

# haikuKATHA

unfolding the story within



Milind Mulick

Issue 24, October 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.

# haikuKATHA

unfolding the story within

Issue 24  
October 2023

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

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

Our heartfelt thanks to:

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

Artist Milind Mulick  
for his brilliant watercolour painting,

our contributors  
for sharing their poems.

**Editors' Choice Commentary:** Kala Ramesh  
*ancestral village* by Padma Rajeswari

The Mantra of “Less is More”

Padma is a recent entrant to the haikai world whose ku shows sensitivity and a firm grasp of the much-talked-about principle of “less is more.”

What is it that makes an ancestral village so enticing for city dwellers? Maybe it has to do with the ubiquitous flavour of simplicity and minimalism in living styles. It evokes memories and associations of people, forefathers, traditions, festivities and ceremonies. To this add the seamless stretch of an azure sky, the lush greenery, and fields filled with rows of crops and colourful seasonal vegetables and fruits. In contrast, we have the hustle-bustle of everyday city life — the air thick with pollution, smoke-filled roads, honking cars, busy, overcrowded streets and incessant phone calls robbing us of peace and solitude.

All this comes across beautifully in this ten-word ku, explaining less is more:

**ancestral village  
I lose my big words  
in small alleys**

Padma Rajeswari

I want to mention just two aesthetic qualities that beg to be noticed - Ma and Karumi.

Ma means space, intervals and lack of clutter.

Karumi means lightness and clarity. Think of standing on the beach with the frothy waves hitting you and receding without fuss. You can see your toes pressed clearly in the sand. This is similar to the way that Basho explained Karumi.

Ls 2 & 3 have this striking image:

**I lose my big words in small alleys**

These two lines are what will draw a reader into this haiku. We may have experienced these moments on our own visits to our ancestral village, but to express the experience so succinctly is not easy. A powerful thought in simple words brings out the haiku spirit.

Padma has infused this poem with layers of meaning, which made me sit up and read it a second time, as I'm sure you will too, dear readers.

