
work land to eat and live through “the long night.”

we bargain
by hand signals
the price of travel
   — Peggy Bilbro

practicing my deepest bow
for my daughter-in-law’s
mother’s visit
   — Peggy Bilbro

on a warm evening
I spread my fan
mistaken signal
   — Peggy Bilbro

warning
from the chittering squirrel
hawk shadow
   — Peggy Bilbro
nose to nose
with my new grandson
his eyes answer
   — Peggy Bilbro

rain, lluvia or pluie
it falls just as softly
in April
   — Peggy Bilbro

lost
one death at a time
another language
   — Peggy Bilbro

lost
one death at a time
another language
   — Sonam Chholki

what I couldn't say
first anemone
in the spring rain
   — Sonam Chhoki

gentle wave
of the sea anemone
time recedes
   — Peggy Bilbro

Mt. Fuji
we stay another day
for the curtain to lift
   — Barbara Tate

Fuji San wears
the same look for months
screen saver
   — pratima balabhadrarathruni
my sneeze...mountains
of dust b l o w a w a y
— wendy c. bialek

worm hole
finding one language
to enter
— Robert Kingston

do aliens speak morse
— Robert Kingston

space dust another term for static
— Robert Kingston

Earth day
another piece of junk
cluttering the moon
— Robert Kingston

strangers in orbit
reflecting on the flotsam
behind us, ahead
— Helen Buckingham
Mslexia 5

mountain waterfall the power in my father’s voice
— Barbara Kaufmann

her ceaseless chatter—
at last we draw near
the rapids
— Lorin Ford
paper wasp 16.3
a plum
firmly held
in the rich kid’s mouth
    — Robert Kingston

broken English
crossing from east to west
the jubilee line
    — Robert Kingsston

    in broken English
    my uncle’s
card tricks
    — Marita Gargiulo
    Modern Haiku 48.1

enunciation
my lips to the world
as interlocutor
    — Alan Summers

picking up
the local language . . .
souvenir haggle
    — Billy Antonio

flagellant’s path —
an antidote to the road
to perdition?
    — Willie R. Bongcaron

in a foreign land
in a language
I don’t understand
    — Willie R. Bongcaron
our Babel — 
interpreters wanted... 
urgently
— Natalia Kuznetsova
Failed Haiku 19

first poem —
not in a language
mother speaks
— Tzetza Ilieva
Asahi Shimbun, 2012

Chattahoochee* —
the curve of a fishing rod
sinks back into the mist
— Tzetka Ilieva
(HSA SE Region 2013 Anthology
*Chattahoochee (river) — from Creek, means "Flowered Stones", chatto = stone + hoche = flowered or marked

the erect stance
of a spear-thrower
kanguru
— Marietta McGregor

ribbit
ibid.
— Helen Buckingham
bones 13

Notre Dame
son clocher
englouti
en flammes

Jeanne d’Arc
her steeple engulfed in flames
Notre Dame
— Michael Virga
all the graffiti
I don’t understand
scribby gum
— Marietta McGregor

teeth marks
the missed connections
on the young girl’s gum
— Robert Kingston

H(e ar)t
— Michael Virga

if you could count
smile as a language . . .
his, hers and mine
— Willie R. Bongcaron

Love Day —
deciphering the language
of flowers
— Willie R. Bongcaron

late summer flowers . . .
the joy
of a good sneeze
— Helen Buckingham
_The Heron’s Nest_ XI:3

embarrassing smiles
your way to tell me
I Love You
— Vessislava Savova

world traveler
greetings for Mother’s Day
in many languages
— Vessislava Savova
dug garden bed
and a few seeds
is that the void?
— Vessislava Savova

beside her dais
a gamut of emotions
ASL interpreter
— Marietta McGregor

gannet rookery
I don't hear the guide
saying 'shush'
— Marietta McGregor
*Blithe Spirit 27.2*

smoke plumes
the breath of angels
ply Notre Dame
— Joyce Joslin Lorenson

incommunicado…
not really, it's the guy
from sys admin
— Marietta McGregor
Haiku in the Workplace, THF Troutswirl, 2017

pixilating
man
becoming
man
— Robert Kingston

on the topic
of political correctness:
kookaburras
— Lorin Ford
*Failed Haiku 2.21*
redacted language
my country tis of thee
hidden truths
— Wendy C. Bialek

laundry day
the brown trousers
holding a grudge
— Robert Kingston

a gum nut
falls onto snow . . .
no sound
— Ron C. Moss

out of a hole
the emptiness
within
— Robert Kingston

undercliff house
women grinding winter corn
croon to their babies
— Marietta McGregor
Blithe Spirit, 2017

