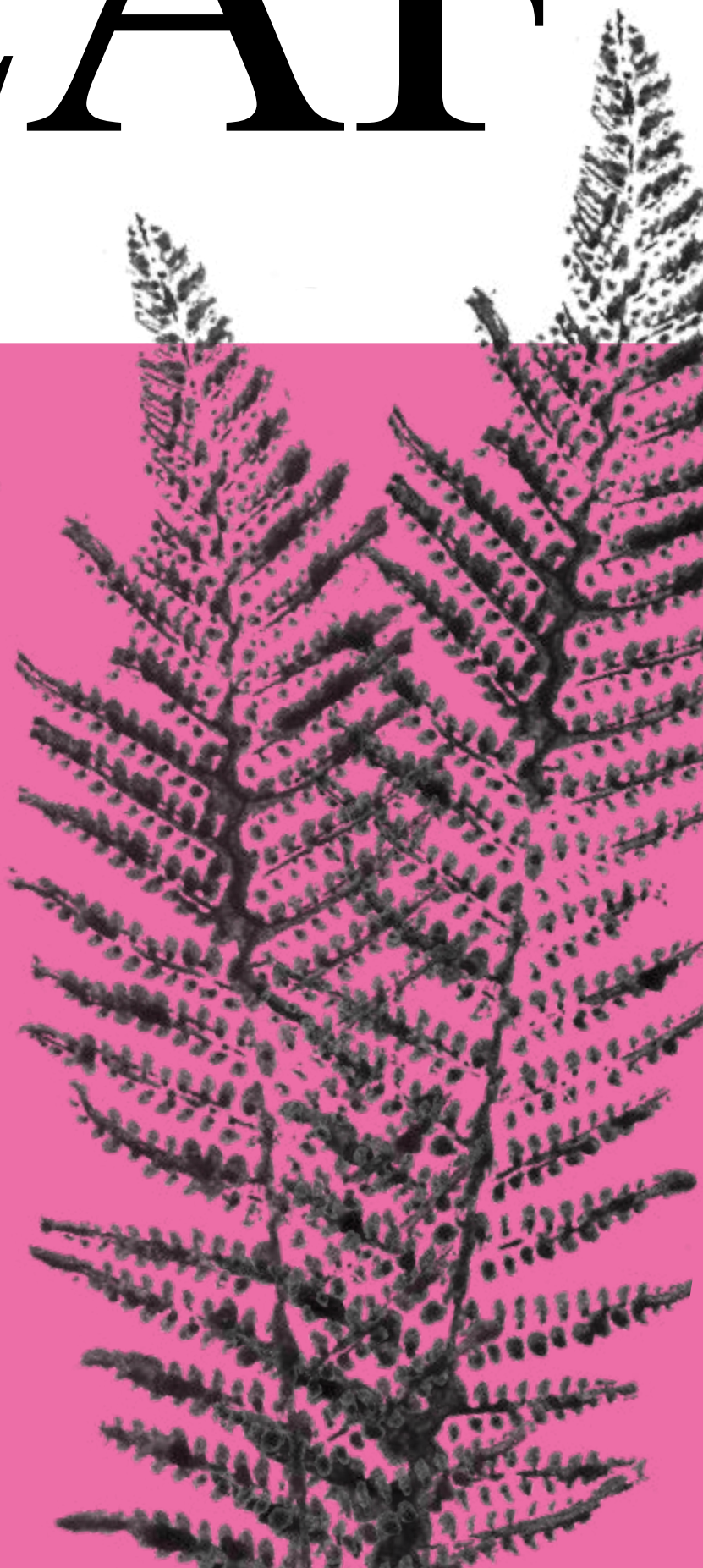
LEAF

Journal of The Daily Haiku

Issue Four
August 2024



ISSN 3029-0260

Acknowledgments

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Journal Design and Production	Jade Wildgoose
Founder of The Daily Haiku	Amanda White
Sponsor and Support	Panorama Journal

Amanda White, Writer and Creative Practitioner, set up The Daily Haiku in March 2020 to encourage accessible and nurturing creative engagement through haiku. The group continues to thrive, with an international membership of over 16000.

Links

www.facebook.com/groups/THEDAILYHAIKU/

www.leafjournal.io

Haiku and Senryu Commentary
by Keith Evetts

Looking for verses that stood out in some way from a very good crop of 316 perfectly competent haiku and senryu, after several siftings and much thought I was left with these ten below:

Randy Brooks

year of the dragon
chewing a washcloth
to calm down

Tony Williams

snail hunt
another Friday night
alone

The first leaves open all the reasons why in these fierce and turbulent times we might calm ourselves with some handy ruminative therapy.

The second evokes the solitary pursuit of a gardener with lettuce or hostas to defend. Try asking your sweetheart on a Friday night date to hunt for slugs and snails. Most gardeners have perforce a sense of humour, well cultivated in Tony's case.

Fatma Zohra Habis

beach Hotel
most of them are at the window
sunset gulls

This verse allows for both guests and gulls to be pictured at the window, respectively gawping or roosting; or perhaps the guests are reflecting dreamily on the day as they look out, while the pragmatic gulls on the window sills associate the holidaymakers with prospective dinner as they look in.

Janet Ruth Heller

one raindrop
falls on my forehead
the poet's caste

Sharon Ferrante

after his kiss a shiver defined

Janet's verse is self-evidently irresistible to any haiku poet, full of wabi-sabi: the awareness of sorrow, transience, and the humble that mark us out (and we enjoy it, really). Recalling the many impoverished monks whose itinerant haiku we cherish, and with the choice of the word "caste" the drop of rain becomes a bindi and the inner world of the third eye.

Sharon's one line poem reads and sounds very well, with the assonance of "kiss" and "shiver" around the pivotal moment. Without telling the reader in words what the definition is, the moment captures that ineffable ecstasy and wonderment when a first kiss goes well — the shiver adding a delicious element of dread at an as-yet-unknown fate.

Kelly Sargent

late night morning glory menopause blues

There's no subject that cannot be addressed in haiku. Here we have an ambivalent, delicately-worded verse where the reader must do some work to discover a meaning. The flower morning glory doesn't bloom late at night, but romance often does…and another use of "morning glory" in common parlance is as a homely euphemism for an erection. The usual blue of the flower is reflected in "the blues" of menopause, when it is not uncommon for a woman's sexual desires to diminish or disappear, and physiological changes, such as the shrinkage of Bartholin's glands, impede lubrication of the wheels of love. Statistics suggest that one in three women go off sex altogether, and it can be difficult for a loving couple to navigate the consequences. I don't recall other verses addressing this sensitive issue: well done, and with a light touch.

Anju Kishore

menopause
the maid puts mood swings
in her pocket

Anju's verse unemotionally highlights that the maid, as employee, fears that she must keep her menopausal mood swings carefully stowed and under control if she wants to keep her job and her pay packet.

Peter Jastermsky

simple pleasures
the to-do list
up in flames

Simple is good in haiku and senryu. This verse is not only a slightly rebellious exhortation to enjoy the little pleasures of life, moment by moment, over burdensome duties; but the very act of burning the to-do list is a simple subversive pleasure! Culturally schooled in the adage "never put off till tomorrow, what you can do today," it took me seven years living in Portugal to appreciate that you can always put off till tomorrow, what you don't have to do today — and the proper use of the bottomless pending tray.

Ida Wiesenfeld

father's day
I asked my mother
for advice

I think this is the best senryu in this issue. Instantly relatable, in plain words, and requiring little interpretation. Use of the past tense opens up a deeper layer of meaning than would be the case with "I ask…" We are still in the poet's present with "father's day," and to seek advice from one's mother what to do to mark it, without father being in on the conversation in case a surprise is mooted, is perfectly natural. But as soon as the past is deployed, it suggests that the poet has become accustomed to turning to her mother for advice, rarely or never her father, and perhaps especially about men.

We might reflect that men can be something of a mystery to women, as women can be to men. The verse is also open to other thoughts, dependent on a reader's own experiences. Without being told explicitly, we might form a picture of perhaps a remote or overbearing father, or one who dispensed so much advice unasked that his daughter became resistant.

Only now, on reading this, do I realise that I never once asked my father about women (I asked my stepmother), nor did he ever proffer advice on that subject.

And now for the best haiku in issue. The difficulties in defining haiku and in fitting them into the context of poetry in general are well known. I think matters are complicated inasmuch as haiku are both a mindful practice as a way of seeing and sharing common things, and part of a literature subject to literary evaluation. The best classics combine both. Where its literary aspect is uppermost, we look for meaning that goes beyond familiar experiences; a dash of other-worldliness, a strange shiver that may come from an original and striking thought, or from an uncommon combination of words and their associations. And in this light, the best in issue for me is:

Arvinder Kaur

in the shade of a gnomon a jezebel's wings

The triangular gnomon casts its shadow that moves implacably round the sundial. And in that shadow are the triangular wings of a jezebel butterfly, most species of which contain toxins (to make them unpalatable to birds and other predators). The jezebel butterfly is named after the cheating and malign Jezebel of the Book of Kings, a reference that gives added depth or 'third axis' to the verse. By association, this haiku links the silence of creeping time with that of death, that other cheating shadow.

Yes, the words are not plain: the reader may have to look up a couple of them; but they are precise, full of associations, and conjure up a spell. The line reads well, and rhythmically, with a string of trochees (stress on the first syllable) ending firmly in the iamb (stress on the last).

This haiku is elevated to a higher literary order of poetry, I suggest.

Under-18 Section

Fewer than last time, but of good quality. I singled out:

Hansini A Kartik
Mentor: Akila G

domino effect
the red parking lights
at a traffic jam

For its observation, not only of a succession of dominos falling, but of their dots and the brake or tail lights. I suggest "rear" lights might be a slight improvement over "parking" lights (the cars are stopping and stopped rather than parked, and "red rear lights" has a pleasing assonance while the syllable count becomes a less symmetric 5-4-5).

Karthik Chalamala Setti
Mentor: Akila G

window shopping
my favorite shirt
never to be seen again

An excellent senryu at any level, amusingly sharing a situation typical to many of us, that I don't recall having seen in any other poet's verses. It would make a fine introduction to a story, open to more than one interpretation. High marks for originality, economy, and haikai humour.

Haiga Commentary
by Guest Editor Lorraine A Padden

It's a great honor to be guest commentator for the abundant offering of haiga/shahai featured in this fourth issue of LEAF. Kindest thanks to the editorial team for outstanding selections, and for inviting my reflections on this evocative work.

As Marion Clark's insightful commentaries in previous LEAF issues remind us, our experience as beholders of this form is one of proximity. As we encounter poems paired with original visual art in haiga or photography grounded in shahai, are we drawn into close and immediate understanding about how a haiku might be summarizing the visual subject of the piece? Or, is there a sense of a reach too far into abstraction that hampers appreciation of the text/image interplay?

There is a middle path in the way of haiga that's embodied by the notion of *fusoku-furi*, that "not too far, not too close" aspiration. It's at the heart of this formal practice. When successfully rendered, *fusoku-furi* invokes an ideal stance from which we as readers and viewers can perceive meaning in haiga that begins with recognition of the familiar, but then stretches beyond discreet words and images. It's as if those two elements invite an interpretative departure that locates a third place unknown, or perhaps intimately known. And why limit these destinations, these points of view? Our hope as creators of this marvelous form might be to arrange things such that a beholder gets to witness not only what is concrete and local to our understanding, but what also flirts with the universal, the ephemeral, the divine.

So, on to this blossoming collection! The spirit of the "just right" middle path of *fusoku-furi* informs the way I selected pieces for commentary. There was MUCH to celebrate from the work featured in this issue, and what follow are just a few of many highlights.

Leading off, *Arvinder Kaur's* a life of could have been: mirages locates us across time and space, both literally and figuratively. As we shift focus between concrete birds in the foreground and a hazy distant shore, we might recall uneasy patches of our personal terrain that may hold side steps, and roads not taken that linger and resonate still.

An eternal splash of radiance makes the perfect gift in *Belinda Behne's* morning. Here too, we have land across water but the image is boundless, bathing us all in expansive beauty that's ever present, a gift that indeed needs no *unwrapping*, only a pause long enough to accept the wholeness of its offering.

Behne's is an interesting piece to then contemplate watercolor by *Rhoda Tripp*. A third example of layering water with far off things, Tripp diverts a quick expectation of an artwork in her first line and instead shows us the color of water itself. Along with the use of "stroke" which plays into and beyond the painting process, the gesture of an oar stirs up our curiosity about what palette appears to the rower as the small craft dips and swirls across its canvas.

Another innovative evocation of color is offered by *Richa Sharma* in spring sunlight. Her first line refers to something not in the beautifully soft smudgy blues of her haiga, but "the turmeric paste" in the third line of her poem certainly brings a healing gold to mind and deep visceral connection. A delightful pleasure to enjoy without visual reference to the sun itself – which although distant from literal representation, is just close enough to sink right in.

I would love to meet the person *Ann Smith* introduces us to in her above. Here, as in Sharma's piece, the main subject is conspicuously absent but delightfully evoked. Imagine the size of the trampoline that allows a grinning back from the cosmos! Placing the poem in the bottom left of the expanse heightens our sense of both vast wonder and tender appreciation of a loved one's expression.

From the expansive to the intimate, *Pris Campbell's* walk-about shows us one method to discover, restore, or perhaps hold onto treasured relationships. While we might assume the order of stones is an unmarked pathway leading to the "you" in her poem, Alfred Booth's close up image of nature in mid-stream might itself be a cypher whose clues suggest a search for intimate appreciation of the natural world, as vital a connection as our feet on the earth, and one that might be harder to find as habitats dwindle or vanish altogether due to climate change.

Two pieces offer poignant resonance regarding ideas of solitude and being together. And it's interesting to notice how differences in haiga and shahai techniques function to create diversity of richness across a common theme. *Mark Meyer's* haiga depicts isolation in worlds apart as two sets of nested rectangles presented side by side. While they might suggest a plunge into depths of aloneness as our eyes are drawn to their centers, the bold red and black ink strokes cling to the surface of the piece, defying an easy sense of visual perspective that suggests three dimensionality. The geometric tension invokes a sense of obstinate repellence not dissimilar to the clash of electrons in batteries...so similar yet utterly distant, perhaps xenophobic, as Meyer's implies.

Sébastien Revon takes a different approach to aloneness in his shahai, taking the same path...our solitudes. Instead of forceful colors, white text spans a black bar anchoring Jacque Revon's photograph of a farmer and livestock seen from behind, walking into the distance. As a barrier, the black band is visually formidable but also cropped low enough for us to step over that threshold and follow on into the depth of field leading back to the barn. Here too, figures are side by side, not interacting.

