

# The Mainichi



## Annual Selection 2017

### **Judge's comments: Concreteness for easy access, and a 'near fit' that tantalizes the subconscious**

*Selections and comments by Dhugal J. Lindsay*

Haiku are born of experience. When crafting a haiku, one should always endeavor to instill the same experience in the reader, rather than telling them what they should be experiencing. This is why phrases such as “How beautiful!” or “the loneliness” are very rarely found in haiku. A haiku poet chooses words that refer to concrete entities such as flowers or birds, rocks or the wind, enabling readers to instantly recognize them and either picture them or experience them in their memories through their senses. The poet then combines these words in a way that lets readers experience that moment or insight that the poet thought worthwhile to convey. In doing so, the composer needs to be concrete. “Oak,” “willow” and “sapling” are all more concrete than “tree” and as such convey more meaning and suck in the reader to experience the world of the haiku. Good haiku often instill a sense of discovery or sometimes a yearning for a new discovery.

Juxtaposition, or the combination of two entities within a poem, has been used since the days of Master Basho as a way to offer new insight. In too many cases, however, a beginner at haiku will combine two entities or elements that fit *too* well together in a poem — for example, “wolf” and “moon.” An experienced poet, in contrast, would juxtapose two entities that do not seem to belong together at all at first consideration, but as the reader digests the poem they are left with a feeling that, no, those two entities do belong together but they can't quite put a finger on why that seems so. The poem keeps niggling and niggling, seeming to offer an insight or discovery but one that hangs just out of reach. This is the kind of haiku we never tire of.

The following haiku, selected in 2017, are grouped by author and sorted according to the publication date. Many have short comments appended.

Thanks to all our readers for their submissions and we look forward to more of your haiku in the year to come.

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**Bruce Ross** (Bangor, ME, USA)

at sunset a 3/4 island moon Remembrance Day	a snowflake hits the wind chime silence
Jan. 2, 2017	June 12, 2017 Comment: Here is a very elegant combination of visual scene and virtual sound.

**Mario Massimo Zontini** (Parma, Italy)

airport lounge — only one man reads the paper	country road... whiter than white falls the snow
Jan. 3, 2017	Feb. 24, 2017 Comment: Dirtier snow in the city?

day of spring a girl crosses the street in her wheelchair	heat of summer melons crack in the sun: hooded crows
June 7, 2017	Aug. 14, 2017 Comment: The sound and image of “melons crack in the sun” are wonderful.

**Szymon Rybinski** (Bydgoszcz, Poland)

blues on the radio  
the sound of someone's steps  
at dawn

Jan. 4, 2017

Comment: Nice alliteration in second line.

**Eleonoe Nickolay** (Vaires sur Marne, France)

night window  
a star falls out of  
the frame

Jan. 5, 2017

Comment: Excellent haiku!

**Angiola Inglese** (Pederobba, Italy)

anesthesia —  
on tanned hands  
a butterfly

Jan. 6, 2017

smell of rain  
unmistakable  
grass cut

June 5, 2017

Hospital —  
in and out,  
butterflies

Sept. 14, 2017

fallen leaves —  
the swallows cross  
the rainbow

Nov. 24, 2017

General comment: After the butterflies flying in and out, suggesting that the patient has also been admitted to the ward several times, the crossing of the rainbow when leaves fall takes on a poignant feel. I imagine it was made in memory of the patient.

**Christine Horner** (Lafayette, CA, USA)

<p>the hush at dusk brings close the cries of geese Basho's Day</p>	<p>white heron in snow — hard to tell what is real until it moves</p>
<p>Jan. 7, 2017</p>	<p>Feb. 25, 2017</p>

<p>ebb tide... the kaleidoscope sound of small stones</p>	<p>the helicopter beats its way from the cypress into my chest</p>
<p>May 11, 2017</p>	<p>Oct. 12, 2017</p>

General comment: We catch a glimpse of the poet's "world lived through haiku" and feel the depth that lies waiting to be discovered or experienced.

**Ana Drobot** (Bucharest, Romania)

<p>even more yellow the faces in the street — dry leaves</p>	<p>cherry blossoms suddenly it dawns on me</p>
<p>Jan. 9, 2017</p>	<p>May 18, 2017</p>

<p>customs: a few steps ahead a pigeon</p>	<p>highway — even the autumn leaves increase their speed</p>
<p>June 17, 2017 Comment: I suggest capitalizing the “C” in “customs” and adding a dash after “ahead.”</p>	<p>Nov. 13, 2017 Comment: The cars speed up as they enter the highway as do the leaves sweeping along with them. There is also the observation that we all get busier as the year draws to a close.</p>

**Elisa Allo** (Zug, Switzerland)

<p>old magazines... the meaning of life in a crossword</p>	<p>all sick: yukimi at the window</p>
<p>Jan. 10, 2017</p>	<p>Feb. 2, 2017</p>

<p>after Memorial Day Anne’s Diary back in a drawer</p>	<p>almost sunset ... the children’s shadows touch the sea</p>
<p>May 31, 2017</p>	<p>Oct. 7, 2017 Comment: Shadows lengthen as the day draws to a close. We feel the trepidation of the poet in the wild, vast and unpredictable sea.</p>

**Joi Johnson** (Misawa Air Base, Japan)

Dragonfly  
blows fire onto  
the sun

Jan. 11, 2017

Comment: Perhaps a jet plane was felt to be like a dragonfly?

