

First Australian Haiku Anthology

Edited by
Janice M. Bostok
and
John Bird



1999

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Foreword to

First Australian Haiku Anthology

This first anthology of haiku written by Australians is a snapshot of such work at the end of the twentieth century. However it was not conceived as an historical record but as a vehicle to *bring haiku written by Australians to the world stage and to promote a sense of collegiate within Australia*. At that time there was no national haiku association. Eventually, the Anthology became the genesis for the formation of *HaikuOz, the Australian Haiku Society*, in December 2000.

The Internet proved an excellent vehicle on which to achieve our objectives. Within eighteen months of its launch, in July, 99, it had been visited more than 16,000 times, from 6,300 different computers, drawn from 59 countries. The implied readership, which is supported by anecdotal evidence, is vastly greater than what might have been achieved in hard copy. New readers come to the Anthology at a fairly steady rate of 300 per month; we expect this to continue indefinitely.

To have their work considered for inclusion, poets had to be Australian by nationality or residency or had to have written their haiku while resident in Australia. There were no constraints with respect to haiku form or the inclusion of seasonal references; there was no nice distinction between haiku and senryu.

Selection was a trade-off between quality and our desire for broad representation of haiku as written in Australia at the end of the century. We set a maximum of eight haiku per poet — more to obtain the volume required, having regard to material available, rather than to establish a frame in which we could rate poets by their representation in the Anthology.

The Anthology's content evolved through the cycles: editors' selection > peer assessment by all those who submitted work > re-editing and selection from new submissions > second peer assessment > re-editing.

Essentially, the editors decided what went into the Anthology and poets' peers decided what remained there and what the editors replaced. Some poets, and many haiku, had short lives in the Anthology.

This innovation of a 'living anthology' combined with the democracy of peer assessment had interesting effects: it curbed the editors' egos, made the final product more representative, and gave many poets the salutary experience of editing. Because the process is reductive it was discontinued after two cycles. The content at that time became the final version of the Anthology, in print and on the Internet.

Poets' brief biographical notes can be accessed from the their last-displayed haiku.

We thank everyone for their help and encouragement. We thank the poets who wrote the haiku.

Janice M. Bostok & John Bird, Editors

[First Australian Haiku Anthology](#)

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Prior Publication

We are pleased to acknowledge that some haiku in this *First Australian Haiku Anthology* were previously published in:

Asahi Evening News
ars poetica
Australian Multicultural Review
Azami
BHS Anthology
Blithe Spirit
Famous Reporter
Frogpond
Fuyoh
Haiku International
Hobo Poetry Magazine
Haiku Spirit
International Almanac/Saiki - Higginson
The Iron Book of British Haiku
Kaitei
Kanrai
Kusamakura Competition
Katikati Haiku Pathway
Micropress Oz
moments
Mainichi Daily News
Modern Haiku
Noses Earthward by The Aardvarkers
Ostrat Poems - Stokes
paper wasp
presence
Poetrix
Poppy Seeds and Laurel Tree
Quadrant
Reeds
Rose Mallow
Scope (FAWQ)
Snapshots
Sparrow
Still
Tamba
Where Two Rivers Meet - Talbot
The Whole Wide World - NZ Poetry Society
Woodnotes
Woodpecker
Writers World, New Era
Yellow Moon

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Contributors & their Biographies

Nicholas Barwell

retired ancient mariner, home port Applecross WA, likes cooking stir fries for his family, and enjoys the company of Sam, a cardigan corgi cross. Nicholas plays jazz piano, writes letters and talks on the phone to excess, loves backgammon, and reads Alan Watts forever.

Alma Bird

lives at Ocean Shores on the east coast of NSW. She began writing and reading haiku as an octogenarian and enjoys haiku's direct connection to the natural world which Alma has enjoyed all her life.

John Bird

is a right-handed poet from the east coast of Australia

Kirsten Bishop

is a young writer living in Melbourne. One of her short stories, *The Art of Dying*, was included in 'The Year's Best Australian Science Fiction and Fantasy, Vol.2' anthology, and she is currently working on a novel and other short stories. She writes haiku occasionally, and is trying to learn Japanese.

*We discovered Kirsten's haiku via her Scifaiku site:
<http://www.nemoria.dropbear.id.au/scifaiku/>Ed*

Janice M. Bostok,

born in 1942, now lives near Murwillumbah, NSW. Her haiku and other work is widely published and respected in the English-speaking world and in Japanese haiku circles. She edited and published Australia's first haiku magazine, *Tweed*. She is co-editor of *Paper Wasp* and haiku editor of *Hobo*. Janice judges haiku contests and frequently collaborates with New Zealand poets.

