



*Under the Bashō 2023*

## UtB – a Note to Readers from the Chief Editor

It seems that haiku (the genre itself) always has its challenges. With a history of dissonance, it has continued to flourish around the world of poetry. From three lines, two lines, one line, one word, graphic design ku, monoku, photo ku, et al, it is now being challenged with AI haiku and the fear of it flourishing.

While AI (artificial intelligence) has not been able to write haiku other than 5/7/5, it does present a challenge for editors to stay attentive, with hopes that none of us will accidentally allow one to get published in a major journal. Heaven help us if we do!

For the moment, UtB outright rejects all 5/7/5 haiku and will return any submissions that come our way written in the formula. It's not a particularly good meter for haiku in English – it largely misrepresents the original Japanese intent. AI is unable to think about haiku aesthetics beyond 5/7/5, which means that the more qualities that we include such as phrase/fragment, break (kire/kireji), depth of meaning through simile, metaphor, and cultural implications the better our haiku will be and the more difficult it becomes for AI to emulate.

If haiku poets persist in writing statement haiku such as

red bumble bee  
snow on the road  
ties his shoes

. . . AI will continue in its assault. However with poems such as Stephen Bailey's

in darkness  
birds trill towards  
what's still to come

. . . it will be impossible for many years to come for AI to write something so rich in nuances. There are relationships in this poem that only a heart and soul can perceive deeper meaning.

waning moon  
a tinge of death  
in the halo

stephen bailey

. . . is another example of a poem of deeper meaning that AI, once again, cannot emulate.

This encourages me, in a way, however; it encourages me to write with deeper feelings, on deep and rich subjects that have a lasting resonance that continues to echo new and deeper meanings as readers and read again for meaning(s).

Nagasaki  
in her belly, the sound  
of unopened mail

don baird

. . . just might resonate in the reader's mind almost forever. Through deep pondering, through deep sincerity, through poetic desire, and through honesty, haiku will continue to develop forward rather than falling victim to the world of boredom and trite word combinations. AI is on our heels; but we remain in the lead because poetry is indeed about hope, love, loss, and deeper feelings — so much so, that we will lead the way as AI remains light years behind what we, human souls can create.

old age home  
an inmate talks nonstop  
about loneliness

kala ramesh

# Appreciating Kala Ramesh

The occasion has arisen where we must take a moment and be thankful to someone who dedicated ten years of her life to *Under the Bashō* — Kala Ramesh, UtB haiku editor. She is commendable in her steadiness, commitment, fairness, and talent; all is self-evident immediately at first glance. Without reservation, Stephen and I can say that we have been deeply honored to have had a chance to work her to the benefit of UtB and haiku at large.



At one point, she shone in a book the three of us authored titled, [\*Triptych\* – Red Moon Press, 2019](#). Her opening haiku,

first cuppa coffee . . .  
with each sip the mist  
unveils the hills

. . . is a delicious, warm beginning for *Triptych*. She continues, as she describes, *In the Beginning* before things of humanity take a downfall,

faces bob from behind the hedge  
butterflies in the garden

morning raga . . .  
a honeybee attempts  
to waken the bud

annual sports day  
a photographer baskets  
the setting sun

. . . her sensitivity toward humanity and its characteristics shines.

Kala has been a key to the success of UtB. Her wisdom and keen sense of critical critique have been the impetus of her acceptance selections and the development of *Under the Bashō* as an organization. She was also the reason this one small detail of our journals initials: she saw us writing it UTB and quickly emailed us with the suggestion of UtB, that a small T would be the appropriate answer to how it should be done.

We've known her for many years. We are more than delighted that she spent 10 of those years assisting us at *Under the Bashō*. We wish her continued success with the many projects that she has initiated in her own life, her personal dreams.



# In honor of the *Under the Bashō* team over its first decade

## Seánan Forbes

traditional haiku forms editor  
(2014 – 2017)



## Johannes S. H. Bjerg

one-line haiku and ku editor  
(2014 - 2020)



## Carlos Colón (R.I.P.)

concrete haiku editor  
(2015 - 2016)

Carlos passed away 4 days after his acceptance of a final submission in 2016.



## Michael Rehling

haibun editor  
(2015 - 2016)



## Clayton Beach

editor for post ku and linked forms, sequences &  
contrapuntal poetry  
(2018 - present)



## Colin Stewart Jones

haibun editor  
(2019)



## Praniti Gulyani

youth corner  
(2020)

## Jenny Ward Angyal

tanka editor  
(2020 - 2022)



## Pravat Kumar Padhy

haibun editor  
(2020 - present)



## Marilyn Ashbaugh

haiku editor  
(2023 - present)



## **Don Baird**

chief editor and co-founder  
(2013 - present)



## **Stephen Bailey**

co-founder and journal administrator  
(2013 - present)







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# Under the Bashō 2023

## Haiku

Editor: [Marilyn Ashbaugh](#) (current)  
Previous Editor: Kala Ramesh (2013 to August 2023)

### Adele Evershed

the quiet violence  
of a stray breath  
dandelion clock...

the spring rain  
revealing...  
my backstory

### Aishwarya Vedula

winter stars held by night baby's breath

blinking cursor :: a Laxman rekha of words

silencing the mind white bellbird

my unhinged self snowdrop

catching all the vowels sequoia

ecdysis  
deleting unused apps  
from amma's phone

## Albert Schlaht

summer evening  
a walk through the meadow  
without the moon

## Alexander Groth

All Saints' Day –  
the witches' broom  
rests in the closet

## Allison Douglas-Tourner

moon shadow—  
at the bend in the road  
a young doe

the quiet house  
in simple darkness ...  
evening star

## Alvin B. Cruz

the self  
i never knew  
half moon

even if the sky is falling paper kites

love...  
a moth near  
the flame

## Amoolya Kamalnath

chowka barah  
the cushioned spot  
occupied

(Chowka Bara or Ashta Chamma is a two or four-player board game from India, traditionally played with 4 or 6 cowry shells).

masi magham  
the bougainvilleas too  
take a dip

(On the day of Masi Magam, devotees gather near holy water bodies and take a dip in the water to remove the sins of present and past life).