**Kaci McBrayer** (Misawa Air Base, Japan)

a leaf  
finds a home  
in the open book

Jan. 12, 2017

Comment: I suggest adding an adjective before “leaf” and perhaps stating the type or title of the book to keep this haiku distinct from “ruiso” (haiku of similar thought patterns). A good start, though.

**Kyle Zerkel** (Misawa Air Base, Japan)

Leaves  
once part of  
a great oak tree

Jan. 13, 2017

Comment: I suggest replacing “once” with something giving more concreteness and therefore more depth — maybe not “just yesterday” or “last summer” but something else ...

**Beate Conrad** (Waterford, MI, USA)

Staggering on a silver platter the moon	As if she could choose where she'll fall little snowflake
Jan. 14, 2017	March 7, 2017 Comment: Usually anthropomorphism is shunned in haiku but this captures the dance of a small snowflake well, so is firmly rooted in reality.

what a bright light of a mountain temple in spring	How light the earth in the summer's sun before it hits the coffin
April 14, 2017	Aug. 18, 2017 Comment: The dirt has lost its moisture and thereby its dark color, as well by being dried by the summer sun.

**Raj K. Bose** (Honolulu, HI, USA)

shave ice shop so many colors and hues of children	jostling for space city scrapers shimmering in the lake
Jan. 16, 2017	April 5, 2017

General comment: Both of these haiku turn the poem on end in the third line. Very good haiku technique!

**Minh-Triet Pham** (Paris, France)

snowstorm...  
a car crash  
on PlayStation

Jan. 17, 2017

Comment: The author ran to the window to see  
the snow and thereby crashed their car?

**Michael Henry Lee** (St. Augustine, FL, USA)

election year  
coincidentally  
that of the monkey

Jan. 18, 2017

Comment: A good senryu.

Retirement  
finally the time  
to grow a beard

Feb. 10, 2017

**Yashowanto Ghosh** (Grand Rapids, MI, USA)

astrophysics:  
heated debate in  
basement hall

Jan. 19, 2017

spray of rain —  
drops rebounding off  
fire hydrant

May 12, 2017

Comment: "Rebounding" rather than just falling  
onto is what makes this haiku a great success.



the new grass growing toward the dead branches	after rain every pothole deep with sky
Aug. 7, 2017	Aug. 17, 2017

sun reaches mirror — the whole room suddenly
Aug. 30, 2017

**Stephen A. Peters** (Bellingham, WA, USA)

some of the kid in me still there shooting star	wind through the redwoods my voice smaller
Jan. 20, 2017	May 24, 2017

in the loon's call in me summers end	autumn colors the blues song in the air in me
Oct. 21, 2017	Nov. 16, 2017

General comment: The author's stance of discovering himself through his relationship with nature is readily evident in the haiku.

**John Martone** (Charleston, IL, USA)

little brown mushrooms acorn caps are at a loss	you fold up the ironing board icicles in the window
Jan. 21, 2017	Feb. 14, 2017 Comment: A spousal fight portrayed well!

no one around I listen to the furnace	three small stones brought home from a streambed... just listen
March 20, 2017	April 27, 2017 Comment: The third line is a little too abstract and hard to understand how it fits with the rest of the poem. The first two are nice and concrete.

**Bruce H Feingold** (Berkeley, CA, USA)

the black crust of an old tea pot winter morning
Jan. 23, 2017 Comment: I really feel the winter.

**Toshio Matsumoto** (Osaka, Japan)

My brother, just 90 years old, WWII vet. When smiling, his dimples are also smiling	round ripple ring the smaller follows the larger
Jan. 24, 2017	April 13, 2017 Comment: As ripples expand on the surface of the pond, the smaller ones expand into the space left by the larger ones. We too teach by example to our children.

**Lyudmila Hristova** (Sofia, Bulgaria)

the moon is in the well the wooden pail grew heavier	light is sliding on stairs of frozen waterfall
Jan. 25, 2017 Comment: I would suggest "moon in the well / the wooden pail / heavier." Very nice haiku with the imagined weight of the moon in the water making it heavier.	April 8, 2017

melting snow an onion stalk in the tulip bed	an abandoned home the fishing net all covered in cobwebs
May 10, 2017	Sept. 7, 2017 Comment: The netlike structure of the cobwebs on the fishing nets is nice, with both the spider webs and nets once catching food but now both abandoned.

warm wind the woodpecker knocks in time with the shutters	a full moon on Christmas Day nobody is looking at the sky
Nov. 15, 2017	Dec. 25, 2017

once and again the horse cannot outrun the snail — carousel
Dec. 30, 2017

General comment: All very high quality haiku!

**tommy ichimiya** (Ibaraki, Japan)

falling ginkgo leaves the lab still bright at midnight	sound of gunshot at far distance winter grove
Jan. 26, 2017 Comment: Ginkgo leaves are the symbol of Tokyo University.	March 18, 2017

exhaling white breath prepare breakfast for sick wife	wintry sunset tints offshore ship momentarily
April 19, 2017 Comment: Seeing one's breath reminds one of mortality.	June 1, 2017

<p>the same loneliness in my hometown cumulonimbus</p>	<p>feel thankfully the warmth of your hand autumnal wind</p>
<p>Sept. 9, 2017</p>	<p>Oct. 28, 2017 Comment: Warmth is life though the winds of autumn blow on.</p>

<p>we leave each other in the dazzling sunlight of autumn</p>
<p>Dec. 4, 2017 Comment: “Dazzling” captures the author’s feelings well.</p>

**Tuvshinzaya Nergui** (Arkhangai, Mongolia)

<p>Wading in the mountain brook — flat stones</p>
<p>Jan. 27, 2017 Comment: I feel like I want to know more about the temperature though it must be warmish if the author can feel the flatness of the stones beneath their bare feet.</p>

**Antonietta Losito** (Mottola, Italy)

light breeze  
my mother's odor  
comforts me

Jan. 28, 2017

Comment: A strong breeze would disperse the scent. The choice of "odor" is good because it suggests the animal odor of her humanity rather than "scent," which would suggest perfume, perhaps.

