

haikuKATHA

unfolding the story within



Milind Mulick

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Issue 27, January 2024

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unfolding the story within

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, haibun, tanka-prose, tanka art, and haiga.

Each month's issue is put together by a team of editors who 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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Issue 27
January 2024

haiku, tanka, haibun, gembun, tanka-prose,
gembun with tanka, haiga and tanka-art

Founder/Managing Editor:

Kala Ramesh

Associate Editors:

Ashish Narain

Firdaus Parvez

Priti Aisola

Sanjukta Asopa

Shalini Pattabiraman

Suraja Menon Roychowdhury

Vandana Parashar

Vidya Shankar

Web Editor: Ravi Kiran

Proofreader: Firdaus Parvez

Cover Art: Milind Mulick

Design: Kala Ramesh

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Triveni Haikai India: www.trivenihaikai.in

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haiku, tanka, haibun, tanka-prose, haiga and tanka-art

Our heartfelt thanks to:

Daipayan Nair, Billie Dee, Firdaus Parvez,
and Kala Ramesh,

for providing the weekly challenges
for the month of December 2023,

Milind Mulick,
for his watercolour painting,

our contributors
for sharing their poems.

Editors' Choice Commentary: Ashish Narain

wasteland
another soldier
becomes unknown

Keith Evetts

War is terrible. It is almost impossible to write about it without being overly emotional, gory, or clichéd. I was therefore very pleasantly surprised when I read Keith's poem. In a minimum of words, it conveys a powerful message on war with admirable restraint, humanity, and simplicity - and never even mentioning the word. Everything, in short, that I find truly appealing about Japanese poetry.

The first line itself draws in the reader. The Cambridge dictionary defines "wasteland" as an empty area of land, especially in or near a city, that is not being used in any way. This grounds the poem geographically. When it is read in conjunction with the word "soldier" in L2, it immediately suggests that the wasteland is man-made, a result of war. It evokes a strong sense of loss, of things forcibly made barren by conflict.

Lines 2 and 3 add meaning to the first line, but they also draw the reader's attention away from a general situation to a particular person. One of the best examples of link and shift I've seen in a poem in a while. They force the reader to think more — who is the poet, and why is he there? The poet could be another soldier watching his comrade go down, or a combatant who has just sent an adversary to his death. Or they could be innocent civilians watching from whatever safety they can find. In the end, it doesn't even matter. What comes through is immense sadness at the enormity of what is happening. A soldier - possibly a son, a brother, a father, a friend, has fallen. The use of the word "another" also extends the grief to cover not just the soldier, but also all soldiers caught up in the war.

.L3 extends the poem. The poet doesn't talk about death, he talks of the soldier becoming "unknown." Why? It could be that the body of the fallen soldier is in an area where it is unlikely to be recovered. Or the manner of death makes future identification impossible. What comes out strongly though is the indignity of war. It strips not just life, but even identity - the one thing that makes us human. The word alone, for me, captures the dehumanizing effect of war.

This extremely sensitive and well-crafted poem gently invites the reader to think long and hard about war and all the terrible things it brings, without ever telling them what to think. It hit me hard and will stay with me for a long time.

