


EarthRise Rolling Haiku Collaboration 2020

Year of the Nurse

Seed Poem:

no visitors today  
I call the nurse again  
— William J. Higginson

*from “Lunar New Year,” a renku by William J. Higginson, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, and Penny Harter, published in Elizabeth Searle Lamb’s *Across the Windharp* (1999)*



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.

her eyes and soft voice  
I see Florence nightingale  
Radhamani Sarma

soilsíonn dia  
san uile ní —  
sa víreas féin


in all things  
god's radiance —  
in the virus itself  
Gabriel Rosentock

theatre assistant  
always ready to mop  
a patient's brow  
Robert Kingston

nurse station  
a round of applause  
for the virus survivor  
Robert Kingston

morning fog  
Dad tells the nurse  
he had a good night  
Barbara Tate

Sunrise  
blinds the  
night nurse  
Tom Trowbridge



my niece declares  
she's found her calling —  
first 16 hour shift

Bona M. Santon

nurses station  
patients in wheelchairs  
leaning to one side

Amy Losak

countless babies  
delivered by lantern light  
country midwife

Edna Beers

cherry blossom  
the tired look  
of a nurse

Nikolay Grankin

first snow  
i call a nurse  
to look at it

Nikolay Grankin

nasal pre med  
the staff nurse  
punctures the moon


Robert Kingston

dawn  
i heard granny's song  
from the nurse

Nikolay Grankin

registrar  
a blue mask hides  
deep dimples

Erin Castaldi



shooting star  
the night nurse names  
my newborn 'hope'  
Agus Laulana Sunjaya

her needle piercing  
straight sunbeam of smile-  
on my face  
Radhamani Saarma

newborn's first cry  
soft delicate touch  
of nurse's hand  
Radhamani Sarma

retired nurse  
each night she fluffs  
the cat bed  
Louise Viera

### Eleven is an Even Number: The Covid Chronicles


different windows  
the movement of the sun  
around confinement

house arrest  
the plague runner  
enters our breath

friendly cat  
its owners become  
the front line

street applause  
we recognise our heroes  
are nurses under fire





birthday cards  
in their protective casing  
the evening shudders

blinkered sun  
two metres translated  
in wrong numbers

nightzoning  
streetlights pick out  
the sputum

Easter Quarantine  
the daylight sparkles across  
yet another nail

Easter Sunday  
I fill another hollow  
with antiseptic


Easter Internment  
moonlight carries a warning  
across my backyard

new day rising—  
I spread the butter  
and talk to my egg

Alan Summers, weird laburnum

in ICU rooms  
health care workers give their all—  
know that we see you  
Clysta Seney

seeing their faces  
as she tries to sleep  
in a hotel bed  
Debbie Scheving



sex of newborn  
first from the mouth  
of nurse  
Radhamani Sarma

breaking  
my reflection  
irises in the window  
Rich Schilling

beginning a shift..  
he leaves the scent  
of clorox  
Nancy Brady

someone's someone  
working without a mask  
M. R. Defibaugh

COVID-19 chaos—  
the nurse activates  
her CALM face  
Corine Timmer

spring duties-  
nursing newcomers with love  
day after day  
Luisa Santoro

where angels dare  
a ward full of nurses  
without PPE  
Robert Kingston

somewhere between  
wakefulness and sleep  
the nurse's smile  
Vandana Parashar

one in  
every other family  
and thankful for them

pacing themselves  
without any sleep  
health professionals

dawn  
acknowledging  
the shift change  
Michael Henry Lee

night duty  
she puts someone else's  
baby to sleep  
Vandana Parashar

low mood  
the mental health nurse  
told no-one  
Tim Gardiner

applause at last  
mother was a nurse  
for forty years  
Tm Gardiner

some are born  
to inspire others ...  
Florence Nightingale  
Natalia Kuznetsova

attending to me  
on my sick bed  
she became my wife  
Adjei Agyei-Baah

what are the odds  
a joke with the nurse  
that I might die

note: I had a procedure that had 1 in 200 chance that I could die, so I asked if I was number 199. Nurses have a terrific sense of humour!

Alan Summers

the elderly  
appreciate her smile and  
her warm touch

Kanjini Devi

closing the front door  
she takes off her mask  
waning moon

Anna Maris

a retired nurse –  
the new day erases  
all the memories of her

Tomislav Maretić

spring rain  
the chemo nurse  
calls me Bill

Bill Kenney


dawn light  
a nurse's shadow  
crosses the threshold

Joanna Ashwell

the elderly bask  
in the glow  
of her warm smile

Kanjini Devi





nurses discuss  
their favorite restaurants  
the smell of latex

John S Green

her gentleness—  
as if he was a paper  
maple shedding bark

Ernesto P. Santiago

hospital doors  
the comings and goings  
of a winters day

post op  
the warmth  
in the nurse's hand

post op  
a warm smile  
from the ward cleaner

Robert Kingston

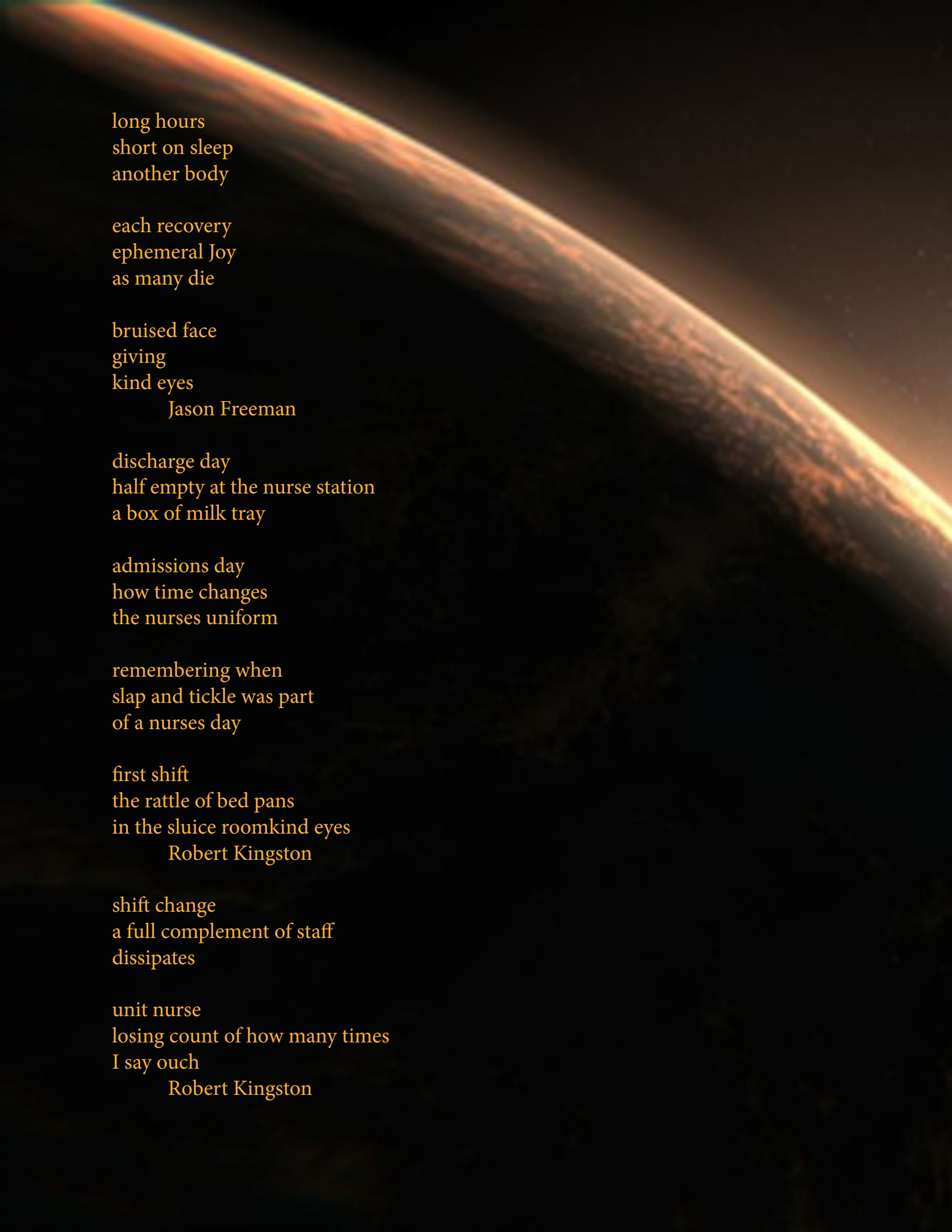
optimal care—  
the nurse's shaving  
smooth as glass