## Andrew Terrell

*thwack*  
a tropical leaf  
begins to drip water

walking past pigeons  
spinning and flying  
the pizza crust

## Anju Kishore

advancing monsoon  
a cloud scarfs the moon

Agni Nakshathram  
some more curd rice  
in the bird feeder

## Anna Maria Domburg- Sancristoforo

dusk  
the world withdraws  
in my silence

magnolia leaves ...  
all my dreams  
piling up

slow spring  
not every flower  
brings new words

## Antara Roy

small handmade fountain gone awry  
restful Buddha

## Anthony Lusardi

birthday party  
tearing through the last gift  
slowly

uncle's funeral;  
we talk about  
yesterday's snow

## Archie G. Carlos

cherry blossoms  
the couple's brief time  
with their daughter

homeless vet  
his maroon beret fills  
with cherry petals

slow-moving river  
the passing of clouds  
and plastic

long lost book  
a pressed four-leaf clover  
still green

## Audrey Quinn

under streetlights  
frost shimmers  
on the bike lane

cold blue sky  
we hover by the grave  
making conversation

## B. L. Bruce

up-valley  
ribbon of mist  
first-quarter moon

white heron  
shouldering ocean wind  
first rain

November evening  
rain-mutter  
among the trees



## Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

nolen gur ...  
the warm taste of winter  
on my tongue

ferrying clouds  
the boatman  
bursts into raga malhar

her flushed cheeks  
when she catches him staring  
a glowing angeethi

the tart taste  
of childhood memories  
raw mangoes

a little girl  
on her brother's shoulders –  
the Rath Yatra rolls by

darkest hour...  
Kali's smile  
in the diya

## Barbara Gaiardoni

first snowflakes the last crumbs of hope

## Barbara Sabol

waxing hunger moon moving closer to my howl

## Barry George

April sky  
blossoms shaping and shaped  
by their branches

daylong heat  
the shadow play  
of sunflowers

morning mist  
a streetlight shining  
from the night before

winter burial  
starlings rearranging  
in the sycamores

## Betsy Hearne

a fallen leaf ...  
the grace  
of bare shapes

## Bhawana Rathore

bringing back  
the mountains with me  
wild lavender

## Bipasha Majumder (De)

unstrung sitar  
summer river  
pains me a lot

## Bonnie J Scherer

seine fishing  
in open water  
a lone sea turtle

## Brad Bennett

taking back roads  
the whole way there  
autumn wind

my raincoat  
your umbrella  
two springs

## Bryan Rickert

thunderhead reshaping the murmuration

autumn solitude  
the depths the river takes  
my thoughts

heat wave  
the record high  
locust song

## C. X. Turner

King Tides ...  
all those lingering doubts  
wash away

## Chen-ou Liu

oceans apart  
yet just a click away ...  
my love in pixels

my beagle  
slows its pace to mine ...  
eviction notice

## Christer Hansson

skylark disappears  
leaving its song  
in the wind

opening the door  
to let the dog out  
moon sneaks in

summer rain  
dog washes its paws  
in the grass

another year gone  
dog calmer  
me slower

cold city walk  
dog growls at  
mannequins

## Cristina Povero

mujō –  
my pale shadow  
on the wall

great-grandma's kitchen –  
the sweet karkade tea  
always brewing

blurred –  
in the steamy mirror  
your stolen glance

## Cynthia Anderson

class reunion  
the white-crowned sparrows  
all talking at once

## Daipayan Nair

soaking up the sun ...  
the orange seeds  
in grandma's palm

## Daniel Birnbaum

border  
on either side  
the same birds

cemetery alley  
so straight  
the beginning of death

## Daniela Misso

snow . . .  
only clinking of spoons  
in the kitchen

## Danny Blackwell

a passing shower...  
I prepare the body  
for viewing



## David Chek Ling Ngo

final sunbeam—  
time to say goodbye  
to my shadow

## David Watts

belly dancer  
a swirl of fragrance  
as she passes

dusty barn  
a spider drags a line  
from the fishing rod

## David Watts

where the river  
drops into thunder  
waterfall

in the womb  
of the forest  
a cedar sapling

sunlight skims  
the pond  
a scatter of minnows

summer haze  
the gentle sway  
of filtered light

## Debbie Strange

tern colony  
mossy cliffs absorb  
the racket

## Deborah P Kolodji

Mom's old bean pot  
the taste of a hundred  
family meals

swept away  
by your words  
flood watch

## Debra Murphy

snowflakes  
not a breath of wind  
moves them

## Dipankar Dasgupta

rain filled puddles  
next to the deserted hut  
the sunsets

old pond  
the moonwatcher collects  
mosquito bites

## Elliot Diamond

the slow raking  
by dragon claws  
sound of water

## Emma Alexander Arthur

barely spring  
glistening dew  
on a spider's web

starry night  
the aurora lights up  
a silent fjord

## Eufemia Griffo

lingering mist  
the snail loses its way  
on the leaf

autumn begins  
breaking the seal  
of an apple jam

## Firdaus Parvez

raga megh malhar traversing parched fields rain

jugnu night  
at the edge of a swamp  
an upturned sky

slanting rain  
the old porch bench  
half cleaned

## Ganesh R

stargazing more alone than ever

a sea of pink  
flamingoes wade through  
polluted waters

## Gauri Dixit

our differences  
lost in spice and salt -  
raw mango pickle

## Gavin Austin

lake stillness the heron lifts into night

## Giorgio Bacchi

maple spinners—  
the childish pirouettes  
on the swings

## Goran Gatalica

quiet hymn —  
flanked by power poles  
the Yangtze River

spring darkness —  
the songs of a creek  
lost in woodland

## Govind Joshi

lighting candle  
with candle  
Diwali night

## Herb Tate

among the dandelions  
end of a long career  
clock watching

## Jack A. Pędziwiater

flower petals passing procession I tread quietly

## Jacob D. Salzer

displaced logs  
from a colonial cabin  
the sound of a creek

sapphire ice  
begins to thaw . . .  
the elder's story

climbing  
the Seminary Hill forest  
a Pacific Wren's song

in the darkness  
of a hollow tree  
the owl's dream

the red sun sets  
between pale white sails  
a turbulent sea

her tears . . .  
the river ice melts  
into a song

oak trees rising  
from old church ruins —  
voices in the wind

dripping icicle . . .  
I step into  
someone else's dream



## Jacob D. Salzer

winter rain . . .  
the hidden roots  
of my family tree

burned cottonwood seeds from a past life

## Janet Ruth

tattered prayer flags  
milkweed pods release  
seeds on silk

## Jay Friedenber

early morning  
a homeless man recycles  
our recyclables

begging bowl  
the blind monk  
grabs the thief's wrist

72 hours  
beneath rubble  
the voices grow silent

## Jenny Fraser

pegging sheets—  
in a winter sky  
three wild swans

## Jharna Sanyal

greeting  
the early sun  
neighbour's cat with me

shawl wrapped-  
her mother's memory  
on a winter noon

harvested field...  
moon beams  
spreading the shroud

screaming -  
she finds her voice  
at last

last train  
trees stop racing

sleepless night  
stars  
leading me to dawn

## Jim Chessing

melting snow  
I can't open the door  
wide enough

rain and sun  
she would have been  
sixteen

this hollow muscle  
the sound of rain

streaming into the sewer

wildflowers  
without a care in the world  
a cow's skull

## Joanna Ashwell

loon calls  
a long night  
of remembering

## John Pappas

disembarking  
on the train platform  
the faint scent of chai

maple leaf veins  
deciding the best way  
to tell her

a single bead from the decade first bud

what else  
is there to hope for  
early spring

summer night  
keeping time  
with fireflies

## Jon Petruschke

twilight  
making love  
until we can't see

under the stars  
spotting every one

of her freckles

## Joshua St. Claire

city street  
a starling calls  
the universe

hedgerow  
we pick black raspberries  
no one planted

dandelion clock  
the morning lasts  
well into the night

river walk  
the night moves slowly  
to the ocean

longest day  
cicadas  
cicadas

## Justice Joseph Prah

tea restaurant  
aroma of whispers  
fills the space

coming storm  
a tight-rope walker  
halts midway

## Katica Badovinac

pension –  
just a photo journey  
through old albums

## Katja Fox

end of holiday —  
I wish I could  
ask for a refill

## Kavitha Sreeraj

*godhadi* . . .  
mother's warmth  
lulls me to sleep

*godhadi* is a quilt made using old sarees in  
Maharashtrian tradition

*thrissur pooram* . . .  
father's shoulder still strong  
to hold his grandson

*Thrissur pooram* is an annual festival held in Thrissur,  
Kerala, India. 50 elephants and around 200 artists play  
the *panchavadhyam* (orchestra with 5 different  
instruments) for the festival. It is said that millions of  
people attend this festival every year.

## Keith A. Simmonds

On each visit  
mum renames me ...  
autumn glow

Spring cleaning...  
memories of grandma  
floating in the air

## Kelley J. White

late summer song  
a white-haired couple  
kiss

moment of silence  
the city



breathing between  
the sirens

## Ken Sawitri

restless river ...  
how carefully she rinses  
those rice grains

no moonlight  
a rusty latch clicks  
at the flea market

## Kent Robinson

an old dingo  
snuffles about the campsite —  
snoozing tourists

## Kevin Browne

flooded streets the settled physics of poor planning

## Kim Klugh

first frost  
all the wildflowers  
suddenly tame

falling leaves--  
we learn to take  
what comes

## Lakshmi Iyer

a leaky fountain pen  
the river Nile  
in his shirt pocket

first rain ...  
the scent of crushed greens  
during anulom vilom

## Laura Marino Trotta

light from the east –  
along the pale path  
a poppy

## Laurie Greer

bee dance  
following the signs  
to the local honey stand

cooper's hawk  
a divine shiver  
runs round the meadow

sunrise through trees—  
the craquelure  
of a stained glass window

## Lori Kiefer

matryoshka dolls  
all the people  
I used to be

blue moon  
the slow blink  
of the siamese cat

## Lorin Ford

rolling rain clouds  
the last moon of winter  
veiled, unveiled . . .

## Louise Hopewell

meditation labyrinth  
the endless spiral  
of my thoughts

## Luciana Moretto

in the jewel case  
my father's watch  
heartbeats

the first picotee  
in the flowerbed ...  
I make a wish

## Luisa Santoro

flower seeds  
    explode skywards  
    fireworks

## M. R. (Mike) Pelletier

Sunrise—  
slashes of light briefly  
on the western wall

April sun—  
a warm letter

from an old friend

## M. R. Defibaugh

paperwhite narcissus  
in front of the mirror  
feeling ugly again

summer writing class  
the teacher insists on  
seventeen syllables

## Mallika Chari

sun-dried grains  
aunt's backyard fills with  
chirps and clucks

red signal  
the lad runs barefoot  
to sell a string of jasmine

## Maria Teresa Sisti

short sleeves –  
wind has changed  
among the violets

swallows in flight -  
there is always something  
to remember

## Marie Shimane

the blossoms...  
so lightly  
they take their leave

## Marilyn Humbert

a log burl  
semi-submerged  
the turtle

## Marilyn Ward

half moon  
the chirp of crickets  
fills shadows

September sunrise  
over breaking waves  
a seagull's cry

## Marjolein Rotsteeg

the dry well  
retrieved from the bottom  
my echo

## Mark Gilbert

dying hydrangea  
a champagne cork  
came to rest

in a rush  
we all walk past  
the cherry blossom

## Mark Smith

box of dried bulbs  
in the cellar...  
smell of rain

the allegro begins  
in my ear buds...  
dahlias bursting red

## Mary Arnold

dog's ear  
soft against my cheek  
the scent of grass

whir of the fan  
through thickening heat  
cicadas stir

## Mary McCormack

watercolor painting the forest full of light

## Matthew Cariello

atop the temple  
a mourning dove's  
small song

## Maurizio Brancaleoni

spring already –  
everything I touch  
gets old

## Mel Goldberg

morning sun  
each snail  
leaves a story line

early morning writing  
I sip my tea  
and silence

## Michael Buckingham Gray

the currawong's call  
caught between  
the skyscrapers

## Michael Nickels-Wisdom

curtains open,  
the one act play  
of a winter day

## Michelle V. Alkerton

reactivating  
my watercolour half pans  
cherry blossoms

## Mike Fainzilber

the wind  
and the butterflies  
through the broken places

## Mike Gallagher

a star  
in each pothole  
shivering

hidden moon  
hearing my footsteps  
pick up speed

# Milan Rajkumar

ancient drum sounds  
the possessed Maibi utters  
a different dialect

(summer kigo)

A **Maibi** or an Amaibi is a female priestess or a nun who upholds the sacred rites and rituals of Sanamahism (Meitei religion). Their lives and duties encompass a wide range of activities to the spiritual life of the Meitei ethnicity. They play a significant role in the Lai Haraoba festival to please the Umang Lais and the Lam Lais (an excerpt from Byron Aihara's Traditional Folk Music & Dance of Manipur, Northeast India)

Cheiraoba ritual —  
on hillocks, ancestors wait  
for us with boons

(spring kigo)

(<https://blog.mygov.in/festivals-of-manipur-cheiraoba/>)

trickling down  
the moss-laden trees  
— Melei Leishna

**Melei Leishna/Pineapple orchid** (bloom time/late spring)

buzzing bees!  
youngsters talking about  
Yaoshang fest

(spring kigo)

<https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yaosang>

hills are burnt  
for poppy plantation —  
this losing war on drugs

(summer kigo)

<https://www.indiatoday.in/elections/manipur-assembly-polls-2022/story/war-on-drugs-lost-cause-manipur-open-cultivation-poppy-exclusive-1918735-2022-02-28>