Maidu basket —
their creation tale woven
in redbud bark glyphs
— Clysta Seney

Narragansett, Potowomut, Sachuest
tales of indigenous language
still on their tongues
socked in bay
the Narragansetts dream
in their tribal tongue
— Joyce Joslin Lorenson
the fire
in Brazil’s museum
so many tongues burn
— Wendy C. Bialek

He art
Sacré
Cœur
— Michael Virga

speak in tongues
a higher language
of His love
— Willie R. Bongcaron

grandpa’s visit —
their small hands
holding mine
— Willie R. Bongcaron

in the hands
of a small boy — an orange
— a grapefruit
— Michael Virga

she offers brussel sprouts
but tells her Barbie doll
it’s lettuce
— wendy c. bialek
failed haiku september 2018

heart language
with every stare and glance
of a lover
— Willie R. Bongcaron
strange word:
familiar feeling —
shunshu*

— Natalia Kuznetsova
World Haiku Review June 2015
* “shunshu” – a Japanese kigo which depicts melancholic feeling one
sometimes has in spring

her way of wishing
love on Valentine's Day
heart-shaped pee on pad
— wendy c. bialek

………………..s………………..
………………..a……p……………..
………………..I………………….r………………..
………………..e………………….r………………..
………………..t………………….i………………..
………………..r………………….r………..
a…………………………………e
__________________________.

the carpenter-sun
pulling all together
manybrokenpieces
— Michale Virga
March 2019 Honorable Mention @ http://international.ua.edu/sakura/

mineral mix
how man be
comes a mountain

and still the music played

sad day
a race
to save our Lady

a ring of still
hot footing it
from the belfry
hired hands
steam cleaning
the sky

red mist
a stash of cash
misses the void

white
carnations
how
the
truth
flows
out

and still the music played
— Robert Kingston

Mt Fuji wall
laced with veils of mist
and a siren’s song
— Michael Virga

the mist rises
pulling up with it —
Mt. Fuji from the sea
— Michael Virga

……………….N……………………
E………………didgeridwoo………….W

……………………..S………………..W
— Robert Kingston

wind whirling
round the world —
didgeridwoo
whirligig
along with the world
migrating bir
— Robert Kingston

Heritage Week
Namatjira’s ghost gums
shadow our tent
— Lorin Ford
paper wasp 14.1

finger shuffling —
the windscreen’s
red face
— Robert Kingston

mist on far hills
her eyes in shadow
reflect the distance
— John Hawkhead

night of stars . . .
famine stories told
in whispers
— Marion Clarke

drifting mist
the swinging lantern
slowly disappears
— John Hawkhead

water table —
one more message
for the birds
— Robert Kingston
Intention being cyclic.

stork
baby
blanket
Not to be misconstrued.
Apologies if offended.
— Robert Kingston

under a spring moon
Fujisan casts blue shadows
the calls of white owls
— John Hawkhead

still evening air
learning the language
of flowers
David Kelly

daisy
eagerly picking
another
— Robert Kingston

........................
...........h.............
.............a.............
crossing continents
...........k.............
..............u...........
........................
— Robert Kingston

cold spring
the warmth
of another voice
— Sonam Chhoki
start of the season
the myna bird rehearses
its builder’s whistle
— Helen Buckingham
  *Shamrock 9*

cherry blossom journey around the earth
— Carol Jones

world tour
in a week
instagram special
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