distress  
among nurses—  
full moon

Ernesto P. Santiago

yellow fever...  
seeking the dark nurse  
of immunity

Patrick Sweeney



long hours  
short on sleep  
another body

each recovery  
ephemeral Joy  
as many die

bruised face  
giving  
kind eyes  
Jason Freeman

discharge day  
half empty at the nurse station  
a box of milk tray


admissions day  
how time changes  
the nurses uniform

remembering when  
slap and tickle was part  
of a nurses day

first shift  
the rattle of bed pans  
in the sluice roomkind eyes  
Robert Kingston

shift change  
a full complement of staff  
dissipates

unit nurse  
losing count of how many times  
I say ouch  
Robert Kingston



gently cleaning her crevices  
rolling her body  
as if still breathing

venting in the lunch room  
air blue with  
humanity

I hold her hand  
that squeezes mine  
with a smile


taught never to run  
it alarms the other  
residents

handover  
from the harried  
to the fresh and clean  
Nancy Liddle

leaving the nurse  
his fortune  
childless tycoon  
patsy turner

nurse grandmother  
we say mammary glands  
instead of boobies  
Kristen Lindquist

torrential downpour  
her twelve hour shift  
goes on and on  
Barbara Kaufmann



morning chill  
the warm voice  
of the nurse

the nurse enters  
with a bright smile  
lavender blooms  
Billy Antonio

lifting patients  
until she became one  
windblown tree  
Katrina Lehmann


on to the fire  
without a hose  
today's nurses

mid-evening  
the nurse's re-stapled mask  
leaves an opened cut

sharing a vent  
the nurse and his  
covid-19 patient  
wendy c, bialek

nurse's day off  
serging new face masks  
from fat quarters  
wendy c. bialek

winter freeze  
the nurse  
tucks me in  
Bruce H. Feingold



she saves them all  
in her dreams –  
wild violets  
robyn brooks

endoscopy-  
in a cauldron of eyes  
he swallows his pride

blood test  
a new shade of pale  
in the braggarts face  
Robert Kingston

midnight shift-  
a nurse pauses to  
spread blanket over a patient


daisy smile-  
a nurse's stethoscope listening  
to a child's heartbeat

a visit from  
my nurse blotting  
the blue of hay fever

consultation-  
a nurse's sweet voice healing  
my doubts  
Neelam Dadhwal

nurses' strike  
doctors' dilemma  
ends how  
Radhamani Sarma





nursing home—  
nurses are family  
and funeral directors  
wendy c. bialek

midnight shift—  
a nurse pauses to  
spread blanket over a patient

daisy smile—  
a nurse's stethoscope listening  
to a child's heartbeat

a visit from  
my nurse blotting  
the blue of hay fever

consultation—  
a nurse's sweet voice healing  
my doubts  
Neelam Dadhwal

unable to distance  
how nurses become  
part of the curve

even when it's off  
the nurse's mask  
still feels on

in the midst of covid-19 —  
nurses become  
funeral directors  
wendy c. bialek

fingers of god  
my emergency nurse  
has monk's ears

Marietta McGregor, publ. Blithe Spirit, August 2018

jaundice moon  
the nurse's comforting words  
my first night

PPE shortages  
handwashing  
with gloves on

bruised tissue  
"you've hands of an angel," she says  
as I inject  
Claire Vogel-Camargo

shooting star —  
the palliative care nurse  
fetches pethidine  
Marietta McGregor, publ. Cattails Senryu Section, September 2015

park ave.....  
strong nurses bring patients  
to refrigerator trucks  
wendy c. bialek

another hospital  
named for a nurse  
who washed her hands  
Marietta McGregor

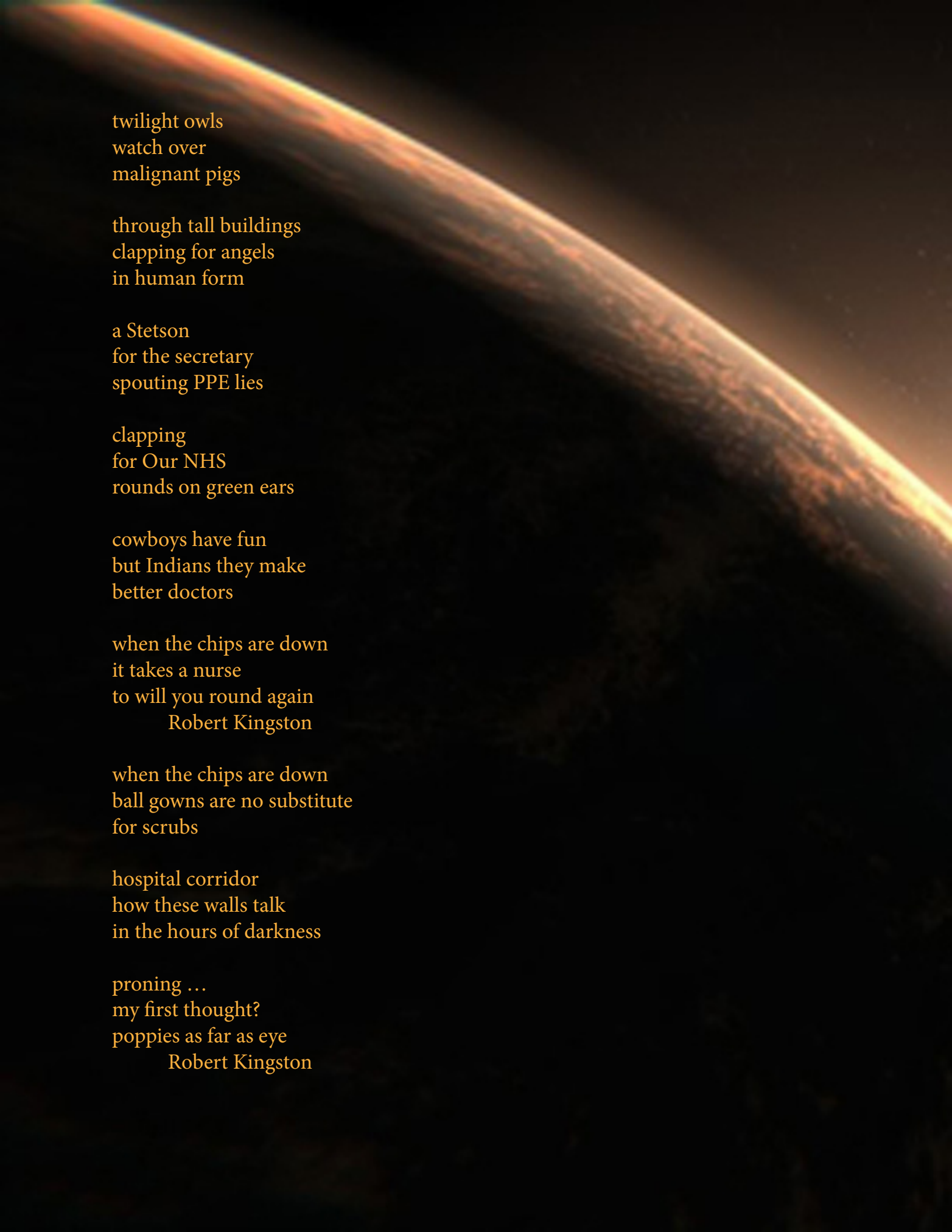
During the Crimean War, Florence Nightingale was instrumental in introducing basic hygiene practices in hospitals. She is honoured today.