**Aziza Hena** (Dacca, Bangladesh)

Spring rain —  
more fragrance from  
bathed jasmine trees

Jan. 30, 2017

Comment: I would suggest replacing "bathed" with "the."

**Don Hansbrough** (Seattle, WA, USA)

Queen's swans  
slide Elizabeth to  
Elizabeth

Jan. 31, 2017

snowfall shadows  
endlessly scrolling  
down my wall

April 1, 2017

Comment: Nice image. I wonder about replacing "endlessly" with "their script."

sun rises  
to warm me rising  
to warm sun

June 6, 2017

**Helen Buckingham** (Wells, Somerset, UK)

sun yawns  
waking  
a thousand dandelions

Feb. 1, 2017

gulls circle  
...fish  
in the air

March 29, 2017

May Day  
police tape  
flapping in the sleet

May 27, 2017

prickly heat...  
crimson buds  
all over

Aug. 12, 2017

driftwood —  
she draws  
a sad face

Nov. 9, 2017

Comment: The image of the girl drawing in the sand at the beach using a piece of driftwood is good and we are also left imaging why she is sad.

chimney stack —  
one pigeon leaves  
another takes its place

Nov. 21, 2017

Comment: Life goes on.

**Grankin Nikolay** (Krasnodar, Russia)

first snow  
full of holes  
spider's web

Feb. 3, 2017

Comment: Usually one thinks of the sticky threads but for a web to be a web it needs to have holes as well!

**yukiko smith** (Raleigh, NC, USA)

shy moon  
behind clouds  
maybe super shining

Feb. 4, 2017

Comment: The third line would be better to replace with some juxtaposition.

**Marco Pilotto** (Padova, Italy)

snow on the Sahara  
my resolutions  
for the New Year

Feb. 6, 2017

Comment: It seems that this year's resolutions will be different to those the author usually makes, suggested by the unlikely snow on the Sahara.



**Nazarena Rampini** (Milano, Italy)

winter sky — branches move apart from one another	Foggy day — amongst pine trees fades away a wing beat
Feb. 7, 2017 Comment: The suggestion is here that interpersonal relationships are also becoming more distant.	March 3, 2017

convalescence — a bit of pink eye shadow and a snowdrop	Sudden sun The shadow of pine over hydrangeas
April 20, 2017	July 27, 2017

autumn rain the dry sand flows into the hourglass
Dec. 8, 2017 Comment: The sealed hourglass protects the sand from the wetness of the rain. The passing of time is well portrayed by the kigo “autumn rain.”

**Barbara A. Taylor** (Nimbin, Australia)

ankle-depth shallows...  
absorbed by bubbles  
and a damselfly

Feb. 8, 2017

Comment: It took some time to realize that it was the poet who was absorbed rather than some other physical entity. "ankle-deep" would make the haiku more readily accessible.

**Namiko Yamamoto** (Kawasaki, Japan)

my missing shawl  
still looks nice on  
a stranger's shoulders

Feb. 9, 2017

spring in Paris  
I jumped off  
the carousel

June 8, 2017

a fly in a web,  
hanging the washing  
on the line

Aug. 3, 2017

Comment: I wonder whether replacing "the washing" with some items of men's clothing might not make this haiku even better?

**Marietta McGregor** (Stirling ATC, Australia)

January sales in home wares a monk comparing electric jugs	the wind and I enjoy sweeping leaves in all directions
Feb. 11, 2017 Comment: A good modern take.	July 20, 2017

**Romano Zeraschi** (Parma, Italy)

Slowly crossing my pupils... cargo ship	on a sledge slipping fast in the white night baby inuit
Feb. 13, 2017 Comment: The reason for crossing one's pupils is not readily apparent. Perhaps it needs a few more words?	May 19, 2017

skateboarding — sometimes my shadow faster than me
June 27, 2017 Comment: Very observant, nice haiku.

**Krzysztof Kokot** (Nowy Targ, Poland)

the winter forest —  
silence — woodpecker — silence  
woodpecker — silence

Feb. 15, 2017

Comment: We feel as if we were there.

**Corrado Aiello** (Piano di Sorrento, Italy)

Morning dew...  
a trembling doe disappears  
in a leafy mist

Feb. 16, 2017

Comment: Maybe “the” instead of “a”?

**C Ronald Kimberling** (South Elgin, IL, USA)

Biloxi Beach tufted grass  
the tern  
worms

Feb. 17, 2017

Push pins stab the corkboard  
Every memorandum  
out of date

July 15, 2017

Comment: A good senryu!

Vegetable garden stones  
new ones surface  
every year

Nov. 8, 2017

Comment: A commentary on life in general lies behind these words. Good haiku technique!

**Guliz Vural** (Ankara, Turkey)

the road to Santiago  
a pilgrim drinking  
rainwater from a leaf

Feb. 18, 2017

Comment: This is a nice haiku for remembering the scene. Could “Santiago” be replaced by another place name without affecting the “haikuness” of the rest of the verse? If the answer is “yes” then move it to an introductory position in such a form as “Santiago pilgrimage” and use other concrete words in the poem that cannot be replaced by any other.

