

haikuKATHA

unfolding the story within



Issue 13, November 2022

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haikuKATHA is the official monthly publication brought out by Triveni Haikai India. Its primary function is to publish the best in contemporary English-language haiku, senryu, tanka, haibun, tanka-prose, tanka art, and haiga.

Each month's issue is put together by a team of editors who select poems from the previous month's prompts posted on the Triveni Haikai India website. The magazine is copyrighted by Triveni Haikai India.

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Issue 13
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haiku, tanka, haibun
tanka-prose, haiga and tanka-art

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

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for providing the weekly challenges
for the month of October 2022,

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for his watercolour painting,

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for gathering the poems
written for these prompts,

our contributors
for sharing their poems.

Editors' Choice Commentary: Ashish Narain
aftermath by Lev Hart

aftermath
an empire of dust
devils

Lev Hart

This haiku struck me immediately the first time I read it. Part of the allure is that it is so intriguing. One never feels the comfort that they have “got” it- it is felt, rather than understood. For me, that makes for a great poem indeed.

Coming to the poem itself. The first line is like a faint scent in that one struggles to understand what it is. “aftermath.” Of what? All the word is located in the poem after an unpleasant event. Most of us have undergone so many collective - and sometimes personal - tragedies over the past two years, that the fragment is enough to provoke a strong emotional reaction. Very cleverly, it provides context and draws in the reader, but leaves enough unsaid for them to fill it with their own story.

Then comes the phrase, which connects two seemingly unrelated things - empires and dust devils. How different at first glance, but when you think of them, so similar. Both are imposing at first, commanding attention. However, both are also ultimately ephemeral. The time scale may be different - minutes for a dust devil and centuries for empires, but ultimately, they all end. A google search on dust devils also shows that across cultures from the Americas to Africa, dust devils symbolize spirits or demons, drawn by human suffering. Perhaps it's this suffering that connects the phrase and fragment?

Dust devils occur in flat, barren terrain. This helps in imagining the location. I can picture the poem being set in the deserts of Egypt, or on a battlefield where Alexander defeated the Persian Empire, or on a civil war battlefield in the US, perhaps even in war-torn Ukraine. Dust devils form when the land is hot and there is little wind. They can therefore be understood as a summer kigo word.

I especially want to note the clever use of enjambment in the way the second line is broken. It helps maintain the ku in the traditional short/long/short structure visually. At the same time, one can also read the second and third lines not just as a continuation of a phrase, but as fragments in themselves. This adds a whole different flavour to the reading.

All in all, a technically strong and powerful poem. Moreover, one that keeps you wanting to come back and chew at it a bit more.

Cover Art: Milind Mulick
Thoughts from an art lover: Alaka Yeravadekar



More or Less Banana

Go to any Indian village, especially in the western ghats, and you will find a banana plant in the backyard of each home. And with good reason. Technically a berry, a banana is a low-cost nutritious meal for millions of people. The leaves are used as a plate to serve meals. Banana silk is a niche fibre derived from the fruit peel.

Coming to the watercolour by Milind Mulick: the artwork, anchored by the banana plants, makes judicious use of white space, giving a sense of balance to the image. A few strokes to the right hint at a house. To the left is a low stone wall. There is the suggestion of a fence in the front. The indicative rather than explicit strokes, give the viewer the space to pause, to engage with the art, by leaving a few things to the imagination and letting the viewer fill in the gaps; much like a good haiku.