<https://theconversation.com/florence-nightingale-a-pioneer-of-hand-washing-and-hygiene-for-health-134270>

Prince Charles opens the Nightingale Hospital in London.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-52150598>

after pandemic  
who will treat  
the nurses' ptsd  
wendy c. bialek



twilight owls  
watch over  
malignant pigs

through tall buildings  
clapping for angels  
in human form

a Stetson  
for the secretary  
spouting PPE lies

clapping  
for Our NHS  
rounds on green ears

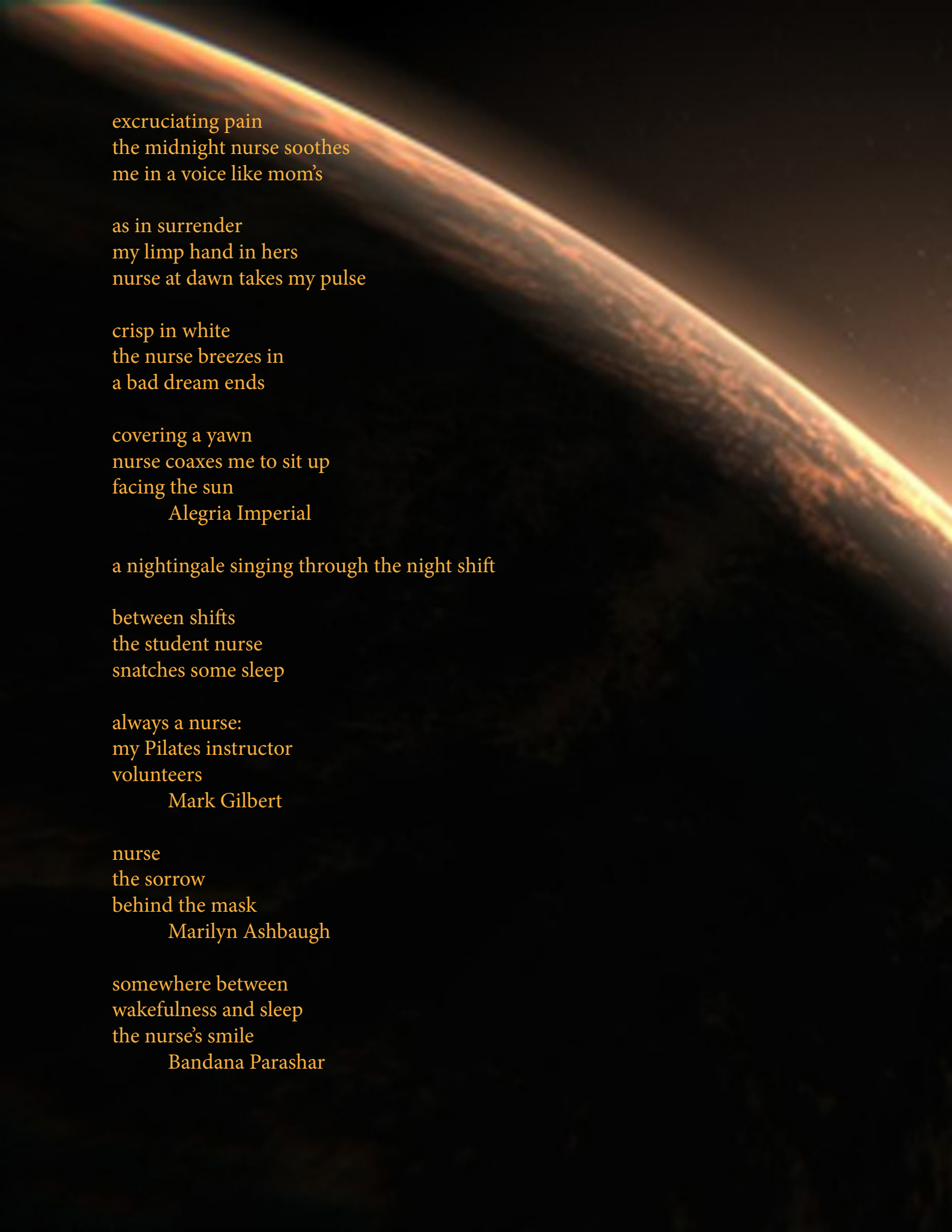
cowboys have fun  
but Indians they make  
better doctors

when the chips are down  
it takes a nurse  
to will you round again  
Robert Kingston