**Pasquale Asprea** (Genova, Italy)

dwarf snails  
go up on lettuce —  
light rain

Feb. 20, 2017

Equinox  
the seed’s energy  
take shape

May 2, 2017

coastal the moon sets inside the pine	Rivulet — I climb between wild apples
Aug. 31, 2017	Nov. 27, 2017 Comment: “Rivulet” is such a great choice above “stream” or “brook.”

**Bozidar Skobic** (Visegrad, Bosnia and Herzegovina)

Lightning happiness flooded the school yard
Feb. 21, 2017 Comment: Difficult to grasp the scene here in terms of a concrete image. Can “happiness” be portrayed by a noun referring to a concrete entity and still convey the same meaning?

**Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo** (The Hague, Netherlands)

The old crow How many winters left in his flight
Feb. 22, 2017 Comment: Rather than stating “his” and referring only to the crow, perhaps one could replace the third line so it could also refer to the poet within one’s subconscious?

**Teiichi Suzuki** (Osaka, Japan)

winter night blue dwarf in the blaze of a gas lighter	spring gale strays in the holes of blue jeans
Feb. 23, 2017	May 6, 2017

spring dawn — hotel by the station streetcar's sound	summer symptom on the nape of Statue of Liberty
June 16, 2017	July 19, 2017

after the rain tulips airing their umbrellas	night kitchen a faint breath from clams in the bowl
Aug. 8, 2017	Sept. 2, 2017 Comment: Although clams do not breathe air this haiku really makes one think that they might.

silver moth scatters its dust Milky Way	firefly night coming home someday the war dead
Sept. 28, 2017	Oct. 3, 2017 Comment: Very nice use of a hidden metaphor.

<p>typhoon — a snail withdraws in its shell</p>	<p>insomnia — pop-eyed goldfish in a glass bowl</p>
<p>Oct. 11, 2017 Comment: The word “typhoon” cannot be replaced by “storm” or “passing shadow” because the spiral form of the typhoon resonates with the spiral shell of the snail.</p>	<p>Oct. 19, 2017 Comment: Very nice use of humor.</p>

<p>country road — pedaling after a dragonfly</p>	<p>from the shadow of an abandoned gold mine chorus of crickets</p>
<p>Nov. 2, 2017</p>	<p>Dec. 7, 2017</p>

**Zelyko Funda** (Varazdin, Croatia)

<p>white seaside the tide is washing away the snow on the beach</p>	<p>Ocean playing with a Barbie doll all night long</p>
<p>Feb. 27, 2017</p>	<p>May 29, 2017 Comment: The ocean has been personified, as evident by the use of a capital letter. Nice humor.</p>



**jerry ball** (Walnut Creek, CA, USA)

no magazines in the doctor's waiting room winter deepens	waking slowly I am covered with a blanket and I don't know where it's from
Feb. 28, 2017 Comment: The mindset of the author is well apparent as we sense dread.	May 4, 2017

the joke teller seems to be happiest when his dog howls
June 24, 2017

**Michael Dylan Welch** (Sammamish, WA, USA)

at the scrap yard plums in full bloom
March 1, 2017 Comment: Juxtaposition of ugliness and beauty is a commonly used technique in haiku.

**Madhuri Pillai** (Melbourne, Australia)

fake news hard to separate wheat from the chaff	day mask on her dresser she switches off the night light
March 2, 2017 Comment: I would suggest replacing the first line with “news on the radio” so the reader can imagine someone actually separating real wheat from chaff as a concrete image and make the jump themselves as to the fakeness of the news.	April 29, 2017

**Ramona Linke** (Beesenstedt, Germany)

winter jasmine — the scars on mother’s back	to say grace — a whiff of grandma’s timbre in my voice
March 4, 2017 Comment: Very haunting poem. Excellent!	June 22, 2017

Strawberry Moon the night wind moves the sheer curtains	autumn crocus ... wind in the plumage of a dead dove
Aug. 19, 2017	Dec. 6, 2017 Comment: Reanimation of a dead entity by an inanimate entity goes well with the first line!

**Margherita Petriccione** (Latina, Italy)

A white hair... Let the winter sun kindle it	blurred images in black and white Memorial Day
March 6, 2017	April 21, 2017

spring cleaning — scattered in the wind the words	a scarp and a poppy field — choreography of the wind
June 10, 2017	July 25, 2017

grandmother — in the summer breeze camphor scent	field of stubble — on the farmer's face the fatigue
Aug. 26, 2017	Sept. 19, 2017 Comment: This haiku has great alliteration, a good concrete image and also resonance between the whiskers on the unshaved farmer's face and the stubble.

Fog on the pond increasingly dense our silence	unsaid words — the strength of the spade in the ground
Oct. 30, 2017	Nov. 22, 2017 Comment: This is a good example of saying without stating!

**Devin Harrison** (Duncan, Canada)

Taking the horizon with them skeins of geese	evenfall a tree trimmer sweeps shadows from under his feet
March 8, 2017 Comment: Very nice turn of phrase.	Dec. 1, 2017

**Angelica Seithe** (Wettenberg, Germany)

temporarily my shadow wipes out the glint in the grass	guitar out of tune — the apple blossom after frost
March 9, 2017	Oct. 31, 2017 Comment: Very nice juxtaposition. This makes one wonder if it is the smell of the blossom or the look that is not quite right after the frost. Perhaps both?