## Mircea Moldovan

chamber music  
looking for a kigo  
in a herbarium

a breakup  
almost inevitably  
autumn muds

autumn loneliness  
I painted the room  
for the teddy bear

## Mirela Brailean

dried branch  
the same gracefulness  
of its shadow

## Mona Bedi

worn out pitch  
of the society playground —  
windfall apples

the yearning to end it all whitewater

## Muskaan Ahuja

friend's house -  
the shadow of a lizard  
behind the curtain

## Natalia Kuznetsova

watching clouds  
float above ...  
why worry

## Neena Singh

climber roses  
unfold pink light  
a passerby smiles

spring rain  
her flowered dupatta  
shields the baby

plum moon  
a peacock's desire  
pierces the sky

spring cleaning  
I taste the scent  
of your letter

yellow dahlia  
a clenched bud  
opens to sunlight

## Nitu Yumnam

coconut water  
the songs of waves  
stir within

## Norma Bradley

wild violets a gift of the unseen

a field of strength dogwood blossoms

rushing  
waterfall  
the  
calm  
of  
moss-covered  
rocks

## Oscar Luparia

autumn dusk  
the sudden desire  
to hug every leaf

empty mailbox  
the weight of clouds  
in the winter sky

falling icicles the first song of spring

scorching summer  
too much sky in the place  
of cut trees

## Paromita Sanyal

thunderclaps  
paper boats stand by  
dark clouds

## Perry L. Powell

rain stopped  
still weeping  
tiger lilies

## Petra Schmidt

last day of vacation  
a horse lying  
on its side

## Phil Huffy

watching winter  
through leafless branches  
frosted moon

## Pitt Buerken

soon Walpurgis Night  
time to submit  
the tax return

## Prashanth Visweswaran

receding waves coming to terms with what is

drenched in the unspoken autumn rain

missing trains you wait for the Hogwarts Express

the echoes and re-echoes of sanctitude ganga aarti

falling leaves  
you bow down  
to a new god

being dragged  
despite my protests  
wedding dances

## Priti Aisola

sudden storm ...  
a child cradles  
bruised mangoes

fungus on seeds ...  
the wind sweeps  
across fallow fields

sharad purnima -  
my pet overturns a bowl  
of rice pudding

hanging mangoes ...  
a child's eyes taste  
the sweetness

sinking sun  
behind the amaltas ...  
she lights an oil lamp

a coucal  
scoops out the papaya ...  
our guest is god

bursting cotton pods ...  
she can't wait  
to tell her story

fallen frangipani ...  
the child marks  
a zigzag path

## Priya Narayanan

kite flying  
the city migrates  
to its rooftops

the squish of jamun  
under my feet  
purple noon

Diwali cleaning -  
that itch to clear the cobwebs  
on the moon

(Diwali cleaning is a big event in Gujarati households.  
The ladies of the house start the process soon after  
Navratri gets over. One by one, cupboards and  
attics/lofts in each room are emptied, clothes &  
beddings are sunned and aired, vessels are washed  
and dried, and put then back in place)

## R. Suresh Babu

tuskers of pooram  
mahouts swirl  
the decorated umbrellas

hyderabad biryani  
I compliment the cook  
in chaste Urdu

play of the tigers  
the dancer's belly  
burns bright

## Radostina Dragostinova

night snowfall  
cleaning up the dust  
on the family albums

rock concert  
cranes on the woman's blouse  
fly away one by one

## Randy Brooks

sleepover at grandma's  
never too old  
for a moonlit lullaby

sweet talking  
the shaggy work horse  
his side kick

teacher's retirement  
a leaf settles  
everything

a tray of cupcakes  
she holds my hand  
back

the third day  
ants find the corpse  
of a praying mantis

## Ravi Kiran

robin's song  
on a rerun  
comforting lies

morning raga  
the birds discover  
their mute button

the flightpath  
of mating butterflies  
double helix

fading sky  
an eagle's screech  
carves the canyon

spring thaw  
the waters become  
colourless again

## Rebecca Drouilhet

apart  
but not alone...  
autumn stars

## Roberta Beach Jacobson

winter sky the taste of emptiness

prairie  
rumors of snow confirmed  
by bison's breath

September  
last lemonade stand  
packs up

aging  
unexpected twist  
in time

## Rowan Beckett

autumn deepens a bruise from out of nowhere

storm warning—  
mom's diagnosis  
becomes my own

icicle. . .  
the fight left  
in me

## Rupa Anand

in tune  
the waters swell & surge  
raga megh malhar

falling deep into an afternoon siesta mango lassi



a taste of home  
in my suitcase  
mango chutney

blowing her trumpet  
morning, noon & evening  
this cooing koel

i light a lamp  
at the family altar  
amavasya

## Ruth Holzer

swayback horses  
under thin blankets  
withered field

their sharp wings  
scissoring the sunlight  
nighthawks

## S.Eta Grubešić

storm from the north  
thunder  
in another language

## Samo Kreutz

traffic jam  
even his watch  
stopped

## Sarah Paris

grey dawn  
a heron traces

the empty sky

## Sharon Martina

first day of summer  
ordering my eggs  
sunny side up

distant stars  
your hand in mine  
grounding me

## Shawn Blair

winds of March  
a crow teeters  
in the treetop

## Silvia Bistocchi

spring—  
the invisible words  
of the mountain

## Silvia Bistocchi

going into the woods  
the smell takes  
the shape of violets

alone in the car -  
a tuft of hair  
out with the wind

incomplete puzzle -  
that last leaf  
remains on the branch

social distancing -  
the singing of birds  
at all hours

## Simon Hanson

dew point  
stars above  
stars within

## Srini

banyan shade  
the prop roots  
of my childhood

outside and inside the shell the sea

no stars wishing upon the firefly

mud lamp's flame fighting the wind

## Stefanie Bucifal

in its own words  
– rain

attached to nothing  
a leaf  
in the wind

## Steliana Cristina Voicu

tulips -  
colors of the rising sun  
crossing the market

## Stephen J. DeGuire

empty shell  
cicada removes  
self from self

## Steve Van Allen

old wooden playhouse  
dusted with snow  
echoes of children

## Suraj Nanu

rimed rock  
I polish  
my old boots

## Suraja Menon Roychowdhury

the night stung  
by countless coconut palms -  
Scorpio winds

May's first  
full-moon-tipped candles-  
Buddha purnima

hot loo wind  
old Delhi monuments  
obscured with sand

Thrissur pooram  
when fireworks burn up  
the April sky

nishagandhi...  
tendrils of fragrance  
scent my dreams

## Sushama Kapur

rising heat —  
the heady smell of mint  
in chilled *golgappe*

summer party  
welcome trays of *jaljira*  
stir up the chatter

drought  
outside every hut  
b        s of hope  
o     l  
      w

## Suzanne Leaf-Brock

season finale—  
the brittle chatter  
of the cornfield

## Teji Sethi

early showers  
a date on the calendar  
marked for surgery

*poornima*

the fullness of my breast  
wears a scar

scent of turmeric  
does time heal  
everything?

## Tim Dwyer

morning moon veiled  
by lavender cloud  
birdsong begins

## Tim Murphy

in the kitchen  
the old kettle whistles . . .  
shooting star

the sailor sleeps  
aboard the submarine  
Milky Way

breezy day  
holding the stare  
of a black cat

eye of the storm  
the pigeons scatter away  
from the sidewalk

midnight  
the blade cuts the pill  
in two

scent of rose  
finding myself  
writing

hint of spring  
the long-legged spider walks  
across the woolen cloth

freebird . . .  
a man wearing headphones plays  
air guitar on the subway

## Tomislav Maretić

sultry evening –  
the quadriphony  
of crickets

## Tony Williams

brightening dawn...  
rose-tinted glass  
in tenement bays

## Tuyet Van Do

dragon fruit blossoms –  
ex-colleague welcomes  
her firstborn

## Vandana Parashar

flying sparks  
wind and the flame  
“just friends”

the day it all fell apart usual summer eve

mature love

I dip my feet  
before jumping in

wind in the willows no other life but this

spent storm  
the sky lights up  
with cuckoo's song

one thing  
leading to another...  
alone again

unassumingness  
of a budding lilac —  
there're always doubters

wet leaf on the road  
the wind  
doesn't want it

walking together  
the relief of not looking  
him in the eye

gathering night everywhere sky

## Vani Sathyanarayan

summer breeze —  
the scent of mogra lingers  
in the bride's braid

## Veronika Zora Novak

depth of winter . . .  
wolf tracks erased  
and rewritten

decayed bones . . .  
the mountain's shadow  
holds its breath



preening  
the edge of twilight . . .  
black swan

lotus pond . . .  
a koi ripples  
the universe

dandelion seed . . .  
a wish inherits  
the wind

polar vortex . . .  
from sun to moon  
the wind's teeth

windswept . . .  
magnolia blossoms  
gone too soon

## Vidya S Venkatramani

heat lightning-  
a coconut vendor 's machete  
rips the skies

first to rise-  
watching the morning light  
sweep the kitchen floor

## Vidya Shankar

pallanguzhi  
the filling and emptying  
of life's coffers

## Vijay Prasad

a dead fly  
in my cup  
floating existence

dusk  
she asks for  
my genes

## Wallace Fong

Quiet brook -  
a red dragonfly  
floats by

## Wilda Morris

snowmelt  
the stream overflowing  
with fishermen

## Xenia Tran

ah how the rowan  
flames into beauty  
october sun

## Yasir Farooq

inside thunderstorm  
smoke of cigarettes

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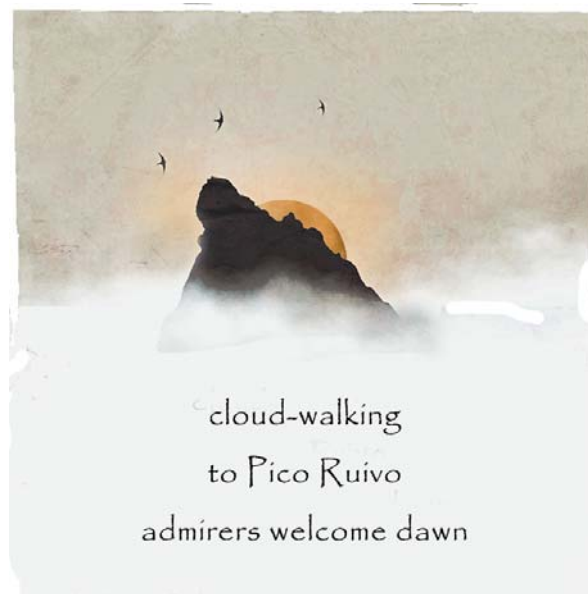
## Haiga & Visual Haiku