## haiku

sloshing rain  
ten minutes with the TV  
on mute

Adelaide B. Shaw

a STOP sign  
riddled with bullet holes  
desert wind

Billie Dee

rough seas  
we push on through  
the plastic

Bryan Rickert

first date  
he takes the longest route  
to drive me home

Christine L Villa

haiku

DEAD END  
we ignore the signs

Eavonka Ettinger

always first  
                                breath  
always last

Jan Stretch

baby's breath —  
we always thought  
we'd have more time

John Pappas

until the tree  
is stripped bare  
dementia

John Pappas

## haiku

family vacation  
Ganesha bounces  
on the dashboard

Kavita Ratna

autumn breeze  
the yakuza plays a love song  
with four fingers

Keiko Izawa

autumn chill  
a limping dog looks back  
at the street

Keiko Izawa

yellowing osiers  
a pair of moorhens call  
to their last chick

Keith Evetts

## haiku

the little stream  
in its autumn voice —  
leaf boat

Linda Papanicolaou

dropping tide  
the wind whistles through  
whale bones

Lorraine Haig

moonglow  
the forest moves  
its shadows

Lorraine Haig

a glimpse  
of my former self ...  
wild lupins

Lorraine Haig

## haiku

rag rug  
the cat's shadow  
slumbers

Marilyn Ashbaugh

deep winter —  
the warmth of tea  
in a chipped cup

Mona Bedi

ancestral village  
I lose my big words  
in small alleys

Padma Rajeswari \*ECC

darkest night  
the cries of those  
left standing

Reid Hepworth



## haiku

desert storm  
those tanks rusting  
in the sand

Robert Kingston

heritage garden  
a distant grandfather speaks  
Mongolian

Robert Kingston

rush hour dribble  
a warm croissant spurts  
blueberry jam

Rupa Anand

twilight  
I put the book down  
on fresh grass

Sébastien Revon

## haiku

stars  
shelter behind clouds  
wartime sky

Srini

last breath —  
the name becoming  
a body

Sumitra Kumar

## one-line haiku

before and after the tsunami calm horizon

Keiko Izawa

yielding to peer pressure ripe peach

Marilyn Ashbaugh

changing the locks yet again this old age

Mona Bedi

mood swings the light on my dark side

Robert Kingston

the wind in a leaf in the wind

Srini

a flower repotting me

Susan Burch

## four-line haiku

home blown to pieces  
at the piano  
a woman composing  
herself

Lev Hart

## concrete haiku

doom  
scroll  
ing  
the  
end  
less  
tides

Bryan Rickert

## concrete haiku

deep  
in  
my  
chair  
a train runs along the windowsill

Lev Hart

## concrete haiku

waterfall  
a  
cascade  
of  
ferns  
down  
the  
rock  
face

Lorraine Haig

concrete haiku

safe for now i  
p n  
o s  
r i  
d world d  
w e  
e d a

Vibha Malhotra



tanka

my perfect garden  
till a deer and her fawn  
nibble on the hosta;  
the flush of anger gone  
when they turn and look at me

Adelaide B. Shaw

dreaming  
of jacaranda blossoms  
on a winter's day  
my memory road  
long and sweetly scented

Adelaide B. Shaw

more snow —  
filling the feeder  
with numbing fingers  
I ask myself, why do I  
take on new obligations?

Adelaide B. Shaw

tanka

a splatter  
of patterns on canvas  
running my finger  
down the ruins  
of his mind

Anju Kishore

childhood pet  
named Emily after  
Dickinson  
she was never just  
an ordinary rodent

an'ya

re-reading  
your old love letters  
I wonder  
if we still look at the moon  
in the same way

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

tanka

along  
with kitchen scraps  
my tired old betta  
down the disposer ...  
46 brilliant moons

Billie Dee

two lovers part  
in opposite directions —  
from each car  
a dog sticks out its head  
ears flapping in the wind

Billie Dee

this horse with no name  
takes me for a trot  
the rhythm of hooves  
broken only by a dog  
named Trouble

Bonnie J Scherer

tanka

skipping stones  
down by the stream  
this wish  
to be the child  
I never was

Bryan Rickert

for two  
different reasons  
the cat and I  
enjoying our day  
birdwatching

Bryan Rickert

so much  
of my love for her  
unrequited  
the little house cat  
I call my own

Bryan Rickert

tanka

dance of dust motes  
caught in a golden shaft  
of morning light  
I still see a glimpse  
of your very first smile

Christine L Villa

a small sandy moth  
caught in the lamplight  
flutters and dies  
sad, I pray  
that its spirit can fly

Joy McCall

where at last  
we are laid to rest  
in the earth  
in years to come,  
flowers will be growing

Joy McCall

tanka

her gaze  
bores into mine  
this beggar  
dares to take such liberty  
to upset my peaceful day

Kala Ramesh

without words  
within  
    i walk  
the path  
of oneness

Kala Ramesh

lorikeets  
in the garden  
since you passed  
do they bring  
news of your well-being?

Kanjini Devi

tanka

among so many  
little chirping sparrows  
how can I tell  
if any one of them  
is lonely

Keith Evetts

back from the vet  
with my eyes still wet  
just an old cat gone  
while all the forsythias  
are out in the sun

Keith Evetts

with a sigh I close  
the curtains you made  
on the garden I planted  
the bark of our apple tree  
crusted with age

Keith Evetts

tanka

woodpecker's call  
at my window  
early dawn  
the anxiety-drumming voice  
over deforestation

Lakshmi Iyer

I wonder  
where crows fly to  
in the gathering dusk  
do they also fear  
scavengers of the dark

Lakshmi Iyer

slicing  
a pomegranate ...  
the wonder  
of the trillion blood cells  
in you and me and them

Lakshmi Iyer



tanka

Harris hawk  
on a falconer's glove —  
the sweeping view  
from canyon precipice  
to a clarion sky

Linda Papanicolaou

old man  
with a small bouquet —  
his bony knees  
shuffling through the gates  
of the village graveyard

Linda Papanicolaou

a friend and I  
made midnight shortcuts  
through the graveyard  
once I used to fear ghosts  
now it's my dark side

Lorraine Haig

tanka

an orange glow  
behind the monoliths  
in silhouette  
boy and his dog  
moon gazing

Lorraine Haig

in early light  
walking along the beach  
already  
your plane is miles high  
and I'm a grain of sand

