

HAIKU FROM ENGLAND

Selected By MATTHEW PAUL



frances angela

mill wall
the brick
with my name

Joanna Ashwell

a periscope planet
navigates the night
deepest slumber

Annie Bachini

locked into slots
at the village school
a line of colourful scooters

John Barlow

into the stillness
of the winter depths
all the spent lives

Helen Buckingham

helicopter crash
the human chain
edges in

Sheila Butterworth

wind on the fell
clinging to the river bank
a row of alders

David Cobb

Cenotaph
a plane tree leaf falling
on a muffled drum

Keith J. Coleman

bass-string harmonic . . .
a bluebottle glancing
off the windowpane

Paul Conneally

the vicar unfolds
his wedding umbrella
cherry blossom rain

Tina Davidson

wild child
wild cyclamen grows
around her grave

Tracy Davidson

blood-crazed
a mosquito
carries my life away

Claire Everett

ice-tipped furze . . .
a sea wind brings goldcrests
on their own wings

Graham High

a last cigarette—
gazing at the yellowed star
that's really Venus

Hamish Ironside

summer wind—
two old ladies
prop each other up

David Jacobs

just me
being trimmed
I ask if they're busy

AA Marcoff

passing unmarked
another wave
on the shore

Joanne E. Miller

snow in the air—
my bones argue
among themselves

Matthew Paul

when the wind drops
over Whalebone Marsh:
harmonised bleats

Stuart Quine

intimate with daemons I embrace the night

Helen Robinson

women's clinic
the sisterhood of
identical cotton gowns

Fred Schofield

wayside yawn . . .
a pinch of lavender
clears the head

David Serjeant

October sun
a ladybird restlessly probes
the window's edge

Andrew Shimield

over the wall
of the private club
a tennis ball escapes

Ian Storr

First nativity
only one puffin
twirls in the dance

Rachael Sutcliffe

between flickers
of recognition
shadow play

Richard Tindall

whips of wind
the mole catcher's coat
flaps with the crows

Diana Webb

string quartet
a small spider's legs flex
with all their might

Alison Williams

trying to make sense of it
geometric patterns
in the carpet

Frank Williams

from the train...
through thick fog a drift
of birds on the wing

Sara Winteridge

morning sun -
beating against the hearth rug
a Clouded Yellow

Bill Wyatt

A sleepless night—
ashamed of my idle dreams
full of desires