graffiti
sharper
by moonlight
— Helen Buckingham
  *The Heron’s Nest VII:1*

moonlighting
the calligrapher’s freelancing
graffiti
— wendy c. bialek

council workers
blocking out
freedom of speech
— Robert Kingston

rising from the east wing
of the stone cathedral
a wren
— Michael Virga

a wren
out of a stone
a cathedral
— Robert Kingston
the phoenix will rise again
Notre Dame
— pratima balabhadrpathruni

from pyre
to new spire
Notre Dame re-inspired
— Michael Virga

rainbow colors
we all speak the same
language of love
— Willie R. Bongcaron

an old voice
in the spring garden choir —
Indian palm squirrel
— Geerhanjali Rajan

returning home
a builder’s crane
gives me the finger
— Helen Buckingham
Rattle 47

rush hour…
the rising mist
hustles too
— Michele L. Harvey

Oh where be the Nilgiris* . . .
the mist’s performs
a sleight of hand
— pratima balabhadrpathruni
*Nilgiris are mountains to the south of India
messing with my kigo list
climate change
— Wendy C. Bialek

seeing through rising and falling mist
the first swallow
— Xenia Tran

the Irish
my grandfather never spoke
dawn birdsongs
— Frank J. Tassone

gensasí
the green jumper Gran knitted
in Irish
— Marion Clarke

thick note script
[antediluvian + ]

— Helen Buckingham
Bones 11

def kids sign across the divide

— Helen Buckingham
BHS Anthology Sound 2014

a day at the zoo inwrept with the giant constrictor’s silence
— Michael Henry Lee

************** free speech
as long as the wind still
moves through the pines
— Michael Henry Lee
speech
confined
by sentences
— Michael Virga

silence
confined
by speech
— pratima balabhadrarahuni

free speech
as long as the wind still
moves through the pines
— Michael Henry Lee

I hear John Keats
my brother’s voice
freed from the urn
— Michael Virga

Narragansett, Potowomut, Sachuest
tales of indigenous language
still on their tongues
— Joyce Joslin Lorenson

socked-in bay
the Narragansetts dream
in their tribal tongue
— Joyce Joslin Lorenson

whistling dixie
my father long before
budget airline
— Robert Kingston
first words
ever
in the cold
before first light
tars...
the struggle
green over gray
second word
ever
danger moon
the rustle
of everything
third word
ever
respite
— Alan Summers

night of the murdered poets
the mamaloshen
silenced
— Sari Grandstaff

"... And over the evening forest
the bronze moon climbs to its place.
Why has the music stopped?
Why is there such silence?"
— Sonam Chhoki

snow-capped church domes
glimmering in the moonlight . . .
uneartly silence
— Natalia Kuznetsova
starlit skies —
coming from nowhere
cello’s voice
— Natalia Kuznetsova

summer grasses
the Lakota sings
of a white buffalo
— Chad Lee Robinson
*The Heron’s Nest VI:7*

the shaman’s song
crying to the harvest moon
a black-necked crane
— Sonam Chhoki
*Asahi Haikuist Network November 2012*

midsummer twilight
a horned dancer calls
to the moon
— Lucy Whitehead
*Asahi Haikuist Network 3 August 2018*

Indian jasmine
the kokila’s song
of sweet anticipation
— pratima balabhadrapathruni
kokila = cuckoo

ancestor altar —
an old plantation shrouded
by mist
— robyn brooks

the camp fire burns the misty moon halved by thin cloud
— Alan Summers
*Presence 4*
sky burial
thigh-bone trumpets
in the fog
— Sonam Chhoki
Otata 28

mistfall
the swansongs
of orb spiders
— Alan Summers
Scope 61.6

Toshugu shrine pines
I try to stay as still —
mist and dew
— Alan Summers
Hermitage, 2005

an infant wails
in the massing crowd
a dozen damp bras
— dmayr

conjugating verbs
across a battlefield
matins moon
— Alan Summers
Bones – journal for contemporary haiku 7

cobweb moon
a man’s opening lines
fill with mortar
— Alan Summers
Bones – journal for contemporary haiku 7

