

# haikuKATHA

unfolding the story within



Milind Mulick

Issue 22, August 2023

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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 22

August 2023

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

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## CONTENTS

Editors' Choice: <i>"nascent puddles"</i> by Alan Summers	1
Editors' Choice Commentary by Vandana Parashar	

### haiku

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt	2
Barrie Levine	
Billie Dee	
Billie Dee	3
Daipayan Nair	
Debarati Sen	4
Jharna Sanyal	
K Ramesh	
Keiko Izawa	
Keiko Izawa	5
Lev Hart	
Linda Papanicolaou	6
Mona Bedi	
Neena Singh	
Padma Rajeswari	
Robert Kingston	7
Samir Satam	
Sebastien Revon	
Srini	
Susan Burch	8
Vijay Prasad	

# CONTENTS

## one-line haiku

Arvinder Kaur 9  
Lakshmi Iyer  
Mona Bedi  
Robert Kingston

Samir Satam 10  
Susan Burch  
Vijay Prasad

## two-line haiku

Sebastien Revon 11

## four-line haiku

Alan Summers 12  
Arvinder Kaur  
Kala Ramesh  
Linda Papanicolaou

Linda Papanicolaou 13  
Lorraine Haig

Marilyn Ashbaugh 14

## concrete haiku

Disha Upadhyay 15

## CONTENTS

Barrie Levine	16
Steph Zepherelli	17
<b>tanka</b>	
Amrutha V. Prabhu	18
Arvinder Kaur	
Baisali Chatterjee Dutt	19
Billie Dee	
Bryan Rickert	20
Daipayan Nair	
Debarati Sen	21
Gauri Dixit	
Gauri Dixit	22
Hazel Hall	
Kala Ramesh	
Keith Evetts	23
Lakshmi Iyer	24
Linda Papanicolaou	
Lorraine Haig	25
Mona Bedi	
Priti Aisola	26

## CONTENTS

Reid Hepworth 27  
Robert Kingston

Robert Kingston 28  
Sreenath  
Suraja Menon Roychowdhury

Susan Burch 29  
Wanda Amos

### one-line tanka

Billie Dee 30  
Firdaus Parvez  
Kala Ramesh  
Linda Papanicolaou

Lorraine Haig 31  
Marilyn Ashbaugh

### haibun

*Down the Rabbit Hole* by Bonnie J Scherer 32  
*At Our Own Pace* by Firdaus Parvez 33  
*Cupped in a Palm* by Diana Webb 34  
*peeling an onion* by Kala Ramesh 35  
*Tilting* by Kate MacQueen 36  
*Memories of an Island House* by Lorraine Haig 37  
*Meagre Pickings* by Lorraine Haig 38  
*Premeditatio Malorum* by Mona Bedi 39  
*A Mystery* by Priti Aisola 40

## CONTENTS

<i>Just Desserts</i> by Reid Hepworth	41
<i>Passing Time (for Shannon)</i> by Reid Hepworth	42
Recipe for <i>The Getting of Wisdom</i> by Roberta Beary	43
<i>Nightjar</i> by Robert Kingston	44
<i>Cranking it up</i> by Sangita Kalarickal	45
<i>Summiting</i> by Sangita Kalarickal	46
<i>Turquoise Timbres</i> by Sumitra Kumar	47
<i>Restaurant Ninja</i> by Susan Burch	48
<i>Still Looking</i> by Susan Burch	49
<i>Efflorescence</i> by Vidya Shankar	50
<i>Mountain Climbers</i> by Vidya Shankar	51
<i>Silhouette</i> by Vidya Shankar	52

### **gembun**

Bonnie J Scherer	53
Bryan Rickert	54
Firdaus Parvez	55
Lakshmi Iyer	56
Reid Hepworth	57
Susan Burch	58
Susan Burch	59

### **tanka-prose**

<i>Earthlings</i> by Dipankar Dasgupta	60
<i>Green Fingers</i> by Lorraine Haig	61
<i>Shush ...</i> by Mona Bedi	62
<i>A Trip to the Mailbox</i> by Suraja Menon Roychowdhury	63
<i>Night Express</i> by Susan Burch	64



## CONTENTS

<i>Who wouldn't want to be</i> by Susan Burch	65
<i>House of Chaos</i> by Wanda Amos	66

### **gembun with tanka**

Firdaus Parvez	67
Reid Hepworth	68

### **haiga**

Sankara Jayanth Sudanagunta	69
Sreenath	70
Sreenath	71

### **tanka-art**

an'ya	72
Bonnie J Scherer	73
Sreenath	74

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

Our heartfelt thanks to:

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Kathleen MacQueen and Marilyn Ashbaugh

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for the month of July 2023,

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for his brilliant watercolour painting,

our contributors  
for sharing their poems.

