About 45 years ago, an Iranian poet and painter, Mr. Sohrab Sepehri, visited Japan to take a painting course. He became familiar with haiku at that time, and translated about ten Japanese haiku into the Persian (Iranian) language. Thinking of haiku as a short poem, but lacking an understanding of the genre, he was unable to ascertain the spirit of the haiku form.

On his return to Iran, and influenced by haiku, Sepehri, like the Western Imagists in the 1920’s, adopted a haiku-like style. Many Iranian critics believe that his best poems were written after this trip. He also wrote long poems in which imagery became the central core, allowing him to express his feelings via the use of concrete images.

In 1986 another famous Iranian poet, Ahmad Shamloo, in cooperation with the Zen and Buddhist text translator, E. Pashayi, translated part of Volume I, *Haiku* and Volume I, *History of Haiku* by R.H. Blyth, which is the first Persian book to officially introduce Japanese haiku to the Iranians, featuring haiku composed by Bashô, Buson, Issa, Shiki and the ten disciples of Bashô.

Following the R.H. Blyth translations, it took another 10 years before Iranian poets started to write short poems emulating the haiku form, but most of these short poems, like Sepehri’s, lacked the “poetic spirit” which Matsuo Bashô believed to be the main feature of a haiku.

Since that time, and via the Internet, Iranian poets have encountered the international haiku movement, with the result that there are now many haiku enthusiasts in Iran. Many have their own weblogs, and some have published.

The purpose of this short paper is to introduce some Persian contemporary haiku-like short poems from the past two decades, sorted chronologically.

The English translations are my own, in which I attempt to convey the main images, as well as each poem’s individual poetic spirit.
Part 1

Part 1 contains haiku written during 2014, while Part 2 date from more than four years ago. As is evident, recent Persian haiku is adapting itself not only to the aesthetics particular to this genre, but also to its form and sensibility.

Mrs. Fatima Atash-Sokhan

singing lullaby . . .
the baby cicadas too
with their mothers

Mrs. Mandana Mobki

visiting cemetery . . .
today's spider hunting
few citrus blossoms

weeping willow
releasing drop by drop
the last night rain

sudden hailstone . . .
one is melting slowly
on my nape

Mrs. Forough Foroutani

autumn night . . .
how glister the teeth
of the stray dog

Mrs. Marjan Jalal-Mousavi

the crow's caw,
behind the widow
crescent moon

moonlight beam
wrapping on my body;
the jasmine scent
Mrs. Zohreh Zahedi

plum blossoms . . .
chuckle to each other
as reconcile again

a starry night . . .
we back home through
the longer path

Mrs. Vida Moazami

in my hut
candle, book and the moon
how wealthy!
candle in the wind,
becoming short and long
the last breaths

a long night . . .
gazin at serum bag
drop by drop

Mr. Ali Beik

wild geeze . . .
flying in a 7-shape flock
but they are nine

first day of school,
singing for my daughter
while driving

falling leaves . . .
telling the cat unawares
O’ my son

Mr. Massih Talebian

a night trip . . .
passing a town asleep
under the full moon

this autumn dusk,
why the crow gazing at
the same road I pace?
my words
isn't just one or two
as yours, cuckoo . . .

for a moment
taking my hat off, the moon
above the town

the hazy moon . . .
munching my moustache
amid a dream

a worn sandal . . .
for sure a warbler too
has also been here

snow covered peak
Beyond the invisible village
orangish red

Mr. Ali Shalkouhi

a long night . . .
stirring the warm ashes
with the last firewood

the dead dragonfly,
folding and unfolding wings
with each breeze

a cicada cries
somewhere in the yard,
not know where

Miss Leila Rezaei

the maple leaves
along with the dandelions,
in all the wind

sound of the wind,
my mother is praying
deep in the dark
Mr. Kambiz Kakavand

how the day
is more bright with you
O sunflower

Mr. Kaveh Goharin

for a moment
on my father tombstone
the ladybird rests

a brothel quarter . . .
in the crowd of houses
scent of loneliness

celling fan . . .
it’s wind at parental home
was more cool

snowman looks
at the passing children,
by two stony eyes

no lonely tree
when a butterfly
sits on a leave

Mr. Ali Beik

the office parking,
I park my car attached
to a nice lady’s car

the veteran . . .
resemble map of Iran
his old bed sores

Mr. Tirdad Fakhriyeh

that plane tree
which I called it old,
sprouting buds

evening hail . . .
remember one by one
my own sins
at fourties
in myriad autumn colors,
my gray hair