Lorraine Haig

no longer  
strong enough  
to mew  
the rescued cat's faint purr  
still vibrates with love

Marilyn Ashbaugh

tanka

a fledgling  
waits for its mother –  
tonight  
I hum to myself  
a long-lost lullaby

Mona Bedi

I set free  
the parrot I rescued –  
a lingering wish  
to hold on to those  
we let go

Mona Bedi

night alone —  
I trace my hand  
over the Milky Way  
stopping at the star  
I think is you

Mona Bedi

tanka

early morning  
Vinayaka chants ...  
a pigeon  
saunters up and down  
our Airbnb balcony

Priti Aisola

the blurry forms  
of trees as I sit  
by a train window ...  
some memories never lose  
their clear cold outlines

Priti Aisola

a string of birds  
on a low-hanging  
power line -  
I adjust the coral beads  
around my child's neck

Priya Narayanan

tanka

heat wave ...  
after so many months  
apart  
we rediscover the joys  
of togetherness

Reid Hepworth

in the dark  
places of my mind  
those little specks  
of starlight left behind  
by the thorns

Robert Kingston

at mother's home  
first smelling the irises  
then hydrangeas  
I'm left searching  
for her own scent

Robert Kingston

tanka

the clay pot  
rests on my lap in the car ...  
the river  
flowing east waits  
to embrace her

Rupa Anand

the twilight nest  
brims over with chatter  
how loud  
the emptiness  
inside my home

Sanjuktaa Asopa

wet squirrel  
on a slippery branch  
I wonder  
whether or not  
to take the leap

Sanjuktaa Asopa

tanka

no flowers yet  
near their grave ...  
even death  
does not seem  
to erase every grudge

Srini

trying to fix  
a phrase in a poem  
I look outside:  
the unedited sky  
abounds with stars

Srini

my eyes glued  
to the cradle all night  
cat's cries  
from the street corner  
human-like

Sumitra Kumar

tanka

in the park  
at our June wedding  
I wear blue  
we say our vows to sounds  
of birds and a Harley

Susan Beth Furst

heart murmurs -  
perhaps they're  
secrets  
you're tired  
of keeping

Susan Burch

how my muffin top  
became a bread basket  
a memoir written  
in the fat cells  
of my belly

Susan Burch



tanka

about to migrate  
I tell the hummingbirds  
to remember  
my feeders, my house,  
my face

Susan Burch

doesn't it get lonely  
on the mountain peak,  
virgin snow  
what do you talk about  
when the clouds come

Vandana Parashar

the flick  
of the goanna's tongue  
keeps time  
with a haunting rhythm  
...corroboree

Wanda Amos

Eavonka Ettinger

**Storm Warning**

My husband and I are watching TV, and we're in the midst of a heatwave so the a/c is on. I start to think the noise from it is affecting my hearing in my right ear.

*lightning flash*

I can't stop messing with my ear. It has a persistent white noise that frightens me. My research suggests earwax build-up. I curse my Q-tips and plan a trip to Urgent Care.

*across the valley*

The doctor finds my ear is clean. She suggests contacting my PCP for an MRI. Panic sets in. Once home, I discover it is likely I have Sudden Sensorineural Hearing Loss, and without steroids in the next 2 days, I may have white noise and hearing loss permanently.

*thunder rolls*

Luckily, I get into my doctor the next day. She starts me on very high doses of steroids for 15 days, and then I'm referred immediately to a specialist. I am within the 2 days, but the ENT doctor warns me there is only a 33% chance I will regain all my hearing and be freed of the white noise.

8 days later, just as Hurricane Hilary becomes a tropical storm in my area, I wake up free of all complications.

gentle patter  
of midday rain ...  
somewhere a bow

Kala Ramesh



### Bridge Over a Lily Pond

*twilight hues*

I lean closer to the water lily — it's just a daub of paint. I tell this to a man who has been painting water lilies day in and day out for the last 30 years. Daubs and more daubs of paint all over the canvas. I shake my head. He points to the window. From his first-floor studio, I see the water lily garden.

