

# ONE OR TWO OF A KIND

Collated by Jim Kacian



WORLD OF HAIKU is a celebration of the dispersal of haiku around the globe. Haiku is now written in more than 50 languages on every continent (outside of Antarctica, and we can't be sure about that either . . .). But while most cultures have full-blown haiku cultures that have emerged over the past century, a few countries or cultures have only a single or a handful of poets working in the genre. In many instances these sole practitioners are expatriate poets of some other culture — James Kirkup, for instance, is the only known haiku poet ever to reside in Andorra, but in truth he is a British poet writing in the English tradition. But in some instances these poets are the first of their countrymen to embrace the genre, and so are exposing their cultures to the possibilities of haiku. We wish to celebrate this circumstance as well, and so below find the one — or two — poets who have brought haiku from the East. In some instances our information will not be sufficient, and things will have moved on, with new poets now practicing in these locales. Please let us know — we would love to feature these countries in greater depth. Meanwhile, enjoy these haiku unicorns.

## ANDORRA

In atomic rain  
Buddha goes on smiling at  
the last butterfly  
James Kirkup, Haiku in English

## ARGENTINA

Ashes in the air  
a bud opens  
in the grey plant  
Jorge Alberto Giallorenzi, WHA12

AUSTRIA

deep inside you no more war  
Dietmar Tauchner, Haiku in English

the first crocus  
and even an old heart  
beats faster  
Kurt Svatek, WHA11

CHINA

On a late spring day  
the waters are wrinkling  
with wings skimming over  
Magic Dragon, WHA12

Limitless blue sky—  
knocking the heaven gate from a spacecraft  
can I meet an alien?  
Xu Yiping, WHA11

COLOMBIA

Silence—  
Wings of butterflies  
Grazing grass  
Eolo, WHA11

Spring:  
water and silence travels  
to the sea  
Raul Ortiz Betancur, WHA12

FINLAND

this deep hole—  
my daughter's small hand  
lifts me out  
Christian Aspergren, RMA2996

INNER MONGOLIA

Glittering  
the voices of white cranes  
erasing our memories  
E Bold, WHA12

A mirage becomes  
one of many  
escaped horses  
Yo. Erdenetogotokh, WHA11

IRAQ

On that trunk I sat,  
Seeing a bird in a trap,  
I can not save it.  
Zaid Alquraishy, WHA12

Drunk for the first time  
The horizon is in  
My feet  
Hilal M. Jihad, WHA110

ISRAEL

Here in the airport  
Between here and there  
Nothing is mine  
Amir Or, WHA11

Old age is freedom  
The house key gets lost  
You're dwelling in chaos  
Mordechai Geldman, WHA10

MALTA

butterfly's wings—  
dust rearranges itself  
in a mosaic

Francis Attard, dust rearranges itself

NEPAL

ultrasound scan  
I rearrange  
my dreams

Sonam Chhoki, RMA2015 galaxy of dust

Diamond hills  
Diamond lake  
Diamond trap

Ram Kumar Panday, WHA10

NORWAY

Silent jellyfish  
Towards the surface of its skin  
The deep dark cold fjord

Terje Hellesen, WHA10

OUTER MONGOLIA

Dreaming a mirage  
the skyscrapers of Ne York  
are as they always were

Urjin Khurelbaatar, WHA11

spring evening  
distant stars radiate  
the light of memory

Tuvshinzaya Nergui, WHA10

PORTUGAL

november's moon—  
childhood so far away  
and my sister dead  
Leoniloda Alfarrobinha, WHA11

Bach—  
And more air  
In the chest  
David Rodrigues, WHA10

SLOVENIA

Farewell to the sea.  
Watercolours in the bag  
of my heart.  
Alenka Zorman, WHA12

secret mass grave  
almost audible voices  
from above  
Metod Cesek, WHA10

SWITZERLAND

sick in bed—  
the gap  
between the curtains  
Olivier Schopfer, RMA2014 big data

TAIWAN

Under the burning sun  
Earthworms die  
my words  
Hwang Li, WHA12

The transitory life  
just as a paper windmill  
blown by the wind  
Chiau-Shin Ngo, WHA11

THAILAND

When this cloud goes away  
I am a wave  
In the late autumn  
Hirokazu Aihara, WHA11

TURKEY

without a farmhouse near each star  
Joseph Salvatore Aversano, RMA2015 galaxy of dust

UKRAINE

the milky way  
putting three dots  
at the very beginning  
Sergiy Kurbatov, WHA12