**minami ichimiya** (Ibaraki, Japan)

persimmons hung under the eaves like musical notes	fox runs away tail's tip shines morning sunlight
March 10, 2017 Comment: A direct metaphor works well in haiku when the entities are very different from each other, as in this case.	April 3, 2017

<p>put mandarins on white tiles of kitchen pyramidally</p>	<p>no one at the tomb only hydrangeas in bloom</p>
<p>June 26, 2017</p>	<p>Sept. 18, 2017 Comment: Nice imperfect rhyme.</p>

<p>getting old feel height of corn stalks even higher</p>
<p>Oct. 5, 2017 Comment: Not only do they feel physically higher, presumably because the author's body has shrunk or become stooped with age, but they feel higher because of the mindset one gets into upon aging.</p>

**Kaylie Fleener** (PSC 76)

<p>6:00 am the duck awakens 12:00 pm the duck eats 8:00 pm the duck falls asleep</p>
<p>March 11, 2017 Comment: Presumably the author feels they are a duck.</p>

**Peter Newton** (Winchendon, MA, USA)

one cloud  
at its own pace  
giant manta ray

March 13, 2017

Comment: Without actually stating that the cloud looks like a manta ray, we still know this to be the case while the poem also leaves open the possibility that there is an actual manta ray in the scene while a regular cloud in the sky is moving at a different pace to the others.

**Robert M Erickson** (Alsip, IL, USA)

lost cap  
wind through  
my hair

deepening night fog  
a guard sits on a rail  
at the liquor store

March 14, 2017

Comment: A loss can be a gain in disguise.

May 5, 2017

**M. Shayne Bell** (Rexburg, ID, USA)

Cat in my arms...  
my long journey  
ends.

March 15, 2017

Comment: The use of a period at the end adds finality.

**David Jacobs** (London, UK)

platform mist  
I choose a different door  
to the alsatian

March 16, 2017

Comment: The author is obviously uncomfortable being near a large dog. How does “mist” relate to the other entities in the poem? Maybe it has caused the dog to smell?

**Srinivasa Rao Sambangi** (Hyderabad, India)

not an inch  
left in my boat  
moonlight

March 17, 2017

Comment: Stating the kind/make of boat would give more concreteness and make the scene more accessible to the reader.

**Eva Limbach** (Saarbrücken, Germany)

felled pine  
so many winters  
left behind

March 21, 2017

after all that winter  
a handful of  
apple seeds

May 20, 2017

facing the quiet time — southbound birds	from one window to another — harvest moon
Sept. 29, 2017 Comment: Imagining the sounds (or lack) of birdcall through watching their flight is a good example of mixing the senses within a haiku.	Nov. 30, 2017 Comment: Not only the moon but also the observer is moving from window to window. By not stating concretely who or what is doing the moving the haiku has more depth.

falling leaves I update my bucket list
Dec. 11, 2017

**Goran Gatalica** (Zabreb, Croatia)

crackling twigs — just muffled sounds of fireplace	Thistledown is going to school with my nephew
March 22, 2017	April 17, 2017 Comment: It almost seems like “Thistledown” is a person!

parting twilight — in a thousand fireflies the red deer’s death	in the churchyard sharing a birdsong only with God
Sept. 5, 2017 Comment: The life of one living entity also being the life of others is a good haiku observation.	Oct. 25, 2017



**Alan Summers** (Chippenham, Wiltshire, England)

hidden doors I make promises to the geese	losing grandparents the baby's blue eyes a colour of winter
March 23, 2017	Sept. 26, 2017

hare's moon the few embers that linger (Dedicated to Isamu Hashimoto)
Oct. 27, 2017 Comment: The hare's moon is the full moon of May, when finally the nights are getting warmer. Even so, the cold still lingers, so from time to time the fire is lit.

**Angelee Deodhar** (Chandigarh, India)

typhoon — a ghost ship astride a church steeple	morning light a warbler sings a cappella
March 24, 2017	July 17, 2017 Comment: An elegant way to say that no other birds are singing at the same time.

**Charlotte Digregorio** (Winnetka, IL, USA)

hail clinks  
the bridge railing  
before the homeless man

March 25, 2017

Comment: It is a little difficult to imagine exactly where the man is, though “before” suggests he is facing the railing. Why does it need to be stated that he is “homeless”? Perhaps making the image more concrete would allow us to share the experience more easily.

**Benedetta Cardone** (Massa, Italy)

Meditation  
Like a shapeless river  
flowing

March 27, 2017

Icy streets  
Hundreds of incense sticks  
fall out from a van

Dec. 27, 2017

Comment: The scene is easily imagined as the back door of the van swings open when it swerves and slides around a corner. The ice and incense are the two entities that normally would not be found together and therefore add freshness and depth to the poem.

**Anthony Q. Rabang** (Santa Catalina, Philippines)

fresh wind rolling out of the cliff dandelions	green crayon scribbles the earth on his recycled tote bag
March 28, 2017	July 11, 2017 Comment: The “e” in “earth” should be a capital letter if it is to denote the planet we live on rather than dirt.

**Richard Jodoin** (Montreal, Canada)

Saturday afternoon watching a Godzilla movie runners by the windows	25 cm of snow on sprint shoots I am a bit more bald
March 30, 2017	April 6, 2017

In the shade of trees a man with a broken nose fights the summer breeze	A monarch butterfly takes a break on my lunchbox earthquake in Mexico
Sept. 8, 2017	Nov. 29, 2017 Comment: A butterfly and an earthquake are the two dissimilar entities that combine to make this haiku interesting. “Monarch” and “Mexico” add concreteness, and, by remembering their long-distance migration, add a grand scale.