haiku

only static
in your voice message
long-distance relationship

Arvinder Kaur

seagulls circling
for a spot —
oil slick

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

bald sp t ...
no more trees
on this dead patch

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

a rock dove's nest
above our front entry —
we use the back door

Billie Dee

haiku

higher! the boy begs —
tension
on the kite's line

Bonnie Scherer

ghost town
wildflowers
calling it home

Bryan Rickert

second chances
the branch I meant to trim
blooms first

Bryan Rickert

riverbed ...
the sound of water still
beneath my feet

Chittaluri Satyanarayana

haiku

museum visit —
the four eyes
of a two-headed calf

Daipayan Nair

moonbeams
over charred carcass
a grayscale forest

Disha Upadhyay

mellow night
silhouettes intertwine
under a lamppost

Disha Upadhyay

acorn woodpecker
shuttling between
seasons

Kashiana Singh

haiku

still life
a glint on the apple
outlasts the season

Kavita Ratna

switching phones...
a manuscript
lost forever

Kavya Janani

autumn clothesline
the same old innerwear
taking turns

Lakshmi Iyer

internet failure ...
kids start to count
the stars

Lakshmi Iyer

haiku

timeshare
all summer the ski jump owned
by this moose

Lev Hart

aftermath
an empire of dust
devils

Lev Hart

on a farm track
with car and caravan
sat nav

Lorraine Haig

evacuation train
the heart the child traces
warms the pane

Marcie Wessels

haiku

circus ground
the balloon seller's child waits
for the last balloon

Mallika Chari

softly falling
on a forgotten grave
my fresh grief

Marilyn Ashbaugh

the fog lifts
on the morning calm
first draft

Martin Duguay

paper cranes –
those young lives
of kamikazes

Milan Rajkumar

haiku

new hairstyle
my phone too fails
to recognise me

Mona Bedi

candlelight dinner
our toes beneath the table
up to something

Nitu Yumnam

pigeon's gaze
shifting at each step -
twig theft in progress

Ritvik Kapoor

candlelit room
me myself and i
in three directions

Robert Kingston

haiku

morning alarm
my dream goes on
without me

Ron Russell

his room in disarray
a balloon
sinks to the floor

Rupa Anand

sunrise ...
the noise of all my to-dos
from last week

Sankara Jayanth

AI
just a week later
wants me to buy specs again

Sreenath Mysore

haiku

clear sky ...
the moon's solo
on the alpine lake

Urveez Avari

hazy morning ...
urchins scour the rubbish
for firecrackers

Vibha Malhotra

autumn moon
my first sixty years
of wandering

Xenia Tran

island autumn
birdsong and water
wash over the stones

Xenia Tran

one-line haiku

just as I still this monkey-mind mosquito whine

Billie Dee

the crow chick's maiden flight fall

Dipankar Dasgupta

in jail whose blood on my clothes

Lev Hart

going viral dandelions

Marilyn Ashbaugh

one-line haiku

the sea not the sea it knows

Sankara Jayanth

from somewhere a draft gently gently the flame steadies itself

Sankara Jayanth

early mangoes each a question mark

Srini

keeping my enemies close fox den

Susan Burch

one-line haiku

work (de)pressing in on me

Susan Burch

first light the lazy waltz of dust particles

Urveez Avari

petrichor the scent of La Niña

Wanda Amos

concrete haiku

beach walk
we separate around
the horseshoe crab

Barrie Levine

concrete haiku

on the bike path
u n n
I b y hop a snake

Martin Duguay

concrete haiku

sails
our
in
wind
champagne flutes clink the

Martin Duguay

concrete haiku

skipping stones
every diwali my sister and I
o e o n
h m b u d

Vibha Malhotra

tanka

will my poems
see the light of day
or stay muted at twilight —
this dewdrop on lotus leaf waits
to be sun-drenched

Amrutha V. Prabhu

layer after layer
of makeup
transforms me into my role;
for awhile
i lose myself in another

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

the folk singer
sings of forbidden love,
I don't understand
the words
but my heart does

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

tanka

neon billboards
illuminate the city skyline
into the wee hours ...
poor birds,
singing the night away

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt

windchimes
again, a homecoming
resonance
of friends unexpected
in stranger lands

Bhavana Nissima

the stillness
of an old beaver pond
deep within
 this yearning to undam
 one final love

Billie Dee

tanka

mostly black,
my friends' umbrellas dripping
in the hallway
to celebrate this birthday
I've shed my widow's weeds

Billie Dee

snowdrop
another name
for hope
the sweet scent
of a sleeping baby

Billie Dee

wiring a shape
into the bonsai pine
for a moment
being the man
you always wanted

Bryan Rickert

tanka

collecting
garden deadheads
all the work
I put into
cultivating us

Bryan Rickert

the wild geese
have all flown away...
is there still
a place for me
in the family of things

Ken Slaughter

at dinner
the sudden arrival
of silence ...
everyone tasting
the f-word

Ken Slaughter

tanka

nothing much
to talk about this autumn rain
in silence
we gather words
we forgot to say

Lakshmi Iyer

nothing wrong if
I can't speak your language
it's taken
me years to accept
our ways are poles apart

