

S4e22 Long Haiku

Previously published haiku / senryu

a startled roe
plunges through the undergrowth
runs and runs
and runs

and runs

runs

and
runs

and
runs

and
runs . . .

Mark Gilbert, Time
Haiku

through pinhole apertures
in the dark cloth of night
infinity

Allison Douglas Tourner, The Haiku Pea Podcast S4E6

taking stock of the day -
the dandelion I came across
near the manhole

Oscar Luparia - #68 Failed Haiku

summer morning
the pauper child hauling and hugging
one head of cabbage

Nakatsuka Ippekirō (1887-1946) thanks to Richard Tice who sent this in and translated it

And this with thanks from Joshua St Claire:

The west wind whispered,
And touched the eyelids of spring:
Her eyes, Primroses.

—R. M. Hansard

Joshua wrote a commentary for us.

This poem presents a perfect moment in spring, with great euphony. I love the consonance of the “w” and the repetition of the “eye.” This poem won a competition in 1899, when in Britain, the editors of [The Academy](#) announced the first known English-language [haikai](#) contest. Isn’t it interesting that it probably wouldn’t be published today in a mainstream journal, much less win a contest.

By modern standards it has flaws:

- It is in the past tense (“whispered” “touched”)
- It is written in 5-7-5 and has a compound verb (“whispered, And touched”)
- The above combine to make it “too long”
- It personifies spring and the west wind
- It uses capitalization—even extra capitalization with “Primroses”
- It uses punctuation apart from a cut (ellipsis or dash) Joshua, I’m going to talk about that early next year. I may be pushing for the come back of punctuation.

Joshua asks:

Would we call this a "pesudohaiku" today, despite it winning the first English-language haiku contest?

Answers via email please...

Thanks Joshua.

we lie on our backs
the Milky Way arcs beyond
our understanding

*Debbie Strange, Honourable Mention, 2018 Tokutomi
Haiku Contest*

Original long haiku and senryu

Robert Horrobin's nomination for the Judges' choice

Queenie could eat
just about anything
except that porcupine

Gary Hittmeyer

Supercalifragilisticexpialidoscious—
Childhood

Bisshie (with thanks from Mary Poppins)

one hundred linked cars
plus locomotive and caboose
longest haiku train

Charles Harmon

the author's death
on the first public reading
of his new long haiku

Ian Speed

only the cry from the stretched shadow down the empty street harvest moon

martin gottlieb cohen

alone by the waterfall

i speak my haiku, then i try
to let it go

Wendy Gent

accepting me unconditionally...
I and
the autumn wind

Ram Chandran

in the late sun
a rowan tree with orange berries
catches the light

Kim Russell

she loves anything
where someone wails on a slightly
out of tune piano

BA France

ripeness of the plums ...
an old walking stick props up
the lowest branch

Christopher Jupp

the last loon on the lake-
inside the closed-up cottage
the clock is still ticking

Dorothy Mahony

dry leaves skittering
across an empty parking lot
pools of sodium light

B Sharp

the first days of autumn
sunlight warms red pantile...
a flock of sparrows descend