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Andrew Burke,

born in Melbourne, 1944, now lives in Perth. He has had haiku published in USA, New Zealand and Australia. He is a mainstream poet with four collections, plus short stories, articles and teledocumentaries produced and published. He teaches Creative Writing to feed the writer-within.

Ross Clark,

has published 6 volumes of poetry and 2 of haiku (*Local Seasonings: a haiku journal* [1993] and *At the Turn of the Seasons: a haiku journal* [1999], both from SweetWater Press, Brisbane.) He is a founding editor of *paper wasp* haiku journal.

In pursuit of his poetry / pursued by his poetry, Ross has toured parts of Outback Queensland, Texas (USA), and Japan.

MTC Cronin,

has had four books of poetry published: *Zoetrope - we see us moving* (Aust., 1995), *the world beyond the fig* (Aust., 1998), *Everything Holy* (USA, 1998), and *Mischief Birds*, (1999). A fifth collection - *Bestseller* - is forthcoming in 2000. She has received numerous honours and awards in Australia, UK and USA. These include the Gwen Harwood Memorial Poetry Prize in 1997.

Pauline Cash Cumming,

is a retired physiotherapist, born in Melbourne, now living in Sydney. She writes other forms of poetry and childrens' stories and is very interested in Japanese culture but finds writing haiku especially challenging.

Denise Davis,

New Zealand born, has lived in Sydney as a journalist/PR consultant since the 1970s, generating stories for TV, radio, and print media throughout Australia. Currently she is making a documentary for television about her Mori ancestry. It includes poetry. She favours haiku for its immediacy and ability to capture in few words what photo-journalist Henri Cartier-Bresson revealed as, "the decisive moment."

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Joan Davis.

Poetry is Joan's first interest, with current focus on haiku forms, also short fiction and sketches. Her poems, haiku, short stories, articles, reviews & translations have appeared in many journals and anthologies. Literary interests include Southeast Asian myths and culture and modern Indonesian poetry, and mid-twentieth Australian writing. She co-edited *Di Serambi (On The Verandah) - A Bilingual Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry*.

Brett Dionysius,

Brett Dionysius is a poet and Director of the *Subverse: Queensland Poetry Festival*. He is enrolled in an MA (Creative Writing) degree at University of Queensland and tutors at Griffith University and Brisbane Grammar School. In 1997, he was awarded a grant to write a collection of poetry, *Bacchanalia*. In 1998, he received the Harri Jones Memorial Prize. He was recently appointed editor of the *QWC News Magazine*.

[Brett's haiku are taken from the "Boondall Cycle" suite of poems which is published on the Boondall Wetland pages of the Brisbane City Council Community Website:

http://www.stories.powerup.com.au/core/contents/contents_frames.htm

The Boondall Cycle is dedicated to the Undumbi clan of the Turrbul people..... j bird, editor]

Anne Fairbairn,

is a widely published Australian poet, artist and journalist. In 1998 she was awarded one of Australia's highest honours when made a member of the Order of Australia (AM) - for services to literature as a poet and to international relations, particularly between Australia and the Middle East. Since 1980 she has been involved in building a Bridge of Poems between Australia and the Arab world. She has won numerous awards and honours for literature in Australia and abroad. Her many publications include *Shadows of our Dreaming* (Angus and Robinson 1983), a celebration of early Australia with haiku-like poems set beside her evocative black and white drawings. In 1999 Fairbairn was contracted by the Australian government to compile a volume of poetry to celebrate the Centenary of Federation of Australia. The examples of her haiku in this Anthology are taken from her recent compilation, *Djuringa Haiku*.

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Amelia Fielden,

has a day job as a Japanese translator. A third generation Australian, born 12 days after the bombing of Pearl Harbour, Amelia studied four languages for her degree from the Australian National University. Her writing is influenced by her passion for Japan and her many years of interaction with that country and its people.

Katherine Gallagher,

from Eastville near Bendigo, Victoria, has lived in London for many years. Her poetry publications include: *Passengers to the City* (Hale & Iremonger, 1985) and *Fish-rings on Water* (Forest Books, 1989), her recently-published "Tigers on the Silk Road" (Arc Publications, 2000); & her book of haiku: *Shifts* (Hub Editions, UK, 1997). Katherine says, 'Writing haiku means a lot to me - it is at the heart of discovery. Haiku can make up a diary - the shine on the moment. I've been a member of the British Haiku Society since it started and enjoy the exchange of haiku and ideas in Blithe Spirit, alongside participation in special haiku activities.