**Editors' Choice Commentary: Vandana Parashar**  
**nascent puddles** by Alan Summers

nascent puddles  
how the rain  
empties, and fills  
and leaves again

Alan Summers

Four-line haiku, as a concept, was an ambiguous area for me that I was learning to embrace, and then I read this particular one by Alan Summers. The first line, “nascent puddles” is fresh and unique and draws the reader’s attention to the subtle change in the surroundings. It must have rained when the reader was probably asleep or buried in work. The word nascent suggests that it didn't rain much. The mere mention of rain is bound to raise the spirits. After all, who doesn't like to enjoy the rain with their loved ones - be it indoors enjoying a hot cuppa or feeling adventurous and going out on a long drive with soft drizzle playing background music over the car roof? The feeling that it won't rain forever and one should make the most of it is on everyone's mind. L3 and 4 not only echo that feeling but attenuate it. This haiku is a beautiful reminder that we cannot stop what is bound to happen. The seasons change, the rain falls, the sun rises and sets, and life goes on.

The most striking thing about this haiku is that it hits differently when read in different moods, just like the rain. Depending upon the reader’s mood, the rain might appear to be playful- filling and emptying the puddle, or it might make the reader contemplative about the ephemerality of life.

This haiku draws the reader in with its inherent movement and makes the reader feel one with nature. The use of “and” in L4 and L5 provides a tempo, and the result is an exquisitely evocative, fluid, and rhythmic four-line haiku.

