

# EarthRise Rolling Haiku Collaboration 2019


Year of Indigenous Languages

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 balabhadrapathruni

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 balabhadrapathruni

\**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 balabhadrapathruni

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 grandma's 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 balabhadrapathiruni  
(\**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.

re: Shakespeare in Klingon <https://www.shakespeare.org.uk/explore-shakespeare/blogs/shakespeare-klingon/>

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 Kuznetsovz

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\\_\(propaganda\)](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 balabhadrapathruni


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 balabhadrapathruni

Spring dusk, the blackbirds echo  
— Robert Kingston

an echo  
of the swear word . . .  
ooooops !

— 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 s l o w l y  
— Sonam Chhoki

cave paintings  
the twinkling stars  
covered in dust  
— Eufemia Griffo

constellations  
my consternation  
in morse

— Alan Summers

<https://astroengine.com/2009/01/21/morse-code-messaging-with-the-stars/>

applause in morse  
the epiphany  
of a standing ovation

— pratima balabhadrapathruni

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 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 balabhadrapathruni

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  
*Otata 29*

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

auscultation —  
hesitating a bit  
between heartbeats  
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

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

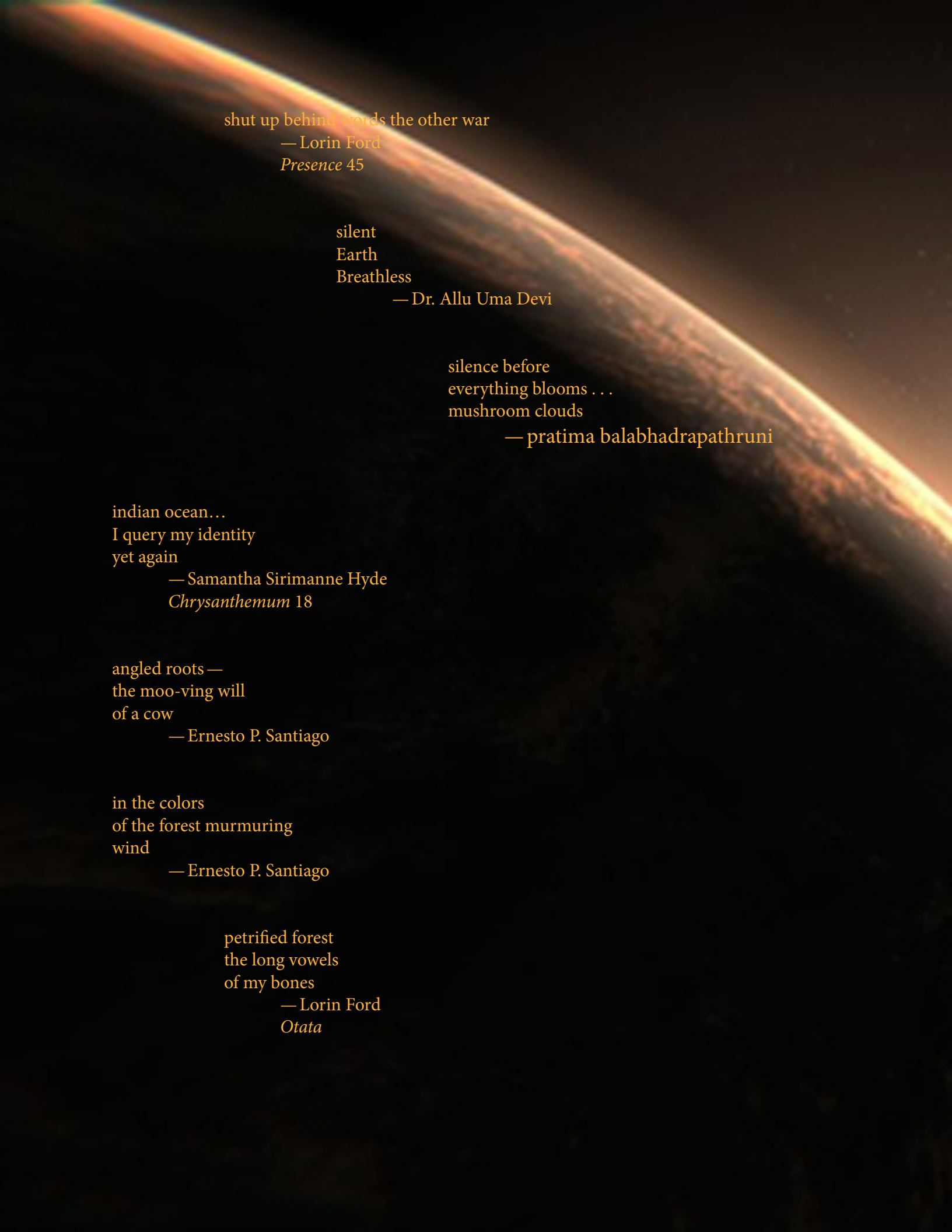
stirring the pot  
a magpie starts  
the kerfuffle  
— Madhuri Pillai  
*Akitsu Quarterly*, Fall 2017