we learn to adjust
the clocks of our hands
borrowed moon
— Alan Summers
Bones – journal for contemporary haiku 7
pussy willow the phial of expired wishes
— Alan Summers
*Bones* – journal for contemporary haiku 14

in pine tree shade
waiting . . .
a poet
— Carol Jones

what need for words
pale-footed warblers
start a duet
— Sonam Chhoki

our native tongue
suppressed
we swallow our words
— Sari Grandstaff

back home again
how easily we converse
in our local tongue
— Sonam Chhoki

tongue-tied
he replies with both hands
over his chest
— Anthony Q. Rabang

coin purse
why do I always count
in my native tongue
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

in the diaspora
the mother tongue
scattered like stars
— Sari Grandstaff
new year
sea fog surrenders
to sun

— Robyn Hood Black

the glow
on the calm waters . . .
we once shared hope

— Sonam Chhoki

queuing for the Duomo
hum of conversation
in so many languages

— Sonam Chhoki

sunshine
the smell of wet sand
in my beach bag

— Tsanka Shishkova

people starve
only for a cathedral
money speaks

— Maureen Sexton

food bank . . .
the fundraiser
for its steeple

— Alan Summers

just giving
a long line
at the perley gates

— Robert Kingston
just giving
a long line
at the pearly gates
— Robert Kingston

morning dew —
child follows
sea waves
— Tsanka Shishkova

days of practising Japanese
and the vet says in English":
“You want to spay your cat?”
— Sonam Chhoki

midsummer dawn . . .
girl dances barefoot
on the beach
— Tsanka Shishkova

perseids viewing . . .
stars fall into
the sea
— Tsanka Shishkova

alone
watching the Perseids
prayer beads forgotten
— Sonam Chhoki

Otata 22

alty taste
of morning breeze —
a touch of sea
— Tsanka Shishkova
flower moon . . .
sand gaper clams in
dinner for two
— Tsanka Shishkova

rocky coast —
sound of percussions
tuned by the sea
— Tsanka Shishkova

reading the Gospels
a few verses at a time
raindrops on branches
— Ellen Grace Olinger
https://charlottedigregorio.wordpress.com/

old journal
learning her love language
in baybayin*
— Anthony Q. Rabang
*a pre-colonial writing system in the Philippines

walking path
blown by the wind
a touch of the sea
— Tsanka Shishkova
Daily Haiga 18

tsunami
roof under
my feet
— Tsanka Shishkova
NHK, Haiku Master, Oct 2018

tides . . .
In my selfie
sunrise
— Tsanka Shishkova
Wild Plum, SPRING & SUMMER 2017
new moon . . .
tides wash away
our trace

— Tsanka Shishkova
THF – A sense of place – 2018/07/25

driftwood —
she draws
a sad face

— Helen Buckingham
Mainichi Daily News, November 9, 2017

harvest moon —
baby turtle on its way
to the ocean

— Tsanka Shishkova
THF – A sense of place – 2018/07/11

a pinch of fog
pulling up a seat
by the river

— Xenia Tran

new first language . . .
we leave out politicians
so we can talk

— Alan Summers

indigenous language of politicians bullshit

— Marion Clarke

Sideswipe, or Shining the Bull

We speak you listen don’t you, don’t you, love me, love me, I am only greed and politics helping you help me.

sunrise
the gleam of green
being counted

— Alan Summers
light rain
around the buddha's feet
a sea of diamonds
— Xenia Tran

water falls
between growing leaves
the pure land
— Xenia Tran

the mists of time . . .
every cliché counted
on an abacus
— Alan Summers

into a sea of mist
native language lessons
on dvd
— kjmunro

unknown dialect
the screech of the gramophone
— pratima balabhadrarupruni

basil seeds —
in dialect grandma
calls me “my breath”
— Giovanna Restuccia

the buzz
of paper wasps . . .
café chatter
— Theresa A. Cancro

Navajo code talker —
in his words
turquoise
— Theresa A. Cancro
Failed Haiku 19
the grasp of fog
her minds eye
what is Mt Fuji
— Linda Ludwig

news the war to end all wars rolling
— Helen Buckingham
Bones 5

world
breaking
NSEW
— Helen Buckingham
Under the Basho, 2018

Offering prayers with flowers to the lost river*
mystery manipulates me
lost river: River Saraswati
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

