



counting star-bones

Alegria Imperial



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Yavanika Press

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*for Papá and Mamá*

## Acknowledgements

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*Bones: journal of contemporary haiku*, *Notes from the Gean*, *LYNX*, *Under the Basho*, and *Otata*.

rooting in the  
sky a palm tree's  
improbability

last first...  
a worn-out spring  
in earth's diaphragm

counting star-bones  
after the loss  
of sunset wars

damaged sky—  
the clue  
is in a shoe box

hermit crab —  
where can we exist  
beyond this cloud?

between us a pie cut of infinities

storm-washed dusk  
as much emptiness  
as you covet

tiger tiger  
the blue moon rocking  
an empty crib

sun dog    the unicorn I feed in a closet

crinkled clouds the brain I am told

tilted orb  
the science of (not) falling

sickle moon  
tunnels in me unleashing  
pinballs

still pond —  
not a hole in the sky  
I swallowed

Venus rising a shore behind your ear

mountain clouds implode in a colic

airglow  
larger than my gasp  
the oak's wound

northern lights  
i draw out a fish  
gurgling in my breast

shooting star—  
is there truth  
in me?

if you could but settle  
down my moon  
dawn spasms

tomorrow still a house of knives





Alegria Imperial learned of haiku from submitting pieces to an editor, who dutifully sent them back. Wondering years after finishing a Bachelor's degree in literature in the Philippines, why she hadn't encountered haiku, she furiously studied it; she began with a book of Basho that she found in the alcove of a library. How alien it was from the Continental and American literature into which she was steeped in school. She continued to work on her craft and, today, Alegria's haiku and other forms of Japanese short-form poetry have since been published and have gone on to win awards.