haiku

swirling bands of fog
the long and short view
of the cemetery

Adelaide B. Shaw

morning companion
so much to say
the stream after rain

Adelaide B. Shaw

comb full of gunk
on the dressing table
late autumn

Aparna Pathak

dad's workshop ...
every size of screw
he never used

Barrie Levine

haiku

twilight breeze ...
the silent scatter
of plum petals

Billie Dee

interrupting
my end-of-year prayers
the accountant's ringtone

Billie Dee

new war —
the leader's speech
fires the first shot

Biswajit Mishra

putting on
the final touches
sinking sun

Eavonka Ettinger

haiku

skunk cabbage
her face says everything
she couldn't

Jan Stretch

war room
all of the general's
bullet points

John Pappas

that evening feel ...
long shadows of palm trees
on the paddy field

K. Ramesh

rocky terrain
the river lends a song
to the wind

Kala Ramesh

haiku

where do i belong ...
with a few clinging leaves
or with the fallen ones

Kala Ramesh

city-bred —
the squirrel takes
a swift cable walk

Kalyanee Arandhara

she picks up
another baby to feed
- war survivors

Kalyanee Arandhara

rivulets
the baby refusing
to latch

Kashiana Singh

haiku

gun salute
feathers drop
from startled doves

Kavita Ratna

half moon
taste of the steamed bun
divided into two

Keiko Izawa

under the carpet
the browning headlines
of the last war

Keith Evetts

wasteland
another soldier
becomes unknown

Keith Evetts

haiku

noon nap ...
a cat licks the spring
warmth

Lakshmi Iyer

all that the paintbrush
has left unsaid —
white chrysanthemum

Linda Papanicolaou

one side of the story ...
wind pushing the fence
until it falls

Lorraine Haig

dusting the rim
moonlight
on the old stone jar

Lorraine Haig

haiku

hauling the net
the glitter of starlight
on scales

Lorraine Haig

winter solstice
the dog-eared pages
of seed catalogues

Marilyn Ashbaugh

nephew's burial
a winter butterfly
the last to leave

Marilyn Ashbaugh

winter solstice
wearing the war
in her eyes

Marilyn Ashbaugh

haiku

fading footprints —
what the tide gives
it takes away

Mona Bedi

tangerine sunrise
 chirp by chirp
the day awakens

Mona Bedi

dusty tracks
room to room
tricycle dings

Nitu Yumnam

gunfire
a frightened mare
topples the groom

Priya Narayanan

haiku

my pooja room
clusters of cobwebs
hanging in layers

Radhamani Sarma

bare trees —
the year gently folds
into silence

Sandip Chauhan

winter wind —
the old woman's basket
heavy with kindling

Sandip Chauhan

alone again
an ant runs across
the lines on a page

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

haiku

Snow White
my daughter
in her coffin

Susan Burch

Christmas break ...
coming home with a head
full of lice

Teji Sethi

one-line haiku

... and with my passing the dirt I'll leave behind

Billie Dee

icicles slip into water solitude

C.X. Turner

changes growing in me winter thistles

C.X. Turner

inside the messy drawer growing disquiet

C.X. Turner

heading toward the unknown sundown

Kalyanee Arandhara

crossed palm trees a child's first 'X'

Srini

concrete haiku

hunter's moon

white-tailed deer

leap

across

crosshairs

Marilyn Ashbaugh

concrete haiku

done trilling the blue tit's flight
 dipping

Robert Kingston

tanka

day by day
the journey progresses
never the same view
yet, sometimes familiar
bringing tears or a smile

Adelaide B. Shaw

honeymoon photos
with love in our eyes
we spoke of plans,
of challenges and joys
but nothing of grief and loss

Adelaide B. Shaw

our eyes still meet
every midsummer's night ...
seasons change
on Alpine slopes as we weather
late autumn's falling leaves

Alfred Booth

tanka

climbing hills
to reach pearl-white clouds
suddenly
the heaviness of a hip joint
as nights grow longer

Amoolya Kamalnath

the honeysuckle
leans onto the trellis
with gaps
all night he supports her
back for each breastfeed

Amoolya Kamalnath

white trails
of silver jets
i follow
the tiny voice
rebellng within

Amrutha V. Prabhu

tanka

walking
hand in hand
on dry leaves
in our hearts the songs
of the springs gone by

Arvinder Kaur

the Aegean
a writhing swath of blue
below the bluffs ...
so potent, this reverie
of an old summer romance

Billie Dee

breaking dawn ...
on our anniversary
I remove
the two wedding rings
I've worn since your passing

Billie Dee

tanka

monsoon's frenzy
gradually mellowing to
Durga puja —
the smell of coconut sweets
from mother's kitchen

Biswajit Mishra

the blanket in childhood
that comforted me
worn now
and not providing warmth
our friendship gone cold

Bonnie J Scherer

descending
lightly like a snowflake
there before
I even realise –
inspiration

Jennifer Gurney

tanka

from dusk till dawn
my never-ending journey
of tattered dreams
one edge of sky
filled with stars

Joanna Ashwell

holding
a small pebble
in my hand
I feel a part
of everything

Joy McCall

Shiki
spoke about two autumns
memories
 bridge the path
that once held our roses

Kala Ramesh

tanka

steam from
the pressure cooker
tells me
the idlis are ready ...
my day is done

Kala Ramesh

long ago
orbiting my dreams
you
and only you ...
now i stand alone

Kala Ramesh

two left feet
as we take to the dance floor
you think I laugh at you
but I'm laughing
with happiness

Kanjini Devi

tanka

the town hall
filled with daffodils
on Opening Day
even the coldest room
comes alive

Kanjini Devi

the train home
passing cherry blossoms
I think again
of college days
and my dead friends