Marilyn Ward

thunder clouds
a pea-hen's cry unfurls
the hundred eyes of a peacock

Meera Rehm

Valentine's Day
afternoon at the chocolate store
men men men men men

Mariel Herbert

Easter Monday
the sky a little bluer
with every daffodil

Tony Williams

no longer seeking
a reason for everything
red rhododendrons

Alvin B Cruz

a gaggle of poets
writing 'bout a skein of geese ~
they flyby today

Pat Geyer

wings flutter, I dream
I'm a tiger swallowtail
for a split second

Neena Singh

counting colours back into the rainbow another boy quotes from Star Wars

Alan Summers

lunar eclipse-
our hand-woven rug unravels a universe
of moths

Dorothy Burrows

sturdy wind gusts
stitch to the window a few leaves
on her quilt pattern

Laughing waters

subtle air dancer
autumn breezes strum the strings
of a spider's web

John Hawkhead

the cool rains cover the ground
with the first Autumn leaves
cinnamon stick tea

Michael Baribeau

autumn morning tea
a spider traverses the garden
on my bedsheets

Richa Sharma

autumn loneliness
another batch of poems sent
to random journals

Jackie Chou

this river louder
after days of rain
sunlight falls between the gray

EL Blizzard

autumn downpours
dashing along the canal path
just me and the pied wagtails

Claire Ninham

autumn drizzle hides
the hillsides – under a spreading oak
sodden sheep shiver

Jenni Wyn Hyatt

my mother-in-law
counts the meatballs on each plate
dinner equinox

John Green

water on the pavement
before it evaporates
a dove drinking

Marc Brimble

below zero
a hand holds its cigarette
out the trailer window

Kristen Lindquist

winter blossoms
the elderly couple shiver together
in the shower

Robert Witmer

etched in fresh snow
two stars above a sickle moon... .
the injured deer

Barbara Sabol

winter whitecaps
on the Pacific Ocean
her disappearing nouns

Mimi Ahern

lost between the headlights
a hare
i took my father's Alzheimer pills

Mircea Moldovan

marbled sky
every color from every memory
up there somewhere....

Diana Salusia

Haiku Prompt

- There is a new haiku prompt on the YouTube channel. This time by Robert and takes us on a little journey across the sea.
- Please do go and write some haiku to go with the pump to put your haiku in the comments on YouTube link in the show notes of course.
- I'm very happy to tell you that **Linda Ludwig** is keeping an eye on your poetry on YouTube for me and **she will be recommending her favourites from the prompts to be read on future podcasts.**
- Please write your poetry and make some comments on other people's poetry.

- **Thank you to Lynda** for volunteering to do this for me. And of course to **Robert** who sent me this month's video.
- Don't forget if you have a video which you think will prompt the community to write fantastic haiku, send it to me. Just make sure it's in **landscape mode**, thank you.

Now you know I'm saving up for a new microphone. I'm nearly there and I'd like to thank For the very kind donations and the help on my journey towards being able to afford that lovely shiny new microphone. If you'd like to buy me a coffee you'll find a button on the poetry pea website. It's very easy to do and your coffee will be donating towards projects and products that I hope will benefit all of us.

Sangita Kalarickal

Martin Cohen

Robin Smith

Linda Ludwig

Erica Blizzard

Risë Daniels

Keith Evets

Margaret Tau

Diana Hodge

Allison Douglas-Tourner

Mimi Ahern

Allyson Whipple

Jason Furtak

Seth Kronick

Neera Kashyap

Anthony Williams

Marilyn Ashbaugh

**Please support the Haiku Pea
Podcast**

If you've enjoyed listening to the podcast, I'd be very grateful if you'd support the podcast by buying me a coffee. Thank you.



James Young, Robert Horrobin and Vandana Parashar thank you so much for the time you give up to help me out. I'll see you back next year in February for our next bunch of original haiku and senryu.

And of course thank you to all of you for your support for Poetry Pea.

