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

depth 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. Erdenetogtokh, 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
Úrjin 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