Welcome to *Notes from the Gean*: Monthly Haiku Journal

Brought to you by [Gean Tree Press](http://www.geantreepress.com)

featuring haiku, tanka, haiga, haibun, linked forms & more.

For details on how to submit to *Notes from the Gean* please check our [SUBMISSIONS](http://www.geantreepress.com) page.

Disclaimer:

Though different schools of thought may be expressed herein the views of contributors are not necessarily those of *Notes from the Gean* or *Gean Tree Press*.

Editor: Colin Stewart Jones

Cover image: Kath Abela Wilson

Overall content copyright © 2013 Gean Tree Press. All Rights Reserved.

Individual works copyright © the named artist/s.
CONTENTS:

Haiku p.4
Haiku p.5
Touch p.6
Open market p.7
Haiku p.8
Haiku p.9
Haiku p.10
Haiku p.11
I smoke another p.12
Haiku p.13
Tanka p.14
For a while p.15
Tanka & Haiku p.16
Haiku p.17
Haiku p.18
Shit flies p.19
Haiku p.20
Tanka & Haiku p.21
Haiku & Tanka p.22
Haiku & Tanka p.23
Tanka & Haiku p.24
Where you least Xpect p.25
Concrete poem & Haiku p.26
Unable to guess why p.27
Haiku p.28
Tanka & Haiku p.29
Haiku p.30
Haiku p.31
Intuition p.32
The photograph p.33
Haiku p.34
Haiku & Twittersphere p.35
Haiku & Tanka p.36
Dream scape p.37
Tanka & Haiku p.38
Haiku p.39
Back Page: Haiku Hitler p.40
slat by slat
the bamboo blinds
calibrate the sunrise

Sara Winteridge - England
headache—
the shadow of a feeding bird
on the wooden blind

Maeve O’ Sullivan - Ireland

Saturday night
plucking the guitar strings
of ennui

Robert Epstein - USA
Touch

my fingers recall the wound

the old Remington missing the letter X

no way to write of you

dialing dialing the crisis clinic

I turn the knob slowly

the wedding ring cut from my swollen finger

Lana Hechtman Ayers & Michael Dylan Welch
USA
at the open market
the gipsy baby clutches
a grape in her fist

an’ya – USA

painted especially for Michael McClintock
about writing
a cowboy song
about 750 ml

LeRoy Gorman - Canada

winter is
dropping pine cones
was winter

Neal Whitman – USA
d
r
o
p
sssssss

Freddy Ben-Arroyo - Israel

broken money my aunt's vase

Adrian Bouter - Netherlands
orange-robed monk—
enlightenment
in my begging bowl

Ozzie Nogg - USA

payday loan rushing up my arm

Brendan Slater - England
echoing mountains
in the subway at night
... lonely city

Michael McClintock - USA

bus shelter
the drunk tries to light
a broken cigarette

André Surridge - New Zealand
...so
I smoke another but
but that’s not it it’s not
this winter night yet to come
...so
I write one of these
here wherein whereout
old fools are wise lies

it’s simple
if we could dance again
or had never danced...
No that’s not it another cigarette

Terry O’ Ku - France
shift change
the leather squeak
of worn soles

R. D. McManes - USA

petrichor
again the dancing

Brendan Slater - England
I carry
silted water from my well
come to you
with damp earth and capillaries
of change on my surface

Sergio Ortiz - Puerto Rico
for a while in evening rain
the soft sound
of arpeggios

Anita Virgil - USA

Haiku first published: One Potato Two Potato Etc
Peaks Press 1991
a mind
triggered by sound
I play
One Note Samba
on my mnemonic

Johannes S. H. Bjerg - Denmark

winter a white guitar unplugged

Adrian Bouter - Netherlands
lead-grey 60s London
a wrecking ball swinging
through my synapses

Helen Buckingham - England

like the psych survivor
I sit in the library
and stare

Owen Bullock - New Zealand
moonlight picking out
snowfall across the window
shadows on her thigh

John Hawkhead - England

snow ticking
at a library window—
the indigent's smell

Michael Dylan Welch - USA
Brendan Slater - England

shit flies
sniffing out
what I don't want to know
litter and dog shit
birds still singing
in the city park