Lakshmi Iyer

deep in the grass
bits of soft fur cling
to a small skull —
beneath empty sockets
the eye-teeth still bared

Linda Papanicolaou

tanka

mountain pass
slopes and curves
glide through
the shades of green
moonlight

Mallika Chari

no matter
where I meander
the crow's caw
chides me to remember
there is no escape

Marilyn Ashbaugh

foreclosure -
nobody bothers
with the long forgotten
tire swing filled
with children's laughter

Marilyn Ashbaugh

tanka

seaside walk
the constant lapping
of waves at my feet ...
they too have
a story to tell

Mona Bedi

bedridden —
the distant laughter
of his grandson
like drops of first rain
on parched earth

Mona Bedi

deep autumn —
our names still etched
on the trellis
a lone leaf on my shoulder
reminds me of you

Mona Bedi

tanka

unseasonal
this cloudburst
in a streak of lightning
I search your eyes
for the old tenderness

Neena Singh

from freshly-hoed grass
scores of earthworms crawl
on the walking track
I watch every step
to avoid being crushed

Neera Kashyap

posing below a myrtle tree
full with red flowers
I spot
in the group photo
an abandoned nest

Neera Kashyap

tanka

in cold light
a robin at the birdbath
reflections of autumn
once again return me
to that day our world stopped

Robert Kingston

he speaks
of times before me
a shadow of
father kicking the threshold
after a hard day's toil

Robert Kingston

this crazed path
tying our lives together
in the mist
a picture of mother
tending her blooms

Robert Kingston

tanka

crack of light
between whispers
splits the night
a lover's silhouette
for one brief moment

Ron Russell

remember when
you and I ate green cherries
immature and wild
unable to hold back
our springtime passion

Ron Russell

distant clouds
that faraway look
in her eyes
is she thinking of me
thinking of her

Ron Russell

tanka

once upon a time
i may have been
that pine tree
whistling
in the wind

Rupa Anand

the silent
circumambulation
of that mountain
moving into me
me into the mountain

Rupa Anand

the snap
of a twig -
our friendship
not as strong
as I thought

Susan Burch

tanka

shedding
like a Maine Coon cat
I find
another long hair
on the kitchen sponge

Susan Burch

the first light
braiding through
my dark mind
I resume
my morning walks

Vibha Malhotra

haibun

Amoolya Kamalnath
~

Crossroads

Children are cooped up at home and don't know what to make of the situation that has befallen them.

COVID ward -
the old man's face
writ with death

They play hopscotch while their mother toils away in the kitchen.

screaming alarms
the dreaded
flatline

haibun

Anju Kishore
~

Writer's Block

The night wraps my wakefulness in its warm velvet. A pearl, luminous in its stillness.

spilt dew
dawn descends
on a scribble

haibun

Anju Kishore



Afterlife

The choolamaram forest moans like my nearly-blind grandmother had said it would. While lighting a lamp at dusk to usher in the gods, she had warned that the dark was no time to loiter among the pines when yakshis wandered to devour handsome boys.

I walk alone, mildly curious to see if any spirits find me handsome.

crunch of leaves
in the dark
a forest shapeshifting

Across the dreaded clump of pines, my octogenarian uncle wheezes painfully.

I reach a scattering of houses blinking in the moonlight. Opening the wicket gate to my uncle's, I walk up the path zig-zagging in the light of a swinging lantern. The kaalankozhi calls, stilling the night with its omen of death.

I step in the half-open door.

Turning around slowly, grinning a toothless grin, is my grandmother. There is a glitter in her eyes I have not seen before.

rising mist
between city lights
some old stories

haibun

Anju Kishore
~

Battlefields

It's that time of the year when God comes home. A caparisoned elephant accompanied by drums and trumpets carries the temple deity and stops at all the houses in our lane.

Appa would have been up and about since dawn, arranging an elaborate welcome for the procession. We would decorate our doorstep with kolams and wait with bated breath with our offerings.

But this time, a wisp of his former self, he lies fighting the demons in his head. Amma lights the lamp and reads aloud from the Bhagavatham. The sharp smell of the burning wick seeps into our walls along with the fragrance of the sandalwood paste she has just prepared. Appa eases slowly from his delirium and falls asleep.

riverside reeds
the breeze
bending unbending

Bhawana Nissima



Maker of Coffee Cakes

For Rafiqah

stained glass lights
a murmured prayer
hearts-in-congregation

Before the sun has diffused into the Mediterranean blue sky of distant Algiers, I hear her wake. I wonder what she wears and how she smells.