## haiku

flying saucers --  
when the words we hurl  
aren't enough

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

backyard garden . . .  
my mother unravels  
a handful of beans

Barrie Levine

the patience  
of yawning rain spouts  
dust devils

Billie Dee

ferry wake  
leaving Amsterdam  
leaving you

Billee Dee

## haiku

a mountain  
in the lake a mountain  
in my mind

Billie Dee

slanting rain  
a disagreement fogs  
the cab

Daipayan Nair

umbrella stick —  
grandpa's query pokes  
the vendor's ribs

Daipayan Nair

betel leaf vine —  
a farmer chews the tip  
of her folksong

Daipayan Nair

## haiku

Karwa Chauth —  
within her palm  
the full moon

Debarati Sen

road trip...  
mustard fields  
speeding above limit

Jharna Sanyal

overnight rain ...  
boys point at a fish  
in the stream

K Ramesh

dark rain  
the cat keeps calling himself  
in the mirror

Keiko Izawa

## haiku

cloud peaks  
the boy runs with his fingers  
outstretched

Keiko Izawa

moonlit night  
a ball dress in the window  
about to dance

Keiko Izawa

dusk  
the village beneath a cloud  
of bats

Lev Hart

offering his works  
for the price of a bottle  
the master

Lev Hart

## haiku

no longer  
the man she married —  
Veterans Day

Linda Papanicolaou

she winks  
at the boy next door  
wild iris

Mona Bedi

scampering squirrels...  
i wish to be  
the garden pine

Neena Singh

lost in thoughts  
I reach my office  
in bathroom slippers

Padma Rajeswari



## haiku

bedroom dresser  
the jewellery box ballerina  
missing its spring

Robert Kingston

walking into light  
the night grows darker  
in my shadow

Samir Satam

psychedelic trip -  
in the ocean  
I am a goldfish

Sebastien Revon

post-lunch class  
only the lizard is  
awake

Srini

## haiku

still there  
beneath your smile  
permafrost

Susan Burch

haunted house --  
nothing has a habit  
of returning

Vijay Prasad

## one-line haiku

in a crowd of strangers the freedom to cry

Arvinder Kaur

full moon night whitens the whitening Rann of Kutch

Lakshmi Iyer

that final blush of pink sky a flamingo takes off

Lakshmi Iyer

iron fencing still the flight of a scream

Mona Bedi

walking barefoot the forest within

Robert Kingston

## one-line haiku

drawing furrows on foreheads my daughter's questions

Samir Satam

summer storm all hail me

Susan Burch

i cast a shadow no more mine

Vijay Prasad

braille this desire to touch

Vijay Prasad

## two-line haiku

down by the riverside  
someone else's to-do list

Sebastien Revon

## four-line haiku

nascent puddles  
how the rain  
empties, and fills  
and leaves again

Alan Summers

slanting rays  
    a monarch  
on my windowsill  
lifeless

Arvinder Kaur

gym workout  
the rhythm  
    of running  
bathwater

Kala Ramesh

summer lethargy —  
the book that was  
supposed to be  
a page turner

Linda Papanicolaou

## four-line haiku

boxing up  
my father's library  
I set aside  
the book he wrote

Linda Papanicolaou

summer bracken —  
I eavesdrop  
on the conversations  
between trees

Linda Papanicolaou

thick scrub  
the dark mouth  
of a mine shaft  
rustles with bats

Lorraine Haig

a box of greens  
from the farmer's market  
a snail reaches the top  
of the kale

Lorraine Haig

## four-line haiku

climate change  
                  a snail  
at my doorstep  
                  ponders why

Marilyn Ashbaugh

evening drifts  
through coyote wind  
the distant thunder  
of wildfires

Marilyn Ashbaugh



## concrete haiku

moonlit

path

eyes follow

each

spin

of the sakura

petal

Disha Upadhyay

## concrete haiku

string                              hammock  
    her                      sleeping  
        shadow

Barrie Levine

## concrete haiku

metronome  
t i c k i n g t i m e  
between breaths

Steph Zepherelli

## tanka

sprouting  
of thrown seeds  
    the world outside  
    this world  
my kitchen garden

Amrutha V. Prabhu

the one time  
I was harsh with mom  
lingering  
in my heart for years  
this bitter taste of regret

Arvinder Kaur

the heartache  
of a miscarriage  
years later ...  
I see a silhouette  
gone far far away

Arvinder Kaur

tanka

silence in the car  
after another round of words  
suddenly — mamma! the sky!  
    silence again  
as we drink in the sunset

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

pearl-gray doves  
preen on our window sill  
last night I dreamed  
you crept into the bedroom  
looking for your morphine

Billie Dee

my solitude  
in this high desert valley  
Comanche winds  
howl down the dry riverbed  
mourning its dammed up waters

Billie Dee

tanka

pond ripples  
from a thrown stone  
my reflection  
warped and scarred  
from years of you

Bryan Rickert

I run  
my fingers down  
her tresses  
for a lost magnolia  
these day-to-day quests

Daipayan Nair

today's garden  
blooming with daisies  
my memory  
still tilts towards her bicycle  
leaning against my fence

Daipayan Nair

tanka

seven years later  
he drunk-dials me,  
“I have named  
my daughter after you” —  
an autumn sky

Debarati Sen

standing  
inside the witness box  
on our divorce day  
    I measure the length  
of our differences

Debarati Sen

clammy hands  
and clumsy feet  
I stumble  
even today  
while walking into your den

Gauri Dixit

tanka

no one  
but a grey schoolbag  
to chat with  
I now understand why  
birds migrate in flocks

Gauri Dixit

he wanders  
into my hospital room  
searching  
for the home  
his son now occupies

Hazel Hall

i have  
no tongue to talk  
says a monk  
who has stilled her thoughts ...  
all my wasted years

Kala Ramesh



tanka

where the meadow was  
there are a thousand houses  
back to back  
each little cul-de-sac  
named for a songbird

Keith Evetts

a whole afternoon  
spent watching a couple  
of kingfishers dive  
I know I'm too lazy  
to better myself

Keith Evetts

where I now dwell  
in the cool of evening  
the river slows  
as though hesitant  
to meet the sea

Keith Evetts

## tanka

shifting shapes  
of desert sands ...  
the ups and downs  
of relationships strung  
together with what ifs

Lakshmi Iyer

excavator  
parked in the tall dry grass  
of an empty lot —  
where do the ghosts go  
when a house is torn down?