when the chips are down  
ball gowns are no substitute  
for scrubs

hospital corridor  
how these walls talk  
in the hours of darkness

proning ...  
my first thought?  
poppies as far as eye  
Robert Kingston



excruciating pain  
the midnight nurse soothes  
me in a voice like mom's

as in surrender  
my limp hand in hers  
nurse at dawn takes my pulse

crisp in white  
the nurse breezes in  
a bad dream ends

covering a yawn  
nurse coaxes me to sit up  
facing the sun

Alegria Imperial

a nightingale singing through the night shift

between shifts  
the student nurse  
snatches some sleep

always a nurse:  
my Pilates instructor  
volunteers


Mark Gilbert

nurse  
the sorrow  
behind the mask

Marilyn Ashbaugh

somewhere between  
wakefulness and sleep  
the nurse's smile

Bandana Parashar



her touch of the curtain  
the morning light streams in

just a second  
of passing out, the hands  
of a nurse

Adjei Agyei- Baah

end of night shift  
she draws the curtains  
to the sun-light peaks

Sonam Chhoki

blossom viewing  
aglow on a nurse station  
screen saver

Michael Henry Lee

coming to  
the nurse's smile  
and a cup of tea

children's ward  
he moonwalks  
the medication trolley

Sonam Chhoki

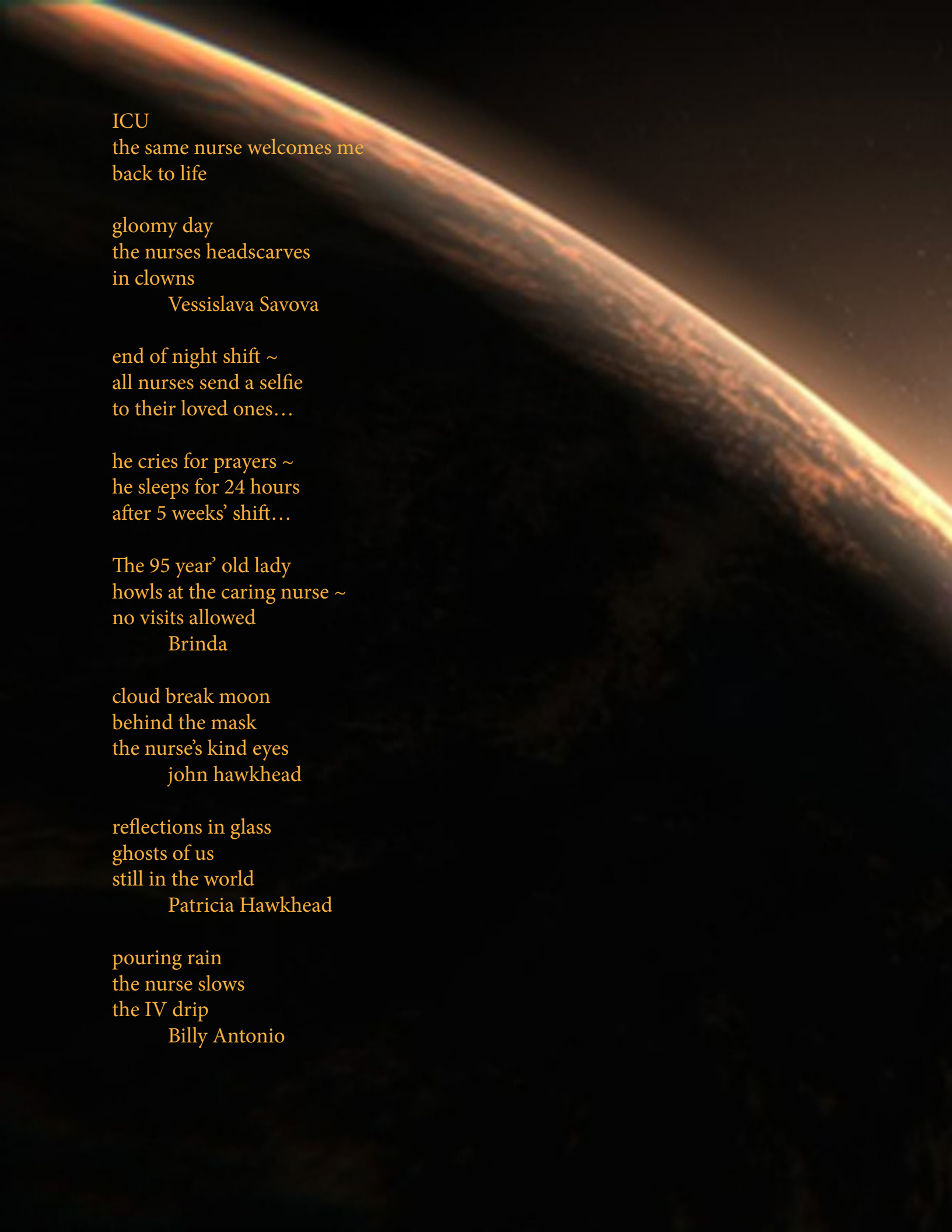
hospital car park  
where her red Honda used to be  
gleam of hoar frost

Sonam Chhoki

ICU nurse  
the chapped lips  
under the mask

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo





ICU  
the same nurse welcomes me  
back to life

gloomy day  
the nurses headscarves  
in clowns  
Vessislava Savova

end of night shift ~  
all nurses send a selfie  
to their loved ones...


he cries for prayers ~  
he sleeps for 24 hours  
after 5 weeks' shift...

The 95 year' old lady  
howls at the caring nurse ~  
no visits allowed  
Brinda

cloud break moon  
behind the mask  
the nurse's kind eyes  
john hawkhead

reflections in glass  
ghosts of us  
still in the world  
Patricia Hawkhead

pouring rain  
the nurse slows  
the IV drip  
Billy Antonio



isolation ward  
the nurse's gloved hand  
in a dying palm  
Marta Chocilowska

Those who mop floors  
as those who mop brows fulfil  
an essential role.

No evidence of  
compassion in politics.  
Manufactured words.  
Oonah V Joslin

through rising window  
many- more than dreams  
birds in her eyes  
Mónica Margaride

the scuba divers  
with masks and oxygen tanks  
swim with the nurse sharks

butterfly tattoo  
on the nurse's hand  
wings open and close  
Sari Grandstaff

labor and delivery  
the nurse voices  
my pain  
Tia Haynes

school nurse's office  
student with low-grade fever  
waits for test results  
Sari Grandstaff

hospital garden  
a nurse picks up  
a tiny forget me not  
Eufemia Griffo

summer meadow  
the nurse's blue eyes  
behind her mask  
Marion Clarke

for the nurse  
who has lost her smell  
origami rose  
Sonam Chhoki

night nurse  
gently she wakes me up  
with pills in her hand  
Madhuri Pillai

her touch  
on my child's forehead  
as gentle as mine  
Marion Clarke

took me years to stop saying  
my brother-in-law  
is a male nurse  
Sari Grandstaff

hospital window  
a woman sings  
a lullaby for her child  
Eufemia Griffo

stretching my legs  
around the corridor and back ...  
she holds my hand  
Madhuri Pillai

Cocooned tight, soft voice  
Pours the salve of compassion  
Despite dimming light  
Lisa Demiralp

Compassionate eyes  
Convey caring and concern  
Above facial masks  
Laura Murphy

the dead of night  
the nurse rests her cheek  
on the palm of hand  
Marta Chocilowska

disturbed sleep . . .  
the nurse reliving  
her mistakes  
Stella Pierides

night shift  
the desk nurse writes herself  
into the injury book  
Robert Kingston

New Corona virus—  
new midwife's and new mother's  
eyes meet, over their masks  
Mary

clapping for her –  
the nurse takes the wrong  
turning  
Stella Pierides

“Houseparty”  
four of her patients died  
during her last shift  
Frank J. Tassone