*again and again*

After a pause, I turn back to his easel. The room is empty. I go down the wooden stairs and along a passage with paintings of Japanese women. When I reach the pond, Monet is in deep thought. My reflection in the water merges with the reflection of the arched wooden bridge. I see it now and apologise. He smiles.

*the horizon reinvents itself*

## haibun

Kala Ramesh



muscle power

*river carries the raga of a thousand moons*

when mian tansen sang the raga, it created fire and heat as no other ever could

earth now in crackling flames: she comes, tansen's daughter, to sing a melody to  
put out the fire that would otherwise burn her father to ashes ... and it rains

*wood-deep echo of a cuckoo's song*

Lorraine Haig

Houseboat

The Murray River weaves between the high banks pock-marked with nesting holes. Huge red gums grow from the water's edge and at times shoulder the crumbling sandstone cliffs. A sapling has sprouted in the crack of a half-submerged boulder.

*warmth of the sun*

We pass a dump of rusty cars on a ridge. Occasionally power lines thread the edge and then disappear to a nearby town. From an overhanging branch a tattered rope dangles in the flow.

*curling through the landscape*

The old trees along the flats struggle in the dry. They need a flood to survive and it's been years since that's happened. Four-wheel-drive tracks and burnt-out campfires scar the land.

*this ancient serpent*

A whistling kite skims the smooth surface and hooks a fish. Drops of water sparkle in an arc of light.

The river has changed course leaving a billabong framed with paperbarks and boobiallas. As we search for a suitable spot to spend the night, afternoon descends into a din of birdsong.

Lorraine Haig

### Footprints in the Sand

We open the door to warmth and soft music. The curtains are closed. A sense of calm pervades.

There's no phone or TV in our log cabin. We hear waves lapping the shore. We succumb to the green feel of peace; our cabin walls, the carpet of leaves, moss on the rocks, the clear, deep water.

jolted awake  
a possum scampers  
across the roof

Lorraine Haig  
~

### Sailing to New Guinea

The sliding roof is open to the sky. A curious gull glides over the cruise ship then returns. Above the pool decorative silver dolphins are stranded mid-air. In the soporific heat the horizon fades in a haze. Some watch for a flying fish or a whale while others daydream beneath the drift of clouds. Library books lie in the sun, limp as those in deck chairs.

meditation  
breathing the deep blue  
of an ocean

Marilyn Humbert  
~

**Breaking Out**

I escape to the outback when black moods overwhelm me. Here, beside Jardine Lagoon, I begin to heal.

wings spread  
in circling dance  
four brolgas



**Mona Bedi**



**Quest**

I sit on the swing on my porch. A warm summer zephyr caresses my face. The grass in my lawn flutters in the breeze. A yellow butterfly hops from the sunflowers to the roses finally settling on a nasturtium.

*low tide*

It is then I spot a trail of ants along the porch steps. Tirelessly, diligently they are carrying grains of sugar. Marching along, they climb up a wall in the garden.

*we slowly rebuild*

One of them falls, gets up and starts climbing again. All this on a lazy summer afternoon!

*the sandcastle*

Reid Hepworth  
~

### Change of Seasons

It happens without warning, this betrayal of my body. One day I'm a kid and the next I'm at the Hudson's Bay department store trying on training bras with my aunt.

I'm not sure whose idea it was. Certainly not mine. I'd much rather be hanging ten on my skateboard or building forts in the backyard. Instead, I stand bare-chested and mortified while my aunt yells out to the saleslady, "She needs a bigger size, she needs a bigger size."

All I know is that I won't be carrying the bag when we leave the store.

rosebuds  
this too  
shall pass

Robert Kingston

Break Point

Waking in the outback is somewhat stilling for most.

*tempest weather*

Be it a tundra, a mountain, a desert or a deep forest.

*the storm in a teacup*

The first thought generally is to look to the stars and ask why me?

*lips out*

Sandip Chauhan

**Green Echoes**

I remember my first encounter with the alien grass and trees quite vividly. I can't help but sense a nature so distinct, so self-contained, dancing to its silent tune.

*gypsy summer*

With each passing moment, my eyes root themselves in this unfamiliar terrain.

*the scenes I interpret*

I do not merely see the green of maple leaves in spring; I feel the greenery, a root nurtured through endless epochs.