I'm delighted to see the Australian Haiku Society taking off so successfully. This is great for haiku and for poetry in general.'

Kevin Gillam,

is a West Australian writer of poetry and short fiction. He has had work appear in numerous Australian poetry journals and is currently working on his first anthology. He is employed as a secondary school music teacher, orchestra conductor and free-lance cellist.

Ron Heard,

lives in Brisbane's West End /Highgate area. He has done much applied writing, including co-authoring the first Australian guide to the Internet and editing "Queensland Cyclist". He is currently reorganising his life so he can spend more time with his disabled son, and writing poetry and haiku.

Andy Hede,

lives in Buderim (Queensland). He teaches management by day and writes poetry during his sleepless nights. On weekends he enjoys bushwalking and art.

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Matt Hetherington

is a poet, aphorist and musician living in Northcote, Melbourne. Inspired by writers such as Maurice Blanchot, Emily Dickinson, Joseph Joubert Jellaladin Rumi, and others, as well as other mystics and musicians from North Africa and the East. Email: eskyguy@hotmail.com

Joy Hutton

A Tasmanian, she has been involved in creative pursuits from an early age. 1st creative pursuit --- teenage writer; prizes, published. 2nd creative pursuit --- three children. 3rd creative pursuit --- painter, professional printmaker, etc. Now --- write, mainly poetry, and spend much time creating artists' books.

Greg Jemsek

is a recent immigrant to Hobart from New Zealand and, before that, the U.S. His arrival in the natural beauty of Tasmania has coincided with a newly discovered interest in haiku

Bob Jones

is a poet, novelist and essayist who has had a number of books published. He holds a doctor's degree in Comparative Literature. His haiku and haiku commentaries have appeared in several countries including Romania and Japan. His long study Haiku Nature was published over six years in Modern Haiku. He lives in Northern Queensland where he teaches aikido and studies Japanese sword fighting (iai).

Joan Kerr

lives in Geelong, Victoria, works as a Speech Therapist, and has had poems published in a number of Australian literary journals over the past 3 years.

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John Knight

John Knight's work has been published widely in journals and anthologies in Australia, New Zealand, Europe and America. He is co-editor of *Paper Wasp*: a journal of haiku, and co-author of *Wattle Winds*: an Australian haiku journey, and poetry and review editor of the journal *Social Alternatives*. In a previous life he was an Associate Professor in The Graduate School of Education, The University of Queensland.

Andrew Lansdown

is the author of twelve books. His poetry, stories and essays have been published in over seventy magazines and newspapers, and are represented in over fifty anthologies. Andrew's collection of poetry, *Between Glances* (William Heinemann Australia 1993), won the Adelaide Arts Festival prestigious John Bray National Poetry Award in 1994. His fantasy novel, *With My Knife* (Omnibus Books, 1992) was shortlisted in 1994 for the National Children's Book Award.

Diana Levy

has had her poetry, short stories and haiku published in Australia, U.S. and Japan. She lives in the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., where she runs About Face Masks, a company dedicated to the revival of mask performance.

Rosanna Licari

was born in Europe and brought up in Australia. She is a Brisbane-based haiku writer and poet. Currently teaches English to overseas students and in the past has taught migrants. Her interests include reiki, tai chi and travelling.

Dhugal J. Lindsay

was born in Rockhampton, Queensland, in 1971. He is currently working in Yokohama, Japan, at the Japan Marine Science and Technology Center using submersibles to research the ecology and behaviour of deep sea organisms. He first began writing haiku, in Japanese, in 1991 and is active in several haiku groups in Japan, including Fuyoh/Rose Mallow and Kaitei.

[Because his haiku shown here are translations, the original Japanese is also shown. JB]

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Robin Loftus

is not a haiku -- rather an on-going, long, unfinished free form poem. She lives and writes above the shifting light of the Pacific Ocean. She has just dispatched her secondary poetry manuscript and is waiting. Her first volume, published by Nimrod Publications in 1992, was called "Flying Fish".

J. W. (Jim) McMillan

was born in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, in 1928 and grew up and was educated in that city. After graduating in medicine, he spent over 20 years in missionary service in India and then with his family returned to Adelaide. He is in general practice in suburban Adelaide, and active in Christian work. He is married to Doreen and they have four grown-up children.

