

Blithe Spirit 27.1

Journal of the British Haiku Society

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The cover was designed by Sahana Shrikaanth

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The season for Blithe Spirit 27.2, May 2017 is **Spring**
(Closing Date- 1 April)

For the next issue

In memory of **Noragh Jones** who passed away December last year, I will be carrying a feature dedicated to her writings and life. Members are welcome to send me their memories, dedications, poems in her memory etc. Let us celebrate her with poetry.

Special Feature

U.K prides itself as a multicultural society. I invite you to send me bilingual haiku, tanka etc to be featured in the next issue.

Winter

winter solstice
the warmth of the sun
in rowan berries

Zornitza Harizanova

winter's pall
the shrouded song
of the currawong...

Madhuri Pillai

thermogene rub
those winters scented
with tar pitch

Alan Emery

snow crystals rainbowed by the sun

Gunita Zaube

fresh snow
an angel wing's
pentimento

Scott Mason

winter solstice sheep munch the dark

Sarah Tait

our argument...
a robin in the bird bath
breaking ice

Brendon Kent

Tanka

deep blue ink
from the fountain pen
you left me
. . . a story adrift
in a river of words

Mary Kendall

pussy willows
gurgling the brook
baby's toes
when i could make you laugh
playing 'this little pig'

Marilyn Fleming

morning prayers
by the river
my words
become
birds

A. A. Marcoff

seagull
floating on the moonpath—
under hospital lights
the feather of your touch
across the back of my hand

Linda Jeanette Ward

by her husband's grave
I instinctively lessen
the grip of her hand....
heavy silence
between us three

John Gonzalez

the dust that rises
from the streets of Aleppo
settles everywhere
filtering softly
into our dreams

Alison Williams

Haiku & Senryu

hurrying home
the little dog's claws
ticking time

Gillian Dawson

stacked in a corner
seven leaf-filled bin-liners
packing up Autumn

Mark Gilfillan

crystal windchimes
in the sun, the sound
of rainbows

Kim Richardson

riddle with gunshot no game

Helen Buckingham

after the burial
a blackbird
not minding my loss

John Gonzalez

Madame Camellia
a teabag discarded
in autumn leaves

Karen Hoy

Mumbai...
shadows of dreams
in the dust

Gabriel Rosenstock

november rain
the noodles out of
the disabled man's mouth

Dietmar Tauchner

school playground—
mother remembers hopscotch
but not my name

Seán Mc Williams

cave paintings the animals we might have been

Bob Lucky

new and old battles
the horse chestnut seedcases
green to the river

Alan Summers

street sweeper
carrying his karma
in a barrow

Hazel Hall

steam room—
letting go of
my bones

Stella Pierides

our story...
all the things
I didn't know

David Bingham

a sky full of cloud—
he reminds me
I'm all he has

Joanne E. Miller

months since
anyone has visited
I ring my own doorbell

Diarmuid Fitzgerald

across the aisle...
her auburn curls entangle
my prayers

Paul Walker

I tidy the view
by hiding
some of it

John Parsons

casting his I
over the HOUSE TO LET
the intruder urinates

Chris Luck

waiting room
a man taps away
the minutes

Erica Ison

chesty cough
the sympathetic resonance
of piano strings

Gillian Dawson

visiting hours
skin closer
to the bone

John Rowlands

shoofly pie
a swallow of chaga tea
to cut the sweet

Jan Benson

shrine steps no nearer redemption

Tim Gardiner

Haibun

I Do...

Didn't buy the images of cracked nails and carelessness.
Blind to what lay within, driven by the selfish gene
begun....befall....become.....begone

First time astounded, clothes and skin torn, the future bruised.
Shame, helpless to deal with the sudden storms.
A life of quiet desperation, to endure. I dare to hope

on the hill
a dead tree
grasps the wind

Jim Curry

Mark making

Back to base after their expedition to the British Museum. I recall my
own first school trip there; Elgin Marbles, Mummies, Hieroglyphics,
Rosetta Stone. Gazing in awe.

misted up pane
the small boy's finger
poised to inscribe

Diana Webb

ROBERT LUKE

Nothing more. Just the name on a slab of dressed slate. Perfectly
formed capitals cut by an expert hand. An English name where Welsh
names and "Er Cof Am"* are the norm.

twilight--
a lone blackbird's
plaintive call

Susan King

**Er Cof Am- Welsh for "In memory of"*

Farmboys

My dad was a farmer, and grew up the son of an immigrant farmer. I remember grandpa had an accent that became more pronounced the older he got. Perhaps sliding back into who we are in old age and not so much who we want to be?

raw earth
last season's corn stubble
grin on his face

When dad was a boy, his parents would have spoken very little english at a time when he wanted to blend in. He never talked about it. He never spoke a single word in Belgian Dutch that I can ever remember. He told us of being poor and eating lard sandwiches for school lunches but that's about it.

But I did notice that in his last few years he sounded just like grandpa, picking up that thick accent the way he must have first learned how to speak.

free of the yoke
long strands of music
leap from his mouth

Marilyn Fleming

**FEATURE- A Slice of David Cobb, by Shrikaanth
Krishnamurthy**

Essays- The Reader as Second Verse, by Alan Summers

Winner of Museum of Haiku Literature Award (26.4)

Selected by Gary Hotham

October morning:
noticing the changing colours
of your hair

Sean Mc Williams

Renku

Threadbare

An experimental autumn junicho by **Diana Webb**, UK and **Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy**, UK (sabaki)

laughter
lighting
firecrackers *pumpkin*
 blossoms her
 tummy
 rounder *Gretna*
 Green Coro
 di
 zingari
 needle
 stuck
 dad's
 sweater
 threadbare
 Freddy
 Teddy
 picnic
 picking
 strawberries
 strange
 birthmark
 thawing
 d
 r
 i
 p
 p
 i
 n
 g
 moonbeams *rising*
 light

Tomegaki

Composing a renku with Diana was great fun. I had experimented with doing each line as a word and shared my solo renku with Diana, who was quite taken by it. This led to us collaborating on "Threadbare". And here it is. We hope you enjoy it. (**Shrikaanth**)

Being part of the duo that composed this renku, following the sabaki's lead was both challenging and fun. It was very satisfying to read the resulting poem in this one word to a line form which was completely new to me and worked really well. (**Diana**)

Sequences

Lazy Days

quiet Sunday morning
the butterfly's wings
almost heard

noonday heat ...
a balloon flower
goes pop

children's voices
oblivious to time ...
their never ending days

twilight...
the evening primrose
only its scent

a falling leaf
as summer slowly slips
into shadows

night wind
the rattle of a branch
crossing my window

Ron Woollard

Books Reviewed

Down the Milky Way by **Dejan Pavlinovic**

Afriku by **Adjei Agyei-Baah**

Great Thinkers by **The School of Life Press**

Seven Suns/ Seven Moons by **Michael Dylan Welch and Tanya McDonald**

Invisible Tea by **Kyle D. Craig**

a drop of pond by **Brad Bennett**