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  
whoooohoooohoooooooooooo  
— 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

indian 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 balabhadrapathruni

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

Modeworte  
einschneidend die Bemerkung  
eines Rabens  
— Lorin Ford  
*Chrysanthemum* # 22,

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

Þorri winter month  
we choose rotten shark  
with brennivín liquor

fifth winter month

the Góí 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 chattering 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 balabhadrapathruni



my sneeze...mountains  
of dust blow away  
— 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  
*Mslxia 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  
— Tzetzka Ilieva  
*Asahi Shimbun, 2012*

Chattahoochee\* —  
the curve of a fishing rod  
sinks back into the mist  
— Tzetzka 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  
scribbly 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.....  
.....t.....r.....i.....  
...f.....e.....f.....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.....

— Robert Kingston

wind whirling  
round the world —  
didgeridwoo



whidigig  
along with the world  
migrating bird  
— Robert Kingston

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

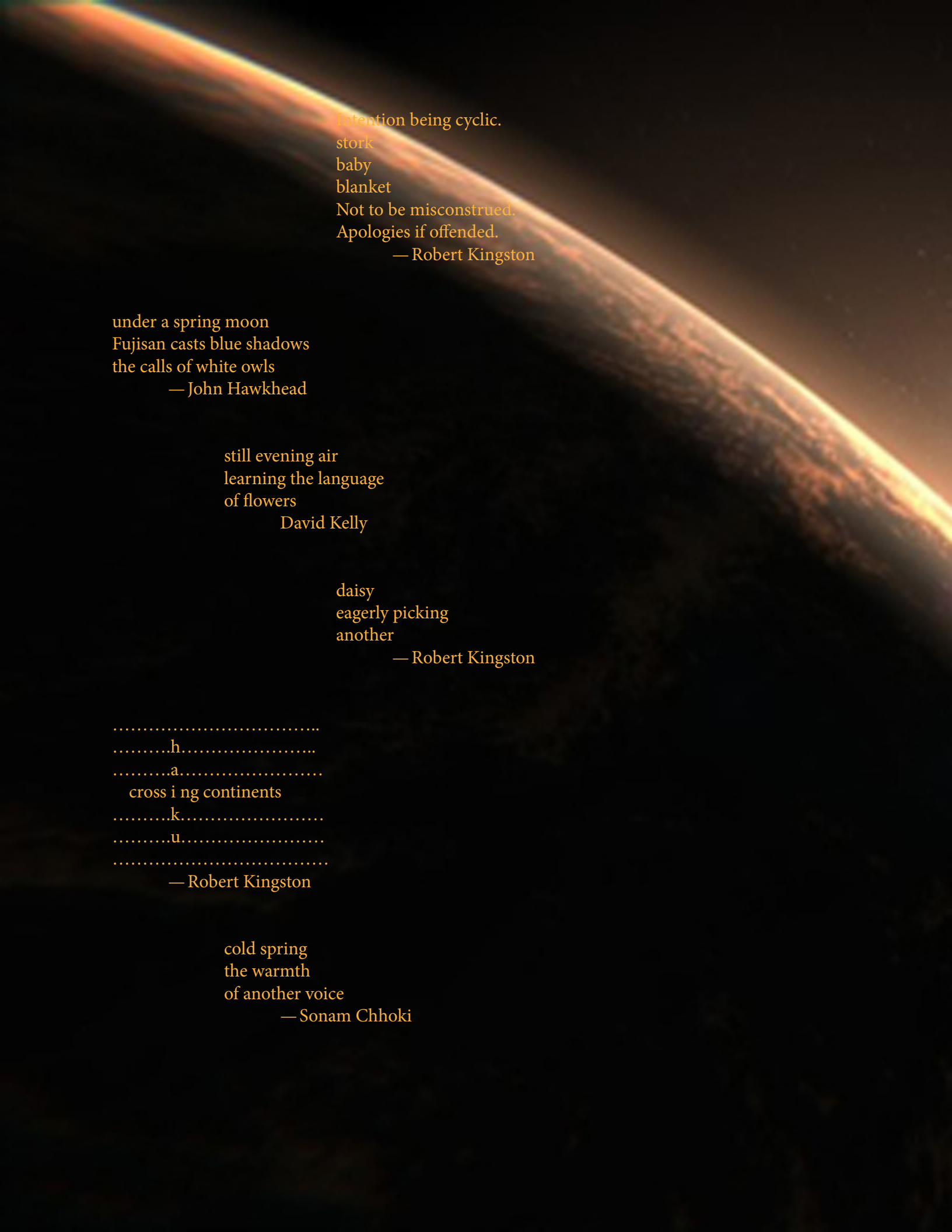
finger shuffling —  
the windscreen's  
red face  
— Robert Kingston