Garth Madsen

worked as a miner, a fettler, a brewery worker, a baker's assistant and a teacher before starting to write seriously in 1990. He has had haiku published in Australia, New Zealand and Japan. He currently lives in fabulous Frankston, Victoria.

Sue Mill

lives in Queensland and has been writing haiku and senryu for about six years, since a chance encounter with the genre. She has had haiku published both in Australia and overseas.

Jacqui Murray,

poet, historian and broadcaster, has been writing haiku for many years. In that time she has been an international haiku judge, co-ordinated the JAL World Childrens' Haiku Contest in Australia and has been widely published. She is now writing full-time and eating part-time and enjoying every minute.

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Kilmeny Niland

is a Sydney artist used to expressing images in paint and ink. She has been irresistibly drawn to the art of haiku in the last three months, finding it a delightful challenge to swap the paintbrush for the pen.

Mark Power

...lives in Perth, married with two kids, a fishpond and dog.
Haiku/senryu/haibun... 'best suits my inner-voice'.

Joanna Preston

is an expatriate Aussie living in Christchurch, New Zealand. She lives with a rampant vegie garden, three budgies, assorted visiting hedgehogs, and Stewart; her Very Understanding Husband.

Vanessa Proctor

is a recent arrival in Australia from New Zealand. Born in Singapore to British parents, she has lived all over the world. She was introduced to haiku while living in Japan and has never looked back! For her, one of the joys of writing haiku is meeting fellow haikin. She also writes poetry and works on other writing projects from her home in Sydney.

Estelle Randall

has lived in Bendigo, Victoria all her life. She is married with two children; her poems appear in many literary magazines. She has recently discovered the delights of Haiku.

Jean Rasey

---not available---

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Lyn Reeves

lives in Hobart. Her poetry and haiku have been widely published. She edits the haiku pages of Famous Reporter and is one of the judges of the Hobo International Haiku Competition.

Max Ryan

lives on the north coast of New South Wales. He is a mainstream poet who has found in haiku a beautiful form which keeps the self in its place. His favourite haiku is Ryokan's *The thief / Left it behind,- / The moon at the window.*

Ross Sampson

lives in Hobart where he watches the weather and writes haiku. Haiku he has written have been published in "paper wasp", "Famous Reporter" and "Hobo".

Katherine Samuelowicz

grew up in poland; now lives, works, dreams and writes poetry in brisbane

Carla Sari

lives in Carlton, Victoria. She migrated to Australia in 1967 and has been writing poetry and short stories for several years now. She finds haiku the most satisfying form of poetry.

Robert Scott

is an Australian haiku poet living in The Netherlands. He lived in Tokyo between May 1997 and May 1999 where he was a member of a haiku circle, and has been writing haiku ever since. He also lived in Stockholm for a short time where he taught haiku to children aged 10-14.

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Susan Stanford

Susan Stanford was born in London of an English father and Australian mother. She lived for almost fifteen years in Japan, where she became interested in Japanese genre poetry. Her English language haiku has been widely published and she has won haiku awards in Japan, Australia and USA. She lives with her family in Melbourne where she teaches Japanese.

Cecily Stanton

--- not available ---

John Stokes

is an Australian writer whose work has been widely published in journals in Australia and North America. He won the Woorilla Poetry Prize in 1996 and has been runner-up in the International Haiku Competition in California.

Norman Stokes,

born 1/3/18; married Margaret Wood 23/12/44. He was wounded in action: Syria 1941 and Kokoda Track 1942. Norm has five children and fifteen grandchildren. He published: "Powermolders and People" in 1975 ; "The Ostrat Poems" in 1977. Norm feels indebted to R.H. Blyth for his books on haiku, discovered accidentally while on a visit to Japan.

Publication of "The Ostrat Poems" is a landmark event in the history of haiku in Australia -- Ed.

Alan J Summers

has been writing haiku since 1993. He also tends to become adopted by one-eyed cats and captured by the full moon. Still a Queenslander at heart, he now writes haiku wherever he can. He has been published in various haiku journals in Japan, Eire, UK and Australia.

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Jean Talbot

came to Australia in 1963, and has taught English at the University of Newcastle for many years. Her poetry is collected in *V Hunter Valley Poets* (1975) and *Layers of Meaning* (1994), both from Nimrod Publications.