SEED POEM

-haiku sequence-

Motto:

where culture begins – a rustic rice – planting song

Matsuo BASHO

sowing words  
to the appropriate whey  
a book comes to light

sowing rice  
the young farmer hums  
an ancient song

sowing corn  
behind the farmer  
hungry crows

green wheat field  
in the purple twilight  
waving slowly

the blue eyes  
of the wheat field;  
two chicories


end of the field –  
a new lit way for  
the harvest sanctified

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

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

Vasile Moldovan





another shift  
our niece recycles  
another mask

Frank J. Tassone

first almond blossoms  
she rearranges his pillow  
for a better view

Sonam Chhoki

finishing touches  
some roses for the patient  
with no visitors

Marion Clarke

this cold in my bones  
my mind wanders  
unknown places

Eufemia Griffo

practicing squats  
for core strength –  
ambulance nurse

Stella Pierides

a nurse  
walks into a bar. . .  
someday


Ben Teal

finishing touches  
some roses for the patient  
with no visitors

Marion Clarke

christmas eve  
she leaves for her night shift  
my sister the nurse

Vanessa Proctor



faceless women  
morning and evening  
on rubber soles

night without silence ...  
the blinding light  
in the infirmary

tired  
practically bare hands  
nurse

Margherita Ptericcione

nightingale —  
a heart keeps singing  
to the darkness

Lucia Fontana

lady of the lamp  
how her heart weeps  
from the inside

Robert Kingston

familiar tune  
how a nurse humming  
can help

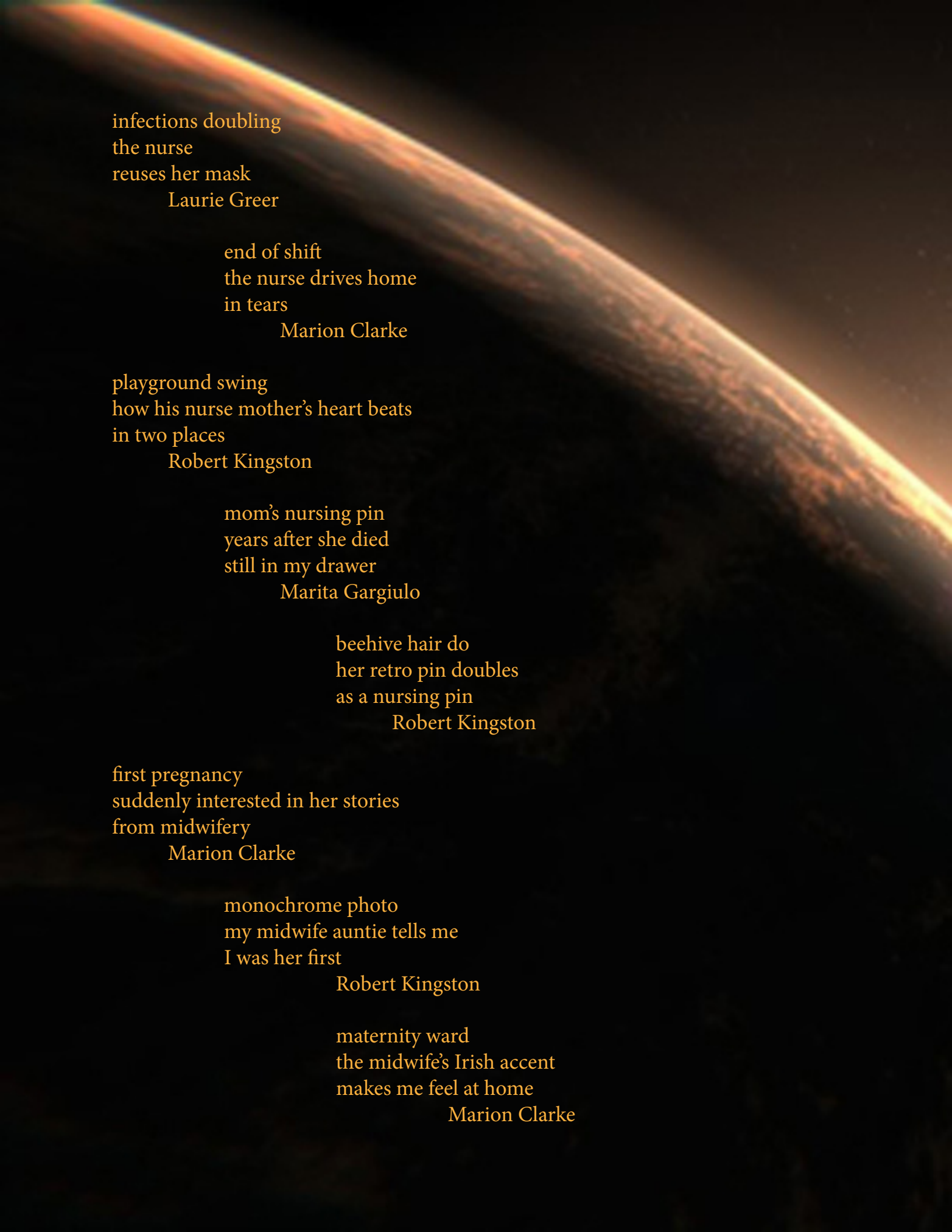
Marion Clarke

start of shift  
she washes her hands  
of the rising fear

Topher Dykes

above the mask  
only his eyes  
naked

Jill Whalen



infections doubling  
the nurse  
reuses her mask

Laurie Greer

end of shift  
the nurse drives home  
in tears

Marion Clarke

playground swing  
how his nurse mother's heart beats  
in two places

Robert Kingston

mom's nursing pin  
years after she died  
still in my drawer

Marita Gargiulo

beehive hair do  
her retro pin doubles  
as a nursing pin

Robert Kingston

first pregnancy  
suddenly interested in her stories  
from midwifery

Marion Clarke

monochrome photo  
my midwife auntie tells me  
I was her first

Robert Kingston

maternity ward  
the midwife's Irish accent  
makes me feel at home

Marion Clarke

first pregnancy  
all ears for Mum's tales  
from her midwifery days  
Marion Clarke