*in my mother tongue*

Susan Burch  
~

**Avian Call-off**

I'm sorry I won't be able to make it in to work today. I have to stay home and watch for birds.

*muggy days thirsting for you*

Susan Burch  
~

5 Second Rule?

One of my pretzel bites dropped onto the floor. Will I die if I eat it?

not smarter  
than a 5th grader  
Staphylococcus

Vidya Shankar  
~

### Mukha Lepham

Though uncomfortable, I wear a surgical mask whenever I go out.

*clipped wings*

No one stares at me. But they would if I didn't wear one.

*all those pictures*

The mask hides my distorted right cheek and scarred chin – cruel reminders of the cancers that afflicted me.

*of flawless looks*

\*Mukha Lepham is an Ayurvedic anti-blemish face treatment.

## gembun

**Bonnie J Scherer**  
~

The superstition that dragonflies can sew up the ears, eyes, or mouth of a sleeping child.

darning needle  
piercing holes  
in your story



Lakshmi Iyer  
~

pondering over the graphics of relationships

a caged parrot  
in the jigsaw puzzle  
released

Reid Hepworth  
~

negotiating with the sleep gods

a woodpecker  
pecks at the metal roof  
sunrise

## gembun

Vidya Shankar  
~

when I have all the reasons to holler and run away

20kmph  
palmyrahs in Panruti  
stand firm and rooted

Adelaide B. Shaw  
~

### Buttons and Bows

I have a new dress to wear on Easter Sunday. Little white bows printed on a red background. Short puffed sleeves. Mother-of-pearl buttons. New shoes, too. Black patent Mary Janes. In the days before Easter, the dress hangs on the door of my closet where I can see it clearly. I imagine myself wearing it in church, swishing the skirt, tapping my shoes, being admired by the whole congregation.

anticipation  
the fever of excitement  
runs high  
the fever of measles  
runs even higher

Arvinder Kaur  
~

### Almost There

There is often no time to fuss on oneself. Filing the nails daintily or painting them in the latest fashionable shade. Chores take it all. The only “me” time you get is when you hit the pillow and there is this moment before you close your tired eyes.

bunions  
and crooked toes  
what it took  
to know the pain  
of mother’s journey

Billie Dee  
~

### Pediatrics

Back in the day I'd pull double shifts at the County Hospital, then race home to my waiting lover, shower, dress, dance all night in that smokey little dive off Sunset Boulevard – limp home, nap, shower, dress, repeat . . .

last day working  
in the Emergency Room  
tooth marks  
on an infant's thigh  
wide as her father's grin

Bryan Rickert  
~

### In Bloom

In a life full of stress and obligation, where to-do lists only get longer, her love is the quiet place that refreshes my soul.

my phone  
vibrates a message  
from her ...  
a butterfly dancing  
on peonies

Firdaus Parvez  
~

### Magical Places

As a child I had this habit of hiding. Under the bed, in the laundry hamper, inside any nook or corner I could squeeze myself. And I would fall asleep while hiding. My mother spent the better part of the day looking for me. I didn't know why she never liked the game.

huddled  
inside the closet  
I wander  
through my mind  
looking for Narnia



Keith Evetts  
~

### A Way Through the Woods

In the bluebell years we are green and trembling as ferns, and know of destiny  
only from tales in books read in secret.

I recall your name  
from our first and only date  
at the cinema  
more than six decades ago ...  
there was surely some movie

Keith Evetts  
~

### Stranded

In solitude I walk the shore, tide ebbing to the sea's black rim, the constellations of our galaxy brightening once more. What meaning has death for a star? I think of you, and wonder where you are, of whom you dream. And why.

the full moon gleams  
on estuary mud  
as autumn comes  
how lost love lingers  
in the curlew's cry

Linda Papanicolaou  
~

### Bieber Fever

But she used to be such a quiet, earnest student!

In long, slim jeans and a clingy knit top with its neck buttons open, she breezes into the classroom just after the bell rings, having tested how far she can push before I mark her tardy — then slides in close to her best friend and begins to chatter breathlessly as if they haven't seen each other since Science.