Keith Evetts

unfulfilled in love
the gardener gives his heart
to a rambling rose
that once a year
blooms for him

Keith Evetts

tanka

there's no one day
that autumn became winter
my once chestnut curls
now lank and grey
with snow around the corner

Keith Evetts

suddenly
you bade us goodbye
when we were just ten
every train whistle reminds me
of the songs we shrieked together

Lakshmi Iyer

grains of sand
slip through my fingers ...
how i long
to hold on to the mixed memories
of childhood friends

Lakshmi Iyer

tanka

Winter's last licks
in the morning wet and cold
and now a Spring sun —
out for a walk I'll take
my parka just in case

Linda Papanicolaou

white castle
amid pink clouds
of blossom
I borrow its scenery
for my green screen

Linda Papanicolaou

summer
fades into autumn
shells left
on the doorstep
fill with sand

Lorraine Haig

tanka

I talk to her
about my siblings
our mother
who now
only remembers me

Lorraine Haig

my child's hug
before she boards the plane
a fledgling
on the nest's edge
flexes its wings

Lorraine Haig

an ivory clip
of white ginger lilies
in her long hair ...
how beautiful she looks
in the garlanded photo

Milan Rajkumar

tanka

a friend request
to an old acquaintance —
what better way
to overcome
this autumn loneliness

Mona Bedi

son's marriage —
sitting around
the sacred fire
we too repeat the vows
under our breaths

Mona Bedi

saat pheras*
with a sweet girl —
my heart
shudders at the thought
of sharing my son

Mona Bedi

* taking seven rounds around a sacred fire that binds a couple in the matrimonial bond.

tanka

a winter hush
enveloped within me
your fingers trace
the summer hues
in my tresses

Nalini Shetty

at the kitchen window
devoid of grievances
unlike me
content in every season's flow
the chirping sparrow

Nitu Yumnam

drooping flower
in the vase ...
unwell in bed himself
my baby tells me
don't cry like a baby

Nitu Yumnam

tanka

I let go of the friend,
when letting go of
expectations
would have sufficed ...
spilled milk

Padma Priya

Christmas crash —
her memories still alive
in a booklet
the printed whisper
of her boundless love

Pradnya Joshi

on our tree
a surprise custard apple
this winter
at least one creative idea
comes to fruition

Priti Aisola

tanka

can i take
my sharp words back?
i am no magpie
gathering thorny twigs
for a nest

Priti Aisola

just numb
the day she left us
forever
my copious tears now
as I chop onions

Priti Aisola

festival procession
waiting
for its turn
to cross the river
the full moon

Priya Narayanan

tanka

the loosening tie
at the apron end
our daughter
freewheeling through
our autumn years

Robert Kingston

for forty years
the best of friends ...
purple hyacinths
devolved
to withered stalks

Rupa Anand

catching light
fresh solstice snow
extends the day
I let myself dream
of peach blossoms

Sangita Kalarickal

tanka

married at fifty,
mother at fifty-and-a-half ...
my friend complains
old age has been
slowing her down

Sanjuktaa Asopa

glad i have
four golden retrievers
to warm my bed in winter
when the garden blooms again
of course you will be back

Sreenath

years of college
and then we scattered
like the moonlight
that fills my pages of poetry ...

they know of whom I write

Suraja Menon Roychowdhury

tanka

gently unravelling
the six yards of silk sari
I step out
of the cocoon of assumptions
that defined my mother

Suraja Menon Roychowdhury

on the tree
even the trolls
sparkle
their paper faces smile
behind the tinsel

Susan Beth Furst

the rarity
of a yellow cardinal -
finding someone
who loves you
just as you are

Susan Burch

tanka

can we stop
the divide forming
between us
the rocky terrain
of the Yucatán peninsula

Susan Burch

only you
can stop them
the nonstop
aftershocks
of this heartquake

Susan Burch

many years
of rough and tumbling seas
we find calm waters ...
now beached
two smooth pebbles

wanda amos

Adelaide B. Shaw

The Party of the First Part

The good news: hubby is accepted as a PhD candidate at UCLA. Problem: parking car on campus. Solution: move close enough to campus to ride a bike and I take the car instead of public transportation to my teaching job, which would require three long bus rides. Problem: I don't drive. Solution: hubby will teach me on the VW Beetle, pre-automatic shift, pre-gas gauge, and pre-synchronesh gears.