midnight run  
my mother on call  
delivers a baby  
Bona M. Santos

dying at home —  
the nurse yells with her hands  
for his photograph  
Eddy Lee

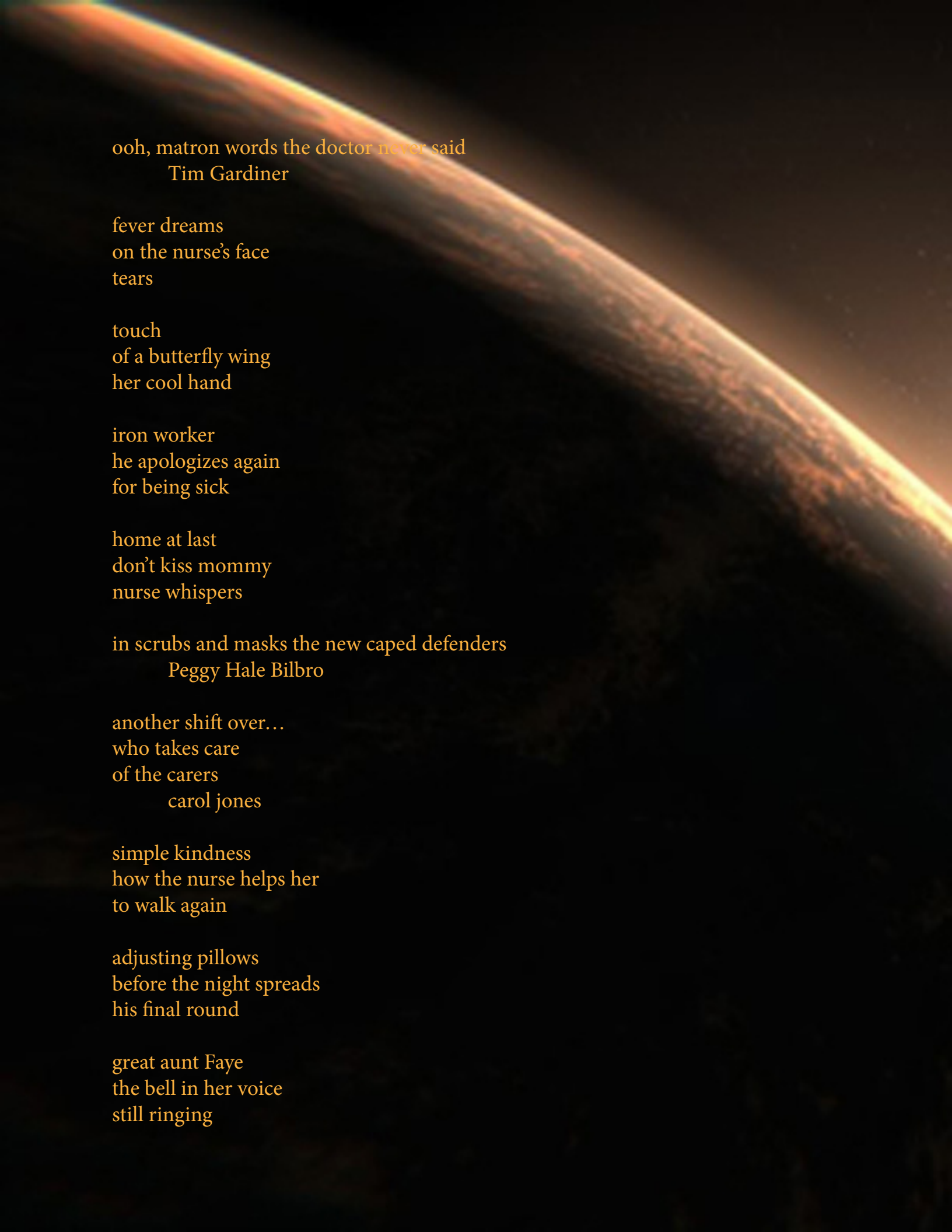
above my bed  
blue haze  
my nurse's eyes  
S.M. Kozubek

spring snowfall —  
the nurse pulls  
the crash cart  
Giovanna Restuccia

PPE  
the nurse's FB photo posted  
by her proud mama

all eyes  
on the young male nurse  
female geriatric ward  
Marion Clarke

end of his shift  
the new male nurse  
sighs all around  
Sonam Chhoki



ooh, matron words the doctor never said  
Tim Gardiner

fever dreams  
on the nurse's face  
tears

touch  
of a butterfly wing  
her cool hand

iron worker  
he apologizes again  
for being sick

home at last  
don't kiss mommy  
nurse whispers

in scrubs and masks the new caped defenders  
Peggy Hale Bilbro


another shift over...  
who takes care  
of the carers  
carol jones

simple kindness  
how the nurse helps her  
to walk again

adjusting pillows  
before the night spreads  
his final round

great aunt Faye  
the bell in her voice  
still ringing





flowering tulips  
retelling the story  
how she survived

back from the shelter  
she names her new cat  
after the nurse

deep gratitude  
when nothing is expected  
rainbow windows  
Xenia Tran


last breath . . .  
a nurse turns mother  
toward the light

pandemic  
the beak she wears  
on her mask

empty womb . . .  
a nightingale comforts me  
through the night  
Debbie Strange

distant star  
I wonder about my school friend  
who studied nursing  
Marion Clarke

hospital window  
a trail of dew draws  
my thoughts  
Eufemia Griffo, Otata, Sept. 2018



nurses  
nursing  
nurses  
    kjmunro

rainbow-coloured scrubs  
for the performance poet  
cancer nurse  
    Marion Clarke For Cathy

discharged  
the smile of a nurse  
takes me home  
    Adjei Agyei-Baah

hospice care  
he calls the nurse  
mama  
    Terri Hale French

    covering the body  
    while weeping  
    over her mask  
    Lorraine Padden

20 hour shift  
the nurse cries from fear  
& desperation  
    Pamela A. Babusci

care home...  
her frequent falls  
his strong muscles  
    Stella Pierides

nursed to her end  
questions remain  
who killed the bat?  
    Robert Kingston

nearing the end  
of a chaotic shift  
still the love

Helen Buckingham

dawn's sickly light  
her hand warm  
her eyes welcome

Barbara Boyd Anderson

dad's nurse  
as if he were  
her dad's

Marion Clarke

the long dark nights  
the struggle to live  
you were there

Barbara Boyd Anderson

everyday job death wish such an ask

Marion Clarke

perched on the loo  
while a nurse holds my drip:  
my inner kid in stitches

Helen Buckingham, *Pulse*, 13th September 2019

catheter leak  
her ability to console me  
with a wink

Marion Clarke

a girl  
in nurses' uniform –  
the smiles

Stella Pierides

neo natal  
if only one might have  
been hers

Michael Henry Lee

maternity ward for a little while her child  
Marion Clarke

front line an angel in a plastic garbage bag  
Gary Hittmeyer

night watch dad determined never to leave us


hospital video call  
he tells me I love you  
in every languages  
Eufemio Griffo

past midnight  
after comforting the dying  
she returns to me  
Ron C. Moss

Quietly checking  
On sleeping patients' vitals  
A gentle, soft touch  
Laura Murphy

everything feels safe  
she places a face mask  
on her nurse doll  
wendy c. bialek

mask peeled off  
longed-for morning coffee  
hours after midnight  
Marietta McGregor



holding it in  
the double duty nurse  
conserves ppe  
wendy c. bialek

little thought  
for what the nurse carries  
home . . .