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.....  
cross i ng 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 balabhadrapathruni

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 balabhadrapathruni  
\*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

geansaí  
the green jumper Gran knitted  
in Irish  
— Marion Clarke

thick note script  
[antediluvian + ]

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— Helen Buckingham  
*Bones* 11

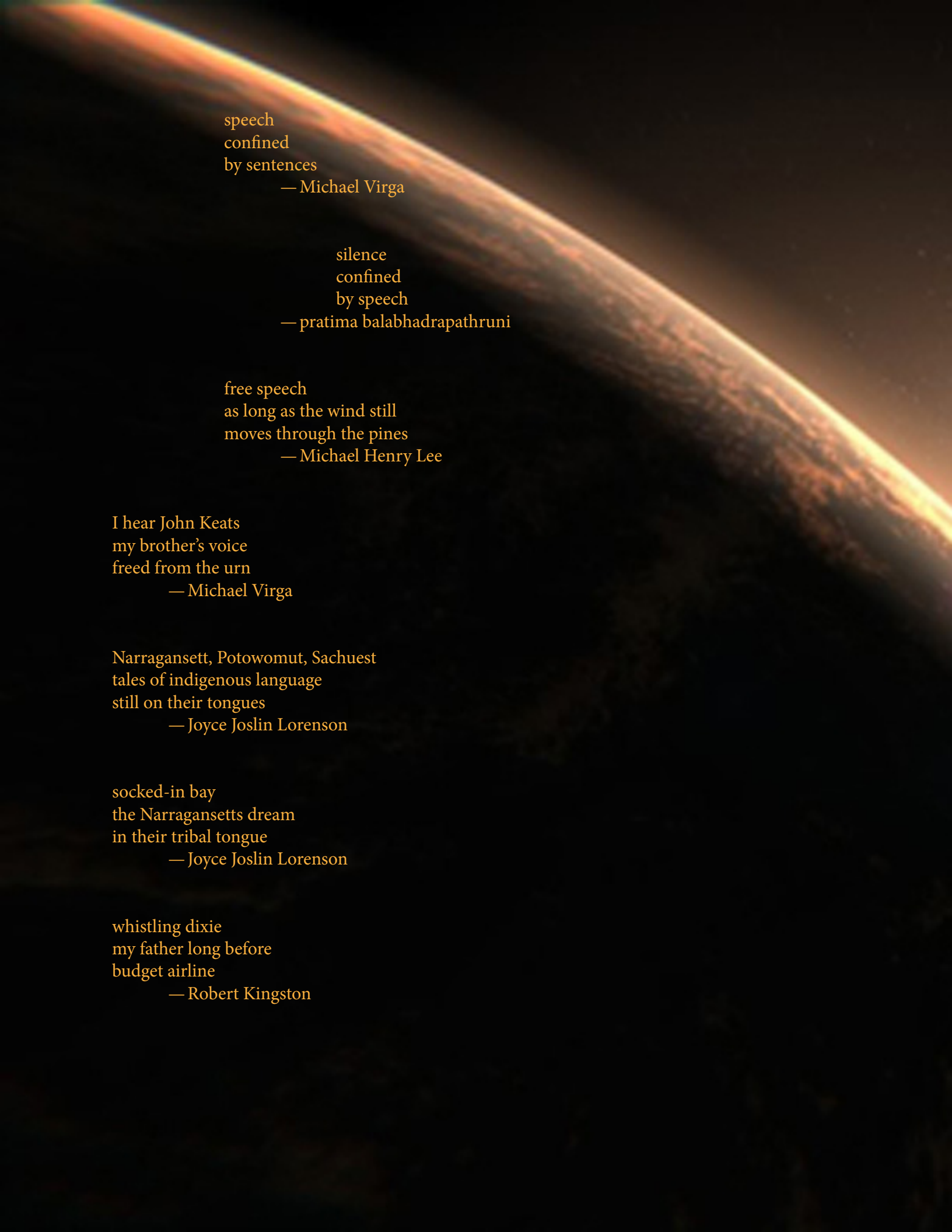
deaf kids sign across the divide

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— Helen Buckingham  
BHS Anthology *Sound* 2014