In August, we move to an apartment near campus and I get a learner's permit. I have one month before I return to teaching, one month to succeed when twice before, even with lessons from a driving school, I failed the test on a fully automatic car.

Lessons in the early evenings and on weekends with hubby. Lessons on the four gears, how to shift, when to shift. Lessons on how to coordinate feet smoothly between clutch, brake and gas pedal while shifting gears. Lessons on how to change lanes, turn left, turn right, start and stop going up a hill or down a hill while doing all the above. Lessons on parking. Lessons beginning with slow, patient directions ending with tense, shouted orders, copious tears and apologies.

A month later ... a driver's license with a near-perfect test score.

grounds for divorce:
he tried to teach her
how to drive

Alfred Booth
~

Leaving the Stage

The glimmer in your hazel eyes still greets me. Time has not dimmed it.

My joy still frolics between us on summer discoveries, off and on the beaten tracks. Somehow, its temporary state overwhelms my internal happiness. Our life is filled with sporadic pleasures: to view another sunrise, another sunset, another full moon.

More and more I am weighted by these solitary hours, waiting for your smile. I want each sunrise. Each sunset. Each full moon. And the whisperings of things we have forgotten: the poetry of love, the miracle of how our love has lasted so long. I long for you to find my unbalanced despair with a caress.

I fear dying alone on a cold night when you're not with me to be the genie for my last hopes.

the mast sways —
in coastal flooding waters
Lighthouse

Alfred Booth
~

“ ... Des pas sur la neige”
Claude Debussy

Pianissimo. Let your fingers caress the keys, and sink into their sounds like a sigh. In the solitude of D-minor, only sadness can be wordless. Now and then a deer, an owl. Breathe between the phrases, inhabit the silences. Tarry as long as you dare before the next sound. Now and then a hint of sunlight. Or moonlight, depending on the day. Close your eyes and imagine the shape of solitude, coax its plea slowly from the keys so it whispers softer than a heartbeat.

Now and then these echoes fade as silently as clouds sweep the horizon. My fingers melt and mesh inexorably into the keys, making each sound just a decibel more resonant than the snowfalls of my youth. In these last overtones, I embody every song in need of a voice.

quiet sun rays ...
enough to imagine
icicles melt

Author's note:

”...Des pas sur la neige“ (footsteps in the snow) is from the first book of Préludes.

Andrew Riutta
~

Wild Peas and Bumblebees

And that girl across the street. What the hell happened to everyone and everything? Where did they go? When I woke early this morning, the Strawberry Moon was still there. Thank goodness. Yet, the surrounding darkness seemed deeper than usual. One could even say ominous. But it might just have felt that way because the neighbor's cat was creeping right then under the robin's nest at the back of the house. I even had a nightmare about the potential slaughter while taking my daily afternoon nap. Then a while later, right before supper, I mistook a small clump of dirt and weeds for one of the babies. A delicate corpse. I gently nudged it with the tip of my shoe and toyed over the thought of a resurrection. But then I remembered again that none of it comes back once it's gone. Not if you aren't Sandra Bullock in Practical Magic or Jesus of Nazareth.

almost Father's Day —
the toolshed spilling
its broken pinwheels

haibun

Andrew Riutta
~

Late August

This whole afternoon, shadows and cicadas. Cicadas and shadows ...

After I quit drinking, they said I'd soon be drunk on warm hope.

church basement sale ...
the Holy Ghost sewn
right into the quilts

Anju Kishore

Domino Effect

If every heartbreak were a blackbird, it would, after a hop on my frayed heartstrings, fly away into the sky with a full-chested trill. I wouldn't know it from another even if it returned.

medical file
sorrows coming home
to roost

Anju Kishore
~

We, the People ...

Today, the newspaper carried headlines of crime and corruption on its front page. Again.

Again in our poetry circle, I write about crescent moons and sea breeze.

couch grass
the home-garden
that once was

haibun

Billie Dee
~

Scape

Even though I'm asleep, I know this is a dream. The appaloosa I'm riding knows it, too. We gallop on together, chasing the ever-distant yonder.

open bedroom window ...
a hint of jasmine perhaps

haibun

Bonnie J Scherer

Damnation

I wake to the smell of something burning. The distinctive odour permeates the room.

Overnight, the kitchen walls have become plastered with my sins. Big and small, it's hard to distinguish much in the dark. Inspecting my flesh from head to toe, I find no evidence of even the slightest ember.