**Robert Henry Poulin** (Florida, USA)

cry of a loon spreading her ashes in the wake	lifting mother from her sick bed: as she once I from the crib
March 31, 2017	May 17, 2017

over waterfall her ashes finally finding the beloved sea	never the moon the night sky fills with fireflies
June 2, 2017	Oct. 20, 2017

cold rain by the hearth a cricket song	morning glory surviving her cancer another day
Nov. 7, 2017	Dec. 9, 2017 Comment: A perfect choice of kigo (season word) that combines both the time of day through the flower being in bloom and also the feeling of the poet through the words/name of the flower itself.

last leaf the time it takes letting go
Dec. 19, 2017 Comment: Both the leaf letting go of its branch and the poet letting go of his mother are captured beautifully in this haiku.

**John McDonald** (Edinburgh, Scotland)

full moon  
Earth  
caught in its headlights

April 4, 2017

Comment: A surprise to think of the moon as a car!

**Oscar Luparia** (Vercelli, Italy)

snowy day  
the footprints chase one another  
and mingle

April 7, 2017

Comment: Seeing movement in things that are not moving is something a haiku poet will do!

sultry afternoon —  
is a bee at work  
that swings the flower?

Aug. 21, 2017

**Suresh W Raspayle** (Bangalore, India)

Golden Gate bridge  
someone in a Sari  
Indian breeze

April 10, 2017

Comment: One should try to pick the various components of a haiku so that they do not fit too well with each other, for if the fit is too good, no new discoveries can be made. Perhaps a different kind of breeze would work better?

**Pravin Mathew** (Bangalore, India)

wheeling and dealing  
the kites negotiate  
above the meat market

April 11, 2017

Comment: The spiral flight of the raptor is humorously referred to in the first line.

**Ed Bremson** (Raleigh, NC, USA)

bad news  
unemployment rate rises  
among clowns

April 12, 2017

Zen Bar  
glasses and bottles  
their emptiness

May 23, 2017

in the woods  
following the trail  
of gummy bears

July 12, 2017

General comment: A surprising and seemingly out-of-place element in each poem creates fresh new discoveries.

**Chien Ying Ng** (Negeri Sembilan, Malaysia)

life is  
a hot air balloon  
in the sky

April 15, 2017

Comment: Presumably this observation compares the inability to steer a hot-air balloon against the unseen winds and the way our lives seem unsteerable at times also. "In the sky" is somewhat redundant, so perhaps a different final line that introduces juxtaposition would work well.

**Jennifer Hambrick** (Worthington, OH, USA)

stiletto heel  
in the flower bed  
fast-food drive-thru

camellias ...  
her white teeth  
her white lies

April 18, 2017

Nov. 25, 2017

Comment: Understatements can sometimes be more effective than statements as seen with this poem.

**Cezar Ciobîcă** (Botosani, Romania)

Fog  
I can't  
log in

nightingale's song  
shaking the stars  
in the bird bath

April 22, 2017

Aug. 4, 2017

Comment: The reflected stars moved by a song!

starless night  
God is sleeping in  
the rapeseed field

Aug. 16, 2017

Comment: Did something terrible happen in the pitch dark of the field?

**Justice Joseph Prah** (Accra, Ghana)

gossip network  
laundry line from  
neighbour's wall to mine

April 24, 2017

organ harvest  
licking it before donation  
mango seed

Aug. 25, 2017

Comment: What organ is the poet comparing to a mango seed? I am not sure, but I do feel that only a mango seed would work to give this poem that primal feel.

**Zuzanna Truchlewska** (Mickiewicza, Poland)

peacock feather fan  
the same glisten and sparkle  
in a dancer's eyes

April 25, 2017

wave after wave  
your shadow  
appears and disappears

July 7, 2017

Comment: One imagines that these must be waves of water and the shadow is that reflected on the shore. Other readings though might be possible so it would be even better to add an element/word to the poem that sets the place.



**K. Ramesh** (Chennai, India)

if not for the moonlight I wouldn't have noticed... glide of a heron	the ant hole too small for the potato chip piece
April 26, 2017 Comment: The silence of the scene is readily apparent.	July 31, 2017

**Ken Sawitri** (Central Java, Indonesia)

Thudding nutmeg the untold story faintly heard	moon landing day the pregnant mother swims out to the sky
April 28, 2017	Sept. 21, 2017 Comment: The poet deftly suggests the moon is reflected without stating so, and adds depth to the poem through "pregnant."

**Origa** (Lansing, MI, USA)

March snow — at the bus stop, footprints of one person	May breeze ... it barely tousles the plume on the robin's neck
May 1, 2017 Comment: We are left wondering who that person was.	July 1, 2017

**Bukasai Ashagawa** (Fairbanks, AK, USA)

divine  
ephemera cherry  
blossoms falling

May 3, 2017

Comment: Perhaps rather than “divine” a separate concrete entity could be juxtaposed?

**Tiffany Shaw-Diaz** (Centerville, OH, USA)

weeping willow...  
his heart  
spilling into mine

May 8, 2017

Comment: This haiku is right on the border where the two elements in the poem go together almost *too* well. In fact, it might be better to leave the word “weeping” out, just for that reason.

**martin gottlieb cohen** (Egg Harbor, NJ, USA)

splitting apart  
near the Flatiron building  
April shadows

May 9, 2017

(for Isamu Hashimoto ...)  
in the length of a breath shooting star

Sept. 4, 2017

Comment: The lack of punctuation or a line break between “breath” and “shooting” really suits the content of the poem.