a day at the zoo inwra<sup>pt</sup> 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 balabhadrapathruni


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  
.  
stars...  
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

Osip Mandelstam, “Stone #24” from *Selected Poems*. Trans. 1973 by  
Clarence Brown and W. S. Merwin.

snow-capped church domes  
glimmering in the moonlight . . .  
unearthly 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 balabhadrapathruni

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

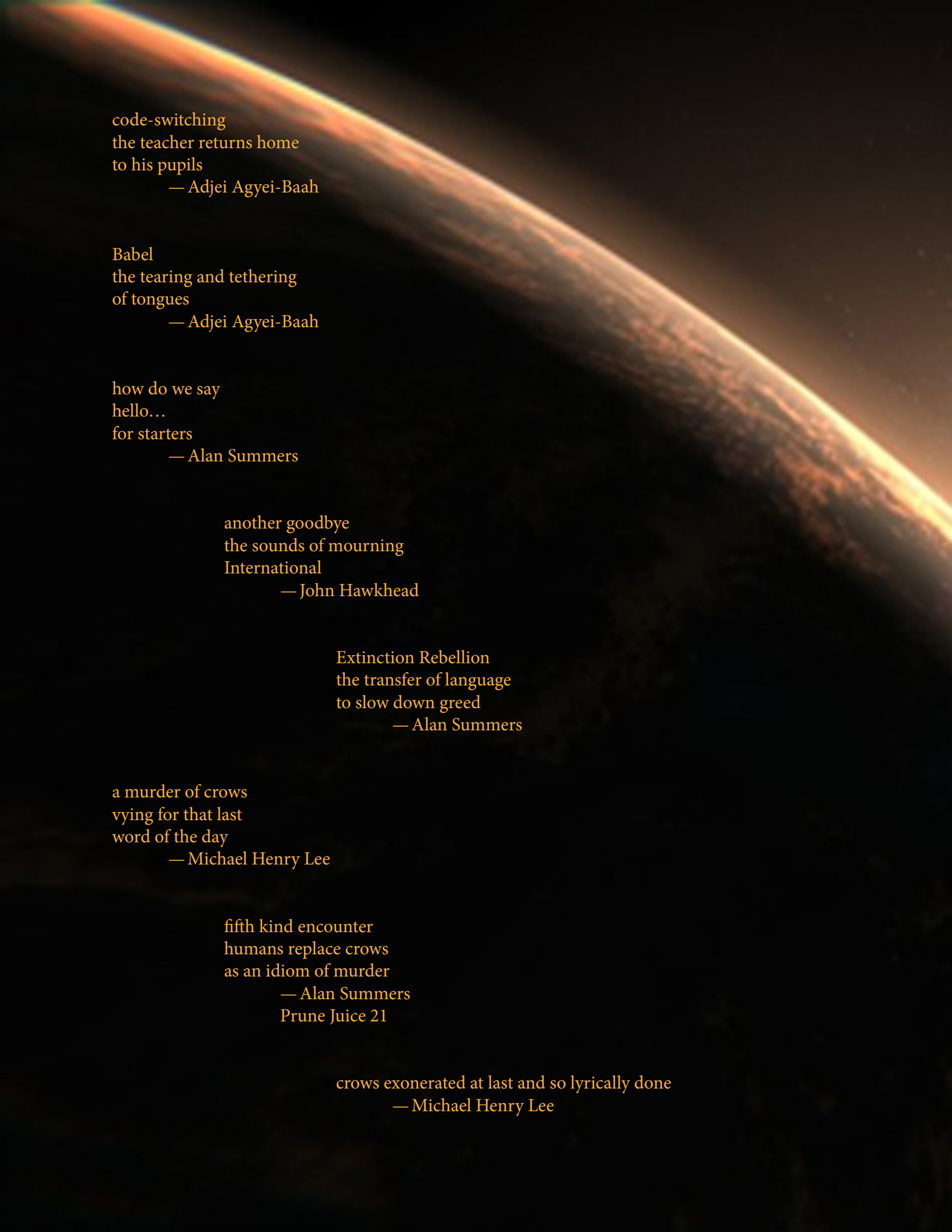
peeled onions  
the tears  
she leaves behind  
— Robert Kingston