'Good Night All
Big and Small'
northern lights
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

above Notre Dame
sound of bells . . .
immortality of the soul
— Tsanka Shishkova

accordion busker
donates her euros —
Notre Dame
— Marita Gargiulo

lost souls
in Shadows of Notre dame
a candle flickers
— Robert Kingston
watching the news
collapsing with the spire of Notre Dame
so many people
    — Nadejda Kostadinova

gasps
around the world
as the spire falls
    — Sonam Chhoki

listening to
Pino Daniele’s melodies…
Naples’ soul
    — Marina Bellini

Naples is . . .
my twenties’
light steps
    — Margherita Petriccione

new life
I wonder how they’ll speak
to us now
    — Alan Summers

sojourner —
losing his tongue
for acceptance
    — Adjei Agyei-Baah

mix marriage
all the languages
the doll speaks
    — Nadejda Kostadinova

mixed marriage
the certificate
in both languages
    — Sonam Chhoki
falling leaves . . .
one language settles
into another
— Adjei Agyei-Baah

communication
the first & last attempt
at love
— Alan Summers

peeled onions
the tears
she leaves behind
— Robert Kingston

as curry is medicine
how do we learn to talk
in just one language
— Alan Summers

red eyes
on a knife edge
chilli pepper
— Robert Kingston

Babel
how we came to lose
faith
— Stella Pierides

Babel
the tearing and tethering
of tongues
— Adjei Agyei-Baah
code-switching
the teacher returns home
to his pupils
  — Adjei Agyei-Baah

Babel
the tearing and tethering
of tongues
  — Adjei Agyei-Baah

how do we say
hello…
for starters
  — Alan Summers

  another goodbye
  the sounds of mourning
  International
  — John Hawkhead

  Extinction Rebellion
  the transfer of language
to slow down greed
  — Alan Summers

a murder of crows
vying for that last
word of the day
  — Michael Henry Lee

  fifth kind encounter
  humans replace crows
  as an idiom of murder
  — Alan Summers
  Prune Juice 21

crows exonerated at last and so lyrically done
  — Michael Henry Lee
snow flurries
I revert to
babbling
— Stella Pierides

fog or mist
the weight
of words
— Terri Hale French

another exo-planet
Santa Claus renews
his visa
— Alan Summers

dawn mist
finding jewels
In the flower bed
— Patricia Hawkhead

cabinet of curiosities everyone gasps
— Marion Clarke

summer language school thwack of bats
— Marion Clarke

sunday afternoon
an essex skipper evades
an expert in the field
— Alan Summers
Blithe Spirit, December 2011 issue

Giant’s Causeway
the language
of rocks
— Marion Clarke
the night train
of paper rock scissors
you sleep into me
— Alan Summers
c.2.2. Anthology of short-verse ed. Brendan Slater & Alan Summers

I once was this stone home for another
— Alan Summers
Bones – journal for contemporary haiku no. 7 (2015)

night train lullaby everyone succumbs
— Marion Clarke

the night train passes
along the mountain trail
garlic snores
— Alan Summers
Azami 51

giants causeway
the language of water
in each crevice
— Robert Kingston

Normandy campsite
the mountain stream
babbles back
— Marion Clarke

slow-moving bus —
all passengers glued
to their phones
— Stella Pierides

slow train
my twin
at every bridge
— Robert Kingston
a heated argument
the length of the quiet car —
in sign language
— Marita Gargiulo
_Cattails_, October 2018

night train
a window screams
out of an owl
— Alan Summers
_Bones – journal for contemporary haiku_ 14

old bus route —
the changes that
couldn't change me
— Richa Sharma

Intercity train
the common language
of Haribos
— Marion Clarke

inter-city train journey —
a rattling window top
shuts itself
— Alan Summers
Presence 15