**elio gottardi** (Milano, Italy)

in a hot cup  
the face before I was born  
bergamot black tea

May 13, 2017

Comment: At first we wonder how a face can be in a cup — perhaps in the shape of the tea leaves, as in fortune telling. The addition of the word “bergamot,” however, causes us to concentrate more on our sense of smell rather than sight, and we feel our face in the steamy vapors above the cup. Our face moist and warm, we imagine back to our time in the womb.

**Zoran Doderovic** (Novi Sad, Serbia)

spring haiku  
in my workshop  
blooming again

May 15, 2017

Comment: We are left wondering what it is that is blooming in the workshop. Some flower that always blooms in spring and which becomes the subject of the poet’s haiku year after year?

**David Milovanovic** (Lapovo, Serbia)

battlefield  
thousands of poppies  
in the morning sun

May 16, 2017

Comment: Immediately we think of the poem “In Flanders Fields” and the war dead, but the phrase “in the morning sun” gives us hope.

**Valeria Barouch** (Geneva, Switzerland)

daybreak —  
in the harbor a buoy  
uncoils its neck

May 22, 2017

Comment: This poem is beyond simple understanding.

**Helga Stania** (Ettiswil, Switzerland)

limy morn —  
choose the way  
the wind suggests

May 25, 2017

the eight wings  
of a dragonfly  
— autumn hush

Dec. 18, 2017

Comment: As the weather cools, the dragonflies are not as active as before, allowing the poet to count the wings. Since dragonflies only have four wings, are the extra four perhaps shadows? The strangeness is amplified through use of the word “hush.”

**Mark Gilbert** (Nottingham, UK)

creak of the cane as the old man looks back	mountain clinging to earth by the fingertips
May 26, 2017	Aug. 10, 2017 Comment: Keeping the “e” in “earth” as a small letter while suggesting “Earth” through the phrasing and through the suggestion of open space off the mountain cliff is technically brilliant.

**Antonio Mangiameli** (Lentini, Italy)

me and the dog different footprints in the shore	boats — seagulls that go seagulls that come
May 30, 2017	Oct. 18, 2017 Comment: The implicit suggestion is that the boats come and go also. It would be more natural to reverse the second and third lines to fit with the expression “come and go” and to give an imperfect rhyme to the first and third lines. I get the impression, though, that the author has made the poem feel more unnatural to force the reader to search for the reason behind this line order and, in doing so, it has added depth to the poem.

**Aparna Pathak** (Haryana, India)

spring cleaning  
face to face  
with bygones

June 3, 2017

Comment: Having “let bygones be bygones” the poet is again reminded of this thing in their past. “Face to face” suggests that perhaps it is a photograph of a certain person that was found while cleaning.

**Valentina Meloni** (Perugia, Italy)

Full moon —  
Like a big eye  
over the ant

June 9, 2017

An air of Bach —  
the silk tree’s flowers  
caress the sky  
(dedicated to Isamu Hashimoto)

Sept. 13, 2017

a leaf falls —  
be able to let me go  
with such grace

Nov. 17, 2017

thud of pine cone —  
the last migratory birds disperse  
into the fog

Dec. 14, 2017

(to Maria Laura V.)  
autumn night —  
how many things unsaid  
in your eyes

Dec. 21, 2017

General comment: The poet shows their adeptness both at juxtaposing natural entities with human thoughts and also with juxtaposition of concrete entities.

**Tim Gardiner** (Manningtree, Essex, England)

decree absolute  
a swan passes  
under the bridge

June 13, 2017

Comment: Swans are royal birds in England and if found on common land or open water they belong to the crown. One would assume that “decree” in this haiku refers to a royal decree. The haiku could be improved further by concretely stating what the decree was, assuming that it wasn’t to do with swans because that would then spoil the haiku!

**Marta Chocilowska** (Warsaw, Poland)

first summer camps  
woman on the platform  
cuddles a teddy bear

June 14, 2017

a newborn’s cry ...  
the horizon gets pink  
to the east

Nov. 18, 2017

Comment: The contrast between sight and sound in this haiku is superb. Rather than referring to “dawn” or “sunrise” to signal a new beginning, the poet opts to concretely describe the dawn phenomenon to ensure the two parts of the poem do not mesh together *too* well, and in doing so finds “pink” to resonate with the newborn.

**Lucia Fontana** (Milano, Italy)

lost in a wild maze  
of skyscrapers  
the moon too

June 15, 2017

Comment: Equating oneself with a natural entity such as the moon is a commonly used haiku trick. The author does well here to not actually state who else, besides the moon, is lost.

**Simon Hanson** (Queensland, Australia)

Catfish  
the willows and I  
gently stirred

dewy dawn  
the sun inside  
purple grapes

June 19, 2017

Comment: The reflection of the willows and the author's face is stirred by a passing catfish.

Dec. 16, 2017

**Tsanka Shishkova** (Sofia, Bulgaria)

Rain  
under the eaves  
hobo with guitar

June 20, 2017

Comment: Making the most of any situation and living in the moment, this hobo probably makes haiku too!



**Tony Lewis-Jones** (Bristol, UK)

the thudding of routine  
like rain  
on the arbour roof

June 21, 2017

Comment: Rather than a direct metaphor, perhaps a concrete example of the routine in question could be the first line and the final two lines could be “thudding rain / on the arbour roof”?