I wait, staring pointedly. She pauses briefly, then we do it all again. New seating charts? I've tried that — she'll start hand signaling and lip reading across the room. Or she'll engage the boy on her other side, long auburn hair brushing provocatively against his shoulder.

Was I like that in eighth grade?

pouting as if  
I could not possibly  
understand  
this child who's young enough  
to be my granddaughter

Lorraine Haig  
~

### Her Arms Around Me

Instead of sitting in front of the television all day, her mind confused, I want my mother to get up, tie on her apron in the big kitchen and bake caramel slice and biscuits that will be cooling on our big wooden table when we burst through the door, home from school. I want to see her stoking the fuel stove in the morning, the table laid, our shoes dry on the hearth.

I want her warm, fleshy arms to wrap around me when I'm hurt. I want to see her reflection in the mirror as she brushes her wavy red hair while I play with the wooden camel she keeps on her dressing table. When I swear, I want to see the anger on her face, up close when she slaps me.

As we listen to Peer Gynt, I want her to tell us again the story hidden inside the music. I want to spit out the seeds in her plum jam and laugh as she tries to catch Horace the rooster, dad holding the axe near the chopping block.

I want her knowing each afternoon I will come and bring her soup, or cake because she doesn't feel like cooking. Oh Mum, I want to hear you say my name a thousand more times.

a rattle  
of the tea trolley  
in the hallway  
mum looks past me  
as if I'm no longer there

*after 'Repetitions for my mother' by Lorna Crozier*

Priti Aisola



## Reaching Out

In a small central courtyard of a house in Lucknow, a seven-year-old girl with dark eyes and an earnest face, is mixing clayey soil with water in a shallow plastic basin. At ten, on a summer morning, it is already quite warm. The girl's eyes follow a trail of black ants and she starts to speak to them in a voice full of loving care. 'I'm going to make a house for you in one corner of this courtyard. I'll leave you food every day and see that no one steps on you by mistake.'

She shapes the wet soil into low walls and starts creating a home for the ants. After the roofless house is partitioned into rooms, she places sugar in one, tiny pieces of jaggery in another, small cubes of sugar candy in the third one, and a teaspoon of wheat flour in the fourth. Then she approaches the ants and whispers, 'Your house is ready. Please come.'

a mother draws  
her child closer  
sudden draft  
at a homeless-shelter  
many faces of the forlorn

## tanka-prose

Rupa Anand  
~

### Who Cares

The adjacent house belonged to my parents. They bequeathed it to my brother who sold it. It subsequently passed through a few hands to rest with its current owner.

The first thing he did was replace a hundred-year-old tree with a double driveway to house his innumerable cars.

grief  
    settling  
    deep within  
    my heart shatters  
    into a million pieces

    the kites  
    circle overhead  
    confused  
    on finding  
    their nests gone

Susan Burch  
~

**Origami Moon**

You used to have time for me. Now you're always busy.

if I fold  
1,000 cranes,  
do you think  
my wish  
could save us

## tanka-prose

Susan Burch  
~

### It's a boy!

My juvenile cardinal is going to be a male! He's more red this week, drinking from the birdbath on his own, and eating a little on his own too. He's really growing up.

25-56 days  
until independence  
glad I  
have longer  
with my kids



## gembun with tanka

Firdaus Parvez  
~

glimpsing a poem as it strolls by

dawn-glow  
through speckled clouds  
on the horizon  
orange marmalade  
and warm toast

## gembun with tanka

Mona Bedi  
~

A stranger in the coffee shop has eyes just like yours.

leaving me  
at this stage of life ...  
who will hold you  
when you falter  
at life's crossroads

