

A photograph of a white egret standing in shallow, rippling water. The bird is positioned in the center-right of the frame, facing left. Its reflection is visible in the water. The background consists of a textured, rocky shoreline with patches of water. The overall color palette is muted, with greys, whites, and soft yellows.

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Blithe Spirit

SAMPLE HAIKU & SENRYU

autumn nightfall—
a doll pegged
to a washing line

Paul Chambers

where the butterfly
has led us
wild strawberries

Colin Oliver

housebound
the window
she leaves open

frances angela

film festival
in a silent love scene
someone's snoring

Gérard Krebs

tin ceiling
grandma talks of a world
before the war

Ben Moeller-Gaa

withered bouquets
tied to the railings
grief still fresh

Maggie Butt

my father's sigh
in mine
summer breeze

Lucy Whitehead

afternoon rain
we take a catnap
the old dog and I

Barbara Tate

Site of his hearth—
looking up,
a conflagration
of wind and oak and sun

(Walden Pond, nr. Concord, 5.9.98)

Tito

rye-grass ...
next to a rusty harmonica,
the crumpled wasp

Keith J Coleman

tea on the lawn
a six-year-old's version
of the facts of life

David Cobb

snowfire a fox takes shelter in the curl of its tail

Debbie Strange

SAMPLE TANKA

the swallow's egg
falls from the nest
onto the bin ...
our fourth attempt
at IVF

Corine Timmer

raw egg
on hot steel—
morning
a mile high
in the pine forest

helping to paint
the summer rowboat
my wife's brush
makes a sound
like lakewater

Michael McClintock

ten days alone
time made for walks and music
discussions with my dog
the things I do as always
and those I reinvent

Beverley George

a swan flies
out of
the rising sun
its white wings
rhyming with time

A A Marcoff

SAMPLE HAIBUN

Scars

Claire Everett

Nothing to see, you say. But listen well because the land still speaks in an ancient tongue. Barrow and borran shaped by the mouth of a Norseman, mere billow and hollow to a passerby, are the contours of spring in a curlew's eye. How the grasses shiver when the wind is the wolf of old howling in the ghyll and the rolling hills are dumb but for the hushes that tell of the miners' spoil. In the half-light, truth is a shadow slipping through the hare-gate.

Come the dawn, all is as it should be: the deer path with its glist of rusted pine needles keeping safe the secret of the bell-kettle; the currick of stones tip-tilted by one who trod this way before.

Stamp out the fire. Fasten the hasp. On still summer days there are some who pride themselves on not leaving a mark.

red roses ...
his whispered promise
that I'll burn in hell

Where am I?

Sue Richards

I don't know why I'm here. I've been dumped in this school. My Dad told me that it's a hundred and twenty miles from where we live in Birmingham.

I'm a new girl so everyone asks me questions. I tell them about the island of Dictanbu where I live, and I draw maps with pictures to show them what it's like.

I forget about my real sisters and invent a new one, another girl who has the same surname as me. It all fits nicely.

I lie on the ground
searching for four leafed clovers ...
gravel rash on my knees