twelve forty five a.m.
peony drops a last bloom
dining room sideboard

Wayne Kingston

beginning of Spring -
the beauty of the mountain
behind the curtains

Daniela Misso

twilight years
a pressed cherry blossom holds
fragments of her memory

Bona M Santos

a spray of cherry blossom
at the hospice bedside
sunbeams on the ceiling

Natalia Kuznetsova

height of my ego
budding cherry tree within
the shadow of the skyscraper

Seth Kronick

Yosemite foothills
the individual trumpets
of fiddleheads

Deborah P Kolodji

dandelion puff
on the kitten's whiskers
a little cobweb

Marilyn Ashbaugh

just when I thought
the day was grey—a blue jay
swoops over the lilac

Doris Lynch

a gentle breeze—
the falling leaf changes its direction
and mine

Mark Forrester

tropical fish sway
in the translucent shore break
of our honeymoon

Lee Hudspeth

Indian reservation
the wild wind runs through the manes
of carousel horses

Eugeniusz Zacharski

a soccer training ...
the smallest boy following
a yellow butterfly

DV Rozic

cicada song all gone
one air conditioner still drones
before dawn

Allyson Whipple

fireflies light the summer eve
gleeful children dart
in search of magic

Cath Wren

intoxicating scent
in the last rays of the sun
the wine matures

Eva Drobna

summer morning
the light of yellow bangles
on the temple street

Srinivas S

summer afternoon
we end our argument with
sweet lemonade

Mona Bedi

chanterelles in the hand
smelling so pleasant
even my fingers

Samo Kreutz

on a sultry moonless night
the Tom cat outside wails—
insomnia

Christine Wenk-

Harrison

Haedong Temple—
climbing 108 steps
one temptation at a time

Richard Tice

the maiko
performs a graceful dance -
a lone flower sways with the wind

Paul Callus

breaking the pre-storm silence
a medley of modern jazz
from grandma's wind chimes

Tracy Davidson

grandpa's gramophone
the popular melodies of the day
slightly out of tune

Vandana Parashar

peering under a rock
discovering
fellow naturalists

Ronald K Craig

Great Barrier Reef
below the glass-bottom eye
all life is gray

Christa Pandey

that dark hour
halfway between dusk and dawn
moonless — alone

Linda L Ludwig

morning meditation
the ring of the bell - the rumble
of a garbage truck

Sarah Paris

Pink dustpan and brush
sunlight tickles wallpaper
cosy blue socks smile

Alexander Clarke

as the storm approaches
she lights a green candle . . .
tornado warning

Roberta Beach Jacobson

sale on school supplies
the retired teacher's slow walk
down the aisle

Pat Davis

juvenile offender
dark matter binding the arms
of barred spiral galaxies

Joshua St Claire

fortieth birthday
saxophonist wannabe
blows away some fog

Robert Kingston

first tennis lesson
unlearning ping pong habits
and badminton swings

Douglas J Lanzo

hot summer evening...
a lonely teenager listens
to the angelus bells

Liam Carson

vaccination queue -
slowly moving forward
one spot at a time

Rob McKinnon

Japanese garden
through the Shinto gate the greeting
by a brush turkey

Giddy Nielsen Sweep

Giddy Nielsen Sweep's nomination for the judges' choice

the receding wave
carries a turtle hatchling
father's nursing home

Richard L Matta

emergency room
seconds stretch into decades
on the longest day

Sherry Grant

reconnoitering . . .
the split jittery-twitchings
of its antennae

Brett Brady

twisted dieffenbachia
finally I make peace
with my crooked toes

Arvinder Kaur

lazy August day
my grandson's long conversation
with Big Bird and Buddha

Bruce H Feingold

grandpa's favorite story
gets better with age
heirloom tomato

Margaret Tau

long evening shadows
mom asks me to close the window
before her last breath

Hifsa Ashraf

diary of reminiscences
pencil shavings in the crevice
prick hard

Priti Khullar

riffing on blue notes of a grey morning morning glory because it can

Lorraine Padden

Lorraine a poem to gladden the spiritis. There's been a lot of morning glory in my life just recently. First James Young 's video on the haiku moment, I hope you all saw it and Marion Clarke and Angiola Ingelese chatting in the

comments about them. I thought they were a weed and I've been pulling them out of my garden for years. Ah well...

beneath the harbour lights
shipyard coolies move containers
rattling cranes glide south

Christina Chin

the massive monuments*
of wind-whipped cypress branches. . .
call me to them

Judith Morrison Schallberger

green fields -
a model of elysium
in the developer's office

Keith Evetts

at yet another
menopause memory lapse
your quiet grimace

Eavonka Ettinger

Eavonka, thanks for another of the poems this week that tackles a sensitive topic. The menopause memory lapse is absolutely terrifying isn't it. I know I found it hard to handle and so did my husband. It's not an easy time...