André Surridge - New Zealand

open car window - snatches of birdsong in windrush

Gael Bage - England
I pray I won’t die
alone in some dark corner
of a hospital ward—
singing an opus
of horseshit and pearls

Sergio Ortiz - Puerto Rico

secondhand shop
the age in the face
in the window

Warren Gossett – USA
in the shadow
of a cathedral
a dumped hymn book

Patricia Prime – New Zealand

each way
the wind turns
so do I
following the toe
of a great dune

Michael McClintock - USA
dust storm invisible worlds expansion

Bob Lucky - Ethiopia

dawn
on a fly's wing
the order
of the universe
depends

Dick Whyte - New Zealand
my legs are skinnier
than last year—
that is the direction
the days in their numbers
seem to be going

Michael McClintock - USA

wailing wall—
the priest leans against
his own shadow

Rita Odeh - Israel
where u least expect it

cloud 9

Johannes S. H. Bjerg - Denmark
still pond—

not a hole in the sky

I swallowed

Alegria Imperial - Canada
unable to guess why
he banters with the waiter
so cruelly

Anita Virgil - USA

senryu first publish: summer thunder
Peaks Press 2004 eBook
another snowstorm
an onlyness
in the air

Peter Newton - USA

you whisper
just your sometimes

Brendan Slater - England
you moved the cactus
into the drive
to guard silence
to keep an open mind
about closed doors

Kath Abela Wilson - USA

so long since she wrote
snap peas
see their shadow

Kath Abela Wilson - USA
long fence—
the birds fly on
either side

Pravat Kumar Padhy - India

tarnished medals
with faded ribbons
in back of the drawer

T.D. Ingram - USA
the phantom limb
of believing
war is over

Robert Epstein - USA

dandelion: dos & don'ts

Aditya Bahl - India
**Intuition**

Intuition – something as simple as which heading to read – the feeling is like following the suggestion of a child or a complete stranger.

late summer morning  
white butterflies  
on the thistles

After many days of hot weather the wind seems slightly fresher than the day before and the threads between us less frayed as though the wind had braided them.

on the stone bench  
beside the river  
leaf shadows

Diffidence and humility are subtly different energies, and one moves differently through the day having understood and integrated something new about them.

telling you  
my good news  
the island glows purple

the hot water  
overflowing again  
trying to get the balance

Mozart this morning on the stereo, down low, reshaping space into purpose, while outside the open window noisy cicadas chirrup in the branches and a lonely dog barks in the neighbour’s garden. Pages of my notebook flutter in the breeze, the white paper with its thin blue lines draws me into a daydream of what might have been or what is to become.

watching sunlight  
move along the edge  
of the veranda

the estuary  
reinhabits itself  
half-day by half-day

Owen Bullock & Patricia Prime  
New Zealand
the photograph of her answer
...as long as the light lasts

Terry O’ Ku – France
coyly
she asks me
to phOtO her
   in a
   b i
   k   i
   n   i

Alan S. Bridges - USA

sandals in the arbour—
you lean over to whisper
you're pregnant

Michael Dylan Welch - USA
stealing footsteps shadow
my this

Robert Davey - England

Twittersphere

Can you fit a haibun inside a tweet? the poet tries again / to condense /himself

Peter Newton - USA
lifted twice
the sailing scaffold
of his smile

Susan Diridoni - USA

who knows
what the eel
thinks—
wildflowers
in full bloom

Dick Whyte - New Zealand
dream scape
Y.K. engraves his name
in the blue sky

Johannes S. H. Bjerg - Denmark
climate change
the part
of the sky
that used to be
bluebirds

Alan S. Bridges – USA

swiss cheese on rye so many moons

Pris Campbell - USA
gibbous moon
waxing waning
who gives a fuck

Bob Lucky - Ethiopia

flight of the damselfrog

LeRoy Gorman - Canada
Haiku Hitler finds out everyone is writing haiku freely.

It seems the Western idea of creative freedom is spreading throughout the world.

Terry O' Ku - France