I feel her feet on the floor — a kitchen swept, meals cooked, cakes baked. Perhaps she will lay out a coffee cake platter — green-hearts besides cream and jam pins and lemon rounds. Which of the tea sets will she pick today — the one where the blue of the sky meets the gold of the sun in an intricate porcelain dance?

Who will gather, become of the other today?

embroidering intimacy
at table corners
a monogrammed afternoon

haibun

Billie Dee



Sasquatch Country

Shooting stars punctuate our family conversation. The city noise we left last week is replaced by hooting owls.

campfire stories
we take turns stirring
the embers

Suddenly, the woods fall silent and a heavy pungence overpowers the sweet scent of s'mores. I feel the hairs rise on the back of my neck.

Dad stands and picks up the rifle. "Something's out there, you kids stay quiet," he whispers. Mom calmly grabs an iron camp skillet and leads us back to our cabin. The lake shimmers with moonlight.

pine sough ...
the crisp edge of mountain air
deepens the witching hour

The next morning Dad and I rise early, gather our fishing gear and head out. Sage-colored trout shadows dart ahead of our waders. We never mention the previous night.

lured upstream
by creek water music
thunderheads

Diana Webb



Following the Scent

A few assorted candles in different shapes and sizes. A small brass snuffer. A black velvet evening bag lined with satin and edged with a marcasite trim. All at the back of the drawer where her great-great-grandma left them. As winter looms she contemplates the prospect of many nights of power cuts, unclasps the bag, and wonders how many secrets it holds within.

dust motes
a lit wick
flickers

haibun

Diana Webb



Light

Filtering through the stained-glass saints of the old school chapel, it illuminates the surfaces of Portland stone, moves across gouache snow of winter scenes, and slants through skies caught by the brush when dawn came late and dusk too soon.

silence
a myriad glints
of sparrow song

Disha Upadhyay
~

Second chance

Filling orders, his fingers dance on the keyboard, adapting an artist's persona. His stage is confined to a cubical, dialogues restricted to sales pitch, and the audience limited to family. Every night, the spotlight on his inner child flickers to set him free, before dying at each dawn.

rusted wings
this tug of war
within

haibun

Lakshmi Iyer



Conscience

just the other day you said you wouldn't cry and i was happy since i am too
scared when you start to talk to yourself about the past hurts you have been
gathering for so many years as you yourself are unaware of the mental aggression
that rips inside me and i bleed

folding fan ...
i unfold the bird
to let it fly

haibun

Marilyn Ashbaugh
~

House of Prayer

At twilight, by the bonfire, a pilgrim describes the calm and beauty of a box canyon found on an unmarked trail near the mauve mountains. The next morning a coyote lingers outside my hermitage as I quickly leave my familiar path in search of this calm canyon. I walk a dry riverbed bathed in the colours of a newly-wakened sun.

Further along, boulders grab my boot in a deep crevice near the wash and I fall. The coolness of the morning evaporates as does my sense of direction.

desert dawn
a canyon echoes
the silence

haibun/gembun

Marilyn Ashbaugh
~

Cold and windy along the beach I take a long walk.

curl of talons
the grip
on solitude

haibun

Marilyn Ashbaugh



Weeping Beauty

On the opening night, a large teepee fills with over forty people. The only empty chair is next to a petite woman with long reddish hair. I want to say hello and introduce myself but as soon as I sit down, I am overcome by a wave of sadness and reflexively begin to cry.

“You are shedding my tears,” the woman whispers without looking up, “I cannot cry or I may never stop.”

I want to express my sorrow, but I remain silent as she points to her dress, “This was my niece’s.”

misty morning
a rosebud sheds
her dew

Martin Duguay



The Last Laugh

The chatter in the living room is fairly loud. I'm supposed to be asleep in my room, but I can hear Dad telling a story to my aunts and uncles. Something to do with the paranormal?