Norman Talbot

came to Australia in 1963. He retired from University teaching in 1993 to become a full-time writer. Among his ten collections, *Where Two Rivers Meet* (1980) is one of Australia's first haiku volumes; *The Kelly Haiku* (1985) and *Four Zoas of Australia* (1992) also contain major haiku sequences.

John Turner

lives in Perth near the ocean and does part-time gardening. He has been writing haiku for twenty five years, and has been published in USA, Canada, Japan, New Zealand, and Australia

Cornelis Vleeskens

was born in Netherlands 1948 and arrived Australia 1958. A poet/painter, he works across a wide range of media. He says: "I have no theories of art, no need to create a cohesive oeuvre. I draw on many sources and see each work as a challenge. Serveral ways of coming to terms with it are attempted -- the results stored in my repertoire for further use... "

[Cornelis provided the brushwork motif for this site's front page - jb, Ed.]

John West

John West's latest poetry publication is entitled "Mal; Poems for Mal Morgan", 1999, distributed by "SideWaLK" of Adelaide. He has had haiku published for several years, both in Australia and overseas.

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Les Wicks

Since age 17 he has regularly appeared in literary publications in Australia and elsewhere. His four books are *The Vanguard Sleeps In* (Glandular, 1981), *Cannibals* (Rochford St, 1985), *Tickle Island* (Island, 1993) & *Nitty Gritty* (Five Islands, 1997). He has performed in venues ranging from festivals to prisons to Parliament House. His *Written in Sand & Artransit* (poetry & art posters on the buses programme in Sydney & Newcastle) have won international recognition.

Mike Williams

lives in Perth with his partner, also a poet, her two sons, and a disturbing number of animals; he also produces and edits occasional issues of a poetry broadsheet, *Navigations*.

Sue Wilson

Born in Friern Barnet England in 1951. Grew up in Hertfordshire and moved to the Isle of Wight in 1969 to undertake nursing training. Travelled and worked overseas in the USA and Africa. Settled in Brisbane in 1977, where I have lived ever since, raising a family with my Husband Gordon, and enjoying the relaxed lifestyle. Started writing poetry at the age of eight, but only discovered haiku three years ago when a fellow poet introduced me to the Paper Wasp haiku group in 1997. A deep love of all living things, combined with a wry interest in "The Human Condition" inspires my writing and challenges me to see the beautiful, the funny, the sad and the poignant in everyday life.

Gloria B. Yates

Author, editor, poet, publisher, Gloria Yates is known as the *enfant terrible* of Brisbane letters & specialises in making a nuisance of herself. Ex-teacher, ex-farmer, ex-married. Once bred red cows just for the colour. Publishes Micropress Oz which has cloned itself twice and now there are three Micropresses.

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The Poems

winter's wind
along the beach
the seagulls cry

~Nicholas Barwell

in upswept branches
of the hoop pine
a cloud

winter dusk ~
the pheasant takes nine steps
to pass my window

winter rain
on river mudflats -- an ibis
with hunched shoulders

spring dawn -
starting the day with laughter
of kookaburras

night bath -
on the window
a frog with big eyes

~Alma E. Bird

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shallow river ~
a sand whiting paler
than its shadow

autumn dawn ~
at full tide two pleasure boats
nudge each other

summer lightning ~
house too low for the dog
to crawl under

moonlit nursery ~
the baby's hands clutch
at the sky

spring rain ~
an empty swing hangs
above its puddle

winter park ~
the boy's bare feet
find his dog

~John Bird

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just you and me, slug - the moonlit jasmine's ours tonight!

completely still -
then the horse on the skyline
bends its neck

-Kirsten Bishop

pregnant again ...
the fluttering of moths
against the window

cut banana bunch light floods the nest's dark eyes

wind blows a glimpse of ducklings through reeds

fox slinks into pampas grass plume trembling

fetching firewood
i open the door
to moonlight

in this blue
the scalloped flight
of one swallow

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in evening stillness
the sound of bird wings
stroking air

in and out of fog
the yellow line of highway
runs with the train

~Janice Bostok

pounce!
kitten catches
half a lizard

lighthouse stairs
 chasing each other
towards the light

milky way
sprinkled on
dam waters

-Andrew Burke

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for an hour
the moon hangs
with the singlets

my old shirt
so comfortably resting
on your young breasts

reading in bed
a moth resting
on my heartbeat

old man
in the vegie patch
almost a scarecrow

veranda bed
corrugated sky &
nailhole stars

after the parade
the dragon head off
still smoking

coming home drunk:
how distant the house lights
how close the stars

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I feed the cat:
the cricket
keeps on singing

-Ross Clark

My lover away
And there's no work in the field
Fingernails grow long

autumn afternoon nap
a broom
lying in the garden

vines scale the fence
my neighbour speaks
to someone unseen

on our tangled legs
the cat kicking
fleas into the bed

~M.T.C. Cronin

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a bowl of roses
reflected on the marble
tea growing cold

sweeping them up
and sweeping them up
still the autumn leaves!