Sniff, sniff. Frantic to find the source, I search high and low.

reset button —
circuits rewired
for another day

C.X. Turner

Impressions That Last

I finally find the brand of chocolate-millionaire-flavoured ice cream you'd been searching for and leave it in the shop freezer.

When we used to sit together in botanical art class, laughing like children at how we gobbled down the posh cakes before we were meant to, it makes me smile.

The last leaf drops from the birch tree in my garden and I reach for your best brushes, the ones you wanted me to have.

painting
a winter landscape
blue hyacinth

Joanna Ashwell

Distances

'How are you today?'

Her smile is fixed, her face turns to the window.

'What did you do yesterday?'

Another fixed smile.

'Have you seen any of your friends?'

This time a wry smile creeps across her lips. As if she is trying to catch some distant boat on the horizon.

'What would you like to do today?'

Still no words.

I shuffle out of the room, feeling like an imposter in her world.

heron wings
the part of shadow
gathering sunlight

Linda Papanicolaou

Nomadland

The woman with a face like saddle leather gives me a friendly hello, though the dog tucked under her arm remains vigilant. On their RV is a red-white-and-blue bumper sticker: God bless our troops, especially our snipers.

plastic geraniums —
the August sky ricochets
off a scrub jay

Linda Papanicolaou

Cast Iron Plant

Framed by photographer's studio props of a 1900s parlor, my grandmother sits in a plush upholstered chair. She's corseted in a white lace bodice and her hair is pinned up in the Edwardian style she wore long after it grayed.

even then

My grandfather, face framed by a starched collar and bulging tie knot, stands stiffly to one side with his hand on the back of the chair. An infant in a christening gown is propped upright between them.

a family

In those days, a portrait was a formal occasion. One did not smile. Still, there's a hard chill in this one. She stares distantly in one direction, he in another. Only my future uncle looks straight out at the camera, shaping his baby mouth in a howl.

of stony silences

Marilyn Ashbaugh

Time After Time

A scent or sound, like a winter squall, can force you to places you don't really want to go. The sound and smell of coffee percolating on a gas stove sends you sitting on a faded-red-and-peeling vinyl chair at a yellow Formica kitchen table, peeling its aluminium siding. If you sit just right, you can leave some skin and a drop or two of blood on the exposed edge.

snow day
grandma's knitting
full of stories

Marilyn Humbert

Options

Sitting straight as a ladder-back chair, legs crossed over, his foot is jerking in a rhythm known only to him. His eyes dart side to side, hands twitching. Outside the lounge window the pearlescent sunset glows and I can hear the kids next door laughing.

on the edge ...
his medication
in the bin

Robert Kingston

Copper Kettle

We tread the same path to the moon each year. This time we are a little later as we have in mind to attend midnight mass before returning home. Approaching the pub we notice the kaleidoscope of colours bleeding through the condensing windows as it mingles with the heavy beat coming from within; some of which escapes as we open the door. Full to the brim, we squeeze our way through to our friends' group.

end of night missing the bells' toll

Christ's mass
a flurry of foxes
through the churchyard

Sandip Chauhan

Interlude

Each day, my routine unfolds with a touch of flair. I relish the comforting sound of the kettle's whistle as chai leaves swirl in hot water, the aromatic blend wafting through the kitchen. The first sip of warmth kick-starts my day. Occasionally, a slight tension lingers in the air after disagreements and shared laughter. I immerse myself in every detail — the gentle rustle of turning pages, the vast expanse of the sky overhead, and the melodic chirping of birds hunting for their meals. The promise of delightful surprises, like an unexpected bouquet of wildflowers left on the doorstep by a long-lost friend, brings a touch of magic. At times, death pays a visit, draped in different attires on ordinary days.

dandelion breeze ...
once more the seed
once more a flower

Sandip Chauhan

Uncaged

A gentle glow in the sky marks the dawn of a new day. By the illuminated window, her reflection softens, quietly welcoming the first light. Barely a week ago, her 95-year-old husband quietly slipped away into the night. In the hush of morning, she retraces the shared seasons of seven decades, gently pulling a sequined dupatta from the old suitcase, the fabric gleaming with the sunup.

skyward swirl
exploring pigments
in the beauty box

Turning to her caretaker, she requests a gentle comb through her silver hair, a touch of powder to soften the edges of time, and a hint of lipstick to paint her lips — a transformation unfolding like a dormant garden awakening to the sun's tender caress.

thawing spikes
the river breathes
its forgotten song

Sangita Kalarickal

Ring in the New

The spire silhouette stands proudly in the town square. There's no moon, and the clouds have turned off all stars.