Mrs. Vida Jalili

an old warbler
on my neighbor's tree,
last year orange

Miss Hengameh Ahmadi

a summer night,
a falling unripe orange
wakes me up
early snow...
Ignoring my students’
cheat in exam

Mr. Ali Matoorian

withered leaves,
my share of the neighbor's
mulberry tree

Mr. Hojat Mohammadpour

the paddy sunset...
more than the bamboo
my mother bending

Mrs. Leila Kamkar

in the moonlight,
stepping on the footprints
that gone to the sea
long for the moon,
bending on the pond
a green bamboo
Mrs. Shahnaz Moghadam

a moonlit night,
two shadows from afar
now they become one

autumn sunset . . .
me and the sea, and
a few footprints

Mr. Ali Siran

two herons . . .
one is pecking the moon
in the pond

Mr. Sirus Nozari

looked through the pines
moon
passed beyond the sky

Mr. Ghodsi Ghazi-noor

our date,
as the sea and the moon . . .
how far, how hazy

Mr. Yarta Yaran

among the wheat fields
a woman sits, head on her
knees, lamenting

Mr. Abbas Kiarostami (the famous Iranian photographer, poet and movie director)

who assigned
the green berry leaves as
silkworm nurture?
Mr. Seyed Ali Salehi (a famous contemporary poet and author of Thousand and One Haiku)

no one but
a woman by the grave . . .
a butterfly

Mr. Kaveh Goharin

no lonely tree
when a butterfly
sits on a leaf

Mr. Seyed Ali Mirafzali

night passed
as the dead soldier’s wrap . . .
through the worn window

Mr. Sirus Rumi

oh, donna
how hardness heals
my heart wounds

Mrs. Fariba Arabnia

deep sunset . . .
destined to loneliness,
a barren tree

Mr. Majid Jamshidi

spring mist . . .
a raging flood
for ants

Mr. Reza Rezanejad Shirazi

sunrise . . .
my marvel of Peru blooms
at sunset
Mr. Mahmoud Falaki

this new year,
I paint my room walls . . .
your eye color

Mrs. Katayun Amuzgar

at night again,
counting the watermelons . . .
idle scarecrow

Mr. Hossein Mostafapour

so many robins
that I have frightened . . .
you sprout
descending
the mountain, me and
my shadow

Mr. Reza Arabi

mountain dusk
a distant town’s lights
turn on

Mr. Ehsan Porsa

in Braille . . .
kisses as you close
your eyes

Mr. Reza Ashofteh

Buddha’s orange cloak . . .
How luminous it glitters
Under the moon light
Mrs. Samaneh Hosseini

where does it go
the passing by breeze
first day of spring?

Mr. Mehdi Ghanbari

empty graves
filled by the rain, this
first day of spring

Mrs. Fereshteh Panahi

petunia scent
through the neighbor's terrace . . .
sulky with me

Mr. Abbas Hossein-Nejad (Graduate in Japanese language/literature at Tehran University)

blooming trees
deep in the winter
a robin

Mr. Mohammad Hoghuchi

she is neither
by the sea nor the sea by her . . .
she's just a poet

Mr. Massih Talebian

a morning glory
covered with spider's web
one or two fly wings too

snow covered peak . . .
Beyond the invisible village
orangish red

Massih Talebian holds a Master degree in Electronics engineering, and is currently the manager of an instrumentation engineering company in Iran. He's interested in poetry, especially in haiku aesthetics. Talebian has published essays on Bashô's aesthetics in Iranian poetry journals, and is currently writing a Persian book on haiku theories and aesthetics.