Editor: [Don Baird](#)

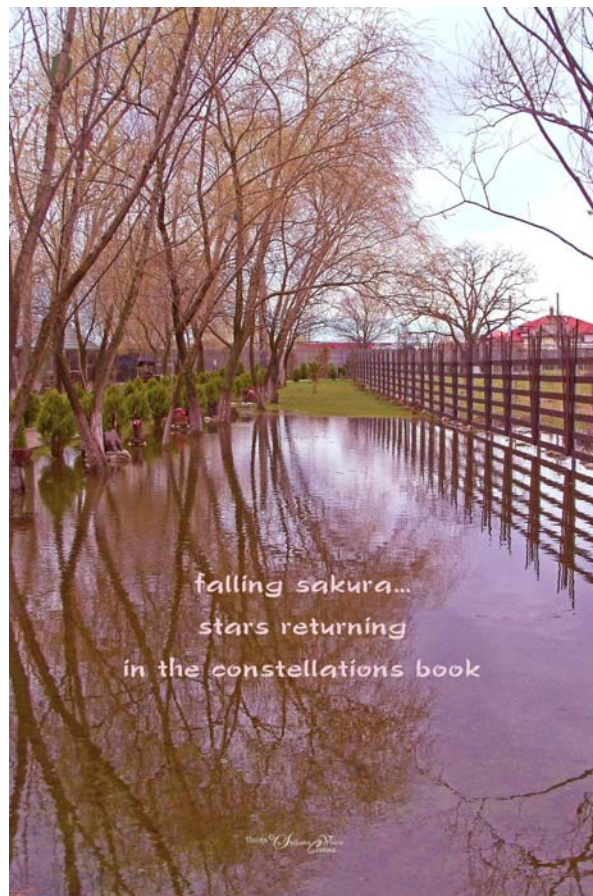
[Emma Alexander Arthur](#)



brunch  
bird brawl  
at the feeder



**Steliana Cristina Voicu**



**Hifsa Ashraf (words) Oscar  
Luparia (images)**



## Maxianne Berger



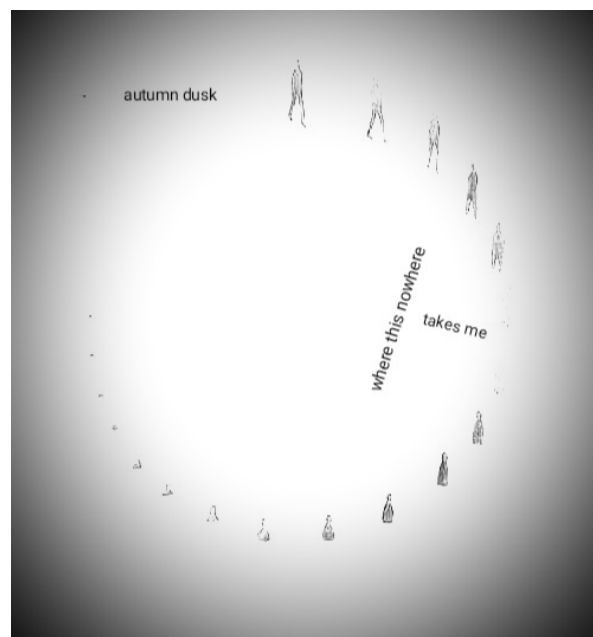
## Zoe Grant



## Eavonka Ettinger



## Vijay Prasad



## Jane Williams



## Janet Ruth

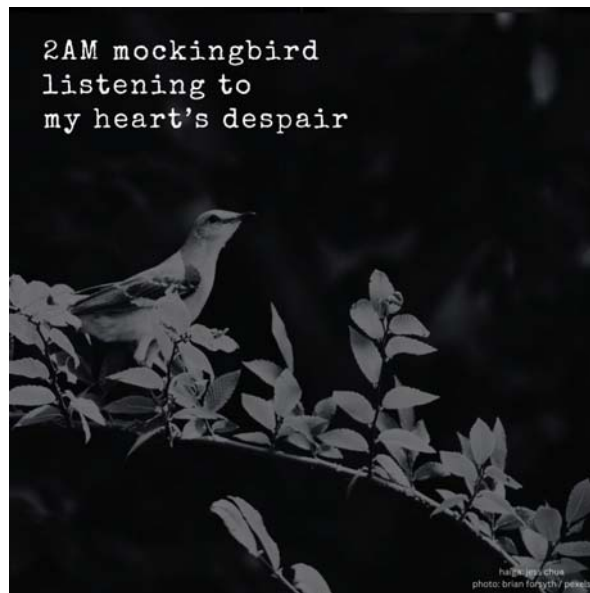


## Richa Sharma

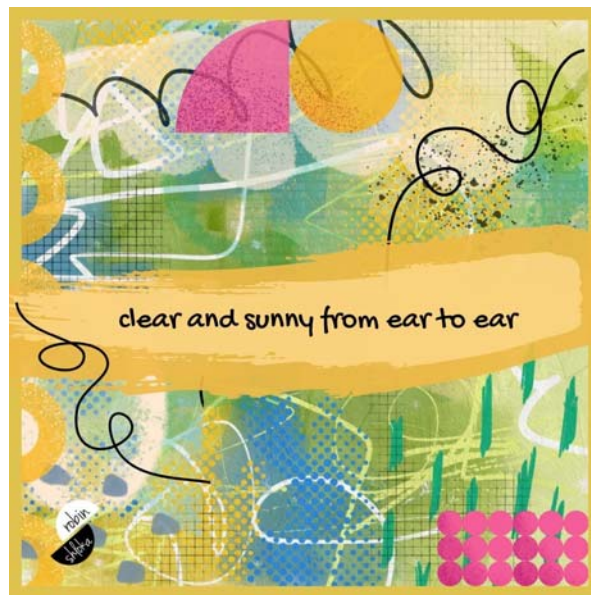




## Jess Chua



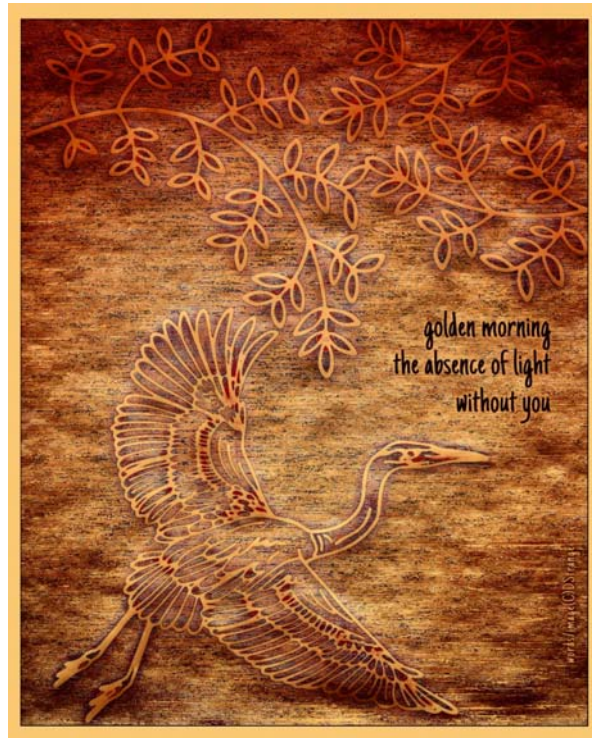
## Shloka Shankar & Robin Smith



Jenny Fraser



Debbie Strange



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# Under the Bashō 2023

## Haibun

Editor: [Pravat Kumar Padhy](#)

### Refuge

Details

👤 Written by: [Alice Wanderer](#)

*leafy tunnel*  
*the point where the road*  
*disappears*

For three years or so it was my favourite spot on earth.

I'd take the old stone steps down through the  
rhododendrons, then wait, gathering any last moments  
of beauty to bring to our conversation, before I rang the  
bell.

*bronze on red –*  
*an eastern spinebill among*  
*red camellias*

*last leaves –*  
*a fast one in a slow one's*  
*flutter path*

What we talked about is now less important than how  
we talked. I remember our laughter. And how our eyes  
met over the antics of wrens, a sudden shaft of  
sunlight, or punctuating thunder.

*it warms*  
*my hands too –*


*kissing bird motif*

I did not imagine it would all be over so thoroughly or  
so soon.

*roosting butterflies*  
*disperse – inspiration for*  
*a home of my own*

## midnight

Details

 Written by: Anthony Lusardi

on the highest hill. the fog is the thickest. yet leaving  
the tall grass. the white-tailed deer stand. transfixed.  
allured by the neon glow of a crucifix. looking  
indecisive. some cross the road. others stay. as if  
waiting for some sign . . . for some answer.

*midsummer morn—*  
*all the daylilies*  
*take in the heat*

## Celestial Light

Details

 Written by: Diana Webb

So the earth has gone around the sun five centuries  
and a half since you took your first breath on the planet,  
young Nicolas Copernicus. You're quite a celebrity now.  
You even have a crater on the moon named after you.  
Quite a synchronicity then that we rescued a sundial  
from the tip in this birthday week. And now as the sun  
strikes an old steel bucket by the yew, it shines like the  
biggest candle I've ever seen.

songbird flown  
the hollowed out coconut  
spins deosil

*Author's Note:* The title is taken from the poem "Ode:  
Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early  
Childhood" by William Wordsworth.