Linda Papanicolaou

what do we  
owe another?  
octopus  
arms splayed out against  
the glass of its tank

Linda Papanicolaou

tanka

the winter lake  
ripples with wind  
raised voices  
from the next room  
disturb our silence

Lorraine Haig

I love you  
just the way you are  
he says  
the next day  
she enrolls in Zumba

Lorraine Haig

letting the phone  
ring for the umpteenth time –  
on the screen  
the face of the man  
who betrayed me

Mona Bedi

tanka

dark drapes  
on my windows  
each gloomy thought  
flitting across my face  
so open to view

Priti Aisola

dance away  
the blues  
he says  
coconut palms swaying  
in the evening breeze

Priti Aisola

and now  
the silence you and i  
did not wish for —  
even the leaky tap  
is suddenly quiet

Priti Aisola

tanka

I didn't see  
the great blue heron  
at dawn  
like you, she has found  
a more desirable shore

Reid Hepworth

the sour taste  
of unripe blackberries  
fresh from the vine  
how can I move past  
our last conversation

Reid Hepworth

deep within  
the undergrowth  
that snake  
crossing our path  
in the sunlight

Robert Kingston

tanka

beneath  
billowing clouds  
moored yachts  
dance in disarray  
between tides

Robert Kingston

my home  
seems elsewhere ...  
how was i  
caught  
in the gravity of earth

Sreenath

nothing good  
comes from eavesdropping  
mother says  
we never got along  
so why pretend any more

Suraja Menon Roychowdhury

tanka

a stinkbug  
stuck on its back ...  
when you're wrong  
but keep insisting  
you're right

Susan Burch

promises  
promises  
now just the froth  
turning cold ...  
cappuccino heart

Wanda Amos

## one-line tanka

twilight teaching the mockingbird a new song iPhone-14Pro ring tone

Billie Dee

fragments of Sappho's verses lost poetry between the pages of my blank diary

Firdaus Parvez

fight that began stay till the end their married years a wasteland of pretence

Kala Ramesh

saltwater taffy the bell on the door of a boardwalk shop jingles in jingles out

Linda Papanicolaou



## one-line tanka

a walled courtyard in the nursing home no way to climb this mountain of insecurity

Lorraine Haig

prison's stone walls the color of bone shadows carve the quarry deeper

Lorraine Haig

a skein of geese off the cattail coast unraveling the wild part of me

Marilyn Ashbaugh

Bonnie J Scherer  
~

### Down the Rabbit Hole

Swooning at even the mention of his name, I eagerly await our next misadventure.

I imagine myself innocently thrown into a dangerous situation where he'll come to rescue me... again.

His mop of blond hair, steely blue eyes, thin lips that curl slightly when he smiles and the slow, deliberate delivery of his every word all serve to excite the exploding hormones of this 13-year-old girl.

a secret entrance  
to looking glass fantasy -  
childhood  
in the rearview mirror

Firdaus Parvez



At Our Own Pace

On a clear summer night, from the bamboo cot, you look up at the star-studded sky and wonder. But you're only six and stars are just stars and the moon is just a moon. What do you know?

But now at 50, you know a thing or two as you hurtle along with the entire solar system; the sun moving at the velocity of 828,000 kilometres per hour. And yet, despite this incredible speed it takes 230 million years to complete one orbit around the Milky Way.

Your son thinks it's mighty slow.

silver streaks  
crisscrossing the tarmac  
a slugfest

Diana Webb



### Cupped in a Palm

a scent of Debussy  
on my fingertips  
pinches of lavender

For a moment, I doze into childhood dreams, and sense winged creatures lingering.

nothing but air  
against my cheek  
first thistle seed

The legendary Russian dancer, Nijinsky danced in this ballet. He, who leapt light and high, he with the languor of long, lithe limbs.

lull of ripples  
over stone  
a creature's outline

As I pause, the music draws to a close.

a drop of water  
on the tongue  
solite of silence

Kala Ramesh



peeling an onion

a sage tells her disciples  
the wateriness of water equals the isness in is

have you seen  
hunger in a panhandler's eyes  
a ball of fire rising above the horizon

hammering rain  
a calf seeks  
her mother's udder

Kate MacQueen  
~

### Tilting

Days grow short. Leaves fall. Stars burn. House by house, the street through the woods lights up. First the purple of Halloween, then orange and yellow spills into Thanksgiving. Soon trees stand naked. White lights of the winter solstice appear alongside red and green for Christmas and blue for Hanukkah. New Year's Eve lights rocket skyward. On Valentine's Day, they pulse red in the sleeping gardens. Green appears with St. Paddy and a twinkling rainbow with the crocus and daffodils of spring solstice, Easter and Passover. Night recedes.