Our proximity to the content and therefore resonance of meaning in these two works are dramatically shaped by the choice of medium. In one we are relegated to surface; in the other, we may plunge into depth. Both offer just enough space (or lack thereof) to invite us to contemplate states of intimacy and connection present in our own lives, a gamut that might include states of virtual anonymity, of fending off, of companionable abiding--our own balance points between *not too close and not too far.*

Finally, I'd like to highlight three pieces that reflect on the fine (and at times elusive) craft of haiku practice itself. *Nitu Yumnam* offers strewn petals in the foreground of a vast, cloud-dappled sky. No need for petals to appear in this piece since the photograph literally bursts in its fullness of iconic haiku inspiration. This abundant sky doubles as an ironic backdrop for the uninvited pauses we sometimes might encounter in our own creative processes. Then the clouds shift, and another moment invites our response….

From abundance to scarcity can also be seen in *Jerome Berglund's* winter sets in these streets only sad poems. The cropping of his black and white photograph draws our

attention beyond what might be readily perceptible—dirty snow on the ground, a deserted street—to those walls that might have once displayed graffiti or other creative expressions before they were erased or whitewashed away. As desolate as the scene is, Berglund's haiku offers a certain self-referential irony and touch of wry humor that I read as a subtle nod toward how we as poets might stray into creating haiga/shahai whose meanings are too close and immediately understandable, our juxtapositions falling just short of truly resonating a sense of *fusoku-furi*. In this case, though, those areas of erasure on the wall lend a note of mystery that elevates this piece far beyond the typical.

I can't help but conclude with *Wendy Houser Blomseth's* poignant *Basho* as the final piece to mention from this month's collection. Her reverent allusion to that most famous of Basho's haiku hangs in the air, a beautifully poised sentiment hovering near the pond in her photograph. What better vantage point from which to observe koi rippling at our feet while we listen for continuing echoes of masterful lineage that still shape the heart of our haiku practice. *Not too far, not too close*, and what a joy to behold and celebrate.

For LEAF Issue Four we invited submissions from under-18s with a connection to a member from THE DAILY HAIKU and we are thrilled to feature these here.