~Pauline Cumming

faint mark
on a cleaning cloth --
dead moth

at the dentist
new apartments
filling in the sky

~Denise Davis

warm loaf rising terracotta sunset through the
window

~Joan Davis

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on cabbage tree creek
mangroves lap up the water
two dogs bark at us

the squirrel glider
floats amongst the eucalypts
the moon in its eye

casuarina trees
filter the wind through their leaves
bull-roarers whistle

bull-roarer = Aboriginal noise maker

~Brett Dionysus

Across sandstone rocks,
a luminous silver trail
leads to a grey snail

~Anne Fairbairn

Across the bay
a flashing grey chain -
dolphins

~Amelia Fielden

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suburban street -
only the untended patch
has autumn berries

village walk -
following the dog
following us

trapped on the flypaper
with moths and flies -
a white butterfly

frosty air -
a ring of snowdrops
at my front door

winter solstice:
the darkness closes in
against the churchbells

rows of fishing boats
lift in the pinkish-haze
late afternoon

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in the sky-space
between buildings
a silver moon

in the park
almost overnight
almond blossom

~Katherine Gallagher

mosquito
sews one note to night

slug
the slow tongue leaves a lick of silver

~Kevin Gillam

receding waves hiss
two oystercatchers hurry
on stiff scarlet legs

after rain
leaves dripping
birdsong

~Ron Heard

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after a beach walk
the quietness
of a pink sunset

elevator --
ten people each pretending
to be alone

on the windowsill
a row of pebbles
gathering dust

arrowhead wake
pointing a lone duck
at the sunset

~Andy Hede

heat of noon-
even the horse's tail
is still

the shadows
on the book -
more beautiful than words

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deep winter-
a dog's tail
wags in the gloom

all day
moving only
to stay in the sun

~Matt Hetherington

ninth month
she keeps missing
shooting stars

winter
in the teabowl
empty sky

coming home
in the darkness
jasmine has blossomed

end of the year
an old love letter
missing a page

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deepening
the stillness
a leaf falls

~Stephen Hobson

walk before sunrise
morning star fades
with each step

alone again:
tea leaves pattern
my empty cup.

a sweltering night:
pale moonlight falls cool
across my pillow.

walking at sunrise
sandalled feet
washed by dew

~Joy Hutton

underneath the sky
underneath the mountain
my dog chews his stick

~Greg Jemsek

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tongue waving ~
the goanna tracks
a hotdog vendor

crescent moon ~
fruitbats stream into
the mango grove

autumn dusk ~
waking among strangers
on a bus

round the point
swing lights of a car ~
wild seas

a long night ~
great wings sweep the air
above my tent

daffodils ~
I stand at dad's grave
in his suit

pumpkin vines
lacing the old bike ~
a snake slips down

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a lone man
gazes from the woolshed ~
autumn rain

~Bob Jones

wind at the corners of the house
these days
you never meet my eyes

spring an otter, bright with darting water

~Joan Kerr

Distant ranges . . .
indigo spills
under the bright sky

Old windmill gap-toothed

brushing her hair tonight the moon is almost full

at the airport
wrapped in that last kiss ...
the still blue sky

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swinging old hips
so beautiful
when she smiles . . .

On my hands now,
grandmother's
sunspots

House dark
and the rain hard
at the door

winter crow calling
harsh wind on the flag
at half mast

~John Knight

In the stoneware bowl,
after the small bird's bathing,
rainwater wobbling.

On the verandah,
her beak stuffed with spider webs,
the nesting robin.

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Slightly more solid
than the twilight, kangaroos
crossing the firebreak.

Spurting from the water,
something small and silver
ahead of the heron.

~Andrew Lansdown

In between rains,
the smell of the garden
decomposing.

A freshening wind:
the scent of wisteria
is tinted with smoke.

Talking all the way:
not noticing
the sky darkening.

My old Roshi:
I still want to wipe
his speckled glasses.