one neighbor  
with a dark sky need  
behind a tarp-lined fence

Lorraine Haig  
~

### Memories of an Island House

I'm up early to make sandwiches. The sun is rising over the far island to the east and filters through the mango tree near the verandah. Bluey my budgie hangs in the shade and starts chirping to the morning. I can hear the chickens calling for their breakfast. As the day warms, I open the doors and a sea breeze blows through carrying the sweet scent of frangipani. A poinciana combs its fingers through my hair as I enter the shade house, my feet cool on the rough stone tiles. This large outdoor room is filled with ferns tumbling from hanging baskets. I brush past pots of bromeliads with their pink and purple flowers and step into the kitchen.

a ferry's long whistle  
school children  
wait on the wharf

Lorraine Haig  
~

### Meagre Pickings

Never enough cherries in the summer that followed the late, hard frost. Only a few limes on the tree, even though I watered it well. The strawberries forgot summer altogether. Instead of luscious red berries, their tentacles erupted under a jungle of leaves as if the earth had whispered *death* in their ears.

The zucchinis opened their golden flowers and bees entered the sweet centres. Under the sun's hot assault, the fruits swelled, thrusting into the air.

open gate  
a wallaby  
helps herself



**Mona Bedi**



**Premeditatio Malorum**

*We don't always get what is rightfully ours, even if we've earned it - Seneca*

She had feared this illness long before it struck. To think about the worst that can happen to you before it actually happens doesn't prepare you for what finally comes. After all, pain is inevitable but suffering is optional.

fingernail moon  
the chemo port starts  
to itch

Priti Aisola



### A Mystery

Several years ago I chanced upon a bronze statuette at the Karnataka State Emporium – Ganesha doing Shivalinga puja. And I fell in love with it instantaneously.

Along with our other bronzes, I displayed it on a shelf in my parents' home. So enamoured was I of this statuette that I would show it to all the friends and relatives who visited us. With eager delight I would rave of its exquisiteness, 'Look at the different ornaments he is adorned with. How intricate the workmanship! And notice the long braid decorated with jewelry. Like that of a dancer! And the well-shaped arms extended towards the lingam in a gesture of offering something ... perhaps, flowers.'

And, one day, this Ganesha statuette vanished. For several years I searched in vain for another one like it.

When I learnt the Patachitra form of painting a few years ago, I requested my teacher to help me draw and paint Ganesha doing Shivalinga puja. My best effort went into this gift for my son.

latticed canopy ...  
the shadows meet  
and part

Reid Hepworth

Just Desserts

Our neighbours take great pride in their front garden. Every Saturday, Mr. Elliot spends the day mowing, weeding and pruning his little piece of paradise. So, when my brother and I play out front, we have to be careful that our toys don't cross the lot line, otherwise, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot will give us the stink eye, or worse lecture us about being respectful.

This morning, I'm outside skipping on the sidewalk when a man walks by with an old English sheepdog. They pass me and stop in front of the Elliot's. The dog sniffs, squats and poops on their pristine lawn.

I watch with interest as they quickly walk away, leaving the mess sitting there like an odorous art installation. I'm about to laugh when I notice Mrs. Elliot opening her front door. She runs down her steps and across the lawn.

"Hey mister, you forgot something!" she yells, leaning down and picking up the turd in her bare hands.

I stand transfixed.

The man stops and turns just as Mrs. Elliot rears back and hurls the shit at him, hitting him square in the chest. It runs down his shirt, and falls on top of his shoes.