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*

to and fro  
the ghost child  
on a playground swing

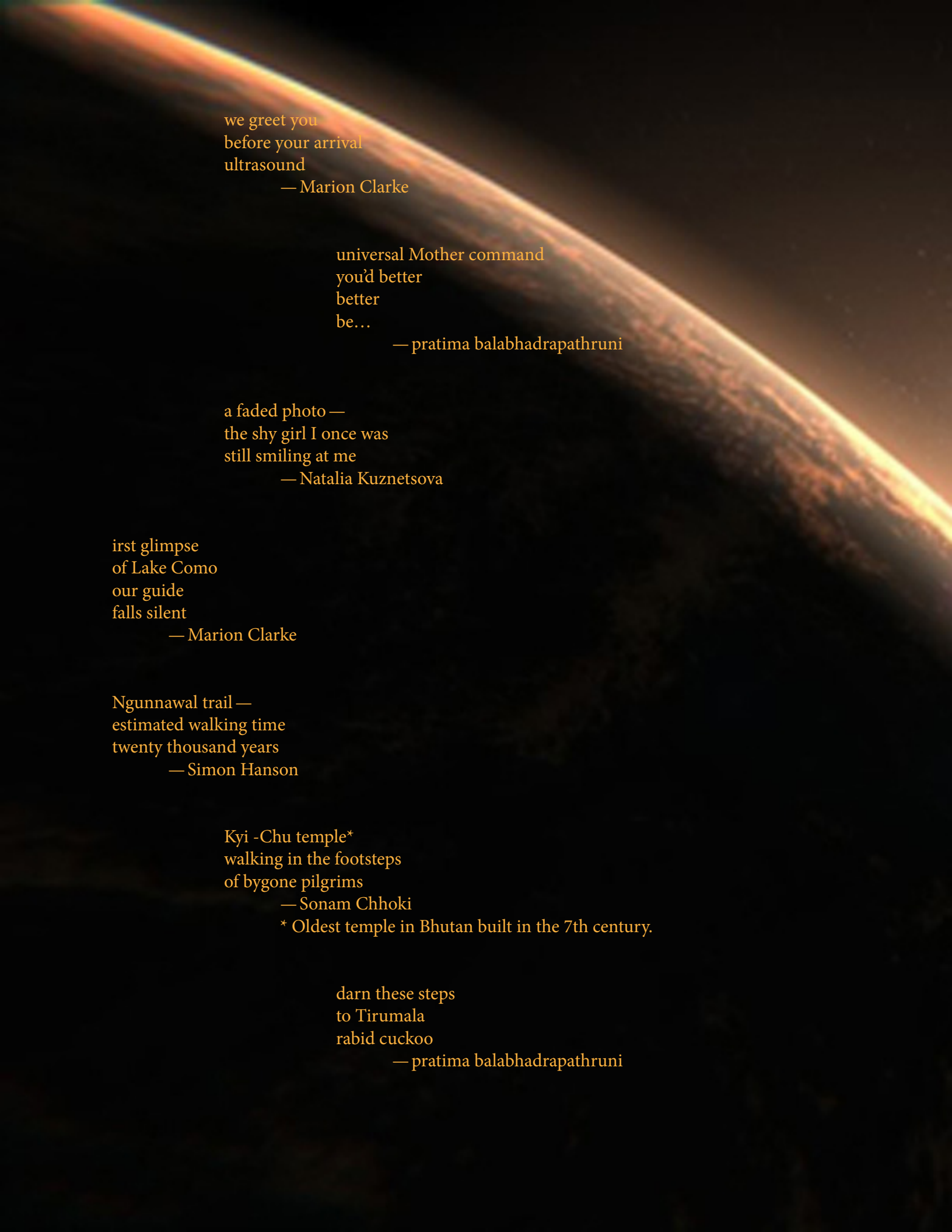
— Paulette Y Johston

*Lummox 7 Anthology 2018*

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 balabhadrapathruni

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

first 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 balabhadrapathruni

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  
— Loretta 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  
— Loretta Carter