After Grandma passed away, my relatives went to her apartment to divide up her belongings. At the end of the day, all that was left on the dining room table was a jar filled with assorted screws. Before my eldest uncle could ask if there were any takers, the jar started rattling around on the table. Then its lid blew off and the window slammed shut. No one would touch the jar save for Dad who didn't believe in ghosts. Now, the jar in question clatters on Dad's workbench every time he goes down to the basement. It doesn't stop its dance unless he grabs it. Dad ends his story by saying he'd teased Grandma for believing in ghosts. She swore she'd teach her son-in-law a lesson after her death. I lie in a cold sweat till I fall asleep.

The next morning, I need to fetch my bicycle from the basement. Shivers run down my spine as I keep an eye on the workbench. My ordeal lasts for a year before I pluck up the courage to talk to Dad about the jar. "That jar? I tossed it out after a week. I got sick and tired of your grandma's prank."

All Saints' Eve
the streets crawling
with revenants

haibun

Mona Bedi



Passing on

I sit in the room that once belonged to my late mother-in-law. She had lovingly bequeathed it to me just before her death. I have left the room the way it was before she passed. The old wooden mandir in the corner of the room, her idols and the photographs on the walls are the same as before. Sitting on the bed I visualise her praying. I hear the jingle of her bangles. I revel in her laughter. I feel her presence.

missed chances —
I open another window
laced with sunshine

Rupa Anand



The Path In Between

In the rush of living, I might miss hearing the hoot of a sleepy owl, and the rustle of dragonfly wings hovering over me, yet when I wake up to an early dawn, the wisdom of gnarled trees rushes to meet me.

I see a caravan of swirling mist playing tag with squirrels, an old woman dressed in grey, leaving bird feed in clay platters. I stumble, intoxicated on petrichor, walking tip-toe upon the earth.

receding darkness —
the chorus
louder and louder

Rupa Anand



Awakening

For years I have noticed a pattern of waking up. I'm awake at three or four in the morning. The Rishis call it Brahma Mahurtam or the time of God, occurring precisely 48 minutes before sunrise.

It is quiet and I feel in sync with the universe. I feel conscious—more alive than sleepy and I hear the silence as it falls around my ears.

Often the location of a 'lost' shawl comes to me, as does the name of a 'forgotten' face. There is a knowing without the medium of words.

soft breeze
the patra toran swinging
over the door

haibun

Rupa Anand



Two Halves Make a Whole

“I can’t see you,” says Light, walking into the room.

“I’m here,” shrieks Darkness, shrivelling up in a corner.

“Where?” inquires Light, softly. “Come out, where I can look at you properly.”

“Don’t, please, you’ll kill me with your brilliance,” begs Darkness.

“No I won’t, I promise. Just sit quietly by my side and we can talk.”

“I know you will,” laments Darkness. “Your one look will shatter me to smithereens.”

“Oh, stop playing this game of hide and seek,” admonishes Light. “Let us be friends.”

“No, no, go away, leave me alone,” whimpers Darkness.

Light has by now strolled the entire room, looking carefully and earnestly. But Darkness is nowhere to be found.

“Hello, are you still here?”

But there is only a comfortable silence.

haibun

Light decides to sit down and have a glass of wine and wait for Darkness to return.

full moon —
a monument
lit in silence

haibun

Ron Russell



Epitaph

The average lifespan of a smartphone has been estimated to be anywhere from 15 months to 2.5 years.

My legacy left in a heap.

Can you hear me now?

reaching out
her fingers
in the moonmilk*

*A white, creamy substance found inside caves. Moonmilk, being soft, was a frequent medium for a form of prehistoric art known as finger fluting.

Xenia Tran



Pulse of the Ancients

September's sun dapples through green and ochre leaves as the path meanders past a three-hundred-year-old sycamore, still standing strong. A few dog-less people make a fuss of Misty as she skips past them to the sunny side of the wood. A robin sings his heart out on a garden fence, where the path passes a few houses. We cross a small wooden bridge over the burn, one side of the water green with algae. Once we turn left, we see her.

Birnam Oak
six hundred years old
this autumn

One of the last living relics from a mediaeval forest that once grew here, her girth is around seven metres. The oak's lower branches are so heavy they are supported by stilts and part of the trunk is hollow.

Shakespeare is said to have visited this area in 1589 when he was an actor and later immortalised the wood in his play Macbeth. This tree would have been mature when Shakespeare walked here.