"That'll teach you", she says and storms back to her house, giving me the stink eye as she goes past.

midsummer eve  
we take turns egging  
the old house

Reid Hepworth  
~

Passing Time (for Shannon)

The smell of sulfur permeates the air, stings our nostrils and clings to our clothes. We take turns, striking and flicking matches onto the ground, watching the flames flicker and die. Mesmerized by the light, neither of us wants to go home.

funeral pyre  
all that you were  
just a memory

Roberta Beary

Recipe for The Getting of Wisdom

*Measure and Mix Together in Mum's favourite bowl:*

One teaspoon Faith (after your sister says of course she'll lend a hand)

One tablespoon Hope (after Mum says she can look after herself)

Three ounces Charity (when Mum dresses herself without the carer's help)

*Stir In:* Pinch of Faith (after your sister says she'll be there)

Pinch of Hope (as Mum hands you the finished easy crossword)

Pinch of Charity (when Mum leaves the salon looking better than you)

*Do a Taste Test — If Needed Add:*

One dusting of Faith (today is 'family day' and your sister cancels last minute)

*Do a Second Taste Test — If Needed Add:*

One dusting of Hope (after Mum calls you Mother and you don't correct her)

*Set:*

At room temperature (in the graduation goblet Mum surprised you with she was that proud)

*Sprinkle:*

A handful of Van Gogh's irises (you and Mum saw the painting once just the two of you)

*Serve:*

The Getting of Wisdom: As needed for your heart's content.

visiting day  
a babydoll fills  
the wheelchair

Robert Kingston  
~

Nightjar

I can't say I knew her, even though she travelled through my body as if there was some kind of cosmic allegiance. Often, among bouts of insomnia, I would don my ear phones, lay back on the sofa and let her flow.

a rendition  
Mandinka drift through  
the undergrowth

Sangita Kalarickal



### Cranking it up

Lightning zigzags through the ink dark sky. A few moments later comes the boom. The roof shakes, the walls shudder.

My eyes are now accustomed to the darkness. There's a slight shiver in the silhouette at our bedroom door. In the post-thunder silence, I hear the whimper first.

“Mamma ...?”

snowmelt  
the fledgling nuzzles  
into the soft down

Sangita Kalarickal



Summiting

Darkness shrouds us. Flashlights prove useless on the mountainous route to Lohagad. “We’ll just wait until the clouds move a little and more stars appear.” YD’s voice reaches the trailing member of the group. We all stop, puffing and panting.

edges of leaves brown before the florets bloom

We squint and try to discern the shapes of trees, bushes, boulders. A twinkle appears, then another, and within a few seconds a large rally of light points. We stand agape. Our urban hearts pound loud. Perhaps when the clouds are so dense the stars descend to the earth.

spring equinox  
the slight pause  
before a crocus

YD returns from his quick walk ahead, his palms cupped. “Come, see my fist light up!” We huddle around him as he loosens his fingers enough to show his glowing fist. We let out a collective gasp. And then in a moment he opens his palms, drops his arms to his sides, and the firefly takes off. Glowing, now off, now on.

new destinations  
what fallen leaves  
leave behind



Sumitra Kumar  
~

### Turquoise Timbres

The almost-barren custard apple tree welcomes the white-breasted kingfisher, who visits the tree by force of habit. Looking striking against the bare branches, I see a fleeting glimpse of her beauty before she takes off to perch on our compound wall.

It is good that birds do not brood too long over loss, yet it saddens me that I may not see her again.

holding  
onto the past —  
empty house

Susan Burch  
~

Restaurant Ninja

My husband chucks coasters at me like they're Chinese throwing stars. Of course one hits me in the face and leaves a mark.

deciding  
I like it  
fight club moon

Susan Burch  
~

Still Looking

A sparrow visits my window and before I know it, I get my hopes up again of having a bird friend.

table for one chopped liver

Vidya Shankar  
~

### Efflorescence

"Bees are vital for plant reproduction," explains 'Bee Man' Selvakumar.

I watch him shift the frames of his hives with his bare hands and let out an audible gasp as some of the insects settle on his palm and move up his wrist.

"Contrary to popular belief, they don't always sting," he tells me. "Stinging is suicidal for a bee."

filling the spaces  
of a colouring page...  
pollen pants

Vidya Shankar  
~

### Mountain Climbers

A new July morning greets me with a light drizzle and I flutter my eyes open. It is going to be a pleasant day, I tell myself.