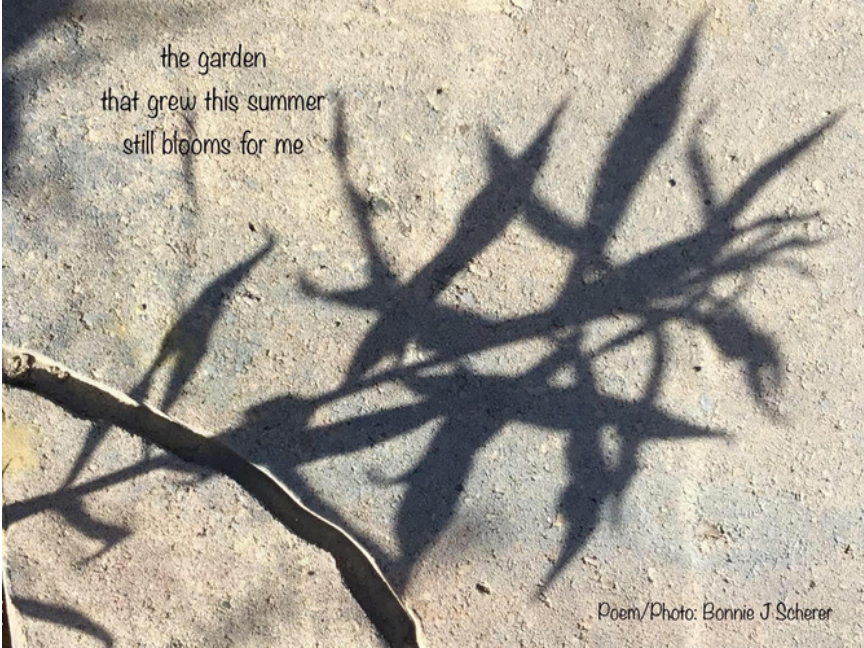
gembun with tanka

Susan Burch  
~

Can you die of bad karma?

picking shells  
out of the eggs  
all the time wasted  
trying to make you  
softer

## haiga



the garden  
that grew this summer  
still blooms for me

Poem/Photo: Bonnie J. Scherer

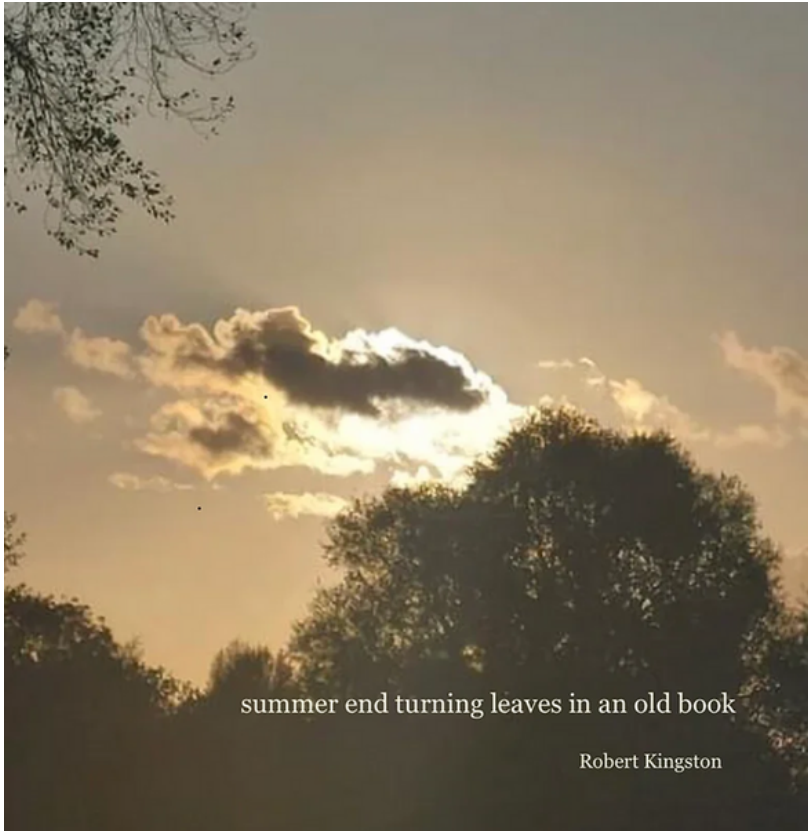
haiga



for a moment the silence in footsteps

Robert Kingston

haiga



summer end turning leaves in an old book

Robert Kingston

crisp september  
mountain jays back home  
frequent the pines  
as if every cone  
was a long lost friend

an'ya



fraught were we  
with passing thoughts  
between us  
too young for love  
too old for friendship  
an'ya





Dear Readers  
thank you for being with us.

See you once again on 25 November 2023!  
with many more fine poems  
from our contributors.

Team: *haikuKATHA*