Robert Kingston

nurseline  
she keeps talking with me  
'til my nosebleed stops  
wendy c. bialek

she holds her tears  
until no one can see  
her strength under pressure  
Linda L Ludwig


how the nurse on the phone  
empowers me—  
my first child's seizure

compassion fatigue no bed deep enough  
wendy c. bialek

only a nurse  
describes snowfalls better  
than a poet  
Dan Campbell

Balm of Gilead  
wanting so to heal  
her raw hands  
Liz Ann Winkler





night shift  
her crisp packet  
carries the ward

corridor painting...  
the nurse from the ward  
asks if We'd like tea

grabbing  
daylight stars  
she tells us  
it's normal

Robert Kingston

first light  
night nurses coffee  
cold in the cups  
carol jones

lip service...  
each nurse knows  
the power of words


Robert Kingston

night closes in ...  
knowing what to say  
and when to  
carol jones

hospital bedside  
enough silence  
to hear a pin drop

Robert Kingston

Thursday 8pm —  
a mass applaud  
to raise the spirits  
carol jones



Seaman's hospital  
blacked out windows  
in the waiting hall  
Robert Kingston

sequestered in a hotel  
a tired nurse messages  
her own feet

it's a kind of magic  
nurses handling  
hot pies

end of shift  
the old nurse leaves her smile  
with the new nurse  
Rashmi VeSa


accustomed  
to her wail- nurse injects  
sedatives  
Radhamani sarma

lady of the lamp  
how her heart weeps  
from the inside

ringing out the waves  
a ferry blasts  
for carers

rings of hope  
in the ferry's wake  
for carers  
Robert Kingston

nurse's lullaby  
lifting  
the morning mist  
cezar-florin ciobîcă



urology  
the nurse asks  
if I'm married

hospital lounge  
on the radio  
nothing else matters  
Pere Risteski

off duty  
the blue lights they see  
in their dreams

home visit nurse  
extra to her workload  
unflinching care  
Ingrid Baluchi

twilight thickens  
into the cry of a baby  
shooting stars

i.m. Mary Agyeiwaa Agyapong  
Alan Summers

NOTE: Mary Agyeiwaa Agyapong is a British nurse who worked and died on the wards despite being nine months pregnant.

Emergency room  
nurses still remember  
my Batman underwear  
Dan Campbell

breaking down  
on the hospital steps  
a nurse's intentions  
Brendon Kent

the thermometer  
longer in her mouth  
the chatty patient  
Sonam Chhoki

hailstones–  
her soft glance  
on my wound

falling leaf–  
the nurse replaces  
vase water

milky moon her whiteness over the tired eyes

nursing home greeting with the first smile  
Pravat Kumar Padhy

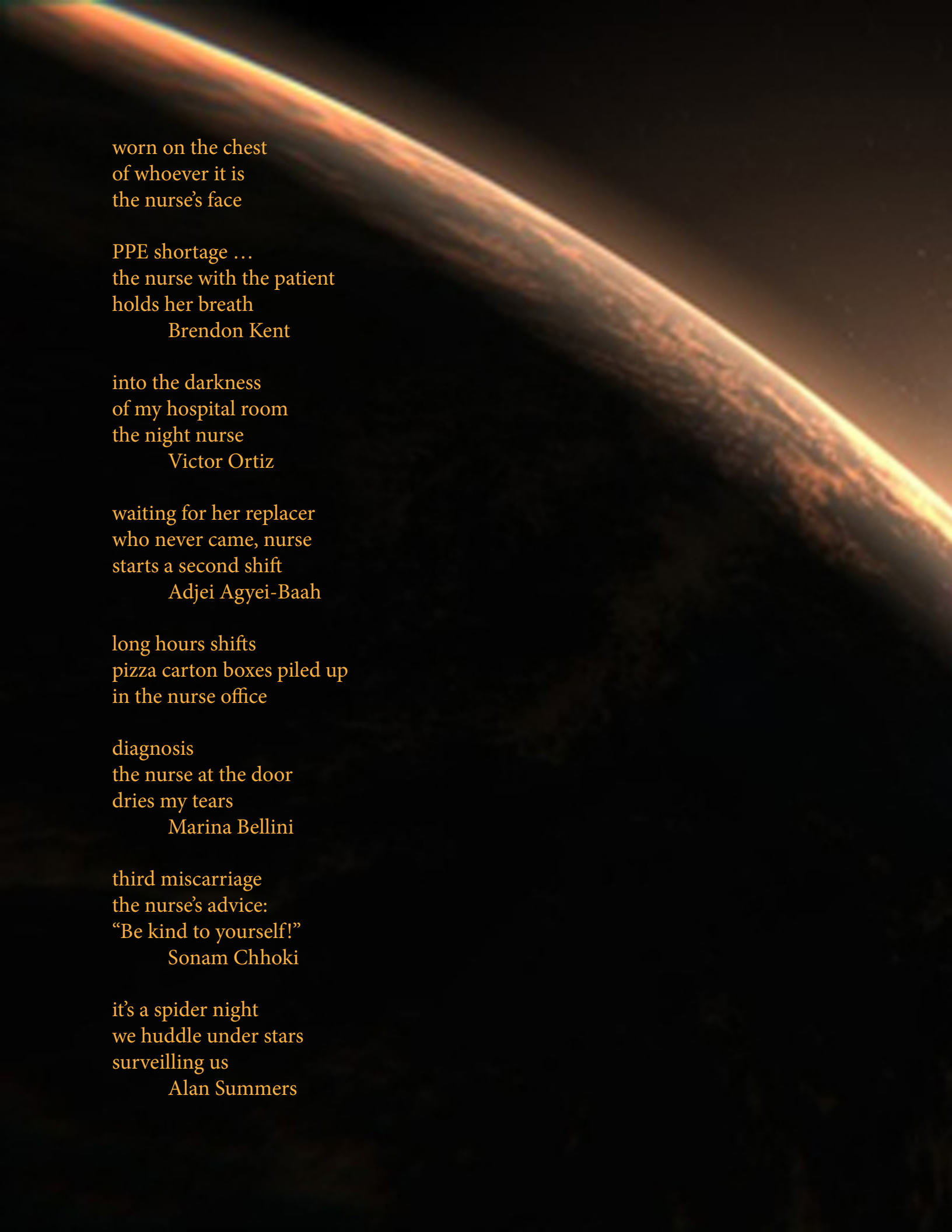
behind closed curtains  
closing  
her unseeing eyes

long shift  
longer still  
the drive home  
Sonam Chhoki

nurses know  
an economical fold  
toilet paper  
Judith Hishikawa

nurses' scarred faces  
in intensive care  
the shape of their mask

wild pansies ...  
the nursing staffs'  
war-torn faces



worn on the chest  
of whoever it is  
the nurse's face

PPE shortage ...  
the nurse with the patient  
holds her breath  
Brendon Kent

into the darkness  
of my hospital room  
the night nurse  
Victor Ortiz

waiting for her replacer  
who never came, nurse  
starts a second shift  
Adjei Agyei-Baah


long hours shifts  
pizza carton boxes piled up  
in the nurse office

diagnosis  
the nurse at the door  
dries my tears  
Marina Bellini

third miscarriage  
the nurse's advice:  
"Be kind to yourself!"  
Sonam Chhoki

it's a spider night  
we huddle under stars  
surveilling us  
Alan Summers





discharge summary  
the nurse's patience goes  
unmentioned

Rashmi VeSa

giving hope –  
the warmth in the  
nurses voice

Carol Raisfeld

dawn  
a nurse lights  
two candles

Bernadette O'Reilly

the first raindrops  
hit the pond and he  
pops the question

their faces reflected  
in the pond's  
intersecting ripples

Laurie Greer

two dollar raise  
but no PPE  
expendable

Ruth Powell

Red Cross nurse —  
a tourniquet fashioned  
from the surrender flag

Jim Kacian, Heiwa Peace Haiku 1993 Judge's Prize
























































































































moonless night  
the slow wing beats  
of a barn owl  
— Maureen Sexton

\*

early spring walk  
a blue fairywren hops  
through the grass  
— Maureen Sexton

\*

mauled lamb  
the distant harshness  
of a crow's caw  
— Maureen Sexton

\*

sea froth  
white cockatoos flying  
in a cloudless sky  
— Maureen Sexton

\*

lighthouse climb  
a seagull struggles  
against the wind  
Creatrix Haiku Journal #27  
— Maureen Sexton