Last year, this day, I had woken up in a hospital room, in the ‘bed’ meant for the caretaker. In a few minutes, my husband was going to be wheeled into the operation theatre for a cancer removal surgery that would last for about fourteen hours. I did not care that the weather was stifling, humid and hot and that later, rain had claimed the day to bring some respite.

krishnapaksha  
words lost in the breaking  
of plunging waves

In tune with the drizzle is the gentle breathing of my husband beside me. I smile. He stirs. “What’s the time?” he drawls sleepily. I don’t reply but slide closer, placing my head upon his shoulder and wrapping an arm around him...for the first time in the year since the surgery. The illness and surgery have taken a toll on his weight, yet I am not prepared for the smallness of his frame. I shudder and consider moving away but he restrains me and holds me tight. I feel his strength as he whispers, “Remember, we are winners.”

shape of spring —  
squirrels scamper  
on sunlit branches

Vidya Shankar  
~

### Silhouette

Appa looked forward to Januarys when he would receive new diaries. The woody fragrance of crisp paper gave him great joy.

By February–March, he would visit me with the diaries in a bag — the off-white, lined pages as fresh and yearning to be used. Those were the years I did not think of myself as a writer.

brown leaves  
beneath a hibiscus shrub  
summer afternoon

Bonnie J Scherer  
~

Less than 100,000 giraffe remain in the wild.

sticking my neck out  
for the elephant  
in the room

Bryan Rickert  
~

In relationships, why am I the one who is always in pain?

lightning strike  
the fire  
you lit in me



**Firdaus Parvez**  
~

she has ice-pick killer eyes

blue-grey sky  
a fine day  
to fall in love

Lakshmi Iyer  
~

the wayside palmist reads our faces

subsided rain  
the spider's web  
safe and still

Reid Hepworth  
~

Every night without fail, she triple checks the knobs on the stove.

house fire  
the lingering stench  
of loss

Susan Burch  
~

My daughter says, “feel better” to the roadkill.

crystal ball  
cloudy with a chance  
of meatballs

*with thanks to “cloudy with a chance of meatballs” author Judi Barrett.*

Susan Burch  
~

My 44-year-old sister wants me to join Snapchat so she can talk to me as  
broccoli.

hot tub selfie two peas in a pod

Dipankar Dasgupta  
~

## Earthlings

Befuddled villagers stare at the man wearing shiny boots. Shiny says, “We need your land for a factory.”

“But we farm here,” says one. “Oh, don’t worry. We’ll help you shift,” Shiny shines.

“But we farm here,” another trembling voice points out.

“Don’t believe a word they say,” snarls a politician. “The peanuts they spend on you will bring them billions. Join us instead, we’ll show you the right way.”

“But we farm here,” the villagers repeat.

Building material keeps arriving in trucks, tons of earth-swallowing cement. Brick-trees grow.

residents climb skywards  
in condominiums  
seeking safety  
homeless  
poisonous snakes

Lorraine Haig  
~

Green Fingers

I push her wheelchair up the steep incline to the roses that border the path. The scent from a deep pink bloom draws us closer. I cut it off to put in a vase for her. Mum would often lean over someone's fence when she was out walking and snip off a tip. We nip off a piece of purple geranium that she insists I take home and propagate.

sunshine  
in the nursing home's garden  
I click  
photo after photo  
hoping for her smile

**Mona Bedi**



**Shush ...**

All my cousins have moved away. After dad, the little bonhomie that existed faded. I sit alone on Diwali eve scrolling through messages from acquaintances. The toran on the door moves in the November breeze giving me company.

I miss the chit-chat of a large family. There were times when the cook worked nonstop churning out sweets by the dozen. Today I bought a box of mithai for the immediate family from an online store.

peeling paint  
on a teal blue door  
forever  
the welcome  
of my ancestral home



Suraja Menon Roychowdhury

### A Trip to the Mailbox

Once upon a time letters used to arrive. I had 3 pen pals. Two in England, and one in the US. I wonder what happened to them. We started writing to each other when we were 10 or so and stopped at about 16 yrs.

I wish I could've written Danielle when I was coming to the US as a nervous student. I still have her picture. A cute 12-year-old with chubby cheeks and pink lips. I could've picked her out at the airport at O'Hare, I'm sure. And she would've come with me to the Holiday Inn at the corner of Touhy and Mannheim and explained how the hotel lights would only come on if you inserted the keycard in the slot. Oh, wait ... did they have keycards and slots almost 30 years ago?

Funny, how they've traveled with me all these years. Catherine and Christine and Danielle.

curry leaves  
in my pasta sauce  
travelogues  
when did we arrive  
to the end of September?