## So Here we all go Again

Details

 Written by: Diana Webb



in a circle of stones much visited - a hit for the sun - a  
hit a very palpable one - a hit for the tourist at home  
and abroad - hit for the archaeologists all with  
conflicting theories that make the world turn round -  
and as for things that turn around there's a circle of  
pods where each can reach the place allotted nearest  
the solar star - time after time and day by day- it's a  
wheel by the sea of the spindrift

ice cube mingles

spokes resembling threads in the stun of the spider  
forming scaffolding of the web as he aims for  
dewdrops in imitation diaphanous pods or is it the  
other way round in the hint of an eventual swivel to glint

the cryogenics

and this could be your highest point, your chance to  
shine, if you're centred in a drop like a pea as you touch  
the ozone layer in a sip of froth at dawn to a different  
drum

of the round

## Crepuscular

Details

 Written by: Farah Ali

As the British Empire's foremost entomologist, not only  
do I possess the largest taxidermy collection in the  
civilised world, I was once granted the honour of  
discussing a new species of beetle with Her Majesty  
Queen Victoria. Understandable then, that my death  
proved to be one of the most perplexing and  
sensational mysteries of the age. Even to this day,  
nobody knows how I ended up pinned and preserved  
alongside my most exotic specimens, a thousand  
moths swarming the window and blocking the light.

insectarium  
fat larvae nestle  
within cold meat

## Suddenly

Details

 Written by: Janet Ruth

*old pond*

*a frog jumps into  
the sound of water*

-Bashō

when we have grown old  
and forgetful, there is still the pond  
shimmering smooth in moonlight, a  
moment before the iconic frog  
takes destiny in his clammy toes and jumps,  
launches himself, momentarily airborne, into  
a splash that soaks us all, echoes around the  
world, through time, the sound  
expanding, waves of  
memory—then, just the water

## Dodged

Details

 Written by: Jerome Berglund

Having just awoken I went clumsily bumbling around a cluster of wires and cords converging chaotically in a splitter plugged into the wall by my bedside I was trying to snag a usb to micro conversion cord so I could download some footage from the previous night's demonstrations to upload and disseminate on the internet but doing so I knocked down a Sisyphus statue I'd had for years and shattered it into pieces as I was cleaning it up hoped maybe there was a message somewhere in there from the universe.

*hemmed in  
this ghost-breeding state  
snow shoes*

## Transition

Details

 Written by: Joanna Delalande & Oscar Luparia

It's a beautiful early morning, immersed in a great silence. I open the window to let in the first rays of the September sun. Suddenly a strong breeze, like a harbinger of the coming fall, moves the trees. Summer is over, I tell myself, small signs announce the gentle passage of time, a new season is slowly setting in . . . Nature has its own rhythms, although in our life we are often between what was and what will be . . .

*autumn wind  
the light clothes  
I'm still wearing*

---  
Prose: Joanna Delalande

Haiku: *Oscar Luparia*

## Homework

Details

 Written by: John Zheng

Tom wants April to cut a tad bit off the sides after she wraps the red cape around him and fastens the straps behind his neck. "Ok." The hair clipper hums gladly like a lawnmower. Twenty minutes later her masterpiece appears in the mirror. His crown looks like the front lawn he mowed. Frowning at the light stubble, Tom sighs, "Cut too short. It's to be outgrown with weeds." His wife pats his head like a tambourine.

whispers  
the kiss blooms into  
a kiss-me-not

## Odds and Ends

Details

 Written by: Joshua St. Claire

At the back of the cabinet: two glass bottles, a binky holder, four sippy cup lids, a high chair clip-on toy, three temperature-sensitive color-changing spoons, and a teether.

*as if it never were morning mist*

## Shades of Life

Details

 Written by: Mel Goldberg

My friend and I are about to have breakfast at a small restaurant in Chapala, Mexico. Outside, a raggedly dressed man holds a hand-printed sign that tells us he is from Nicaragua and wants enough to buy a meal. My friend says we should ignore him because people like him are lazy. I speak Spanish, so I invite the Nicaraguan to come in and have a meal with us.

A woman at the next table says to me in English, "You are a very good man." I thanked her with a smile.



## Serenade

### Details

 Written by: Mona Bedi

When I was a little girl, my dad introduced me to poetry. He would get me books on Urdu nazms\* and shero shayari\*. Most of them talked about love in its various forms. Today, listening to one such song on the radio, I am transported to days of my youth.

twilight breeze—  
the dreams we wait  
to dream

Today on my drive to work I think of how we would eat bhutta\*\* in the rain. I smile as I remember the way we would huddle under an umbrella with that special someone. As I get out of the car, I am lost in my thoughts. Suddenly I am face to face with a grey-haired man. We smile politely and he says, "How are you ma'am?" I rush past him with a nod recalling the memories.

sunset date—  
he promises me  
another lifetime

\*Urdu couplets and songs

\*\* Corn

## Fairy

### Details

 Written by: Neha Sharma

Amma sprinkled pixie dust everywhere. The entire house brimmed with it, all corners and crevices. It is the kind of thing that wiggles its way everywhere: through the tiny gaps, the soaked almonds, and onto the fragrance of *ghee* \*.


The magic disappeared heavenwards the day Amma left, but I can still see the glitter on the surfaces where the sunshine falls.

missing amma  
a glass of sparkles poured  
in her memory

\**Ghee* is the clarified butter used for cooking in India

## La Serpiente (The Snake)

Details

 Written by: R J Sobel

Something stirs before me but I can't quite make out what it is.

Coming here I plainly discerned the mountainous skyline, the withering orchards once alive with migrant workers, near the meandering stream they called La Serpiente – where in those youthful seasons I would gaze in vivid reveries upon the lofty hills beyond the flowing water that only by erosion in the fullness of time had forged this exquisite valley – and by dead reckoning and assist of the tall old trees, finally made my way within reach of those promising peaks, the grandeur of their panorama. Only something stirs in the creeping shadows and I can't make out what it is.

How soon the setting sun can bring an evening to my eyes! When a mere whisper – a whoosh to my favored ear – is a call to a fool to wager all on a flirt with a slithering risk.

The dusty scent of a fallow trail, the foreboding rustling in my path, can give pause to a long and traveled life, cause a detour at day's end: from the summits of my callow dreams – redundant to my fading senses – to wake, come morning, to the wistful vistas from the bed of a dry arroyo.

winter lullaby  
an owl in the gusty winds  
trades her hoots

## The Long Day

Details

 Written by: Rebecca Drouilhet

I ran so hard and in such a panic that I somehow got a bitterweed flower tangled in my bubblegum, its acrid taste staying with me even today.

Earlier that morning, my brother and I woke up on our grandparents' farm to find all the adults strangely absent. After searching the immediate grounds, we headed for the pond, thinking they might have risen early to go fishing. No one was there, but when I tried to get my brother to leave, he wouldn't. He was charmed

with 'the big swimming' pool', and at age seven, I lacked the strength to carry him or force him to leave. So I left.

When I returned home, all the adults were back. Seeing me come in alone, they asked what had happened to Keith. I had left him at the pond. And then we ran, not knowing what we'd find.

Later, my brother would tell a curious story.

Bethesda  
an angel at the pool  
stirs the waters

## Phantom

Details

👤 Written by: Réka Nyitrai & Alan Peat

"Under your face, you have another face, and under that face, there is a lake" – says the watchman of the night. Tiny fish shoal beneath your eyelids. They are the souls of your unborn children. Whenever you sin, a stork sticks its open beak in the water and waits for the tremor of a luckless fish.

ghost net  
a flicker of silver  
in the tangle

*Ekphrastic haibun based on 'Stork Painting', Oleg Shupliak (2016).*

## Starting the Day

Details


👤 Written by: Sharon D. Cohagan

Morning is my favourite part of the day to sit here on the sun deck. Time for myself, while the others are still asleep. It is still cool and quiet - too early for the kite surfers and children. The beach cleaner machine raking the sand is too distant for me to hear. A man jogs past with his surfboard tucked under his arm, barely sinking into the sand. A hummingbird flits by my chair as I listen to wings and waves.

a lone sandpiper  
stops poking through kelp –  
bobs towards me

# Killing Time

Details

 Written by: Susan Burch

Do you ever just google yourself to see what comes up?

milkmaids

Sometimes, when I have insomnia, I'll look at pictures of other Susan Burches to see if they look like me.

pulling down

Or to read how they died. As if one of them somehow portends my future...

the dawn

# Tender Nights

Details

 Written by: Trisha Ghosh

every night, as the quiet darkness blankets the house, i make my way to my grandmother's room. her television casts a soft, flickering glow. i turn it off and adjust the air conditioner. before i leave, my grandmother extends her frail hand, the skin like fragile parchment, seeking mine. she kisses my hand. it is the tenderest peck possible, a whisper of affection that transcends words. her eyes meet mine with smiles.

as i wonder  
how many stars are in the sky  
time stands still

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# Under the Bashō 2023

## PostKu

Editor: [Clayton Beach](#)