Vivan Agrawal

Mentor : Akila G

kite flying...
amongst them a
bird too

sunday morning...
choosing a tree
to read my book

Karthik Chalamala Setti

Mentor: Akila G

pencil box
full of colours
I never used

window shopping
my favorite shirt
never to be seen again

Hansini A Kartik

Mentor: Akila G

white sleeveless shirt
my arms seem to like
the dark side

domino effect
the red parking lights
at a traffic jam

jungle safari...
the road curlier
than my hair

Aadithya Sreeraj

Mentor : Akila G

early morning –
the taste of chai
burns my tongue

quarantine end –
i celebrate my cycle's
fifteenth repair

Manasa Kaliki

mom's footprints
in the ocean sand
in a dream

sunny afternoon
an orphan hides his legs
in his shadow

Deborah Jones

trousers rolled and wet
the unwary caught
by incoming tides

Debarati Sen

empty classroom
the spider and I
stare at the desks

wilted petunias
all I have of us —
threadbare conversations

Jovana Dragojlovic

blue sky...
line between limited
and infinite

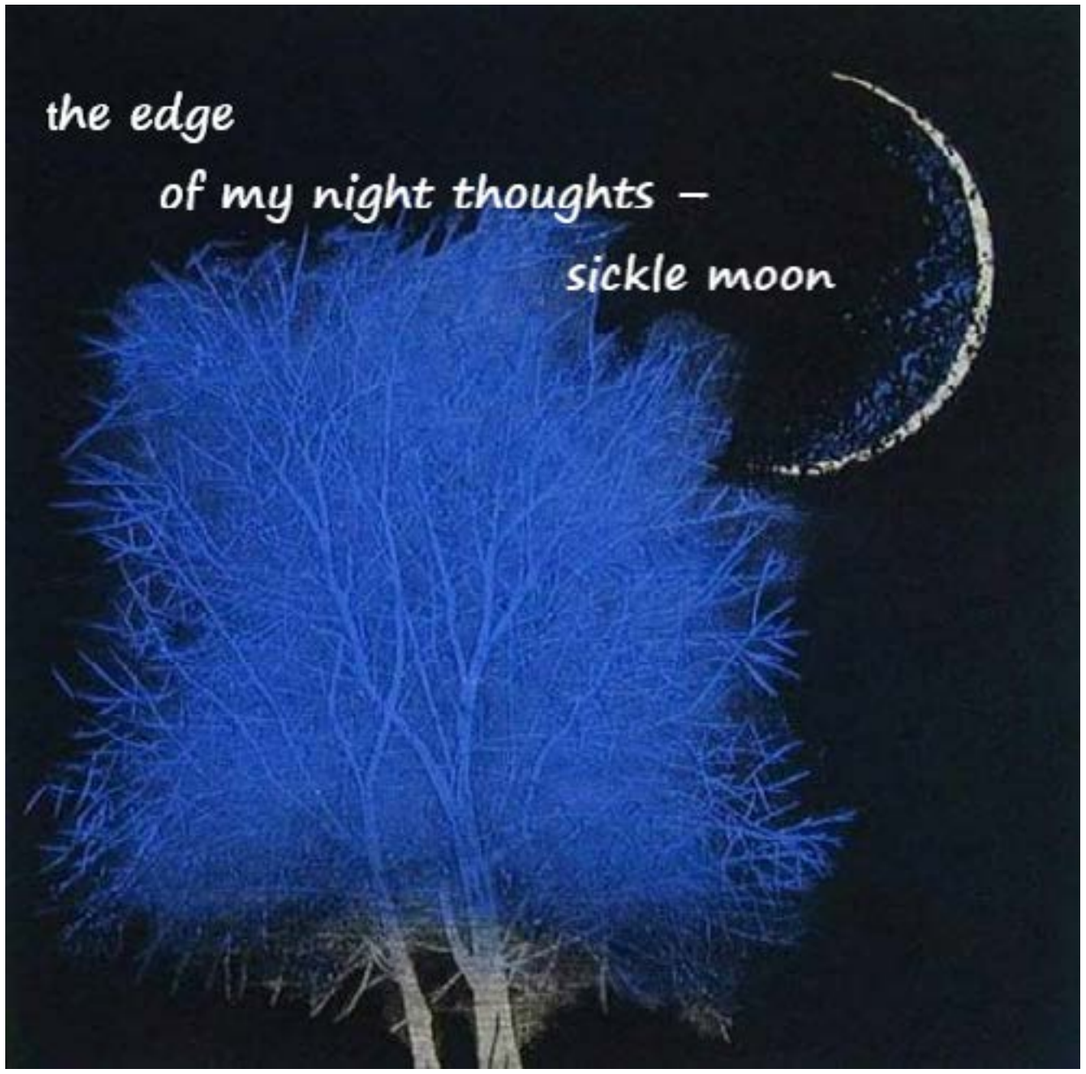
Jennifer Gurney

grief
making a wish on night's first star
that can never come true

Pris Campbell

another bell tolls...
a friend has gone to bed
with the wildflowers

almost spring
my dead mother's lilies
push through the soil



Annie Wilson

Caroline Ridley-Duff

changing room
a caterpillar wriggles
out of its clothes

Govind Joshi

overcast morning
the milkman's dipper
pouring a little extra

long distance bikers
the zoom and silence
on a low traffic road

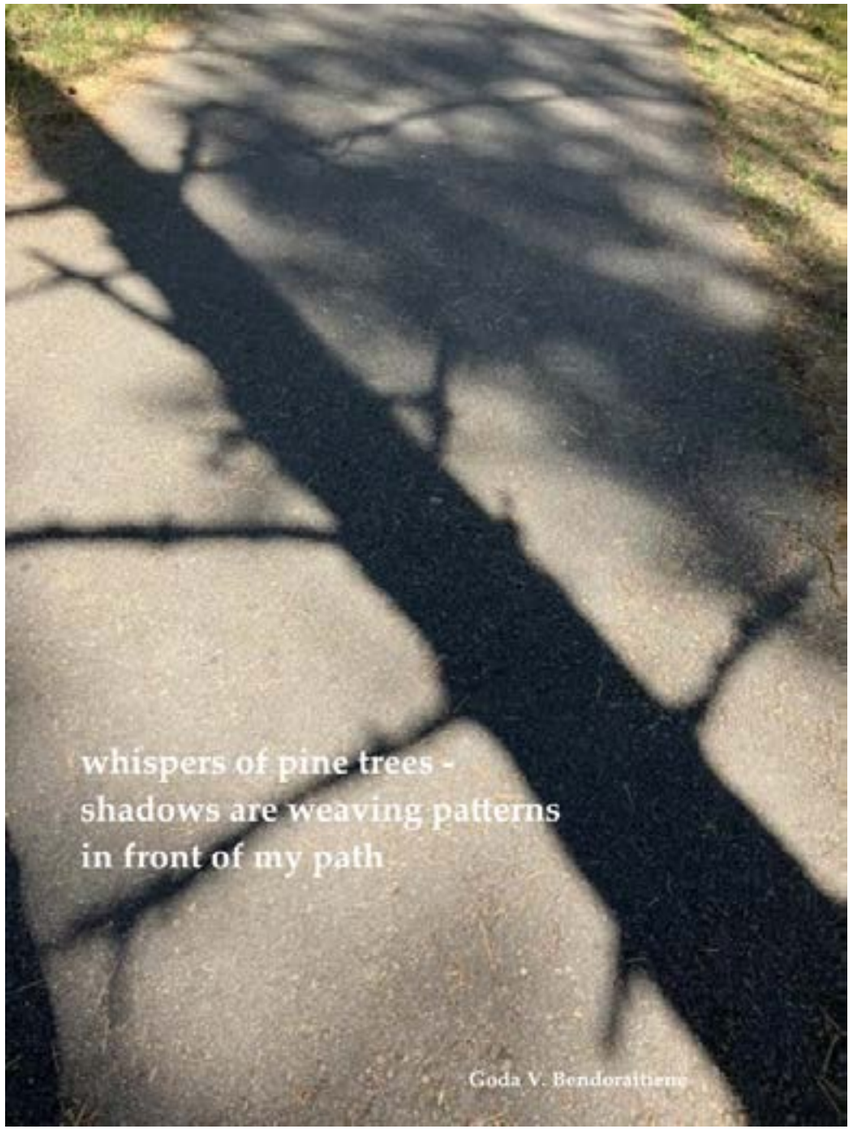
David Cox

cold water noodles-
the slipperiness
of words

Daniel Birnbaum

cold morning
around the steaming cup
her shaking hands

humming bees
suddenly an urge
to hum with them



Goda Virginija Bendoraitienė

B. L. Bruce

robin song
at dusk
strawberry moon

the longest day
spring orchid
wilts

Yvonne Crossley

a perseverance
of strutting pigeons
fingernails tapping

disembarkation
a bimble of day trippers
swamps the old city

my words stolen
by a fickle puff of air
misprint meanings

Randy Brooks

words of encouragement
the baby's first
milk tooth

woodpecker's laugh
a frayed rope ladder
I shouldn't trust

year of the dragon
chewing a washcloth
to calm down

Lys Browne

inner octopus
just inked
me out

life contracts
to a chair in a waiting room
but you've squatters rights

Jenny Fullbrook

Jerome Berglund

movement
across the fence shadow
a strip of anthills

seeing
past the head
dominant eye

yellow leaves
declawing
the house cat

Steliana Cristina Voicu

ruby fan…
a leaf almost reveals the grape
left in the vineyard

scattered brushes –
from a fall branch
another leaf falls

Joanna Ashwell

cloud keys
geese resetting
the sky

fresh marsh
the rain reclaiming
crop circles

not one lullaby
in this string theory
of torn sky

Marilyn Ashbaugh

skateboard park
the ins and outs
of chimney swifts

where it
all begins
summer carousel

cradled
by lake clouds
three cygnets

Jerome Berglund

Elsje Winnubst

solar eclipse
the suns iris disappears
pac man style

forest bathing
in my garden
noting ten tasks

Neena Singh

summer sunset...
the light on leaves
lingers a while

misty morning
the song of a thrush
flits a sunbeam

an ash cloud
in the river…
letting go of papa

Judith Railton

Debbie Sterling

earth music
how the birds
fill every note

plum blossoms
garden party
full of lacy frocks

in the aftermath
of bitter words
camomile tea

Alfred Booth

the path home
with a different sheen
wet shadows

falling
over the edges of dreams
I am not icarus

Sreenath

my shadow
on the gurgling waters …
fluttering flag

evening —
smokers bonhomie
at the tea stall

Ellen Whitehead

fern shadows settle
upon a fallen tree trunk
I linger longer

Roberta Beach Jacobson

homeward bound
headlights bite through
fog

sakura shampoo
washing my hair
in haiku

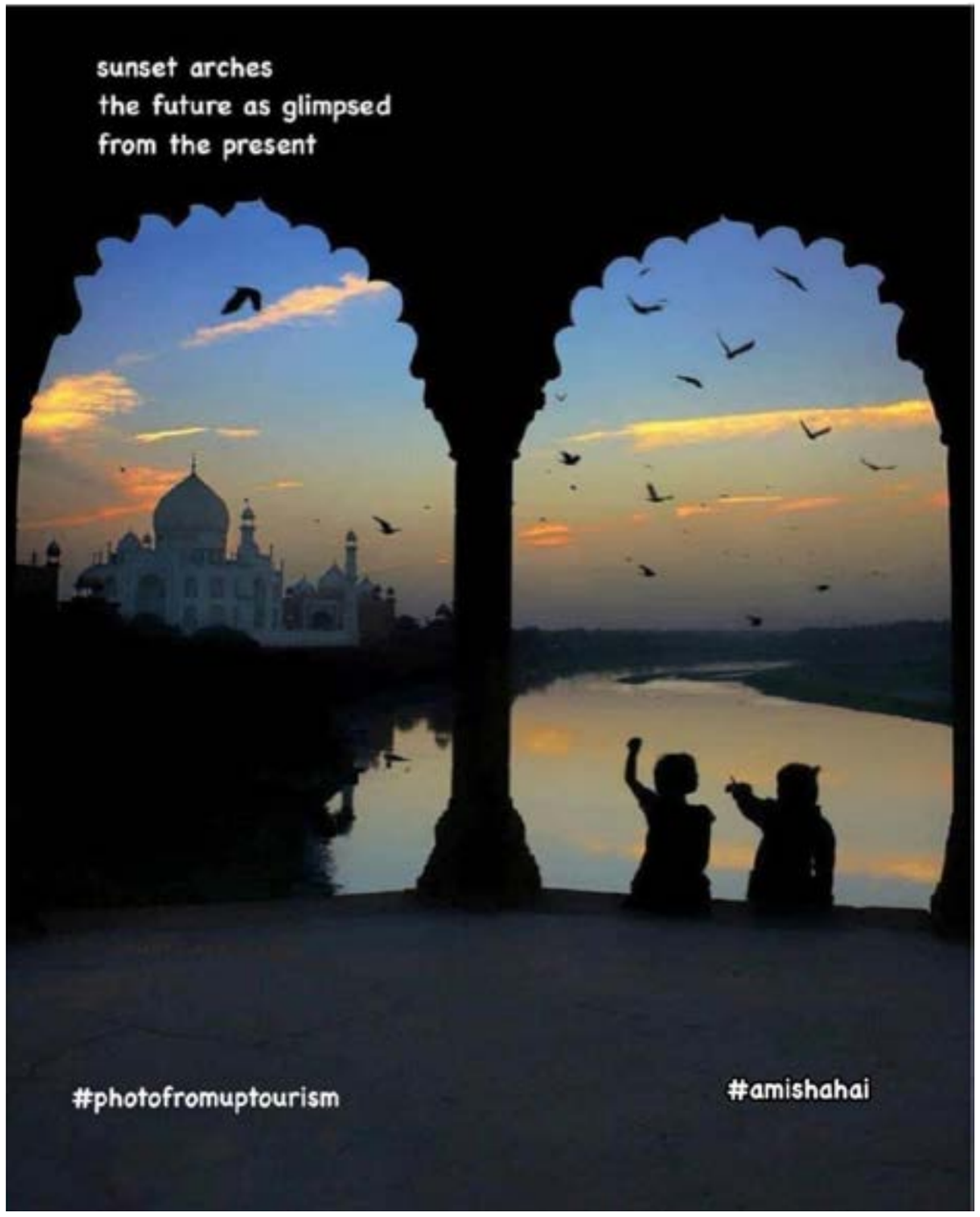
thunder snow
the percussion
of wakefulness

Deborah Karl-Brandt

the proof
that beauty is not everything...
plastic Yoda

orange robes …
the child that he fathered with
another woman

family reunion
the masks we choose
today



Amita Paul

Amanda White

John Pappas

visiting hours
the wrinkled sheets
on an empty bed

birthstone —
on a blade of tall fescue
a single drop of dew

palliative care a function approaching infinity

Richard L. Matta

splashing orange
on the day moon
monarchs

lakeside elegy
a creased crane drifts
in crimson

thinking
about joining squirrels...
ripe mangoes

Elliot Diamond

wild dog moon
the tethered yelping
encircles the sky

perching gargoyles ghost the rain

Cindy Putnam Guentherman

carpet salesman
we all notice
his bad toupee

making sun tea
in a canning jar
catching summer

turkey dinner
at the shelter
the wishbone

Tony Williams

our child's first shoes—
every step
a stepping stone

snail hunt
another Friday night
alone

Biswajit Mishra

last slice
of pizza
she pretends full

turning off and on
the lawn mower
bird chips

Fatma Zohra Habis

woodcutter's axe
it was too
a tree branch

beach Hotel
most of them are at the window
sunset gulls

Anne Fox

spring rain…
when did I
stop growing

the still movement
of wind-shaped trees…
tai chi

mountain outlook…
an eagle's cry
fills the fog

Maria Tosti

Sandip Chauhan

enfolding
in cotton fields
peacock moon

summer picnic
dad patches
the frayed kite

setting sun
the ocean and i
quiver in unison

Janet Ruth Heller

heat wave—
on an oak branch
squirrels nap

one raindrop
falls on my forehead
the poet's caste

Mark Hendrickson

geese fly overhead
in seasonal formation
straight-line winds

church social
no one talks to the stranger
at the prayer breakfast

Christina Chin

pacing the upper floor
late summer night

the cry of hungry gulls
quiet morning sea

Amita Paul

election fever
i make
new enemies

a stranger to me
my photo
in an old passport

sparrow
my nest too
is your home

Kala Ramesh

an upturned beetle
on the red-oxide floor
lengthening shadow

winding road
rose gardens filled with
the evening light

Tuyet Van Do

follow-up call
from the hospital --
early winter chills

an open casket
under the draping lace --
a new journey

Bernadette O'Reilly

peering over
the apartment roof
a puffy evening cloud

Mark Meyer

Vivien Eliades

black tea in a mug
each sip transports me
to Gran's fireside

hush of the forest
the river glides by
as a robin sings

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

tree stump
childhood
left over/s

mountain rain
the cold wind seeps
into my tea

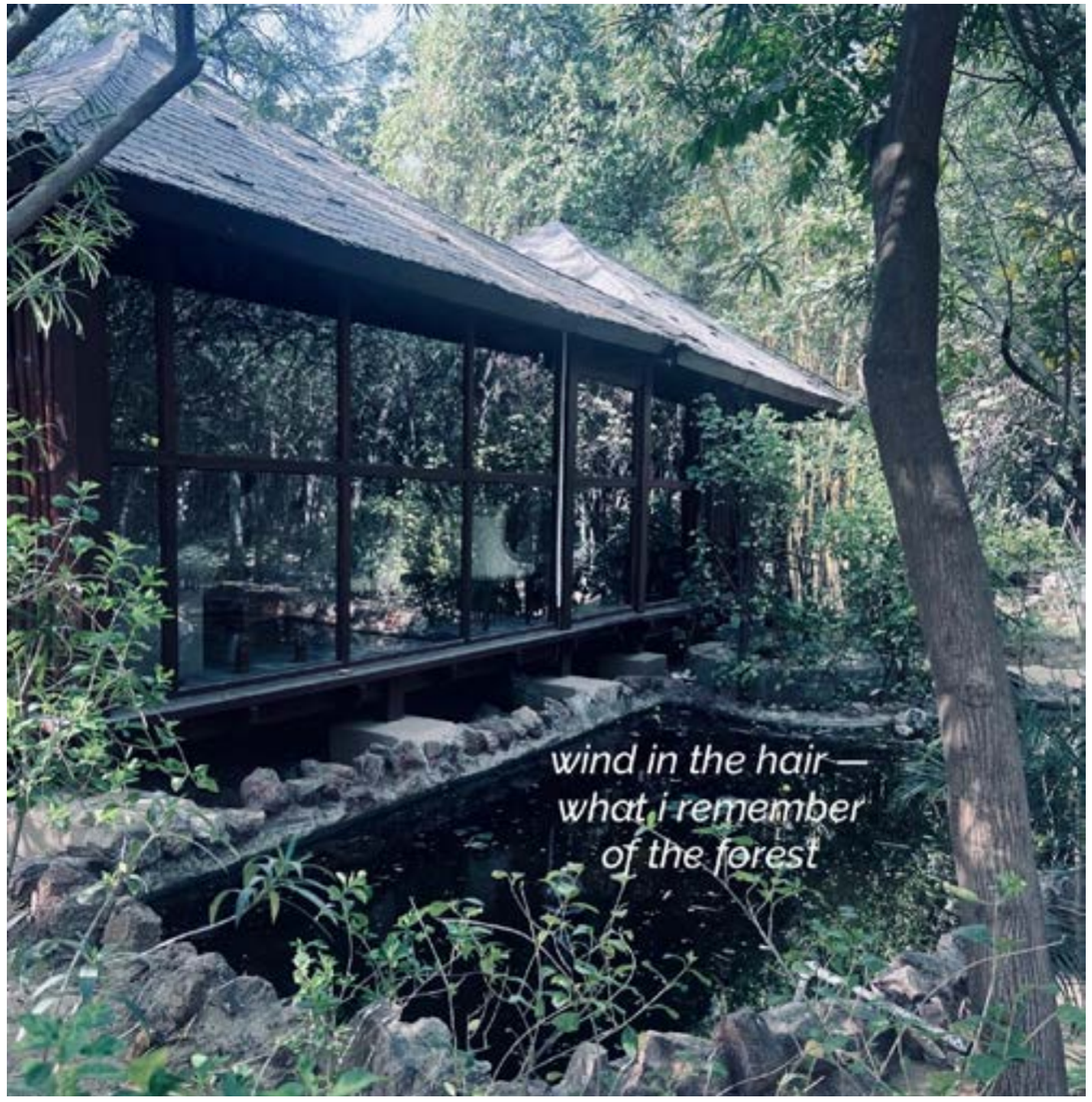
Hla Yin Mon

hope alive
she crochets another pattern
of the iron rose

white gardenia
going through each photo
on mothers day

Mike Jones

the old watermill
now only a reflection
in the still millpond



Mona Bedi

Jenny Shepherd

pond at sunset
a dragonfly breathes flames
in the mirror

I smell mown grass
for the first time this year
almost summer

Paulette Calasibetta

wild flowers
scatter ~
misplaced roots

Wendy Houser Blomseth

snow moon's
the only one talking
silent sleepers

lilac blossom
dancing to the tune
of birdsong

Colette Kern

solar eclipse
a ladybug slowly climbs
a stone

fallen camellia
she remains in the house
without him

helping him let go . . .
the way he taught me
to ride a bike

Lakshmi Iyer

scattered thunders
the war grieves
in candlelights

we stop for a minute
window shopping
the sun blinds

Kavita Ratna

a still puddle
mirrored legs leap
over the sun

morning rush...
above the table rim
a milk-moustache

Belinda Behne

mouthful of sweetness
and then
a cherry pit

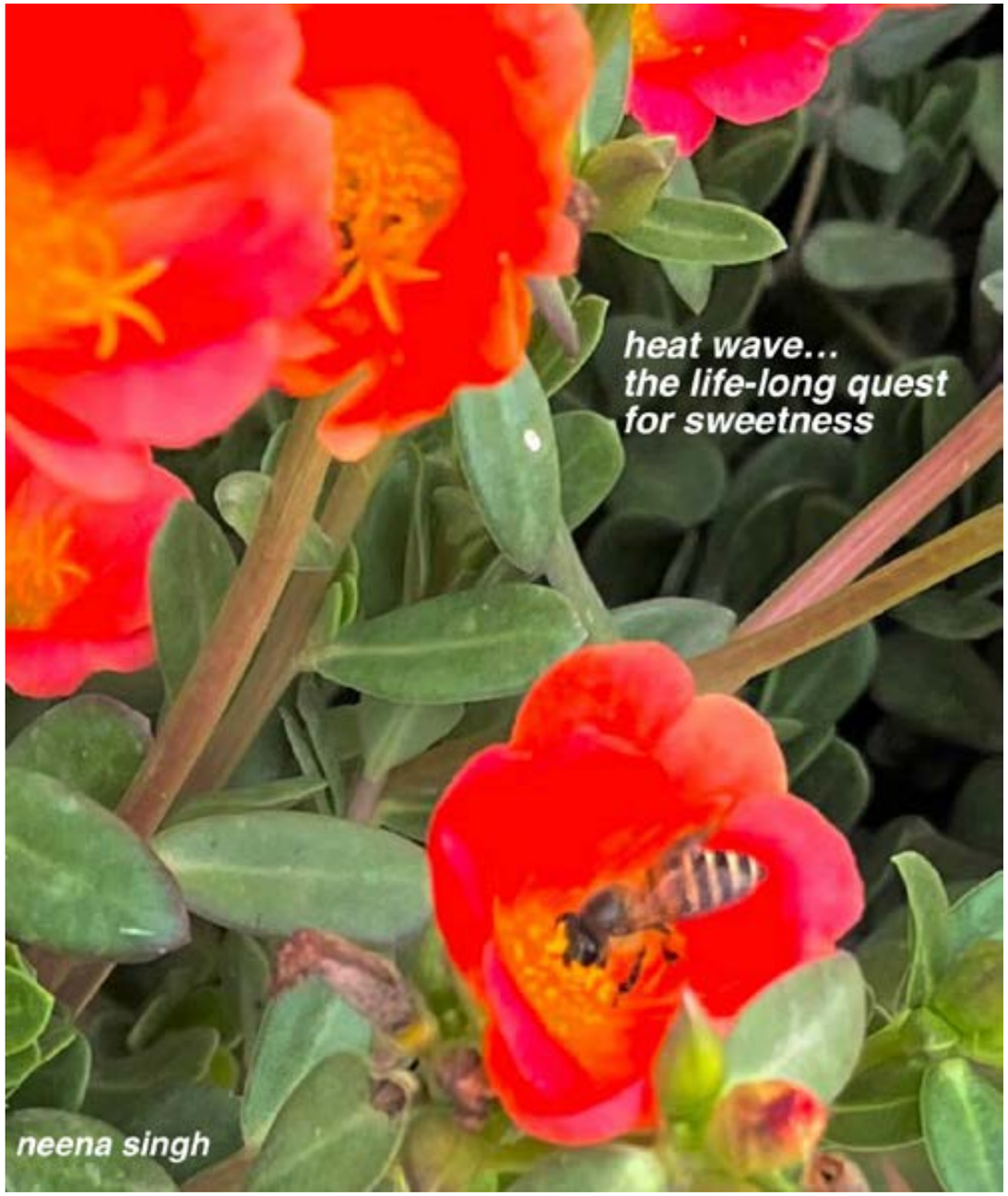
gnarled fingers
stitch perfect blue
forget-me-nots

lost in a book
on the back porch
a mosquito finds me

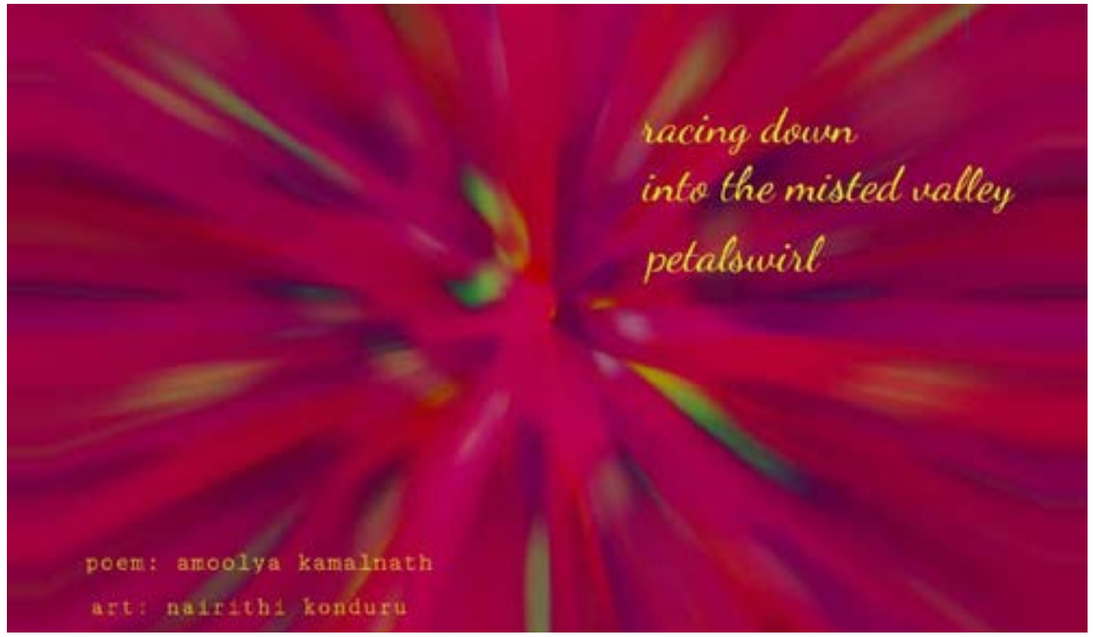
Sharon Ferrante

after his kiss a shiver defined

quiet morning
I become the slow steps
of an egret



Neena Singh



Amoolya Kamalnath

Guido De Pelsmaeker

in the distant height
amid misty clouds
the nón lá of the fuji

clinical check-up –
the doctor looks slyly
at her clothing brands

Kelly Sargent

her flyaway
corn silk hair
maize field hide-and-seek

late night morning glory menopause blues

pulling the honeysuckle thread summer's edge

Nicole Mautz

while the snow remains
veiled in the haze of cold evening
leafless branches dance