~Diana Levy

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tobiuo-no tsubasa hirogeshi mama shiseri

flying fish
its wings spread
even in death

hanabi oe kitai-no yami-no nao tsuzuku

fireworks finish the darkness of anticipation
continues

hasuike-no senbon-no kuki kiri-o sasu

Lotus Pond
a thousand stems
pierce the mist

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hanasugi-no usagi-o dakeba myaku uteri

blossoms almost gone
the rabbit i hold close
quickens its pulse

furuike-no fukasa shirazari amenbou

the ancient pond
no-one knows how deep it runs...
water strider

shiroiki-no shasou-ni (dare)demo nakunarinu

winter's breath on the train window i become a
nobody

taikyokuken-no okina utsusemi-yori karushi

practising Tai-Chi
the old man even lighter than
a cicada shell

~Dhugal J. Lindsay

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suddenly
among grey eucalypts
gymea lilies

~Robin Loftus

At a safe distance
the cat and the sparrow
preening themselves.

Thirsty weather -
the small boy slurps the water
from the cat's dish

Good Friday Service -
on the sidewalk outside
a carpet of leaves

~Jim McMillan

at his poetry reading
in the church
I sit on the bride's side

~Garth Madsen

First Australian Haiku Anthology

cold rain
the scent of peaches
fills the room

fingernail moon
slides down the sky
another sleepless night

steamy silence-
from the mangrove swamp
a whipbird's call

piano practice
scattered on the keys
rose petals

sudden silence
on the building site--
a violin soars

eucalypt saplings
filling each shade patch
one kangaroo

entangled
in a cage of branches
pearly Spring moon

First Australian Haiku Anthology

she-oak needles--
raindrops cling
in sparkling rows

~Sue Mill

cat and coffee marking midnight papers

from the smell of dust
frogs call
breaking the drought

for days after
the cicada's last song
unsettling silence

floating
through moon and Southern Cross
the pool filter starts

neighbour's arm signals too tired to gossip

at the milkbar
showing school mates
his first Akubra

First Australian Haiku Anthology

old ute
a bow legged Blue
master of the tray

child running
across the gallery
to pat Degas' dog

~Jacqui Murray

tawny frog-mouth
agape
as I post the mail

dipping sable hairs
in the painty water
moth in my jar

~Kilmeny Niland

pillion passenger her tanned thighs hugging him

single tear drying on baby's cheek smiling at me

t.v. noise in one ear far away frogs the other

~Mark Power

First Australian Haiku Anthology

snake season -
every stick
hiding its fangs

only child
playing tag
with cloud shadows

forest pool -
reflecting also the sound
of a stone

drought again -
I paint the house fence
green

at thirty;
kneading bread
with grandma's hands

evening swim;
the arc of her body
shatters the moon

~Joanna Preston

First Australian Haiku Anthology

winter rain -
musty scent
of my wedding dress

grandmother's rings
too small
for my little finger

moving to the city
the cat starts
at every noise

boiling kettle
jasmine creeps in
through the window

in the cat's mouth
the cicada
keeps on singing

~Vanessa Proctor

Grumbling all day
lightning finally
unzips the rain

First Australian Haiku Anthology

Spotlighting
the church spire
sun shafts the rain

Blue plumbago
spills over
rusting water tank

White sheets
snapping in the wind
cockatoos billow

~Estelle Randall

turn of the tide
at midnight
the silence

the curlew's cry
outstretches
tidal flat

night rain
I snuggle deeper
into the sound

First Australian Haiku Anthology

at E R window
the butcherbird worrying
his own reflection

~Jean Rasey

boarding the plane
one last glimpse
the long line of windows

family album
no-one left to name
these grave faces

tv turned off the room's colours deepen

crusty street kid
leaning over someone's fence
to smell the roses

evening worship
in the silence between chants
magpie caroling

last guest gone warm glow of embers

First Australian Haiku Anthology

first autumn wind
tumbling down the street -
cafe umbrellas

dust thickens
the day time moon
grows brighter

~Lynn Reeves

graffitti swears from the grey wall

thundering possums spill over the

by reeds

ducks transform into stones

dying flowers

one hangs by a spider thread

~Rosanna Licari

frangipani in bud
the postman whistles
a love song

First Australian Haiku Anthology

on the ripe banana bunch:
a black bird
with yellow eyes

fifty years later
the old norfolk pine
still higher than the night star

caged chickens
stacked on a truck
sunset

~Max Ryan

through the leaves