Villagers in their thick jackets and boots converge to the door of worship. After another year of wars, mass shootings, disease, and death, everyone is ready for the winter solstice to beckon longer days and hope.

church bells tear
through the dark sky
Silent Night

gembun

Anju Kishore
~

how far must sorrow go before it reaches journey's close

unlatching
my canary's
golden cage

gembun

Bonnie J Scherer
~

Walrus tusks are canine teeth that can grow to three feet.

going to great lengths
to make a point
about climate change

Mona Bedi
~

lying down I stare at the family photograph on my bedroom wall

the frayed edges
of gran's carpet
late autumn

tanka-prose

Billie Dee



Sediment

As morning traffic slows to a crawl, I take in roadside scenery. Dawn lights a rusty vein of hillside ore that skips across the pass, pointing to the old foundry perched above the Rio Grande. *Oh beautiful, for spacious skies ...* the hymn I learned in grammar school escapes from my lips.

shall I sing
purple mountain majesties
choking back
this blue exhaust smelted
on the highway

C. X. Turner
~

Waiting Room

I eventually work out that grief doesn't fit in just one sized bag. The same weight can be carried in so many different ways. Sometimes slung over one shoulder or fastened firmly on the back, other times in the pit of a growling stomach or heavy like glass resting on rounded shoulders. Regardless of the 'how' or even 'why', the space I now occupy has to be big enough to fit us both, and yet it seems to be fragmenting ... I stand up very slowly as my name is called.

true friend,
one of the few
to see me shine,
breaking apart ...
I let the pieces shatter

C.X. Turner
~

Clinging to a Memory of Light

Goldfinches tackle the wild teasels, plucking snow-dusted seeds one-by-one. Their long slim beaks extract what others leave. The sun sinks silently into a rosy-cheeked glow, there are perhaps two hours before darkness returns.

I peel the skin
of a shiny red apple ...
a slow
and steady
meandering spiral

C.X. Turner
~

The Present

I learned to be grateful for the dark brown hard-wearing carpet on my bedroom floor that replaced the rough bare floorboards of my early childhood.

Every Sunday, I'd run my fingers along shallow channels, moving leftover pieces from projects into piles, marvelling at how nothing really stuck to the tight carpet fibres or disappeared, like I once saw happen in my friend Yolanda's house.

At 3:15 pm, I'd drag the heavy vacuum cleaner into my bedroom. The one my dad used for chimney-sweeping. I covered my mouth so I didn't inhale the sooty kick-back and run the nozzle along the grooves, keeping going until I was sure there were no raised voices downstairs.

a dead branch
falls in the forest
a trip into the past
and a future
that lies ahead

Lorraine Haig
~

A Place of Her Own

A pregnant possum scampers back and forth searching for her hole in the brickwork. This cool dark place was where she would have given birth had the gardener not blocked it up.

she gazes
out the window
clothes in plastic bags
waiting for someone
to take her home

Reid Hepworth
~

Seekers

Fall arrives too quickly. Leaves are torn from the trees, just like you are from us.

rudderless
we drift in a fog
no searchlight
to light our path
or help us move on

Grief settles like dust. We forge our own way through it.

snowdrift
under a starry sky -
I find peace
in the breath it takes
to climb this mountain

Sumitra Kumar
~

Extrapolations

As every year comes to a close, I get attuned to looking back fondly at the hardships of my past. Life never came easy for anyone. The good times lend a juicy, refreshing quality in contrast to the variegated odds. Believing to have grown a tad wiser, I sip the present cocktail of niggles, crises and fun moments.

swinging on
the creaky gate
a kid celebrates
getting past
the puddle beneath

Sumitra Kumar
~

God Proposes, Man Disposes

Not one or two, but several government schemes the visionaries initiate may not entirely reach the targeted population. It's the most valid grouse of the people in every nation.

allowed to suckle
her mother just as much
to set the flow ...
will a newborn calf
ever know of her birthrights

Sumitra Kumar
~

A New Sun

This once-barren custard apple tree in the neighbouring house is now back to life.

dear son

The tree we thought didn't survive the scorching summers is full of leaves.

all's well at home

To our greater relief, standing in an unobtrusive spot unlike the other trees here, it has fortunately escaped the axe of the new plot owners.

yet your mom's worried ...