Daniela Misso

a black dog
pricks up its ears
tramontane wind

cuckoo song
the many shapes
of a cloud

end of the year
a swamped boat
behind reeds

Ann Smith

Cynthia Anderson

bear star the twinkle in my old friend's eye

civil twilight
roosting quail
get themselves sorted

dust storm
living under a cloud
of endings

Jan Stretch

evening twister
I find myself
in full lotus

family soup simmering secrets

Arvinder Kaur

scattering stars
in our fields
mother's ashes

in the shade of a gnomon a jezebel's wings

Joseph P. Wechselberger

third date …
the sweetness
of ripening plums

the crunch of tires
along the driveway
grandma's peonies

two pairs of feet
entwined
beach grass

Annie Wilson

moorland walk ...
a curlew's cry
sharpens the view

the shape
of a poem in flight
migrating cranes

spring showers ...
an iris opens
its own rainbow

Minal Sarosh

spring afterthought
the sparrow nudges
her chicks

ice-apples
just the simple things
of life

bus-stop roof
some autumn leaves
never leave

Neena Singh

Ann Smith

Ram Chandran

last to enter
her perfume
lifts the elevator

trailing behind
the cackle
of a migrating goose

Bonnie J Scherer

k1p1
k2 together —
forever

kerplunk!
the beggar's cup hitting
rock bottom

Meera Rehm

insects' chorus
the queen of the night
opens

Manoj Sharma

dawn chorus
my inner monologue
side by side

my thinning hair
a yellow leaf drifts
down the dry creek

Anne Fox

Gilbert B. Battung

kung fu in the park
a praying mantis stands up
on her widespread wings

Carolyn Crossley

murder of crows
settling arguments
time for tea

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

polling season
a puppeteer mends
his toys

dawn
the street sweeper
calls it a day

Anju Kishore

temple beggar
all the milk poured
over a stone god

menopause
the maid puts mood swings
in her pocket

wfh break
my dog walks me
on a leash

Nitu Yumnam

Neetu Malik

the mirage of you
a dazzling journey
to emptiness

into the blues
lengthening shadows
of trumpets

Goda Virginija Bendoraitienė

autumn contemplation
on the boundless stubble field
one sunflower in bloom

sharing an orange
in front of the twinkling sea
fragrance of sunset

Bryan Rickert

unfolding
last summer's map
seed fluff

a fern
in the fireplace
old mountain home

summer rain
as muddy as its banks
the stream

S.Eta Grubešić

sapphire eyes
– among roses
the sound of a violin

the tide
– between us
the hourglass

Susan Burch

private eyes
are watching you
owl butterflies

dinner argument an uncivil twilight

nanny cam
I dance like somebody's
watching

Archie Carlos

stilling
the war in his head
lotus pose

northern lights
my goosebumps
on our first dance

I skip the small talk
with a moonflower
June solstice

Sue Courtney

smaste of summer strawberry moon

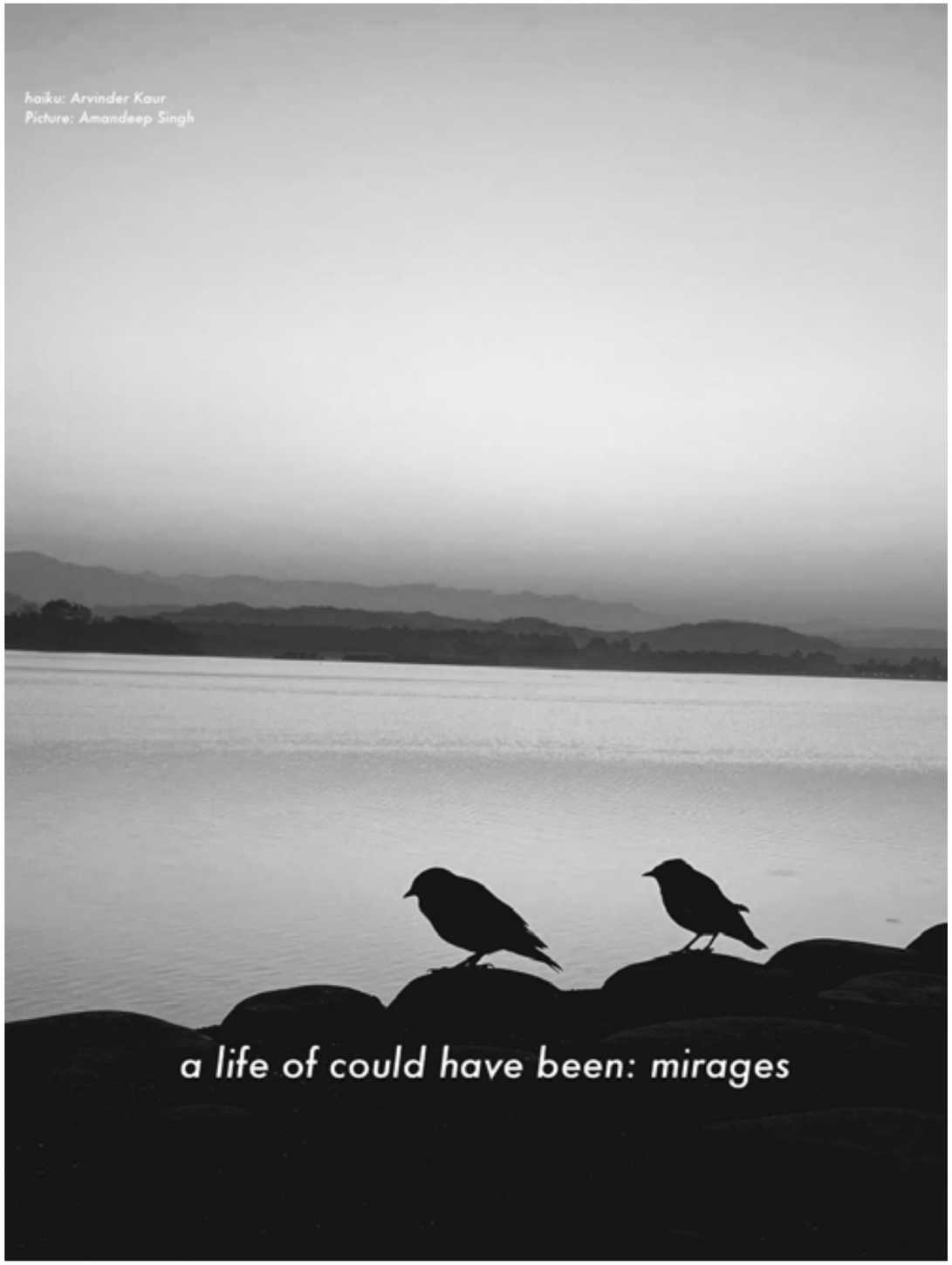
ghost apple
the emptiness after
you slipped away

daisies
not knowing
but this

Ida Wiesenfeld

crescent moon
my mind drifts
back to breakfast

father's day
I asked my mother
for advice



Arvinder Kaur

Biswajit Mishra

Radhika De Silva

rainforest
she jumps over moss
on sun patches

Jharna Sanyal

dry leaf
stuck in a turret
waiting for the wind

brisk walk
path forks in front
of a Monet pool

silent zone
lawn mowers shut down
bird songs

Bonnie J Scherer

Belinda Behne

Olinda Ninolakis

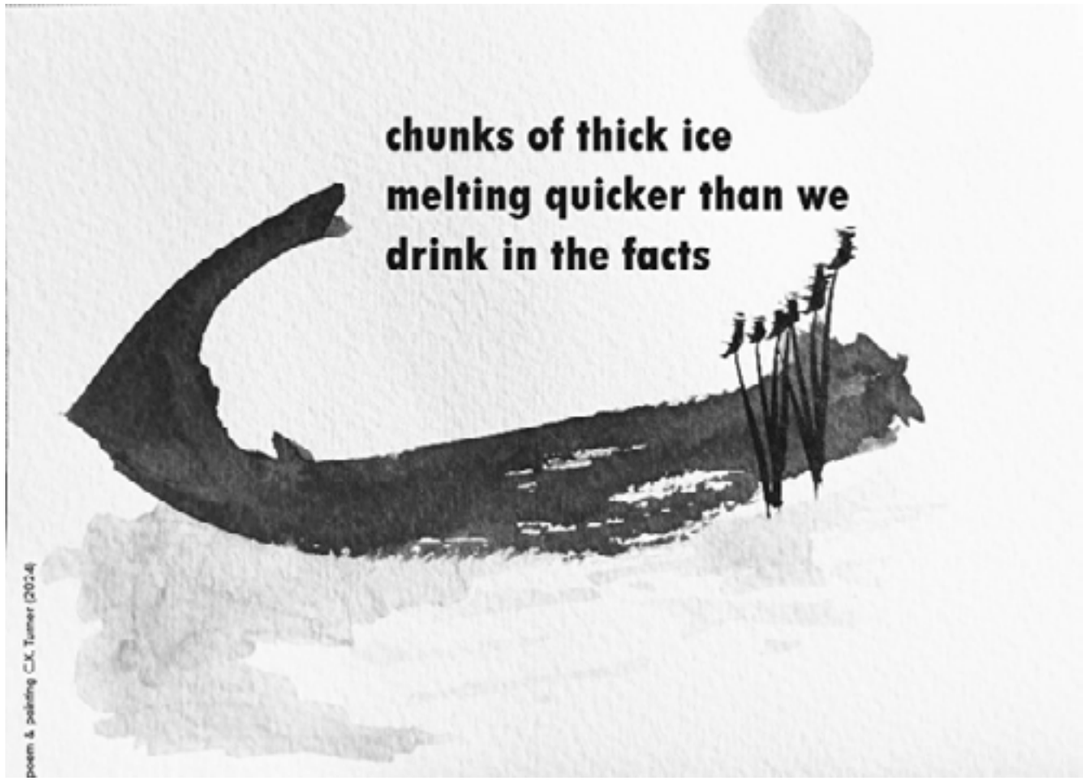
in the silence
no words can convey
this music

Peter Jastermsky

simple pleasures
the to-do list
up in flames

learning to love myself twisted wit

spirit animal
the ram and I
lock horns



C.X. Turner

Colette Kern

Rhoda Tripp

a tree limb creaks
under the weight of snow ~
his frail temper

spray-painted ~
the gradual mutation
of September leaves

Leena Anandhi

Facebook post
the influencer speaks
in her father's voice

under the cloud
with a golden lining
water upto the knees

Christa Pandey

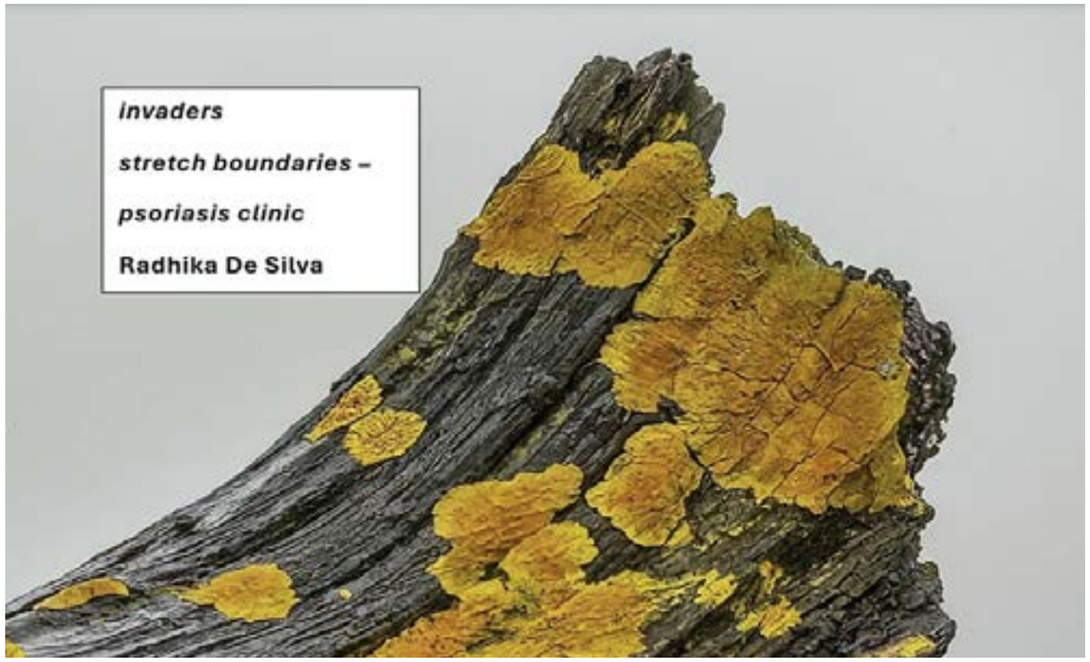
yoga tree pose
flamingos
have it perfected