\*

birdsong  
the comfort  
in caws

— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy *Blithe Spirit* 26.3

\*

spring drumming the sparrows out of this world

— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy [https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Four\\_Pests\\_Campaign](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Four_Pests_Campaign)

\*

gold rush . . .  
sparrows tumble out  
of our eaves

— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

\*

shining cuckoo in transparent absence

— Hansha Teki

\*

a tui  
chimes descant to  
its shadow

— Hansha Teki

\*

a twitter of insignificance from the cygnet

— Hansha Teki

\*

cold moon  
a crow shifts into  
its shadow

— Brendon Kent *Blithe Spirit* 26.1

\*

rooftop pecking order shuffling apostrophes

— Brendon Kent *Under the Basho* 2015, *Yanty's Butterfly Anthology* 2016

\*

turning crows  
the distance smokes  
a yellow tractor

— Brendon Kent *Sonic Boom 3*, *Yanty's Butterfly Anthology* 2016, *Re:Virals* 2018

\*

our argument...  
a robin in the birdbath  
breaking ice

— Brendon Kent *Blithe Spirit* 27.1, *Under the Basho* 2017

\*

darkening  
the crow's weight...  
winter deepens


— Brendon Kent *European Quarterly Kukai* 2017

\*

colouring  
a leafless bough...  
robinsong

— Brendon Kent *Blithe Spirit* 26.1





origami sky  
how you fold clouds  
into starlings

— Brendon Kent *Haiku Vol.2* anthology 2017, Haiku University (Tokyo)

\*

banditry of titmice  
the longtails fleeting  
through the air

— Alan Summers

“banditry” is a collective noun for titmice  
[http://www.moorhen.me.uk/iodsubject/birds\\_-\\_other\\_tits\\_02.htm](http://www.moorhen.me.uk/iodsubject/birds_-_other_tits_02.htm)

\*

backroom chatter...  
hedge sparrows voicing  
the world's concerns

— Alan Summers

\*


backroom banter...  
house sparrows solving  
our world's problems

— Alan Summers

\*

hotel coffee room--  
starlings sounding out  
the partitions

— Alan Summers



dark news  
the comfort  
of crows

— Alan Summers *tinywords* 15.1

\*

hard frost-  
the snail-hammerings  
of a song thrush

— Alan Summers *Muttering Thunder* 1

\*

dark fields  
tightly the vee of birds  
into pockets of forest

— Alan Summers *otata* 11

\*

cool morning  
birdsong  
light on a distant cloud

— Alan Summers *Modern Haiku* 1999

\*

thirteen ways  
to wear a pencil skirt . . .  
the blackbird's outline

— Alan Summers *Brass Bell* August 2014

\*



train whistle

a blackbird hops

along its notes

— Alan Summers *Presence* 47, THF Per Diem (September 2012): The Elements

\*

powdered snow –  
a crow's eyes above  
the no parking sign

— Alan Summers Haiku International Association Haiku Contest 1999

\*

a teaspoon of spice  
crows bottle the wind in caws  
and then release it

— Alan Summers Yamadera Bashō Memorial Museum English Haiku Contest 2016

\*

Invisible crow  
the lebanon tree utters  
a call of three caws

— Alan Summers Only One Kagoshima Tree Haiku Contest 2015

\*

night crows  
the haystacks lose  
their moonlight

— Alan Summers *Haiku* 2016

\*

corn moon  
the jackdaw shifts  
its iris

— Alan Summers *Asahi Shimbun* (International Haiku Day 2015)

царевична луна  
чавката помръдва  
ирис

Bulgarian translation Maya Lyubenova, Tzetzka Ilieva, Vessislava Savova

\*

in and out of lavatera  
gang of hedge sparrows  
to the birdfeeder

— Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit* 7.3

\*

little sparrow  
I regret nothing  
flowers in the wind

— Alan Summers *haijinx* IV.1


\*

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

— Alan Summers *Wing Beats: British Birds in Haiku; Haiku Friends* Vol. 3;  
*Inking Bitterns*

<http://area17.blogspot.co.uk/2010/03/summer-wind-sparrow-haiku-artwork-haiku.html>

\*



all the demons  
are in mourning  
sparrowsong  
— Alan Summers

\*

turn in the weather . . .  
a house sparrow sings  
like buddha  
— Alan Summers *Amaravati Poetic Prism* 2016

\*

steamy windows  
the spiral of sparrows  
across our shadows  
— Alan Summers *hedgerow* 111

\*

dead sparrow  
how light the evening  
comes to a close  
— Alan Summers *Haiku Canada Review* 11.2

\*

fading photos  
a goldfinch tugs again  
at the spiderweb  
— Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit*

\*





lapwings  
rounding up clouds  
left in the water  
— Alan Summers *A Splash of Water*

\*

Easter Sunday  
a For Sale sign leans  
into birdsong  
— Alan Summers *tinywords* 16.1

\*

zigzagging...  
the meadow buttercups  
into a robin's song  
— Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit*

\*

skittish clouds  
the lightning tree  
grows a crow  
— Alan Summers *Presence* 56

\*

The Thoughtful Raven  
after Ted Hughes, and Kurt Jackson

The raven grows out of swift strokes in a moment of midnight:

Corvid, sublingual,  
in sixty-five vocalisations of its kind,

from worms to whales; battlefield and gibbet;





to an excarnation platform,  
the raven's thought of food is foremost.

The requiem bird is a shark of the wind.

the fox's bark  
for a moment  
after echoes

There are stars and stars and stars  
and the raven thoughtful in its field.

The bird is glossed in purple, green and blue,  
its call blunt with primary colour;  
wind and rain; and hourglass grains


escaping

cemetery stone  
digger bees emerge  
from letters

as stars lose focus in morning light  
God is in the detail of ripples of silence  
inside the caw

a knuckle in blue jeans ripped  
while a smell of white forms  
out of granular dark

the writer is chugging ink  
from a forearm to fingers to nib,  
the raven is done for the night.



rabbit dusk  
goldfinches vibrate  
across teasels

— Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit* 26.4  
*The New English Verse: An International Anthology of Poetry* (2017)

\*

an owl's empire  
the flecks of light  
in snow

— Alan Summers *Presence* 59

\*

broken boats  
the coastline tagged  
with shearwaters

— Alan Summers *Presence* 56

\*

this small ache and all the rain too robinsong


— Alan Summers *Modern Haiku* 44.1  
*naad anunaad: an anthology of contemporary international haiku*, 2016

\*

Westie, all snow-peak  
Ears and tail, the beat of  
Swan's wings on water

— Peter Cox

\*



first light  
the falcon leaps  
into its wings

— Chad Lee Robinson *Mariposa* 35

\*

from my balcony  
a bird's eye view  
of birds

— Robyn Corum

\*

Coda:

one song  
woven of many voices  
the flock

— Jim Kacian