piece of Nalanda  
next to the world map  
unwalling . . . myself  
— pratima balabhadrapathruni

echo  
of that first utterance  
returning comet  
— Jackie Maugh Robinson

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

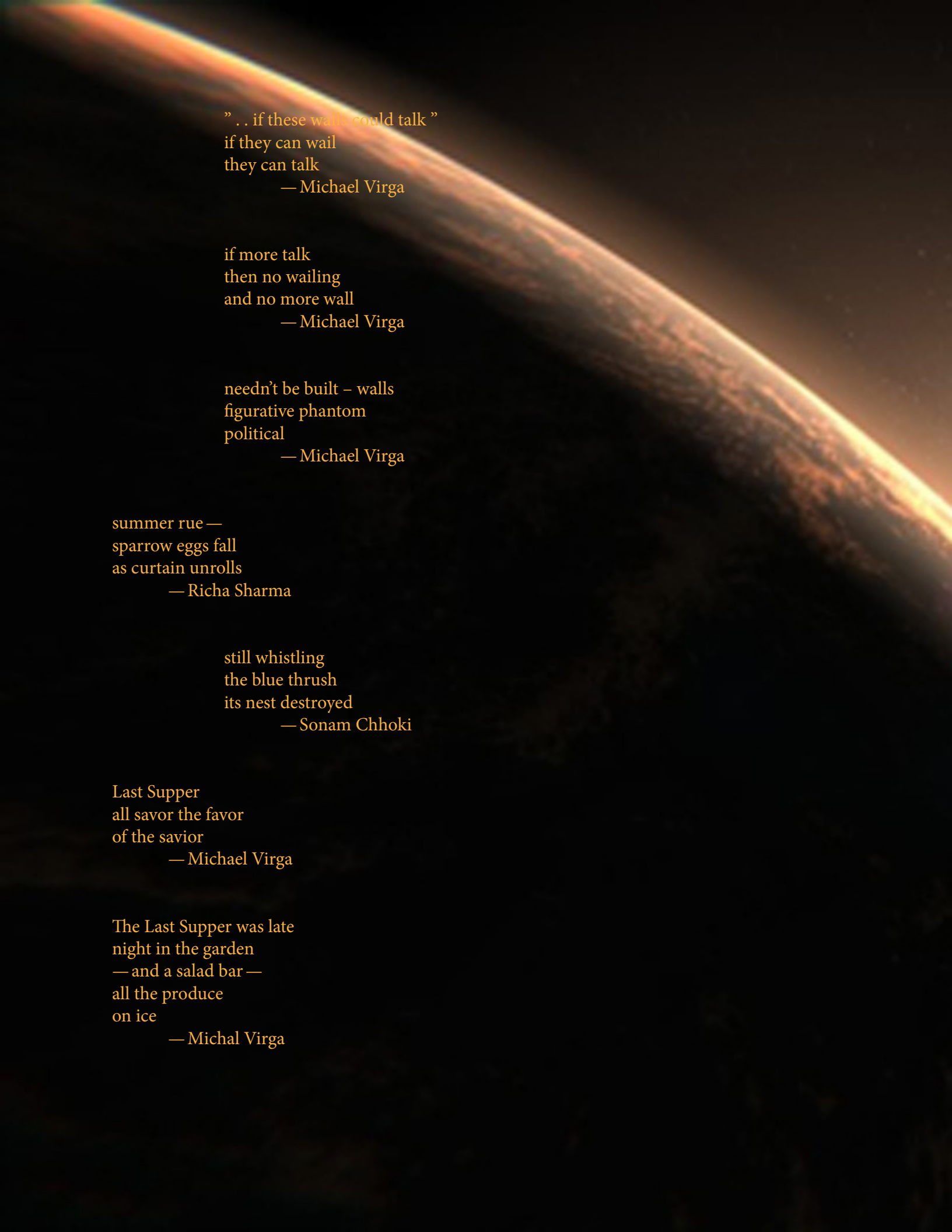
sleeping in heavenly peace  
the lull  
without  
a bye  
— Michael Virga

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 sound

— Alan Summers

*Asahi Shimbun* (Japan, June, 2013)

rain after rain the rhythm I locked myself in

— Adjei Agyei-Baah

*Under The Basha*, 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

clipped 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

peech & 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