honey bees
a child stares at
the sound of flowers
— Sandi Pray

lavender harvest humming with bees
— Marion Clarke
Atlas foothills . . .
bees jostle pickers
for saffron
— Alan Summers
A Sense of Place: MOUNTAIN (August 2018)

the sound dome of bees
how many shades of color
can a human see
— Alan Summers
Mainichi Shimbun Best of Haiku (2015)

fairy wasps —
the tension of rain
on rain on rain
— Alan Summers

final rays . . .
still reason
to hum
— Marion Clarke
NHK World Haiku Masters (2017)

on her fingers
the smell of applemint —
two bees collide
— Alan Summers
Snapshots Four

baby photos
from my birth mother . . .
how do I say hello to me
— Alan Summers
The Heron’s Nest XIV.2
we greet you
before your arrival
ultrasound
— Marion Clarke

universal Mother command
you’d better
better
be…
— pratima balabhadrarthuni

a faded photo —
the shy girl I once was
still smiling at me
— Natalia Kuznetsova

irst glimpse
of Lake Como
our guide
falls silent
— Marion Clarke

Ngunnawal trail —
estimated walking time
twenty thousand years
— Simon Hanson

Kyi -Chu temple*
walking in the footsteps
of bygone pilgrims
— Sonam Chhoki
* Oldest temple in Bhutan built in the 7th century.

darn these steps
to Tirumala
rabid cuckoo
— pratima balabhadrarthuni
temple steps —
a man with a snake
offers to tell my future
— Sonam Chhoki
*The Heron’s Nest* XII:4

late night owls ghosting their reflections
— Marion Clarke

wrapping it up
there's nothing to talk
about
— Lovette Carter

morning coffee break
avian neighbors'
lively chatter
— Paulette Y. Johnston

Life the gift
never wrapped up;
not talked about, lived
— Michael Virga

the language
of borders…
interpreting walls
— Jan Benson

boundaries
we turn over
a new leaf
— Lovette Carter

piece of Nalanda
next to the world map
unwalling . . . myself
— pratima balabhadrathruni
echo
of that first utterance
returning comet
    — Jackie Maugh Robinson

spring
repotting our money plant
the crazy world of ants
    — Robert Kingston

sleeping in heavenly peace
the lull
without
a bye
    — Michael Virga

Anasazi
a ghost wind
through Chaco Canyon
    — Claire Vogel Camargo

harvest-moon zephyr
wheels over canyon hoodoos
ghost-whistle
    — Jan Benson
    Galaxy of Verse 35.1

..........................
..........................
..........................
...........wailing wall..........
..........................
..........................
..........................

    — Robert Kingston
". . if these walls could talk ". .
if they can wail
they can talk
— Michael Virga

if more talk
then no wailing
and no more wall
— Michael Virga

needn’t be built – walls
figurative phantom
political
— Michael Virga

summer rue —
sparrow eggs fall
as curtain unrolls
— Richa Sharma

still whistling
the blue thrush
its nest destroyed
— Sonam Chhoki

Last Supper
all savor the favor
of the savior
— Michael Virga

The Last Supper was late
night in the garden
— and a salad bar —
all the produce
on ice
— Michal Virga
stigmata —
passion
marks
— Michael Virga

Notre Dame
with age comes vintage
and palimpsest
— Michael Virga

never too old to be
a damsel-in distress
(or in heat) Praise the Lord
— Michael Virga
Joan made me do it – not of Arc; of Hollywood

Didn't know
she was going in for
The Miracle Lift
— Michael Virga
however, that references the three: Notre Dame, Joan of Joy, and Jeanne D'Arc

this fire
Her breaking heart
made sacred
— Mary White

ashes
Centuries come and go
on mother’s tongue
— Robert Kingston

the scent of rain
birdsong stretches
as far as Mars
— Alan Summers
Yamadera Basho Memorial Museum Selected Haiku Collection (Japan 2017)
old tales
moon-bright leaves
jostle the breeze
   — Alan Summers
   Wild Plum 1:1

a note of spring —
in dappled light
a young song
travels out
   — Lovette Carter

binary language
an old tin can enters
a new orbit
   — Robert Kingston

Carnation blooms
a bee on the edge
of time
   — Robert Kingston

Do you hear
what I hear
Matin from Notre Dame
   — Michael Virga

Quasimodo
fait de la musique
de Heavy Metal
   — Michael Virga

Quasimodo
makes music
from heavy metal
   — Michael Virga
Quasimodo et Esmeralda
(beauté la bête)
trouver sanctuaire dans le beffroi

