

haikuKATHA

unfolding the story within



Issue 2 December 2021

haikuKATHA is the official monthly publication brought out by Triveni Haikai India. Its primary function is to publish the best in contemporary English-language haiku, senryu, tanka and, occasionally, haibun, tanka-prose and haiga.

Each month's issue will be put together by a team of editors who will select poems from the previous month's prompts posted on the Triveni Haikai India website. The magazine is copyrighted by Triveni Haikai India.

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haiku, tanka,
haibun, tanka-prose and shahai

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Triveni Haikai India: www.trivenihaikai.in

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haiku, senryu, haibun, tanka, tanka-prose and shahai.

Our heartfelt thanks to:

Madhuri Pillai, Vidya Venkatramani and Shreya Narang
for being the hosts for prompts on Triveni Haikai India,
www.trivenihaikai.in/HAIKUsutradhar

Milan Rajkumar
for providing prompts for the month of November 2021,

Samir Satam
for gathering the poems
written for these prompts,

our contributors
for sharing their poems.

Editors' Choice Commentary

high tide
all that i wish for
and don't

— Mona Bedi

A wonderful poem that juxtaposes a visual and a mental image to great effect! One can imagine the poet walking next to the sea, surrounded by the loud noise of waves washing ashore. I visualize her as alone, and also lonely, though this is not mentioned anywhere. What is she thinking? Does the roaring sea reflect an inner turmoil, leaving her unsure of what it is that can give her that elusive sense of happiness – one that we all seek? Why is she unable or unwilling to even wish for it? Or alternatively, does the high tide signify an achievement, a high point in her life, but one that leaves her wondering if this was what she really needed? It is not without reason, perhaps, that we are often told to be careful what we wish for, because we just might get it.

For me, the hallmark of a good poem is that it says little but leaves the readers with space to complete on their own. This poem does this very well, and with an admirable simplicity and terseness too. I am left coming back to it again and again, wondering, and leaving each time with a new thought.

— Ashish Narain

Here are my thoughts behind this ku.
The all encompassing beauty of the ocean and the waves lapping at my feet was reason enough to write this ku. The vastness of the ocean and the full moon made me wonder if my mortal wishes were anything but important when I had the beauty of the cosmos to behold.

— Mona Bedi,

lying beside you
i would feel less lonely
alone

— Lev Hart

the fragrance of cedar
fills every room —
fire season

— Lev Hart

in the half-light
beside the Murray
cockatoo
goodnights grow silent...
we close the tent flap

— Marilyn Humbert

high tide
all that I wish for
and don't

— Mona Bedi

lifting the lid ...
new resentments
in the rising steam

— Muskaan Ahuja

season of noise —
no sparrows nest
in the birdhouse

— Neena Singh

spring rain
a bee carcass
turns over

— Risteski Pere

hill slope
a lone tree guards
rows of stumps

— Subir Ningthouja

autumn leaf ...
a slow twirl
to the heap below

— Subir Ningthouja

thistles, thorns,
what's left of wild carrots
in a far-off field
a goose
without her gander

— Tish Davis

mother's passing
no one knows
the right words to say

— Vandana Parashar

losing loved ones
together we ache
all alone

— Vandana Parashar

Out of Breath

May heat ...
the singed petals
of a rose

New Delhi burns, Mumbai burns. Hell, the whole
of India burns. Smoke from pyres choke lungs as one
waits to find a spot for another loved one. The stench
of death is heavy in the air.
Sorry, no oxygen.

memory foam ...
curve of a head
still on the pillow

— Firdaus Parvez

The Unknown Artist

On the park bench, she finds an unopened
violin case. She puts her hand over the frame,
her ear next to the dusty case and hears music
— the cadence of memories.

if it isn't love
that bends the tree
to touch dancing grass
... what makes
the wind sing?

— Shalini Pattabiraman



lonely without you
the togetherness of the leaves
that fall

ku: arvinder kaur
pic: unsplash

Dear readers,
thank you for being with us.

See you once again
on 22 January 2022
with many more fine poems
from our contributors.

Team haikuKATHA