### Adele Evershed

my daughter  
oxbow lake    born  
                encaul

### Adele Nwankwo

**Black** swan

anthrofauxcene

late capitalism  
i insert  
another quarter

### Cynthia Anderson

living in someone else's dream house

ellipses the falcon slows in front of me

eyewall the gale circling my calm

## Danny Blackwell

snail and i

spring rain

the space between ma and ma  
reality show wedding

dripping on toast  
something off  
with the last light in the kitchen

lunar eclipse

crossing the threshold

for get me not

he confesses it's because i'm fat...bonobo moon

Spasmodic torticollis  
sounds like the name of a cloud

but never goes away

mock orange  
your life and mine  
more parallel than twine

## David J. Kelly

three sheets to the wind instinctively unthroupling

## Debbie Strange

quaking grass so too i

fruiting bodies the scattered seeds of war

## Johannes S. H. Bjerg

a stony path into the blue room. "Weep and wail" to  
quote St. James

merely a corner of the world with no red chairs

bending slightly in the right knee to give a shape to the  
heat

forgot to lose my head among the thistles and windless  
Fridays

one ear for Josquin's In Te Domine Speravi and one for  
housing the rain

in its corner the shadow hardly registers on the  
introspectrometer

if by touch you moved the North to the South and  
tipped over a cricket

## John Pappas

the morning after all those poems berryman's bridge

bitter flint *and the name of the star is wormwood*



## Joshua St. Claire

the cupboard spider's aimless back-and-forth cicatrix

its decimal neither repeating nor terminating  
hototogisu

irrational numbers eating my m&m's in color order

## Mark Gilbert

punctuation  
just one more world  
war

## Matthew Cariello

flowers       rain

before

rain       leaves

song       bat

thought

returns       that

snow       fall

inside

nine       bells

## Michael Nickels-Wisdom

the word condolence shaped like the hull of a lifeboat

## Mike Gallagher

whether  
in the sea or on the sea  
all at sea

## Mona Bedi

there now there forever blackbirds

## Peter Jaeger

cold toes leaves cold the last cold leaves

sitting by the sea  
just sitting by the sea just  
sitting by the sea

another autumn to be simple yellow leaves

wind waves leaves waves shadows wave

water rushing over stones in a snowstorm

## Peter Jastermsky

r e (f) u s e s

## Richa Sharma

sphinxlike a rivulet throbbing this age in my breast

brown love letters :: i miss the field where he is a  
stallion

deepening my tiredness like mother's description of  
autumn

through the gentle gate i follow the rain's vision

## Roberta Beach Jacobson

along Iowa's rusted rails ghost butterflies

## Ron Scully

broken	not	the
mirror	the	puzzle
	metaphor	pieces

compass	flounders	gasping
needle	on	for
	its	
constellations	back	

like	between	and
photographing	the	what
the	glare	never
lakewaters	the	was
	camera	not
	captures	

## Rowan Beckett

dawn breaking a backbone unfolds to dust

underbelly a sun thick with jaundice

shattering earth a bone grows downwind

to a god unbecoming thinness of moon

## Srini

on distant and deaf eyes heat lightning

whittling away the house in my dream white ants

can(n)on

## Stephen Toft

dusk blossoms the eight bodies of luke the evangelist

drowning child in your hand is a starfish is a compass

white blossom  
the deer reincarnated  
as a deer

sea mist following the curl of the dying rose

ghost blossom tea the aftertaste is dusk

## Suraj Nanu

tossing alms on the Baul's shadow autumn leaves

a piece of an earthworm hides the Milky Way

thistle-downs trick the wind feigning war

fallen mangoes around the empty swing midnight bats

## Tazeen Fatma

we want what we want kharai camel

## Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

if only my lungs could cleave each clove

then the dawn is nothing more than a particle of an  
orchid

in the bark of a tree like a comma

sage or magenta you pick the cause of deceit

could pass for gold the charred sea of lust

## Tim Murphy

at last the butterfly myth swanned

honey of an exile abyss

face blindness becoming a memory

greeting a shade unhoming the world

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# Under the Bashō 2023

## Linked Forms, Sequences and Contrapuntal Poetry

Editor: [Clayton Beach](#)

### A Higher Sky

Details

👤 Written by: [Mariko Kitakubo](#) & [Deborah P Kolodji](#)

more than  
30 years ...  
a thorny road  
brings me here,  
endless future

*the water shoot  
grows taller  
fresh rose buds*

is there  
an air pocket?  
swinging  
high up in the sky  
free flight

*starling murmuration  
the playground  
empty now*

a vortex  
revolves around  
Polaris...  
sleeping cat  
on top of the slide

*backyard sprinkler*  
*grandchildren jump*  
*over the jets*

Mariko Kitakubo  
*Deborah P Kolodji*

## A Split Sequence by Milan Rajkumar & Richa Sharma

Details

 Written by: Milan Rajkumar & Richa Sharma

**River's Cry**

Vanda blossoms

*at the edge*  
*of the descending graph*  
*a red balloon string*

for her post chemo

chilling rain –  
lying in a heap  
a mannequin

a long black wig

*new diary ...*  
*the mirror aligns*  
*an erased path*

Milan Rajkumar  
&  
*Richa Sharma*

## Āina (a Hawaiian Goddess Rengay)

Details



 Written by: Michelle Hyatt & Jacob Salzer

new worlds  
spoken into existence  
Pele clears her throat

*Hi'aka dancing . . .  
thunder echoes over the sea*

flashes of mist  
Lilinoe awakens  
over Haleakala

*third trimester . . .  
the scent of Haumea's flowers  
in the baby's cry*

swaying palm fronds  
Laka lifts her arms to the sun

*Nāmaka's tidal wave  
crashes into the fire . . .  
her whispers*

Michelle Hyatt, Canada  
Jacob D. Salzer, USA

“‘*Āina*,” the Hawaiian word for “land,” means that which feeds. It encompasses the Hawaiian worldview of a reciprocal and familial relationship between people and the land.

## Ashes to Ashes – a split sequence by Cynthia Anderson

Details

 Written by: Cynthia Anderson

eruption

getting me nowhere  
these fantasies  
of running away

after the lava

vog and laze  
sleepwalking through  
the daily routine

cold again

pitch black night  
the drone of crickets  
under burning stars

## at the edges of time – a contrapuntal collaboration

### Details

👤 Written by: Clayton Beach & Stephen Bailey

lengthening shadow— now it teeters at the brink of a sudden gasp of joy	<i>the Fates mend old garments of praise seamlessly</i>
<i>uncontainable visions pump through dilated pupils</i>	the weft of a psalm in the warp of a choir
a coriolis force draws the pilgrims through the eye of a storm	<i>who among the living if the words were cried out would hear them</i>
<i>whirling dervishes revel beyond their becomingness</i>	in the depths of the woods moonlight on rainwater
just grains of sand slipping through the curves of an hourglass waist	<i>eyefall over mossy stones just the sound</i>
<i>each a world of wild flowers infinite &amp; eternal</i>	of a petrel's cry echoes in the belly of the wreck
less than an orchid seed in the blinding light of the sun	<i>the unborn kicks against the shackles of growing</i>
<i>the kingdom of heaven leavened through the dross</i>	as snow gently fills the traces of footsteps
an intercision of desire as history unravels at the edges of time	<i>a loosed arrow gives into the temptation to miss the mark</i>

Clayton Beach  
Stephen Bailey

## Bail Breach - linked verse

### Details

👤 Written by: Roman Lyakhovetsky

asking for a quarter moon above the dead end street

a clean pocket square  
out of the tattered jacket

asking for a quarter moon above the dead end street

a dart still trembling  
right at the bullseye

asking for a quarter moon above the dead end street

all these years  
on the loose

## Contrails – a split sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Roman Lyakhovetsky & Peter  
Jastermsky

morning chill

*nose to the glass*  
*a second coming*  
*of childhood dreams*

a raindrop slows

air show rehearsal  
the pilot thumbs up  
from a dead loop

before its reflection

*bed to floor*  
*a blanket parachute*  
*nails the landing*

Roman Lyakhovetsky  
*Peter Jastermsky*

## Four Tan-renga

Details

👤 Written by: Jennifer Hambrick and Richard  
Gilbert

lifting up  
this skirt's frayed hem  
a line of foremothers

*the cave, handprints  
to mark the birth arch*

By Jennifer Hambrick and *Richard Gilbert*

\*\*\*\*\*

attunements of grace  
fall in miracles  
before the altar

*peals of sunlight  
in tintinnabulation*

By Richard Gilbert and *Jennifer Hambrick*

\*\*\*\*\*

tango rose  
a needle threaded through  
an open mouth

*wishing-well, that one coin  
falls through paradise*

By Jennifer Hambrick and *Richard Gilbert*

\*\*\*\*\*


gathering him up  
limb by limb, fragments  
of a fable

*red ink  
bleeding our secrets*

By Richard Gilbert and *Jennifer Hambrick*

# From His Sickbed - a sequence

Details

 Written by: Gregory Tullock

Shiki's ambition  
an insatiable tiger  
stripped of its claws

his poem journeys  
to smaller mountains now  
- cockscomb and peony

from his sickbed  
observing the beauty  
of all that passes

a fish in a bowl  
swimming in glass-walled freedom  
this painful beauty

a moonflower falls  
the night so quiet  
it echoes

dawn breaks early  
the night too short  
and painfully long

his fever rising  
how he longs for the rain  
of the picture-book store

Shiki's frail hand  
love letters to a garden  
seen through a window

Shiki in his bed  
strolling through the garden  
stepping on nothing

Shiki flies out  
among the chrysanthemums  
- a butterfly

outside his window  
the dew evaporates  
each drop a Shiki

the invalid poet  
a once in a lifetime  
persimmon

Shiki rises up

his body motionless  
- hototogisu

Shiki's death bed  
the bird has taken flight  
unseen garden

Shiki's empty bed  
his enduring brilliance  
loaned to a star

## Horizons – a tanka sequence by Joanna Ashwell

Details

 Written by: Joanna Ashwell

moon dragonfly  
skimming the pond  
of an upturned sky  
a flash of stars  
our dream flight

pen poised  
how to begin  
to say goodbye  
the empty rosebuds  
of winter

how can I say  
my part in this  
one half sky  
one half ocean  
gravity's quill

the encyclopaedia  
we all wish for  
to avoid the pitfalls  
the cuckoo song  
within

ocean star  
loosening from sky  
a ridge of light  
the long horizon  
to aim for