Quasimodo and Esmeralda
(beauty the beast)
finding sanctuary in the belfry
— Michael Virga

Notre dame
yellow jackets line up
at Macron’s door
— Robert Kingston

sweepers over spill
a cloud of ash
filters through
— Robert Kingston

what is language?
on the left behind spade
a robin lands again
— Alan Summers

Extinction Rebellion
the language of right . . .
up against a far right
— Alan Summers

Into the woods
Shrouded in shadows
Shapeshifting
— Rebecca Harvey

cyclepath
. . . lost
in translation
— Helen Buckingham
Failed Haiku 1.4
out lining the blue
wing-tips battered by
eyes
keen to the ground
— Charlotte Kuehn

cricket song
the jogger crunches
between loose gravel
— Alan Summers
Haiku Friends vol. 1

canary’s silence —
the miner’s daughter
bends double
— Robert Kingston

Canary Wharf
right-minded people
 glued to the train
— Alan Summers

extinction rebellion
three hundred and ten
reasons to change
— Robert Kingston

tiny Tim
how mole hills
become mountains

mountain rain
the echo when
you say goodbye
— Lovette Carter
Early morning rain
the sound between
the sounds
— Alan Summers
Asahi Shimbun (Japan, June, 2013)

rain after rain the rhythm I locked myself in
— Adjei Agyei-Baah
Under The Basho, March 2018

foreign land
learning to pick an accent
I bite my tongue
— Adjei Agyei-Baah

serengeti —
learning to decipher
an elephants rumble
— Robert Kingston

This Lion Country

Serengeti dryness
the gurgling call
of a cape crow

Kilimanjaro
looking for the peak
and then looking higher

Gol Mountains Masai
our only common language
wildebeest grunts

open plains
giraffes in the last light
the longest shadows

night flight —
flamingo call
on the moon
trying hard to sleep —
a single gazelle being eaten
on both sides of the tent

yellow flowers
to the horizon
this lion country

clippped green gras —
jasmine scrambles
over the kopje

long after the leopard
I see spots
in the bushes

long dry season
the last flower
a baboon snack

— Karen Hoy
This Lion Country sequence (Serengeti) Presence 57

scattered
all the natives
broken english

— Lovette Carter

many dialects;
Hoi Toider my favorite
blurs in the sea mist

— Pat Geyer

he sings of love
our gondelier
the last in his line

— Sonam Chhoki

“found in translation”

dying —
body language
left behind in the translation
dying body
of language
behind for translation

language left
the dying body behind
for translation
— Michael Virga

D&A
all that is
was
— Robert Kingston

leaves falling on leaves
one language eats up
another
— Adjei Agyei-Baah

learning to speak
first to hold my tongue
before I speak
— Adjei Agyei-Baah

the tourist walk
picking up
small customs
— Lovette Carter

speech & drama day
naughty students pick
their teachers’ voice
— Adjei Agyei-Baah

end of term play —
with a halo around his head
Buddha forgets his lines
— Sonam Chhoki
A Hundred Gourds 1:2
hiraeth . . .
the sound of voices
I miss the most
— Martha Magenta

sea breeze . . .
I breathe in
your accent
— Martha Magenta
Sharpening The Green Pencil Haiku Contest 2019

the silence
after the day’s banter
minivets settle in the canopy
— Sonam Chhoki

how easily
three-year olds banter
Dzong-kha, English, Nepali
— Sonam Chhoki

Language Day—
the stuttering teacher called
to give a speech
— Adjei Agyei-Baah

CODA:

in my dreams
the language I knew
before I had one
— Jim Kacian