weaving a pattern in the wind
blue sky

deep in autumn
raindrops cling to branches -
the cold air colder

~Ross Sampson

looking at
travel agent's window
spring again

First Australian Haiku Anthology

at the car park
as we say goodbye
a swirl of old papers

night swim-
into my empty arms
moon falls

under shower
sun hardly touches my breasts -
autumn again

walking along the beach
my shadow
still young

steam clears
in bathroom window
hips nipples lips reassemble

autumn mist
under my chestnut tree
other lovers kiss

winter funeral
heavy coats
no warmth in embraces

First Australian Haiku Anthology

recorded message
in his voice
the waves breaking

dusk
gathering
at the corners of his eyes

invites me
to his fourth wedding
my first sweetheart

silent dawn the oak trunk glistens with
cicada shells

~Carla Sari

still no word
the moon
through another window

full mailbox
feeling the weight
of your silence

back from the beach
unpacking
the summer heat

~Robert Scott

First Australian Haiku Anthology

empty sky -
they fill grandmother's lap
with driftwood

a cicada shell
on her forearm -
she strokes it whispering

umbrella rides on
the owner left behind
at the station

yellow floodwater -
a pelican sweeps side on
towards the bridge

middle-aged -
standing on the seesaw
and making it tilt both ways

fishing
the quiet one finds a moon
in her fingernail

~Susan Stanford

First Australian Haiku Anthology

She slips
And cries out
For crushed violets

So many rains
I smelt
With her

~John Stokes

climbing the bush track,
a bulldog ant going down;
the spring morning.

a piebald calf
munching a spring thistle;
the sound of it.

a spring shower;
sunlight on the paling fence,
the wood steaming.

this springing dog,
in upward spiral twist,
to catch a ball.

First Australian Haiku Anthology

on a bleached bough
in the hazy summer sky,
a cormorant.

after the storm;
the voice of the creek
seems to have broken.

summer grazing;
only the tails of the cows
move quickly.

summer noon;
under the feeding cow,
fowls scratching.

~Norman Stokes

almost lost
in the shimmer of water
some ducklings

an attic window sill
a wasp curls
into its own dust

dusk at the golf club
part of a marker pole
a tawny frogmouth

First Australian Haiku Anthology

three white-faced heron
turn
and are lost in blue

curling up at dusk
the park bench sleeper
turns over a new page

the rain
almost a friend
this funeral

~Alan J. Summers

At a road's end,
a young woman calls her child
to look at the train.

~Jean Talbot

In the summer heat
of a city breathing out
the smell of brickdust

Ceiling-fans purr
push out into the darkness
the cool of indoors

First Australian Haiku Anthology

A spider steps forth
into the air between trees
lit by candle-light

The lawn is all dust.
There's nowhere for a puddle
to catch the moon in

In the spiderweb
not far from the altar,
three wrapped mosquitoes

The egret glides down
into the paddock at dawn
wing-stretches---& waits

~Norman Talbot

bees in the basil
she carries vegetables
in a fold of her dress

honeysuckle!
the turn
home

empty mailbox
I look for its lizard
living beneath

First Australian Haiku Anthology

"All Change!"
on the next train
the same faces

lighting fires
under blackened pots
India at dusk

~John Turner

this crisp winter's night
the icy Milky Way
crunched underfoot

cormorants diving
so many Koori children
fishing the rapids

this small crab
it scuttles from the reflection
of a gull's wing

old laundry curtains
the weathered holes allow
a glimpse of blue

First Australian Haiku Anthology

just a bluetongue
basking in the sun
still adrenalin

at the edge of vision
camouflaged among rocks
a solitary heron

~Cornelis Vleeskens

Crow lifts free,
the sky becomes
smaller.

Elephants -
I almost stall
the car.

~John West

Your shaky hand
with a cigarette
creates the wind

~Les Wicks

First Australian Haiku Anthology

walking towards the low moon -
suddenly the brush of owl wings

after night rain
moon pale
above the garden wall

~Mike Williams

squabbling
a flock of lorikeets
louder than the neighbours

last day of school
his kindy photo
still in my purse

midnight surfer
chasing the moon
through a tunnel of foam

his words
taken by the wind
empty call of the gull

~Sue Wilson

First Australian Haiku Anthology

turning
to close the gate
I see the sunset

he's out of hospital
it's such a pleasure
to swear at him

every morning
waiting for the post
that empty feeling

cows in the shallows drink themselves slowly

quarreling with him
I leave the room---
both dogs follow me

~Gloria Yates