cat and mouse
a glimpse of the eclipse
between clouds

Nitu Yumnam

featherlight
worries resting
on your shoulder

one yellow leaf among the evergreens solitary child



Radhika De Silva

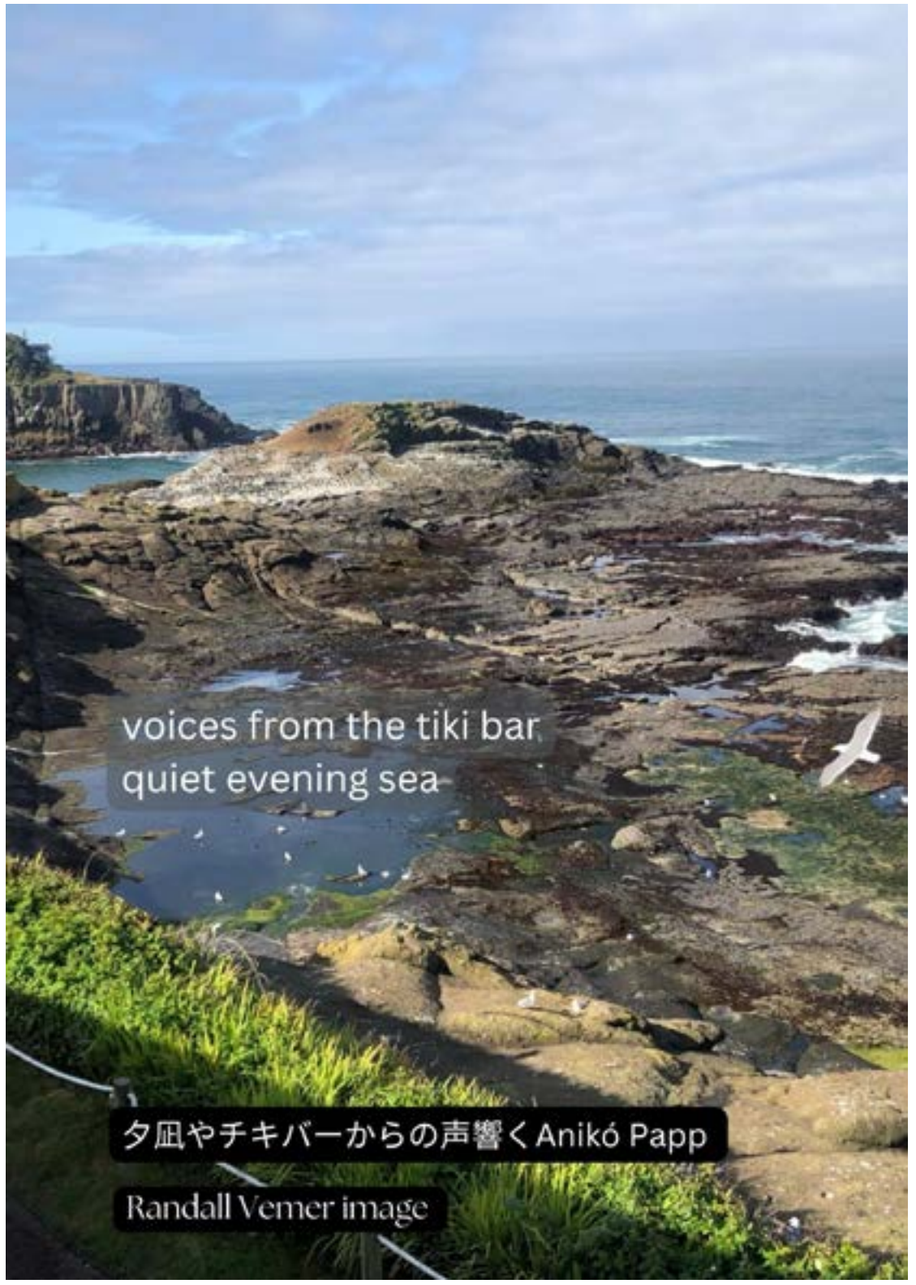
Minko Tanev

children chase
soap bubbles
summer mirages

Keith Evetts

subway rush hour
a wheelchair busker sings
the unchained melody

ambulance
the whirl of brown leaves
in its slipstream



Christina Chin

Colette Kern

Rupa Anand

still no sighting
bottoms rearrange
on the jeep seat

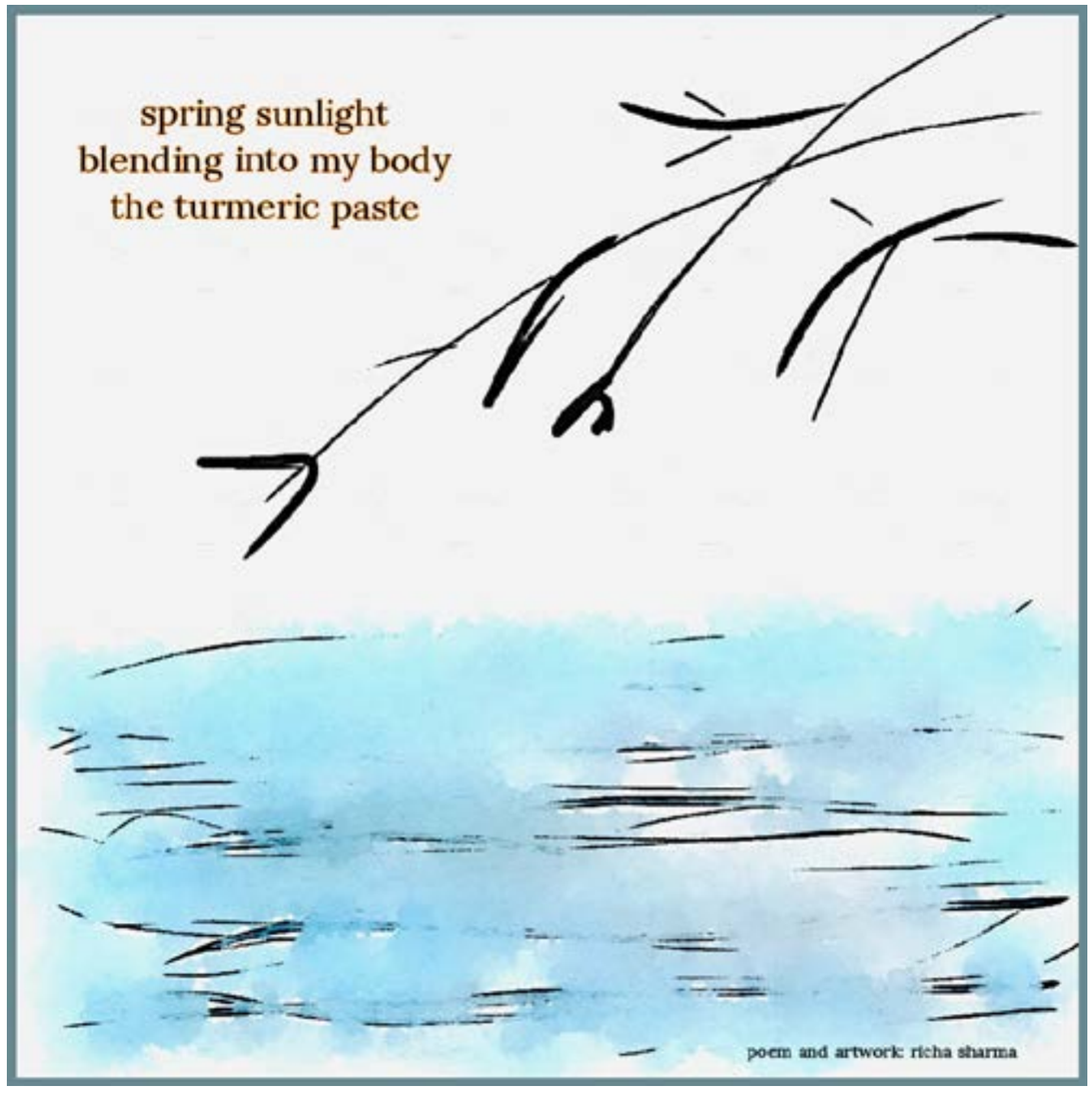
cut trees
the present tense
of disaster

heat wave —
the weight of birdsong
in a bird less sky

Bittor Duce Zubillaga

on the edges of dreams sand castles

softly
I erase the creamy heart
with my teaspoon



Richa Sharma

Amanda White

beachcombing
nothing and ...
everything

old paths still getting to know me

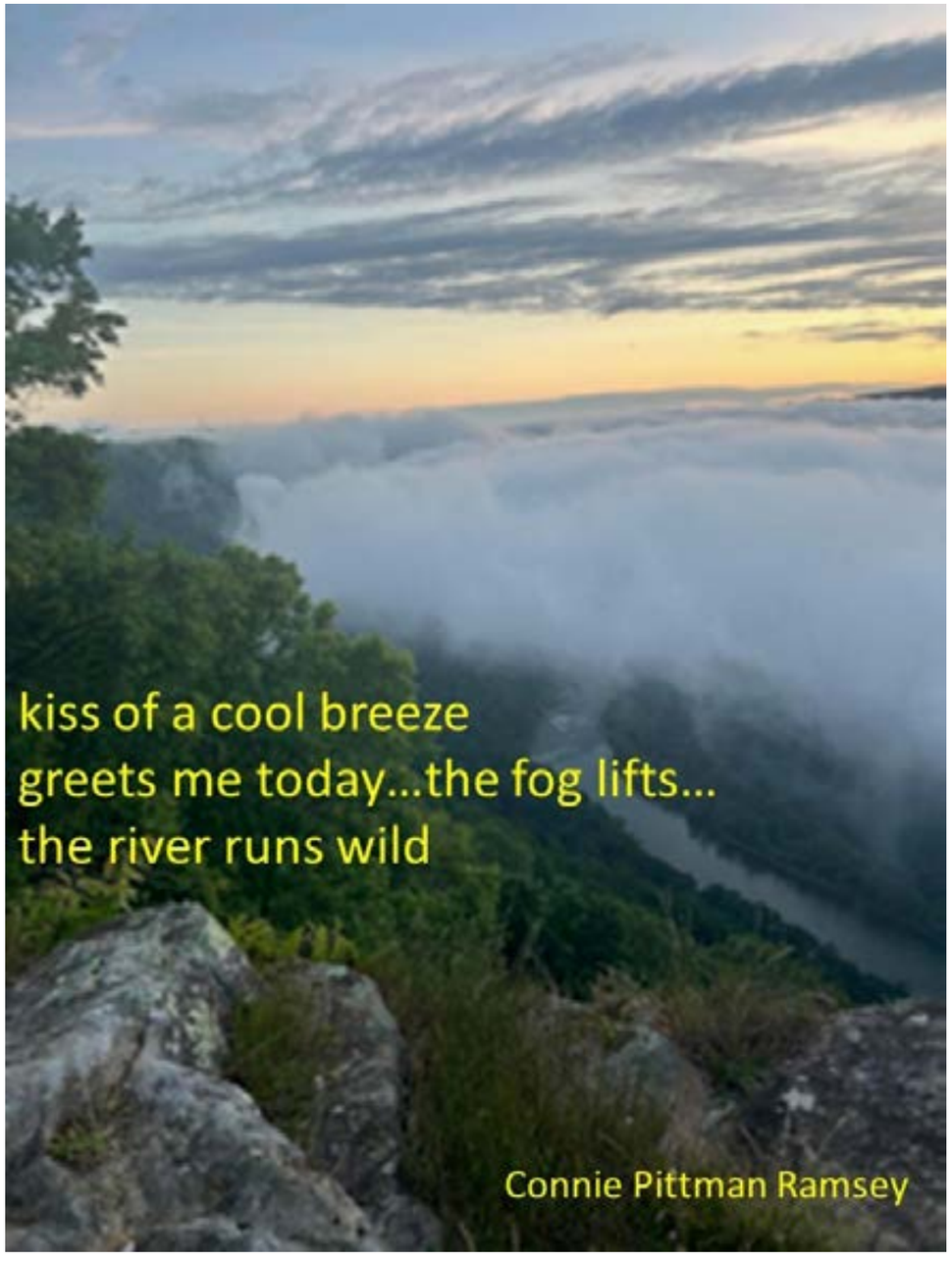
making my bed
the quiet secrets
of each fold