Susan Burch  
~

Night Express

I send you love every night. A push from my heart into the universe, hoping somehow it gets to you.

bell jar -  
as the nights go by,  
I get closer  
to sticking  
my head in the oven

Susan Burch  
~

Who wouldn't want to be

a dragon rider of Pern, flying through the skies & saving the land from being scorched by threads that fell from the sky? But even before that, hatching day, when a baby dragon might choose you and instantly bond with you for life.

blue moon —  
of all the worlds  
to be born in,  
this one  
lacking dragons

Wanda Amos  
~

### House of Chaos

The kids are sick, again. You drink VB every day and refuse to find meaningful work. The dog has eaten the cockatiel and destroyed the sofa ...

glooming cumulus  
rumble with thunder  
warnings  
the scatter and screams  
of black cockatoos

## gembun with tanka

**Firdaus Parvez**  
~

she knows the shape of his fist

gooseberries  
splattered on the sidewalk  
in fading light  
blue-black shadows stretch  
then bend to scale walls

## gembun with tanka

Reid Hepworth  
~

Even a 600-year-old cedar eventually falls.

morning stroll  
with my walker  
feeling  
the vulnerability  
of my spine

## haiga



ku & pic: Sankara Jayanth Sudanagunta

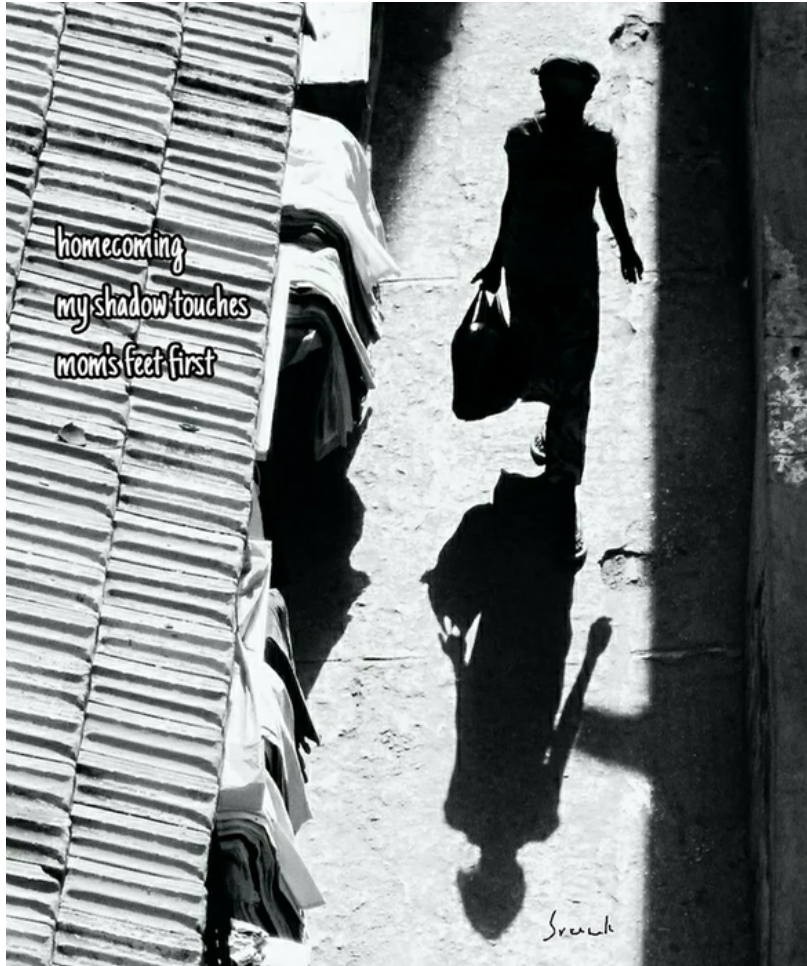
haiga



Sreenath  
photo credit: pixabay.com



haiga



Sreenath

photo credit: pexels.com



fight or flight  
a space once shared  
no longer  
sibling fledglings  
in the same nest

an'ya

tanka and pic : an'ya

tanka-art



tanka-art



Sreenath  
photo by Ronald Plett on Pixabay.com

Dear Readers  
thank you for being with us.

See you once again on 22 September 2023!  
with many more fine poems  
from our contributors.

Team: *haikuKATHA*