**HAIKU AND SENRYU**

 her palms

 bruising cardamom seeds

 the subtleties of chai

 **Jan Benson**

pink season

a train picks up speed

into floating petals

**Alan Summers**

light showers

just enough to fill

the tulips

**Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy**

bowed head

the sunflower too

what life gives

**Madhuri Pillai**

 on a roof

 in purring rain

 a gull is still

 **John McOwat**

 dawn chorus

 choked

 by an earworm

 **Helen Buckingham**

she dresses for work

the parts untouched

by summer

**Ian Willey**

grass heads bowed rain drips from the tips of our noses

 **Gillian Dawson**

snow in April

my feet at rest

in your hands

**Joanne E Miller**

river after rain

 our eyes pulled along

 by its rush

**Fred Schofield**

guitar practice -

the arching flight

of the stick-on nail

 **Susan Rowley**

 a red blotch

 the coot chick

 on its island nest

 **Frank Williams**

red-tailed hawk

one less pigeon

back on the line

**Robert B McNeill**

 barstool pensioner -

 improving reminiscences

 with each half pint

 **Martin Caley**

the birds

and her youth going

s h

 o t

 u

**Iliyana Stoyanova**

familiar stranger what the crow hides

 **Beverly Acuff Momoi**

**MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE AWARD**

 other lives

a coat of paint

 below ours

 **Gary Hotham**

**BILL WYATT: A BRIEF REFLECTION**

**A A Marcoff**

Since his appearance back in the '60s in the seminal '*Children of Albion*' anthology (edited by Michael Horovitz), Bill has been at the forefront of haiku writing in the west. Like his hero Eric Satie, he lived on the fringes of society, but then right at the core of Zen.

In *'Candide'*, after all their adventures, the main characters come to the conclusion that 'it is necessary to cultivate our garden'. That is what Bill did. Working as a gardener-poet he lived the Zen life outlined in Gary Snyder's advice for us all as poets: 'stay together, learn the flowers, go light'. His approach to life puts me in mind of St Francis of Assisi; their shared love of humanity, flowers, birds and light. Bill had compassion, lightness, humour and insight, and wrote 'the way it is':

What's it all about?

samsara & nirvana

nothing but snowflakes

it is hard to tie a rope to the wind:

Neither for the world

nor against it – daffodil

swaying in the breeze

Reading the sutras

got me nowhere – a sparrow

pecking in the dust

After joining him in a reading in Bexhill-on-Sea some years ago, I remember his generous spirit:

I brought you wine

just as the seashell began

to sing of the sea

As 'the monk who does as he pleases', Bill wrote haiku about socks, a donkey, a housefly, muesli, moonlight, spiders, Buddhas, dinosaurs and 'the whole universe!' He faced his final years of illness with great courage.

The day constantly

changing – yet how rare it is

to open our hearts

He was that rare man, a true Zen poet, and he lit up the world he so gently enriched with the blue fire of his own legend and humility and heart.

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**SEQUENCES AND SETS**

white butterfly

I too surrender

to the heat

my problem too

blue butterfly

with things that match

when no one visits

an exotic butterfly

folds up her fan

soap bubbles

my grandson would bring down

a butterfly

**David Cobb**

**TANKA**

the sweetness

of morning –

the world becomes

a horse's mane

flowing with the sun

**A A Marcoff**

slices

of moonlight

through

the rehab window

her butterfly tattoo

**Brendon Kent**

 morning moon, almost

 unrecognizable

 the face you turn to me

 more and more unlike

 the one I thought you to be

 **Linda Jeannette Ward**

on the trail

granite stepping stones

a man’s stride apart...

still skirting the issue

of gender equality

**Autumn Noelle Hall**

 slices

 of moonlight

 through

 the rehab window

 her butterfly tattoo

 **Brendon Kent**

**HAIBUN**

**The Buzz Autumn Noelle Hall**

English Breakfast

after a squeeze of lemon

the bees’ bounty

drizzling from the wooden hive

at the end of this dowel

Over tea, my daughter tells me that honeycombs are made up of circles; that it is only the surface tension of the warm wax which causes cell cohesion and produces hexagons. I am reminded once more of how impossibly much there is to know—and how much I may think I know, that I do not.

an apiary

slowly restructuring itself...

wiser but older

mechanics insists the mind

miracles argues the heart

**Quest Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy**

shells crunching ripples of the receding tide left behind in the sand surprisingly firm.

squawks of alarmed gulls

each pebble i pick the contours of perfection

**first day frances angela**

my mother is pushing my sister’s pram and pulling me along down past the brewery the cotton mill the wash-house and the convent to the school railings where she turns the pram around and jostles me in through the ‘girls’ gate telling me to be good as she waves

stolen crayons saying it was me

**VIRTUAL QUESTIONS AND THE WRITING OF HAIKU**

**Colin Blundell**

(This article is based on a workshop the author ran at the BHS Spring Meeting on 21 May 2016).

Twenty years ago, in the rather vain hope that I might at last become a new man, I attended a three day self-development course. An idea was presented that particularly appealed to me: ‘we are all the time asking ourselves questions without realising it...’ For example, a teacher might ask, “What shall I say next?” “Who shall I look at in the group when I say it?” “Have I said enough to make my point?”

Though you haven’t yet formulated the question in actual words you may well be asking, “What’s this got to do with writing haiku?” Before I prompted you to ask the question openly you were probably asking it in a virtual kind of way. Our self-development guru suggested that we ask VIRTUAL QUESTIONS all the time; unspoken answers affect what we decide to do next.

Perhaps the habit of being confident at asking questions openly was beaten out of us by the age of five. “Don’t keep asking questions! You’re driving me mad!” Questioning is driven underground. Happy the person who survives this by posing the virtual question to themselves, “Why can’t I ask questions?” “What shall I look at next?” “What am I going to feel now?” “Shall I change my direction of focus?” “Shall I shift in my seat?”

Our guru got us to make a list of such neutral virtual questions that we might be asking all the time, just as you are now. Check! But, he pointed out, crucially, that in real life we can scupper ourselves by asking what he called life-debilitating questions: “Is today going to be as awful as yesterday was?” “Is this haiku article going to be a disaster?” “Am I going to make a mess of it?” We made lists of dire virtual questions we knew we were in the habit of asking!

On the other hand, there are life-enhancing questions, virtual questions that can redesign outcomes in a positive kind of way: “How can I make today the best time that’s ever been?” We spent a whole afternoon seeking the very most all-embracing life-enhancing virtual question you could possibly train yourself to ask. To cut a very long story short, the conclusion I came to was: HOW CAN I CONNECT THIS WITH THAT? I found that this works in any context I care to choose: when teaching: “How can I connect this idea with that one?” When improvising music: “How can I follow that phrase with one of my own?”

What has this got to do with writing haiku? My proposition is that writing haiku is the result of asking virtual questions like ‘how can I connect this with that?’ that are likely to have specific kinds of answers. Perhaps “What image might connect feelingfully with the first thing I noticed?” It’s absolutely not the case that we will ask such questions consciously and I’m certainly not recommending this as a formula approach. It’s just that the idea might have its uses.

Now I find myself asking in a virtual kind of way, “How can I connect this long preamble with some practical examples?” I will take three examples, step into the writers’ shoes and figure out how they might have posed their own virtual questions, possibly in the spirit of – how can I connect this with that? Of course, I have no idea what the writers’ virtual questions really were but bear in mind if this were your haiku what kinds of virtual questions might you have been asking yourself? Three examples will perhaps be enough to indicate possibilities.

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