Melissa Moore

faraway
her thoughts
take flight

long, blue shadows
on cold winter day
we pick up our pace

Ellen Whitehead



Connie Pittman Ramsey

haiku and photo: Elliot Diamond

Elliot Diamond

Wanda Amos

a shaft of light
through shifting clouds
again your mood changes

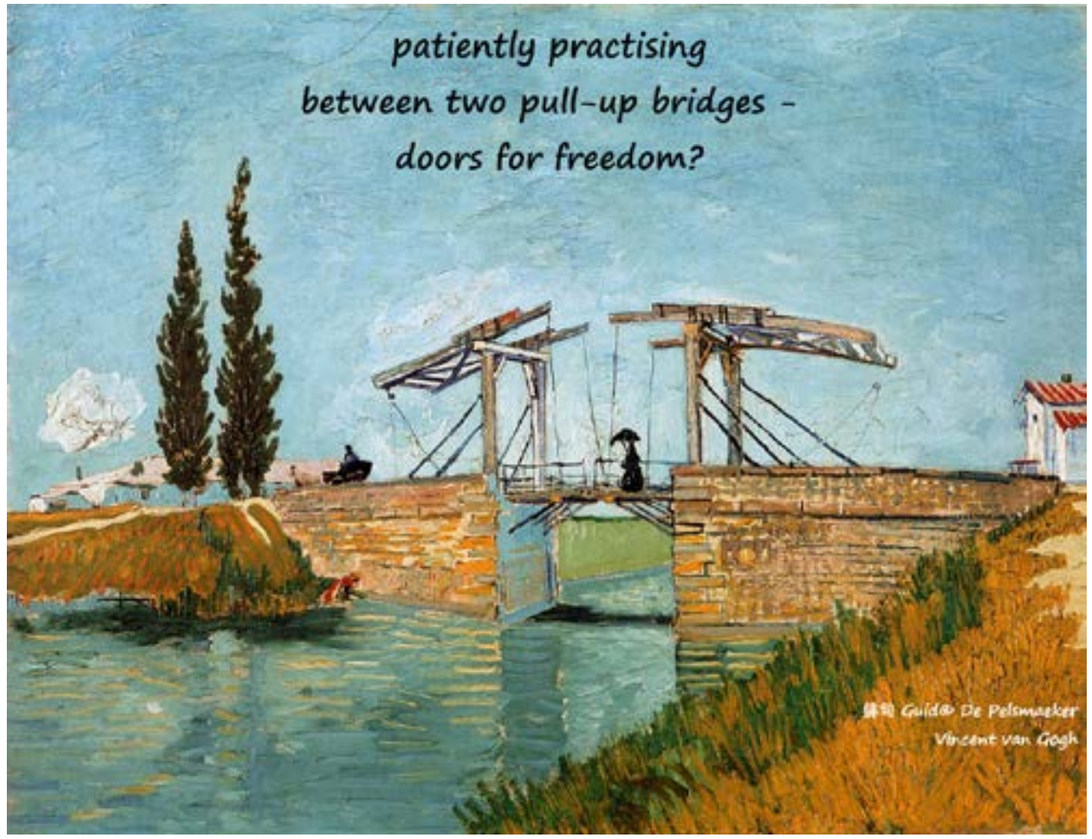
facebook meta morph o(a)sis

early morning...
caught in the web
a moth and i

Mallika Chari

rain stops
between the two trees
one more cloth line

mountain
the river
goes around



Guido De Pelsmaeker

Mariangela Canzi

scent of coffee
the old lady
tells my fortune

swans glide
on the lake
autumn stillness

William Doyle A F

monsoon valley –
countless shades
of green

rain less day
all day long
cicada's chorus

Mona Bedi

shifting shadows —
the hypnotist unearths
my insecurities

flitting butterfly the scent of graveside blooms

november snow the weight of his opinions

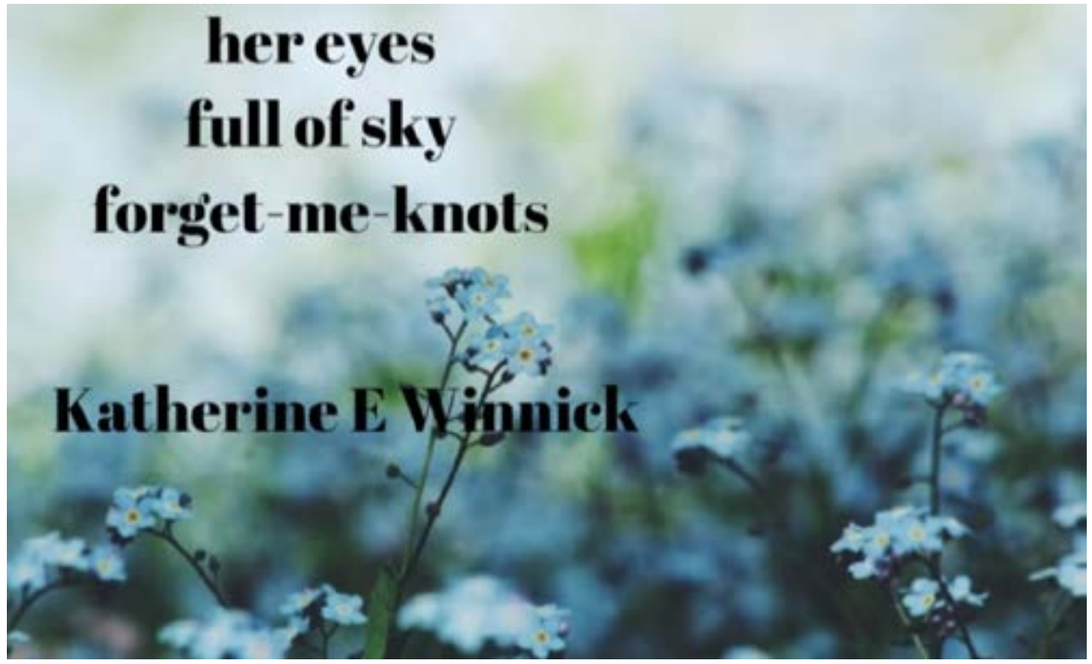
Richa Sharma

again building
the jenga tower
mackerel sky

silk tree blossoms my same old clothes

restless with
the news from his household—
jasmine tea

Jerome Berglund



Katherine E Winnick

K. Ramesh

waiting for the storks
to cross the red sun
camera and I

overnight stay...
the different scents
of the forest

nobody asked for it...
a creeper adorns
the window

Nalini Shetty

morning mist
the shape of things
forgotten

the stone bridge
half in shadow
half in sun

winter solitude
the old barn sags
under the stars

Sébastien Revon

Paul Callus

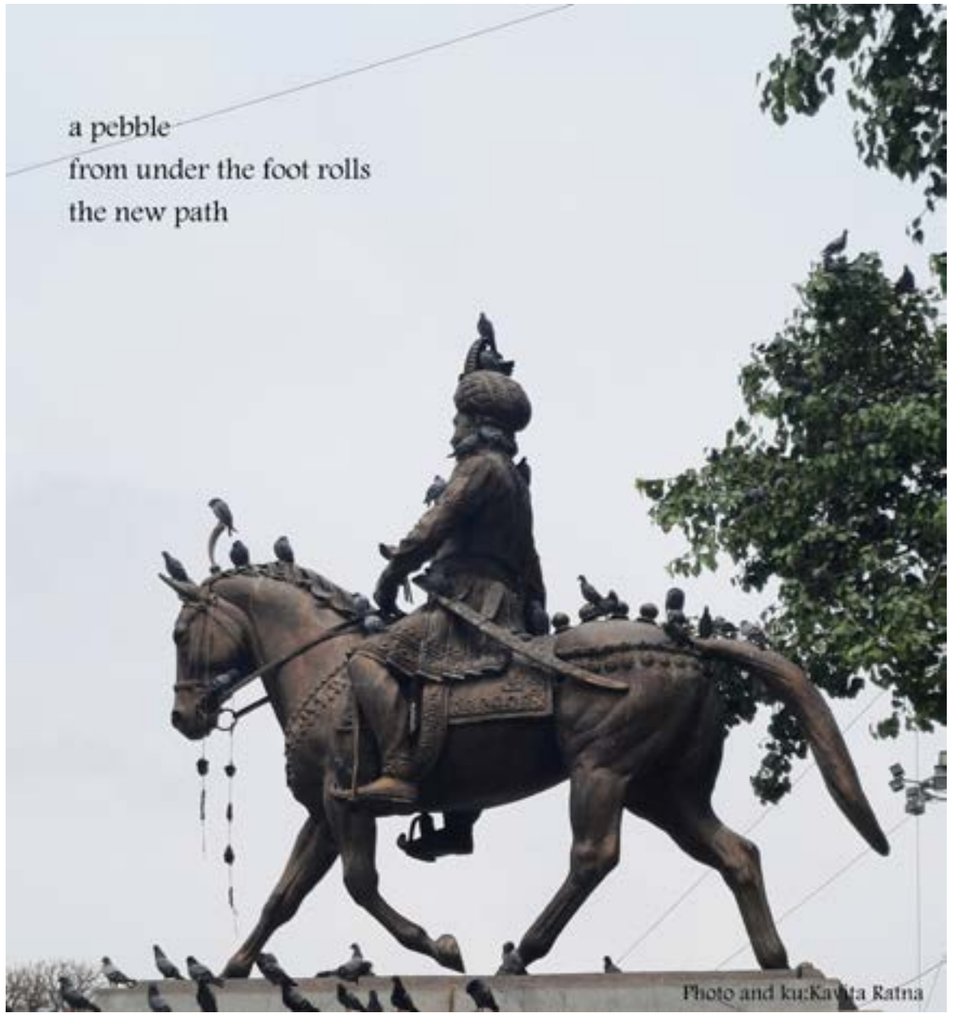
watering fruit trees –
ants swirl to safety
on withered leaves

herringbone pattern –
the fascination
of summer clouds

marouflage –
on the wall of the sitting room
a waterfall

Ann Smith

Atlantic ocean
on my tongue sea tangles
with wild horseradish



Kavita Ratna

Apsara Dilrukshi Perera

through
misty hills
wild orange blossoms

floating
in a flower rafter
a beetle

Reid Hepworth

summer solstice
a sow and her cub
feasting on pears

backyard bbq
my dog perfects
her whiny voice

summer reading
a butterfly checks out
the fine print

Jenny Fullbrook

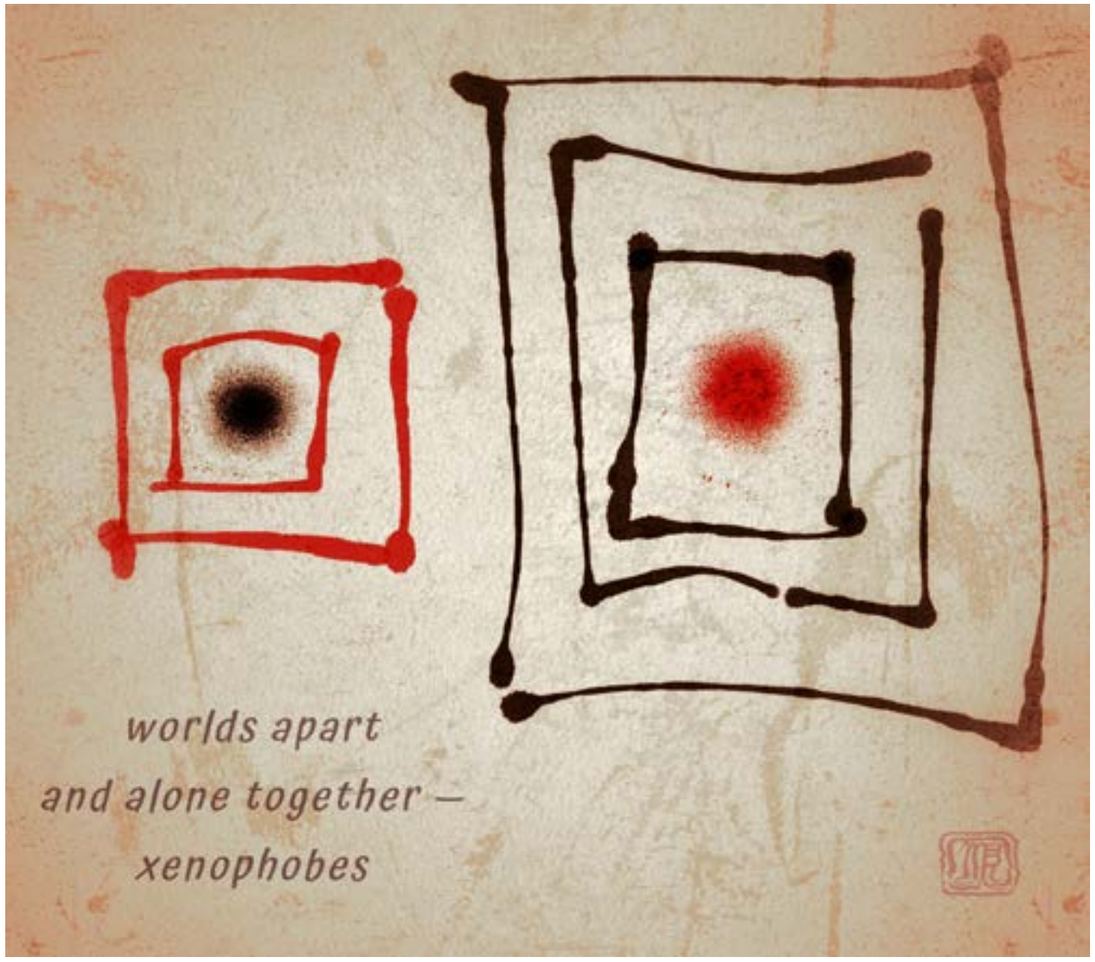
scattered on the breeze
the rose sheds velvet hearts
summer striptease

Poh Jes

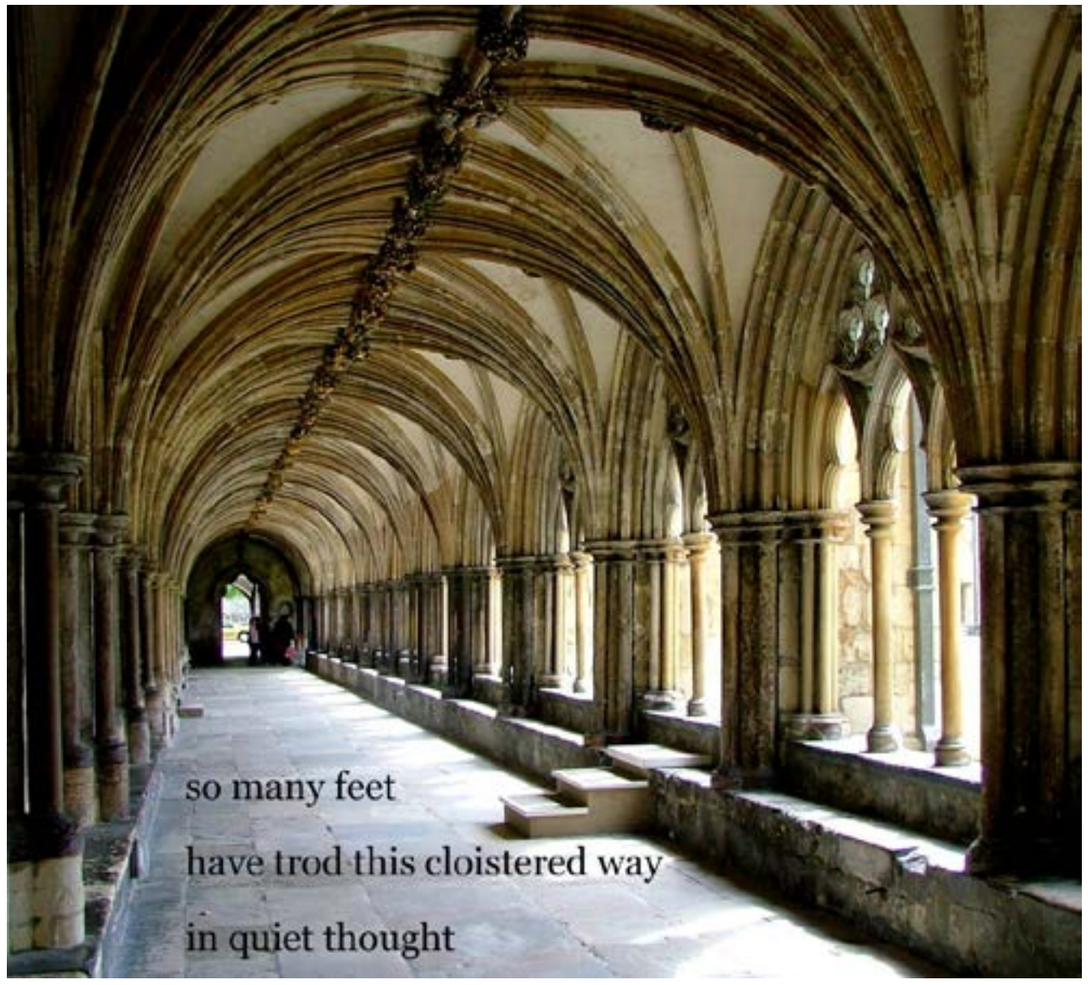
quiet morning
red Ixora buds huddled
in the silence