Will the kingfisher that frequented before return?

we anxiously await

Flooding with positive expectations, my heart takes a leap to settle in the comfort of sweet anticipation.

your homecoming

Susan Burch
~

Practice Makes Perfect

According to Denise Baer, “When you wake up with a song stuck in your head, it means an angel sang you to sleep.”

3-day coma -
waking up
with an entire
opera
burned into my brain

Susan Burch
~

By Poor Design

Walking along the sidewalk of a strip mall in the rain I notice a spout of water flooding the sidewalk. I tell my husband they should have built a gulley so people didn't have to walk through the water. He agreed and I said to follow my podcast - Married to a Maintenance Mechanic - for more helpful tips.

a leak in the hull
of Noah's Ark
sacrificing
the dinosaurs
to stay afloat

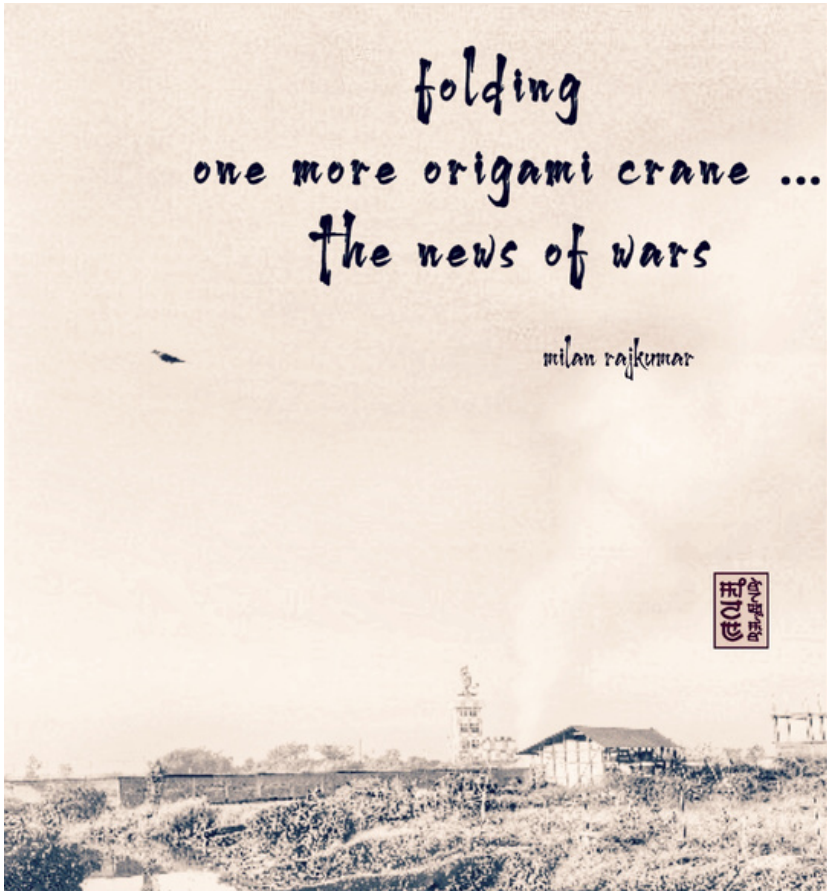
gembun with tanka

Amrutha V. Prabhu
~

Migratory birds visit again ...

with a sickle
in his mouth
he climbs a coconut tree ...
under the bright hot sun
our cool welcome drink