Touching the bark with my left hand, I feel a pulse that gets stronger and stronger the longer I leave it there, filling my palm with heat that travels down my arms and my spine, as if they are branches.

then and now
a mild south-easterly
tingles the leaves

Amrutha V. Prabhu



A Hundred Autumns

While the boatman continues to play jaltarang with his oars, clouds flaunt their fleecy long skirts, almost ready to dance. River banks bustle with wild ducks as if they have come a long way to watch the show.

The fluttering of birds, the rustling of leaves, the ripples of the river, the chiming of the breeze, the smiles of children – all sing of now.

every moment
a feather of lightness ...
i fly
on and on, beyond,
beyond the horizon

tanka-prose

Gauri Dixit



Afternoon

The old lady was pushing a large shopping cart, stopping every once in a while, to pick up something. The cart was full to the brim and she seemed tired. Yet, she pushed on with purpose, as if she knew where she was going.

She headed towards the shoe section and found a place to sit with a few pairs of shoes to try. She spent some time trying on shoes, chatting with the salesperson and just sitting.

After an hour or so she made her way towards the exit, leaving her trolley in the shoe section.

old basketball gear
strewn across the lawn
wouldn't it be lovely
if one could
mow away memories

tanka-prose

Lakshmi Iyer

An Autumn Friday

Out of the blue I see her slither silently into our kitchen. I call out, "Snake, snake!" Immediately, she sneaks into the space behind the refrigerator. Afraid to lose sight of her, my eyes follow her movements closely. We don't panic much but we realize it isn't an easy task to get rid of her.

We call upon a friend who is a wildlife conservationist, especially of cobras. He immediately connects us to a forest officer. Amidst all the confusion, the four-month-old snake is bottled and taken away safely. The officer describes the Indian rat snake as non-venomous. He also enumerates a few first-aid precautions. His final remark stays with me: "Where will they go when we happen to reside in their homes? "

another sky
of cross-stitched stars
the moon
lights up the dark corners
of my thoughts

tanka-prose

Linda Papanicolaou
~

Hours

The archivist sheaths her hands in one pair of white cotton gloves and hands me the other. She sets a small box on the table, tips the lid, then unfolds the soft green velvet in which the manuscript is wrapped. I hold my breath, keenly aware of my heartbeat and the ticking of the library clock.

tiny brushstrokes
the gleam of burnished gold
still faintly
in its vellum pages
scent of a medieval queen

Linda Papanicolaou
~

On the Spectrum

"Matthew, look at your teacher and say good morning," his aide tells him. Sometimes he greets me with the fist bump he reserves for those he likes and trusts, but this may be one of his "off" days. His eyes are already pulling him across the room to a shelf where there's a stack of colorful paper squares.

"Matthew!" she says again, grasping his chin and physically turning his face towards mine. I am shocked but have learned not to question how they do things in the Special Day class.

year-end cleanout —
an origami peace crane
wings outspread
forgotten where it fell
behind the corner bookcase

Marilyn Humbert
~

Imperfections

Tonight, around the campfire beneath myriad stars waiting for the full moon to rise the crackling flames fade into the background. A voice lessens, lapses, and increases in volume. I struggle to remain silent.

after our quarrel
I refold paper points
inwards ...
covering holes ripped
in my origami-self

Ron Russell



Lost Boys

Dad built our house himself, on a one-acre lot in the country. At the back of the property, from salvaged wood, he built my brother and me a clubhouse. It was a simple structure, with four walls, a flat roof and a dirt floor. We dug a mote across the front to defend our domain. Over the door in bold, dripping red letters was written “NO GRILS”. Our clubhouse was anything but Mickey Mouse. Losing ourselves in childhood fantasy, our adventures were real. Never knowing what a day might bring, we lived and died with honor, fighting for justice. We were our very own action figures.

farmed out
during the depression
the oldest child
gifted us a boyhood
he never had

tanka-prose

Rupa Anand
~

Merry-go-round

Disregarding my question, he counters it with his own. It's a habit I'm used to.
Tired, I hire a lawyer and initiate court proceedings.

in a deliberate
manoeuvring of facts
he reduces
family camaraderie
to a rattle of skeletons

Dear Readers
thank you for being with us.

See you once again on 22 December 2022
with many more fine poems
from our contributors.

Team: *haikuKATHA*