old bookstore
window display
all the good reads

quiet afternoon
a book on my lap
and nothing else



Mark Meyer



Mike Jones

Diana Davison

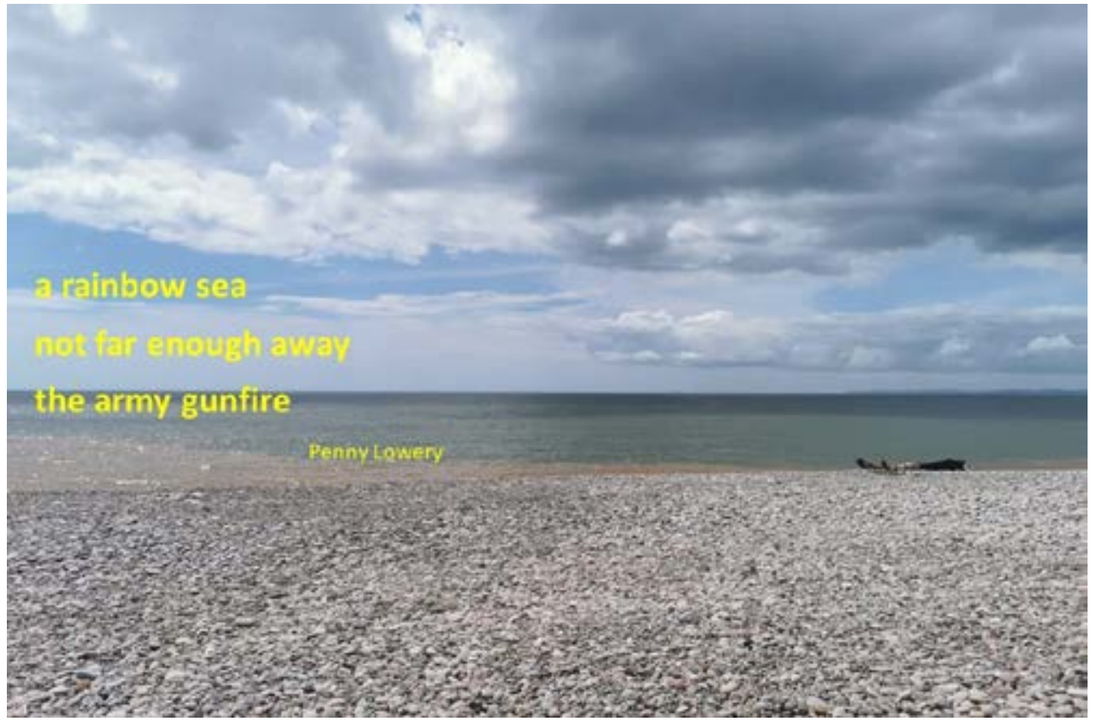
park wedding—
sporadic showers
of sakura confetti

moving back home
slowly—
garden snail

Yasir Farooq

vapor of thoughts
my wandering ends
at a tea hotel

the stroller hesitates
under the shower...
falling leaves



Penny Lowery

Poh Jes

Sébastien Revon

baby's first steps –
the field of buttercups
full of smiles

casualties left behind the shadows of pines

Rajib Phukan

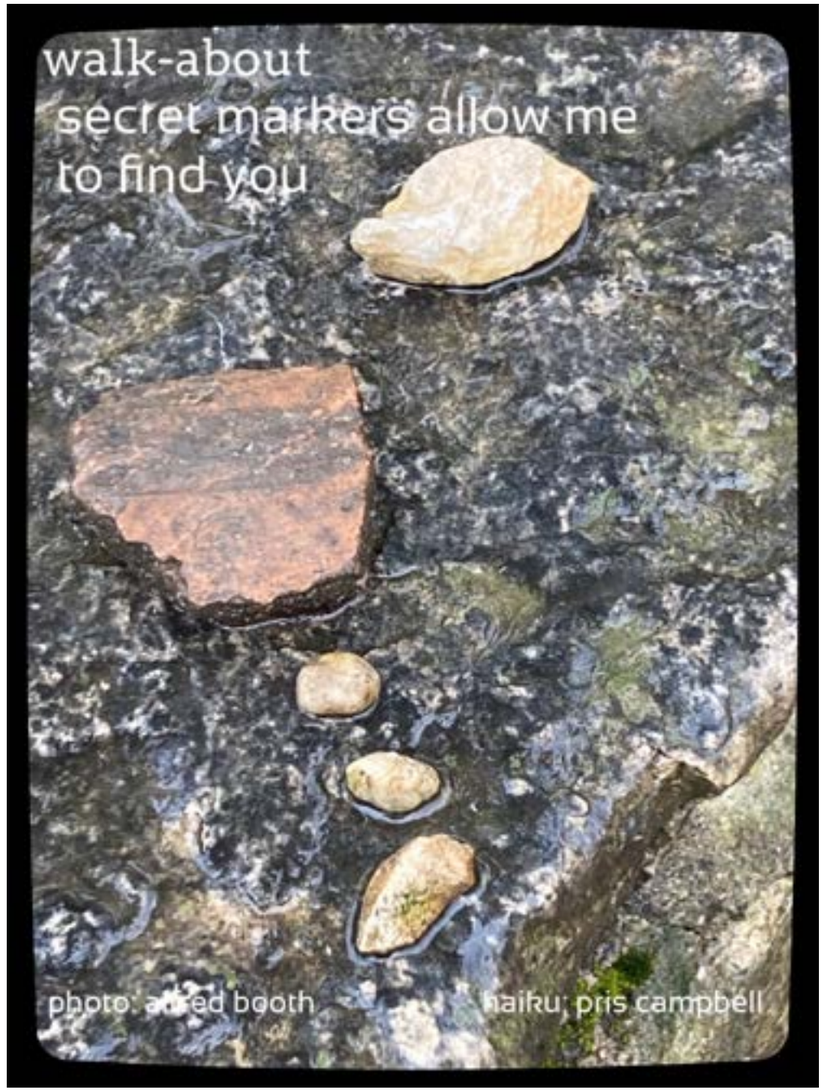
summer rain–
birds become buddhas
on temple-top

Mildred Achoch

rain has washed away
the games we drew on the road
childhood memories

Samo Kreutz

ocean noise ...
that voice when she told
about her expectancy



Pris Campbell

Amoolya Kamalnath

spring noontime
faraway a fawn suckles
a stream of sunlight

laburnum blossoms
a jungle fowl's call
sprays sunlight

Katja Fox

frozen lips—
cups of tea
change everything

Randy Brooks

Joshua Gage

evening storm
our cat shifts positions
on my lap

fresh grave
the lilies folded
long before twilight

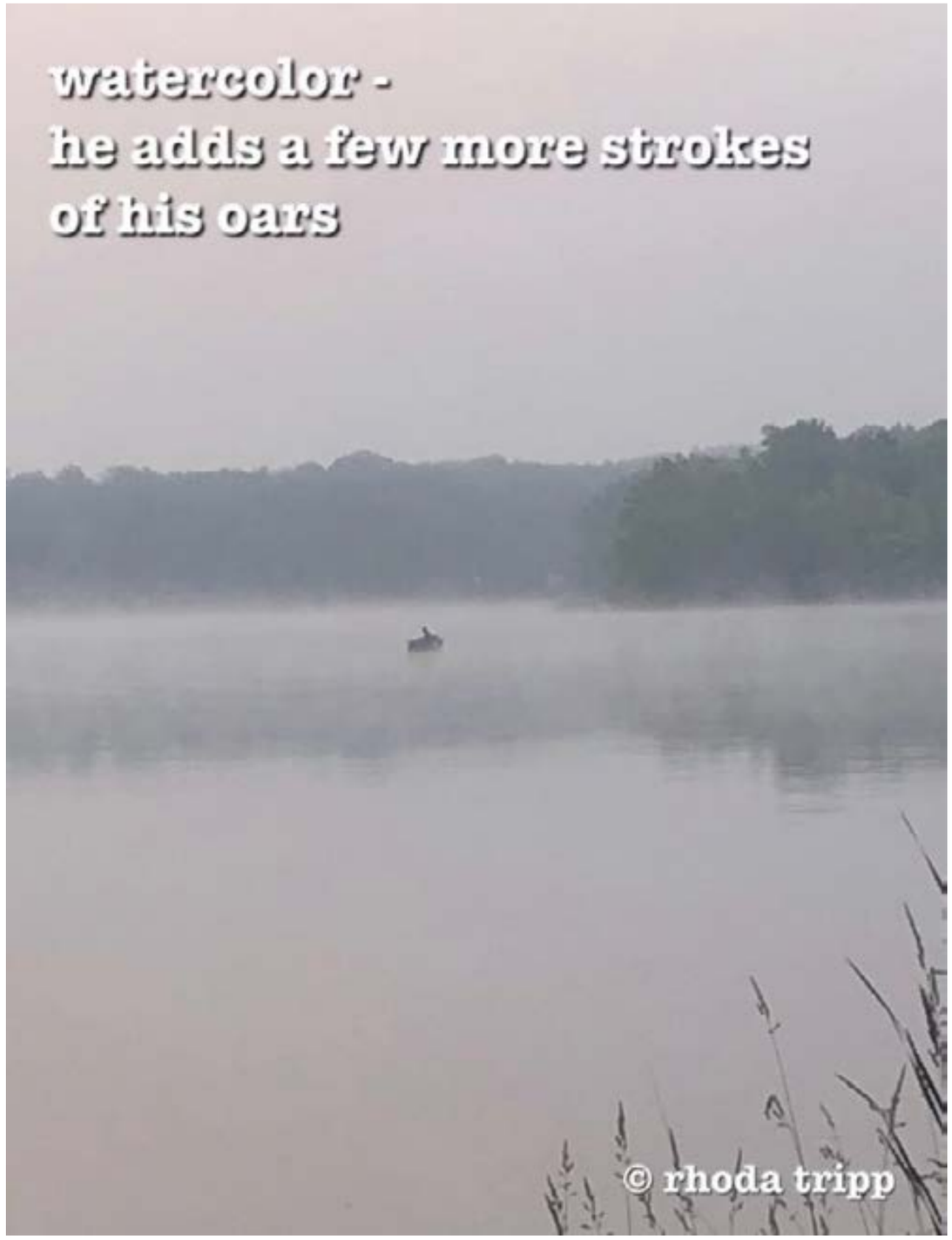
against lake waves,
burger char and cherry pop…
fireworks display

Sangita Kalarickal

summer holidays
catching oak filtered raindrops
on the tongue

Litha
bulrushes shoot out
redwings

the rising aroma
from a cup of Assam
awakening day



Rhoda Tripp

Suraj Nanu

silhouettes of scarecrows—
an evening stroll
with my grandson

night freshet . . .
thinly spreading
the farmers' wails

rain walk
an old folk tune
returns with the chill

Cathryn Stone

nature persists
on loud suburban street
chirping crickets

how many tears
in a heart torn apart
empty cradle

raindrops blowing
from naked tree branches
petunia's last dance

Sarah Davies

the hours of practice–
now I can make out a song
blown in the wind

oblivious
the small child sleeping
in the waiting room

Goran Gatalica

long winter—
thinking of
the consequences

the rasp of cicada—
just to let you know
I'm still here

everyday meditation
the creek's steady murmur
in my veins

Vivien Eliades

Ron Wells

Yvonne Wærn

roses pass
from buds to hips …
vacation time

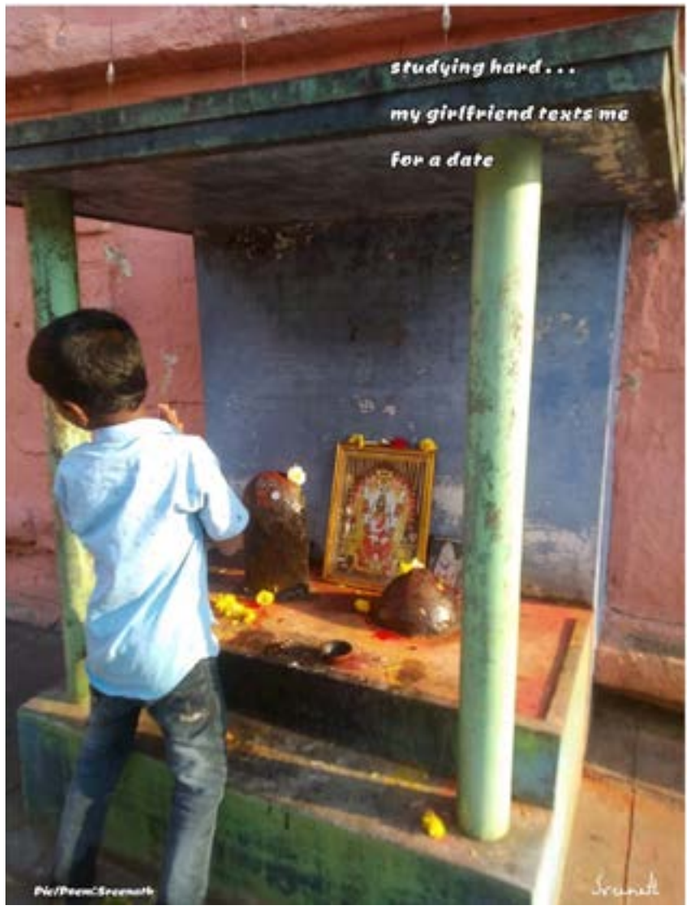
the bluebell
rings summer …
in my hearing aids