haiga



haiga



haiga

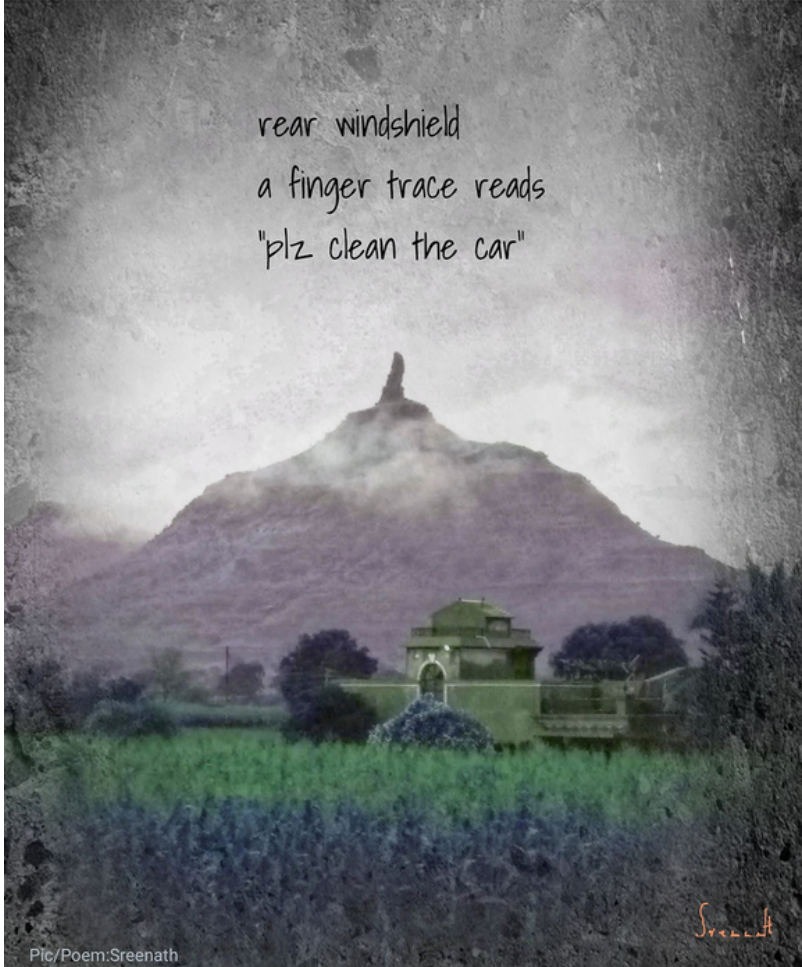


winter sun—
the burly cab driver
breaks the ice



Artwork and ku - Sankara Jayanth

haiga



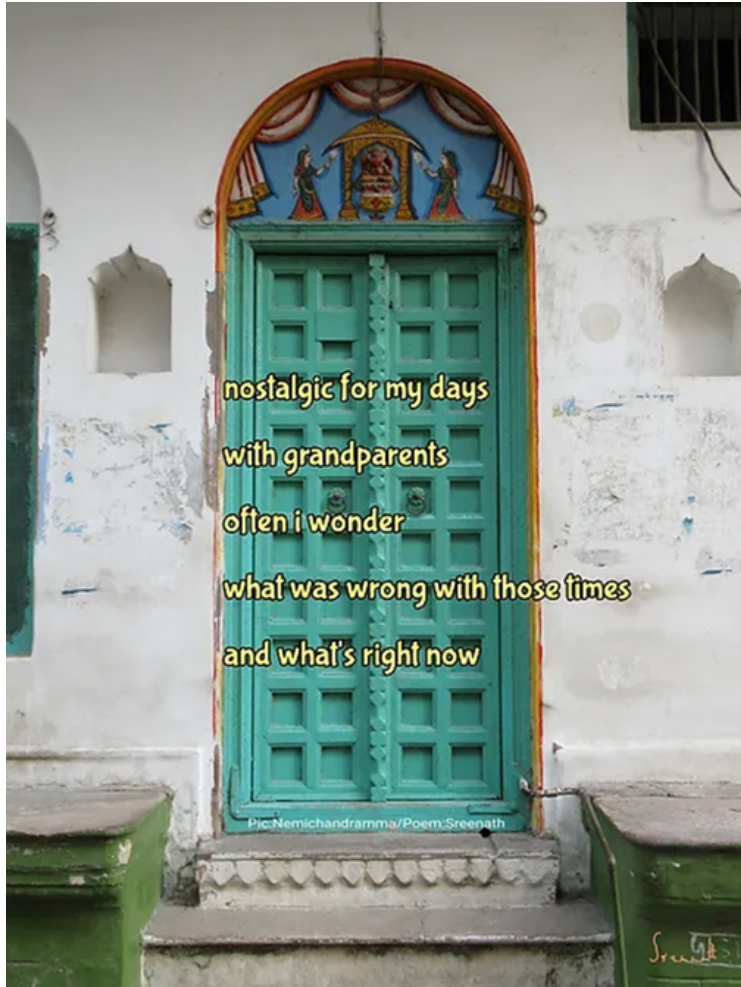
haiga



war debris all over
and this monsoon
late again

art and haiku: teji

tanka-art



nostalgic for my days
with grandparents
often i wonder
what was wrong with those times
and what's right now

Dear Readers
thank you for being with us.

See you once again on 22 February 2024!
with many more fine poems
from our contributors.

Team: *haikuKATHA*