Southern manners
over his Southern temper
knife baked in a cake

David Oates

all brambles in village hut
her well-crafted coir mat
rush and roll on the wall

Radhamani sarma

moss laden brick church
shiny brass plaques in hushed silence
awaiting once harvested souls

Joe Sebastian

restless solitude
I open the window
and let in the moon

Mariangela Canzi

Orion's belt
forever out of sight . . .
my astigmatism

Debbie Strange

kite-flying festival
as if everyone talks to the sky
driving the wind

Pravat Kumar Padhy

masked faces
everywhere
more than ghosts...
still..
corona-Halloween

Luisa Santoro

Luisa has written one of our more experimental poems this week. I tried to give a sense of the way it's written, but to get the best from it you should really have a look at it in black and white in the show notes.

waiting for the launch of the bouquet
the bride's friends
they take off their new shoes

Angiola Inglesi

early morning lake
my father, my brother, myself
the perfect cast

Bill Fay

everyone walks away
from the town square . . .
durian fruit seller

Melanie Vance

the suddenness of a hawk
over my shoulder
clouds that whisper rain

Craig Kittner

loneliness
slowly moving across the wall
in the morning sunshine

James Young

discarded toys
in the scatter of unwrapped presents
they ride the box into space

Robert Horrobin

a buzz from a leafless tree
the last cicada finally hushes
when the sun sets

Steve Ullom

side by side
we watch shooting stars burn out ...
how many light years between us?

Karen Harvey

watching my caricature
from long-short-long to medium
the rugged ends of paper crayons

Lakshmi Iyer

all alone
in a long ramble ...
i listen to 'ekla cholo re'

Devoshruti Mandal

a box of old love letters
the clamoring of wild geese
fades into the distance

m shane pruett

celebrating the departure
of an annoying guest -
my favourite ice-cream

Alaka Yeravadekar

Allaka, I think we all know that feeling...

And now to the last of our nominations for the judges choice:

Life takes turns we cannot control sometimes and unfortunately Vandana couldn't make our recording date so I'm going to read her commentary for her.

icicle
dripping
refrozen
elongated
icicle
dripping
puddle

Mark Farrar

Vandana says:

This haiku caught my attention from the moment I read it. I had shortlisted three haiku for nomination, but the exceptionally effective choice and placement of words in Mark's poem made it stand out from the rest. You really need to see it written on the page in black and white.

Reading Mark's haiku is like reading a story and then living that story.

For me, it resonated on two levels.

I have lived in a high altitude area for two years and have seen the Mark's little story unfold many times. I couldn't help but get all philosophical and find a connection with our life.

But on another level this poem hits close to home. My mother suffered respiratory failure and slipped into a coma in mid-October after her second brain surgery. Ever since, she has been pulled back from the brink many times and we have found ourselves alternating between hope and despair or to use Mark's words- dripping and refreezing. At times I wonder who is closer in essence to the icicle - she or us.

Mark has skilfully worded his haiku to show the cycle of life. Every word takes us to a new scene and we can actually see it in our mind as if happening

right there in front of us and then to the climax - puddle! That literally takes my breath away and makes this haiku exquisite. Mark's haiku makes us feel one with nature, and isn't that what haiku is about?

Kudos to Mark for penning this.

Thanks very much Vandana, for writing this commentary for us and sharing some very personal thoughts with us.

I know I say this every time, but I come to the podcast with a definite favourite in mind for the judges choice and then I hear and read all the commentaries and I sway back and forth like a stem of long grass or perhaps I should say I drip and refreeze like Mark's icicle.

So, as I record this, I have no idea who will be the judges' choice and who the honorable mentions, but I am zooming with the judges in a couple of days so all will be revealed in the next Journal. Out in December.

So there you have it. The long haiku podcast is finished, I know the results and you can find out in the Autumn Journal which should be out in December. Thanks to my lovely judges and to everyone who wrote for this podcast. It was a tricky one and went against all our natural instincts didn't it?

Thanks to all of you who have come along to listen to our poems. A little task for you, if you have a moment. Wherever you post your poems on social media, can you give the podcast a shout out, let people know about the work we do here.

Next time on the podcast I have a great piece with Peter Jastermsky and Bryn Rickert, who will read to us from their recently published book of split sequences "dust and stone". I hope you enjoy it and try them out with haiku friends, because... well I'll tell you next time.

Til then, keep writing....

I hope I've put everything you need in the shownotes, if not, just email me and let me know what you need. Ciao