Matt Robison

mayfly hatch
learning when to keep
our mouths shut

expired passport
a smaller set
of options

winter night
the moon stitching
cloud to cloud to cloud



Sreenath

Sangita Kalarickal

Muskaan Ahuja

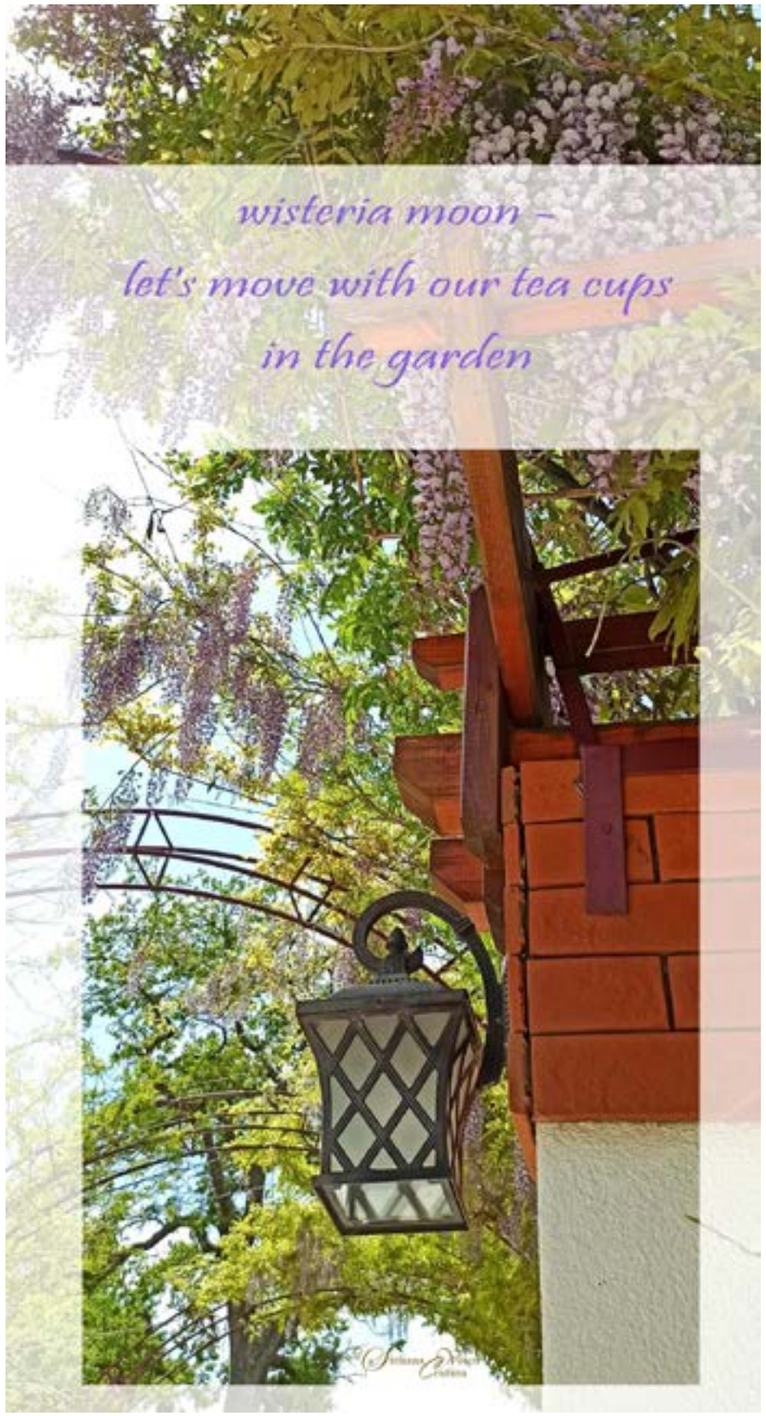
street shopping —
the Buddha I pick appears
not so calm

traffic signal —
raindrops turn red
on the car window

Tim Dwyer

at the airport bar
my son's favourite song
twenty years ago

dark before bird song…
the wind carries laughter
from the other shore



Steliana Cristina Voicu

Sue Courtney

Lori Kiefer

grandma's piano
the reverie of
spring rain

blue dusk
under the sailor's shirt
a faded tattoo

listening to him
listening to me
deer behind the tree

Dominic Willis

he was a man
of too few words
who Loved you

sometimes he wears
a cloak of third-personage
sometimes I don't

today
i did not write a poem –
i lived as one

Vishal Prabhu

summer heat
bursting the skin
a red litchi

cairn stones
lisping about air
the literary sky

storm in a teacup
a cherry branch...
sways over Mount Fuji

Nicola Schaum

silent auction
in strangers' eyes
I look for you

buttercup meadow
the sun catches
a tender-eyed fox

change of wind the scars rewritten

Maya Daneva

after the toddlers go to sleep motionless fireflies

talking to the lupines
I pretend to be
an elf

gusty arctic wind
the waterfall deepens
its sound

Timothy Daly

mum will die too sunflowers

alone in a field
the oak
too

the light in her Alzeyemers

Penny Lowery

nurses' laughter
in the patients' garden –
suddenly older

sparrows flit
from roof to hedge –
juneberry

C.X. Turner

the soft sway of seeing you summer birch

clover field
discovering the one
wild tulip

hunger stone –
deepening the silence
of a river breeze

Teji Sethi

Judith Railton

hang flowered words
on the washing line
of grief

Oana Maria Cercel

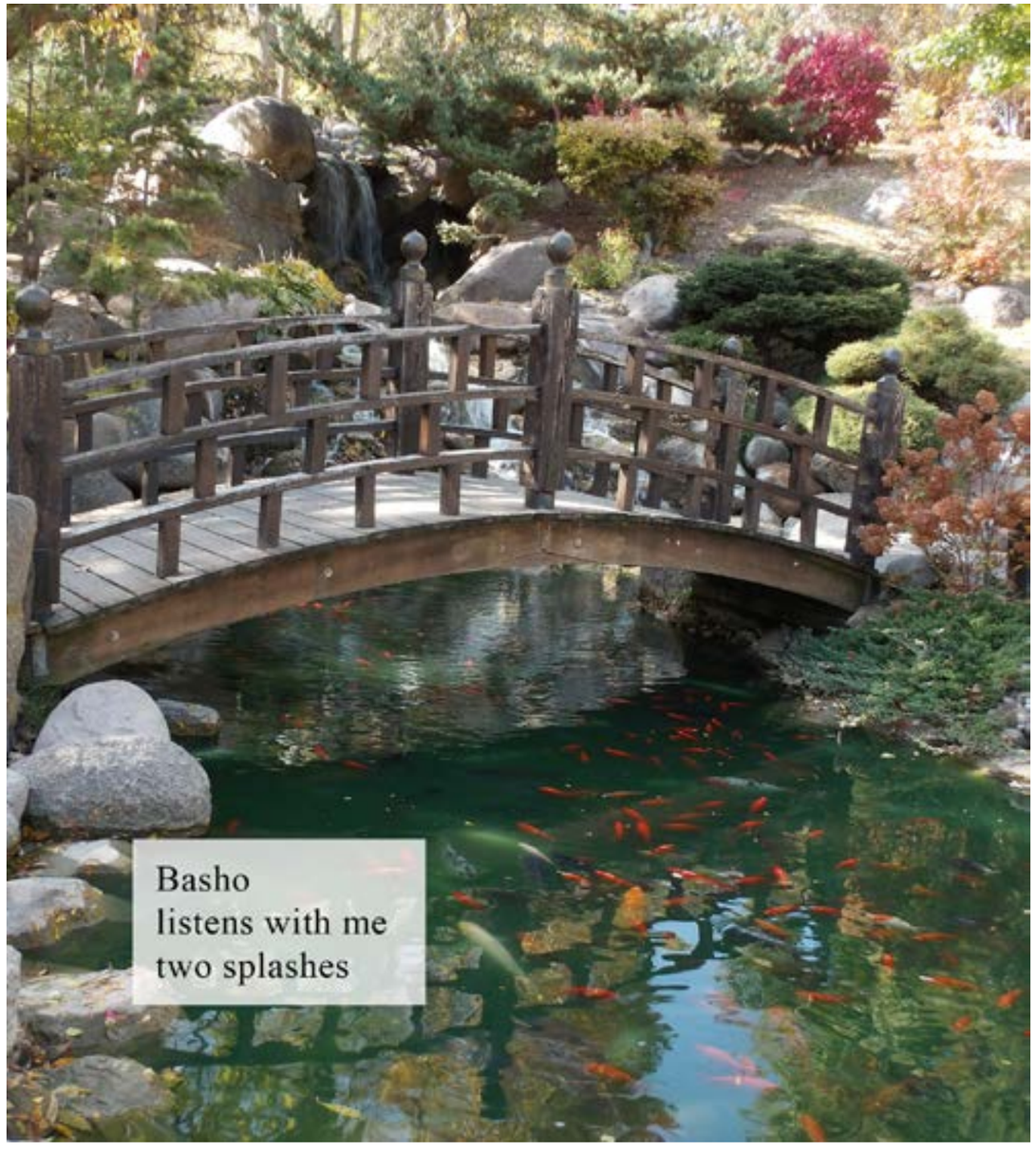
British weather . . .
he changes his mind
again and again and again

forest break trimming ragged thoughts frisbee

Sue Spiers

googly eyed Adélies
trade pebbles
long lasting love

Wanda Amos



Wendy Houser Blomseth

Stoianka Boianova

outdoor dances
a small lizard runs up
in sync with the music

Teji Sethi

scrabble
the ‘p’ of prognosis
tilted

harvest day
the curve of a sickle
cleaves wind

deep winter
a milkman’s canister
rattles through fog

Index

A

Aadithya Sreeraj 15
Alfred Booth 32
Amanda White 36, 90
Amita Paul 35, 44
Amoolya Kamalnath 55, 114
Anju Kishore 4, 68
Anne Fox 40, 66
Annie Wilson 20, 61
Ann Smith 8, 58, 63, 102
Apsara Dilrukshi Perera 104
Archie Carlos 72
Arvinder Kaur 5, 7, 60, 74

B

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt 47
Belinda Behne 7, 53, 78
Bernadette O'Reilly 45
Biswajit Mishra 39, 75
Bittor Duce Zubillaga 88
B. L. Bruce 24
Bonnie J Scherer 64, 77
Bryan Rickert 71

C

Caroline Ridley-Duff 21
Carolyn Crossley 67
Cathryn Stone 118
Christa Pandey 83
Christina Chin 43, 86
Cindy Putnam Guentherman 38
Colette Kern 51, 81, 87
Connie Pittman Ramsey 92
C.X. Turner 80, 131
Cynthia Anderson 59

D

Daniela Misso 57
Daniel Birnbaum 22
David Cox 22
Debarati Sen 18
Debbie Sterling 32
Deborah Jones 17
Deborah Karl-Brandt 34
Diana Davison 108
Dominic Willis 128

E

Ellen Whitehead 33, 91
Elliot Diamond 38, 93
Elsje Winnubst 30

F

Fatma Zohra Habis 2, 40

G

Gilbert B. Battung 67
Goda Virginija Bendoraitienė 23, 70
Goran Gatalica 119
Govind Joshi 21
Guido De Pelsmaeker 56, 95

H

Haiga Commentary by Marion Clarke 7
Haiku and Senryu Commentary by Keith Evetts 2
Hansini A Kartik 6, 14
Hla Yin Mon 48

I

Ida Wiesenfeld 4, 73

J

Janet Ruth Heller 3, 42
Jan Stretch 59
Jennifer Gurney 19
Jenny Fullbrook 26, 105
Jenny Shepherd 50
Jerome Berglund 9, 27, 29, 98
Jharna Sanyal 76
Joanna Ashwell 28
John Pappas 37
Joseph P. Wechselberger 60
Joshua Gage 116
Jovana Dragojlovic 18
Judith Railton 31, 133

K

Kala Ramesh 44
Karthik Chalamala Setti 6, 13
Katherine E Winnick 99
Katja Fox 114
Kavita Ratna 52, 103
Keith Evetts 1, 2, 85

Kelly Sargent 3, 56
K. Ramesh 100

L

Lakshmi Iyer 52
Leena Anandhi 82
Lori Kiefer 128
Lorraine A Padden 7
Lys Browne 25

M

Mallika Chari 94
Manasa Kaliki 17
Manoj Sharma 65
Mariangela Canzi 96
Maria Tosti 41
Marilyn Ashbaugh 28
Mark Hendrickson 43
Mark Meyer 8, 46, 106
Matt Robison 122
Maya Daneva 130
Meera Rehm 65
Melissa Moore 90
Mike Jones 48, 107
Mildred Achoch 112
Minal Sarosh 61
Minko Tanev 85
Mona Bedi 49, 97
Muskaan Ahuja 125

N

Nairithi Konduru 3
Nalini Shetty 100
Neena Singh 30, 54, 62
Neetu Malik 70
Nicola Schaum 129
Nicole Mautz 57
Nitu Yumnam 8, 69, 83

O

Oana Maria Cercel 133
Olinda Ninolakis 79

P

Paul Callus 102
Paulette Calasibetta 50
Penny Lowery 109, 131
Peter Jastermsky 4, 79
Poh Jes 105, 110
Pris Campbell 4, 8, 19, 113

R

Radhika De Silva 6, 84
Rajib Phukan 111
Ram Chandran 64
Randy Brooks 2, 25, 115
Reid Hepworth 104
Rhoda Tripp 7, 82, 117
Richard L. Matta 37
Richa Sharma 7, 89, 97
Roberta Beach Jacobson 34
Ron Wells 121
Rupa Anand 88

S

Samo Kreutz 112
Sandip Chauhan 42
Sangita Kalarickal 116, 124
Sarah Davies 119
Sébastien Revon 8, 101, 111
S.Eta Grubešić 71
Sharon Ferrante 3, 53
Sreenath 33, 123
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi 68
Steliana Cristina Voicu 4, 27, 126
Stoianka Boianova 136
Sue Courtney 73, 127
Sue Spiers 133
Suraj Nanu 118
Susan Burch 72

T

Teji Sethi 132, 136
Tim Dwyer 125
Timothy Daly 130
Tony Williams 2, 39
Tuyet Van Do 45

V

Vishal Prabhu 129
Vivan Agrawal 2, 12
Vivien Eliades 47, 120

W

Wanda Amos 5, 6, 94, 134
Wendy Houser Blomseth 9, 51, 135
William Doyle A F 96

Y

Yasir Farooq 108
Yvonne Crossley 24
Yvonne Wærn 122

Editor	Ravi Kiran
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