# Ideia Di Improvison Ku Konxa Na Praia

Details

👤 Written by: Joel Dias-Porter

*(AN IDEA OF IMPROVISATION WITH SHELLS ON A  
BEACH)*

tonba di txuba

na pedras di kaminu

rizu kriansa

*fall of rain*

*on the roadway's stones*

*a child's laughter*

jogu di óril

sinku gritu di korbu

na sangi-drága

*game of Oril*

*five cries of a crow*

*on the dragon's blood tree*

areia pretu

entre nha dedus di pé

ondinhas mornu

*black sand*

*between my toes*

*warm waves*

kanson baléia

azuls di mar ka sima

azul di seu

*whale song*

*the blues of the sea are not*

*the blue of the sky*

na aguas di mar

ondulason da lua

éku di sinu

*on ocean water*

*ripples of the moon*

*the echo of a bell*

# Into Thin Air (a Chinese Goddess Rengay)

Details

👤 Written by: Michelle Hyatt & Jacob Salzer

a flying crow—  
above the Eastern Sea  
Jengwei carries a twig

*women gather peaches  
in Wang Mu Niang Niang's garden*

a golden tincture...  
Bao Gu prays  
for the apothecary

*Feng Po Po rides  
a tiger through clouds  
autumn wind*

taming the gorge  
Yaoji calms the storm

*clay-born humans...  
Nüwa and a tortoise repair  
the pillars of Heaven*

Michelle Hyatt, Canada  
Jacob D. Salzer, USA

## Joyful Mysteries – a sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Nicky Gutierrez

spring morning  
the quiet fiat  
on her lips

leaping gazelle  
the fig  
begins to ripen

midnight  
the stillness  
of a newborn's cries

pair of turtle doves  
a mother presents



her child

temple courts  
a mother rushes  
to her son

## Manufactured Joy & Reflections

Details

 Written by: Shloka Shankar & rs

### Manufactured Joy

summer solstice

*warming  
to the idea  
vision board*

I divide my day into

through the sieve  
a handful of what ifs  
& what-nots

pomodoros

*seed by seed  
my level  
of engagement*

Shloka Shankar, Bangalore, Karnataka, India  
*rs, Middletown, Delaware, USA*

### Reflections

gnarled oak

*winter day  
the grays of the forest  
I pace*

I knit my questions

a memo  
I never get  
faint sunlight

into a prayer

*steam billows  
from a horse's nostrils  
an illusion of you*

Shloka Shankar, Bangalore, Karnataka, India  
*rs, Middletown, Delaware, USA*

## Of a shimmering sea – a contrapuntal collaboration

### Details

👤 Written by: Richard Gilbert and Jennifer  
Hambrick

1.

whose body this  
to give away —

*in the distance  
of a shimmering sea*

of this  
gift

*a land of songs  
and legends*

pleasure giving  
exquisite

*calls to me, rising  
in the moon-forgotten night*

love unowned —  
holding

*I throw my map  
upon the fire*

in my body  
my voice too meek

*for this  
I need the gods.*

2.

line of thigh  
in intimate outline

into your evening  
depth, i reach

the pooling  
of this tear

of no matter what —  
momentum

no matter if, wind from rain  
a whisper, your call

a circle of stars  
to guide my navigation

3.

animal through animal  
constellations well

pulse to brimming  
in giving

still as any jewel,  
a star

of absolute  
flower

cosmos  
in beat of blood

breath to breath  
i reach toward rest

Richard Gilbert

*I dream in hills  
and crevasses*

*land soft and full  
of wild beasts*

*waiting to devour me  
I thirst for the curve*

*of your horizon  
for the quickening tide*

*at the prow I howl into the night  
shivering in the mist*

*amid unnamed winds  
and starving in my own shadow*

*night shrouds the shore  
and cools the warmth of solitude*

*the sky soars concealed  
in unsought silence*

*I have known too long  
the coming storm, my empty*

*tides embrace the space of echoes  
as dark unveils itself, wordless*

*with thoughts of touch and tremble,  
the banks this boat will seek*

*but never reach, the harbor  
of this same uncertain skin*

Jennifer Hambrick

# Shapeshifters (an Indigenous Goddess Rengay)

## Details

👤 Written by: Michelle Hyatt & Jacob Salzer

winter song  
Changing Woman tilts the earth  
this longest night

*spring sunset . . .*  
*a bat enters Evaki's dream*

past lives  
Spider Woman weaves  
a willow basket

*Onata's breath*  
*between stalks of corn*  
*children whispering*

Kipitaki's transformation—  
a coyote flicks her tail

*Sky Woman descends*  
*through a hole in the sky*  
*the sound of the sea*

Michelle Hyatt, Canada  
Jacob D. Salzer, USA

## Spring Rain

## Details

👤 Written by: Mariko Kitakubo & Deborah P  
Kolodji

sweet rain  
on my flower bed  
I welcome home  
its early spring  
scent

*green buds*  
*the rebirth*  
*of a garden*

Sakura shoots  
covered with

March snow  
will a painless future  
be possible?

*parasites*  
*the loss of an orchard*  
*crop*


how many  
years ago  
the bloody soil  
around my roots  
pain recalls pain

*strife planted*  
*I yearn to be rain-drenched*  
*with healing*

Mariko Kitakubo  
*Deborah P Kolodji*

## Surface Tension – A tanka sequence by Jenny Ward Angyal

Details

 Written by: Jenny Ward Angyal

my ruined knee  
will carry me no further  
than the banks  
of my own pond . . .  
I dive into stillness

roiling mud  
in shallow water  
pain obscures  
the silver minnows  
of the mind

slowly  
silt settles  
the search  
for lotus root  
& snapping turtle

the illusion  
of a separate self  
bites deep—  
sharing the sun  
with frog spawn

in the depths  
an ancient catfish  
lurks unseen. . .  
I wait for the softest  
brush of barbels

## The Luminous Mysteries – a sequence

Details

 Written by: Nicky Gutierrez

salted with fire  
the Jordan River  
aglow

another cup of wine  
and another...  
mother's dancing

hearing the good news  
the bricklayer lays  
another brick

mountain top  
the sun rising  
overhead

breaking bread  
the table  
in silence

## Three Hearts: A Summer Kasen

Details

 Written by: Scott Wiggerman, Janet Ruth, and  
Claire Vogel Camargo

parched mouths  
more water in our tears  
than the river

*beneath heat and dust*  
*monsoon dreams*

**one foot**  
**in front of the other**

**a mirage pulls**

echo on echo  
late-night sirens

*young screech-owls*  
*round moon eyes*  
*full of new worlds*

**equinox**  
**tilt under autumn winds**

**cool overtones**  
**leaves turning the colors**  
**of bruises**

*book falls open*  
*to an old love letter*

carved hearts  
how many rings  
in *4ever*

**candlelight dinner**  
**the flame sputters out**

*orb of darkness*  
*slides across the sun*  
*temporary night*

theater lights go down  
fumbling hands

**frost moon**  
**breaking the ice**  
**between us**

*the sky comes undone*  
*flurry of snowflakes*

gray, not white  
how different I look  
at clouds

**family hike**  
**roots we trip over**

*primrose petals*  
*white tatters*  
*sweeten the wind*

Chinese pistache  
waxing not waning

across the trail  
the first whiptails—  
and they're off

*life's Olympics*  
*less sprint than marathon*

**Japanese trials**  
**Basho's long walk**  
**up Mt. Fuji**

filled with syllables  
short-lived huts

*glass of iced tea*  
*sweats in the shade*  
*shriek of cicadas*

**orange crown of flames**  
**cactus flowers**

his ginger hair  
and freckled chest  
my weak heart

*touch in the night*  
*salt of your skin*

**wooing me**  
**with sautéed garlic**  
**tender heat**

blue porchlight  
still you're not home

*harvest moon*  
*sails a darkened sky*  
*ripe persimmons*

**creating an ofrenda**  
**for Día de los Muertos**

**orange scents**  
**of pan dulce**  
**mother smiles down**

*rough quilter's fingers*  
*lives pieced together*

broken bowl  
shards bound by gold  
embracing our flaws

**despite sharp words**  
**fresh love and laughter**

*peach blossoms*  
*brown in an April freeze*  
*we cling to dreams*

scorched hearts  
the aquifer within




Scott Wiggerman, Albuquerque, NM, USA

*Janet Ruth, Corrales, NM, USA*

Claire Vogel Camargo, Austin, TX, USA

## Two Sequences by Randy Brooks

Details

 Written by: Randy Brooks

### Athens, Ohio Flood

my father waves for me  
to stay back . . .  
swirling floodwaters

inches above brown water  
the kitchen table holds  
our piano

the family dog  
in a loft over the garage  
still yipping

a carpet of muck  
throughout the first floor  
the smell of shit

floodwaters recede  
a fish flop calligraphy  
left in the mud

—

### Foxtail

follow the leader  
through the snowy woods  
my turn

harvested corn  
enough moon  
to keep her company

a field of foxtails  
letting the dog  
go

# Wintry Amble – a sequence

## Details

👤 Written by: Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & Kent Robinson

wintry amble...  
the basket of wiry sticks  
of a magpie's nest

*through the vale*  
*woodsmoke wreaths gaunt trees –*  
*cozy hearth*

twilight  
the faint afterglow  
of a crescent moon

*mist loiters*  
*in chill hollows –*  
*star strewn vault*

deserted house  
from roof beam to floor  
a veil of cobwebs

*spring clean . . .*  
*on beryl twig tips*  
*buds swell*

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde  
Kent Robinson

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# Under the Bashō 2023

## Poet's Personal Best

### Haiku

Editor: [Don Baird](#)

## Personal Best by Govind Joshi

Details

📁 Category: [Personal Best](#)

📅 Last Updated: 08 November 2023

seeking happiness  
I step into  
myself

[Haiku Dialogue of The Haiku Foundation](#)  
[on January 18, 2023](#)

## Personal Best by Marion Clarke

Details

📁 Category: [Personal Best](#)

📅 Last Updated: 05 November 2023

early phone call  
I watch grief claim  
my mother's face

*Tinywords 23.1*

## Personal Best by Amoolya Kamalnath

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 15 November 2023


stone-cold night  
i start my next sketchbook  
with wilted flowers

*Haiku Dialogue – Times of Transition – The last frontier  
/ Poems of dying and death (The Haiku Foundation)  
October 11th 2023*

## Personal Best by Aparna Pathak

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 05 October 2023


left with  
what we couldn't divide  
day moon

*haikuKATHA 21 (July 2023)*

## Personal Best by Barbara Anna Gaiardoni

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 05 November 2023

her dementia . . .  
resembling  
the robin song

la sua demenza . . .  
ricorda la canzone  
del pettirosso

*Autumn Moon Haiku*

## Personal Best by Bonnie Scherer

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 24 October 2023


too much white the dark side

*First Place in #FemkuMag's  
2023 Marlene Mountain Memorial Contest Results*

## Personal Best by Daniela Misso

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 23 September 2023


cherry petals...  
I leave my sorrows  
in the breeze

*Second prize, Japan Fair Haiku Contest Awards 2023*

## Personal Best by Debbie Strange

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 23 September 2023

busker's hat  
a child offers coins


of dried lunaria

1st Place – 2022 Bloodroot Haiku Award

## Personal Best by Eta Grubešić

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 21 September 2023

distant thunder -  
my fear speaks to me  
in a foreign language

*World Haiku Review*

Shintai haiku Spring 2023 (First Place)

## Personal Best by Eufemia Griffo

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 24 October 2023


fall twilight  
all the things  
that will never return

Honorable Mention, *Autumn Moon Haiku Contest*, Dec.  
2022

## Personal Best by Helen Buckingham

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)


 Last Updated: 08 November 2023

Advent Calendar  
the final window  
a refugee mother

## Personal Best by Jennifer Gurney

### Details

 Category: Personal Best

 Last Updated: 25 November 2023


interconnected  
they pull on my heartstrings --  
the moon, the waves

*Different Truths* 8-10-23

## Personal Best by John Hawkhead

### Details

 Category: Personal Best

 Last Updated: 08 September 2023


by the way forget me nots

*Presence Magazine*, Issue 70 (2021)

## Personal Best by Joseph P. Wechselberger

### Details

 Category: Personal Best

 Last Updated: 08 September 2023

All Souls' Day  
snow drifts through cracks  
in the old barn


*Hedgerow: a journal of small poems*, Issue 136,  
December 2021

*Haiku 2022* – 100 Notable Haiku from 2021, ed. Lee Gurga and Scott Metz (Modern Haiku Press, 2022)

## Personal Best by Katica Badovinac

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)


 Last Updated: 21 September 2023

quarantine day  
without a protective mask  
the monitor and me

## Personal Best by Ken Sawitri

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 15 November 2023


old rattan chair  
knowing best  
my father's back

*The English-Speaking Union of Japan (ESUJ)-H English  
Haiku, August edition 2023, (Selected by Emiko  
Miyashita and Tetsuya Kotaki)*

## Personal Best by Louise Hopewell

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 08 November 2023


outback highway  
a thousand miles  
of fatality markers

*Prune Juice, Issue 39, May 2023*

## Personal Best by Małgorzata Formanowska

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 15 November 2023



cloudburst  
from white to green  
bird cherry

*Stardust Haiku - Poetry With A Little Sparkle, Issue 77,  
May 2023 (In the Starlight)*

## Personal Best by Marcie Wessels

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 24 October 2023


the soft mathematics of rain falling blossoms

3rd place, 2023 Peggy Willis Lyles Haiku Award

## Personal Best by Marilyn Humbert

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 05 October 2023


sickle moon  
tilts and swings across  
the fall sky

*Autumn Moon Journal* 6.1 2022

## Personal Best by Marjorie Pezzoli

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 15 November 2023

lead should surround stain glass not children

*Cold Moon Journal*

## Personal Best by Mark Gilbert

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 24 October 2023

peeling lychees  
meeting the parents  
for the first time

*Frogpond*, issue 46:3 (Autumn 2023)

## Personal Best by Maya Daneva

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 12 October 2023


umbrellas  
getting closer to each other...  
belated city bus

*tsuri-doro*, issue#15, May/June 2023

## Personal Best by Meera Rehm

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 27 September 2023


flowering garden  
she shows me  
an empty cocoon

*Modern Haiku*, Summer 2021

## Personal Best by Mike Gallagher

#### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 05 November 2023


morning mist  
the shining furrows  
of ploughed fields

[Maya Lyubenova International Haiku Contest 2023 \(3rd prize\)](#)

## Personal Best by Mirela Brailean

#### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 05 October 2023


summer breeze  
an egg cloud becomes  
a dragon

[Haiku Corner, Week 29 \(17 - 21 July 2023\)](#)

## Personal Best by Monica Kakkar

#### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 25 November 2023

faraway fragrance  
awakens with sleepy moon . . .  
lilac lullaby

[English Language Haiku, The Edmonton Japanese Community Association \(EJCA\) Spring Haiku Poetry Contest 2023](#)

## Personal Best by Natalia Kuznetsova

#### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 26 July 2023


ashes to ashes...  
the young widow looks up –  
double rainbow

*World Haiku Review*, June 2015, Editor's Choice

## Personal Best by Peter Jastermsky

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 29 September 2023


over a dying reef glass bottom boat selfies

*NOON: journal of the short poem*, March 2023

## Personal Best by Richa Sharma

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 05 October 2023

spring evening  
the marriage horse  
shinier than the groom

*Akitsu Quarterly*, Fall/Winter 2023

## Personal Best by Roberta Beach Jacobson

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 05 October 2023

silent rain . . .  
under umbrellas  
mimes

*Failed Haiku*

## Personal Best by Simon Hanson

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 15 November 2023

beyond the reach of light luminous fish

[Irish Haiku Society International Haiku Contest 2018,](#)  
[Second place](#)

## Personal Best by Stefanie Bucifal

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 15 November 2023


the moon crossing the river crossing the moon

[First Place, Kaji Aso Studio Haiku Contest, 2023](#)

## Personal Best by Susan Yavaniski

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 15 November 2023


the world around us exploding cattails

*The Heron's Nest*, Volume XXV, #1 (March 2023)

## Personal Best by Tuyet Van Do

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 05 October 2023


Lunar New Year  
children waiting in line for  
red envelopes

*Enchanted Garden Haiku Journal*, Issue 1: Traditions,  
April 2023

## Personal Best by Vijay Prasad

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 25 November 2023


things blot up the excess of me

*Heliosparrow Poetry Journal*, May 2023

## Personal Best by Zoran Doderović

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 29 September 2023

last train  
glow of the setting sun  
in the old man's eyes

Poslednji voz.  
Sjaj zalazećeg sunca  
u očima starca.

*Last Train Home* an anthology of contemporary haiku,  
tanka and rengay, edited by Jacqueline Pearce,  
Pandhawk Press, Canada 2021

## Personal Best Haiku by Adjei Agyei-Baah

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 03 April 2023

Gaza—  
a kite descends


in tatters

*Tales of the Kite* (Buttonhook Press, 2023)

## Personal Best Haiku by Daipayan Nair

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 09 May 2023


grandpa  
all I can collect  
in the urn

[tempslibres.org](https://tempslibres.org)

## Personal Best Haiku by Damir Damir

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 20 March 2023

New Year  
My sore knee  
is not Buddha yet


Nova godina  
Moje bolno koleno  
još uvek nije Buda

*Enklava, časopis za poeziju*, broj 8 (January 2023)

## Personal Best Haiku by Daniela Rodi

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 24 August 2023


the longest journey...  
a falling leaf  
returns to dust

The 5th Basho- an International English Haiku  
Competition, 2023.

## Personal Best haiku by Goran Gatalica

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 03 July 2023

ceasefire agreement —  
a cloud of cherry blossoms  
across the battlefield

Second Prize, *Seventh International Haiku Contest*  
*"Cherry Blossom" 2023, Bulgaria*

## Personal Best Haiku by Joanna Ashwell

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 09 May 2023


a world  
within a world  
dreamtime

*Stardust Haiku* Online Journal, Issue 76, April 2023

## Personal Best Haiku by Luciana Moretto

Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 19 March 2023

zephyr blows  
my old selves away  
Women's Day


*Haiku Dialogue* - March 15, 2023



## Personal Best Haiku by Małgorzata Formanowska

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 14 March 2023

spring sky  
cleaning the brushes  
from black ink

*Poetry Pea Podcast (S5E6), Poetry Pea Journal 1:22*

## Personal Best Haiku by Noel King

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 31 March 2023

sudden wind  
crop duster  
misses target

*Shamrock haiku international haiku competition 2022*

## Personal Best Haiku by Rodney Williams

### Details

 Category: [Personal Best](#)

 Last Updated: 29 March 2023

the scent of new-mown hay  
raked into rows ...  
horse-tail clouds

*Second Prize, FreeXpresSion Haiku Competition,  
Australia, 2015*

## Personal Best Haiku by Srini

Details

📁 Category: [Personal Best](#)

📅 Last Updated: 29 March 2023

the karma of words spoken mountain echo

*Kontinuum*, Vol. 2, No. 1

## Personal Best Haiku by Steliana Cristina Voicu

Details

📁 Category: [Personal Best](#)

📅 Last Updated: 16 March 2023

wisteria blossoms...

the Earth stars

falling

flori de wisteria...

se scutură stelele

Pământului

*Argeș magazine*, no.3 (489), March 2023

## Personal Best Haiku by Tsanka Shishkova

Details

📁 Category: [Personal Best](#)

📅 Last Updated: 24 August 2023

quiet snowfall

grandpa recounts adventures

from his youth

*Asahi Shimbun* / *ASAHI HAIKUIST NETWORK*, 30 Dec  
2022

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