**Deborah P Kolodji** (Temple City, CA, USA)

spring showers  
a smile warms the space  
under the umbrella

June 23, 2017

Comment: The sound of the rain can be heard in the alliteration of the first two lines.

**Danny Blackwell** (Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England)

in the distance  
someone playing the Rocky theme  
on a recorder

June 28, 2017

Comment: Unexpectedness, such as the combination of the “Rocky” theme and a recorder, often works well in haiku. Perhaps a different first line could be crafted.

**Sheila K. Barksdale** (Gotherington, England)

Siberian guest in my dream, asking to go to hear 'humming fields'	Chess in the Park: poise of pincer fingers in spring breezes
June 29, 2017 Comment: Perhaps "humming fields" refers to the song by Colleen (Cécile Schott) and the guest is Siberian because of their famous humming form of throat singing. Dream haiku are very hard to do well because a haiku often needs concreteness to pull the reader into the experience.	July 5, 2017 Comment: Here we see a good concrete moment with juxtaposition. Breezes cannot be caught by fingers and the final two lines are seen to belong together through the first line.

**Debbi Antebi** (London, UK)

spring garden I shovel away the shadows
June 30, 2017 Comment: This haiku has a nice turn of phrase while remaining concrete to allow the readers access to the scene.

**Willie R. Bongcaron** (Manila, Philippines)

summer drizzle enjoying her parasol stroll	tart cherries the words you left unspoken
July 3, 2017	Aug. 28, 2017 Comment: A good example of indirect metaphor.

**Elisa Bernardinis** (Pasian di Prato, Italy)

Dirt road  
Puffs of dust chasing  
the dog's paws

July 4, 2017

Comment: The short sounds fit well with the image of paws rapidly striking the ground as the dog runs.

**Gennady Nov** (Moscow, Russia)

marriage ads:  
I evaluate  
my capabilities

July 6, 2017

Comment: A kigo (season word) added to this poem could give it more depth.

**Mohammad Azim Khan** (Peshawar, Pakistan)

Ganges dawn  
the sound of a sadhu  
gargling

July 8, 2017

Comment: All the parts of this haiku fit *too* well together. A sadhu / gargles the Ganges / \*\*\*\*\* dawn." Try substituting something completely unrelated for \*\*\*\*\*.

**Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy** (Birmingham, UK)

turning a corner  
i bump into  
the sun

July 10, 2017

Comment: Here is a good haiku through the shock of the unexpected while remaining completely concrete.

**Lavana Kray** (Iasi, Romania)

broken sandglass —  
the length of time  
knotted by crochet

July 13, 2017

Comment: Perhaps rather than having a broken hourglass as the first line, since it seems so out of place in this period of watches and clocks, the haiku could be further improved with a first line that includes a kigo (season word) such as “autumn equinox” or the like.

**Pravat Kumar Padhy** (Odisha, India)

Below  
the lamp —  
total eclipse

July 14, 2017

Comment: The word “below” brings depth to this haiku.

solar eclipse  
the diamond ring brightens  
the shadow

Oct. 16, 2017

Comment: One is left wondering where the light that is reflected in the diamond is coming from now that the sun has gone.

**Steliana Cristina Voicu** (Ploiesti, Romania)

tea with cardamom —  
indian sky filling  
lantern after lantern

July 18, 2017

Comment: The passage of time as each lantern is lit one after another fits well with the relaxing teatime.

**Cecilia Chui** (Fairmont House, London, UK)

hay fever..  
white flowers outside  
and on bedside

July 21, 2017

Comment: Nice humor. Why white? For some reason they seem more likely to give hay fever than blue!

**Dimitrij Skrk** (Bistrica, Slovenia)

evening magic  
between me and the stars  
a tiny firefly

July 22, 2017

Comment: I suggest replacing “magic,” which forces the poet’s feelings onto the reader, with something that causes those thoughts to be born of their own accord within the reader’s heart.

**D. V. Rozic** (Ivanic-Grad, Croatia)

on the platform  
my wet feet, a crow and  
a part of the moon

July 24, 2017

Comment: This is a refreshing variant on the all-too-common “moon reflected in water” theme.

**Ranieri Christiane** (Wittenheim, France)

Awakened  
by my cold feet  
snow on the TV screen

July 26, 2017

Comment: I suggest deleting “screen.”

**Tristan Weeks** (Misawa Air Base, Japan)

on my nose  
a brown moth  
smells of chocolate

July 28, 2017

Comment: I never thought of the way a moth smells before reading this. I vow to smell the next moth I find.

**Semih Ozmeric** (Utrecht, Netherlands)

long summer day  
even longer  
on paddy fields

July 29, 2017

Comment: Here, “on” rather than “in” suggests the physical sun is present too. Perhaps it is reflected.

**Rosemarie Schuldes** (Germany)

white peonies  
heavier  
at each step

Aug. 1, 2017

Comment: It is not clear whether it is the peonies that feel heavier as they are carried or whether the poet feels heavier as they walk through a garden of peonies. What is clear is that the poem works because the peonies are white rather than any other color. We feel they have to be so!

**Jose del Valle** (Rockville, RI, USA)

temple bell  
fragrance of honeysuckle  
suddenly clearer

Aug. 2, 2017

Comment: The sound has made the scent clearer. These kinds of experiences often make great haiku, as with this one.

**Lucia Cardillo** (Rodi Garganico, Italy)

the moon inside and out of clouds... a gecko waits	trembling butterflies — an old man's hands cling to the stick
Aug. 5, 2017 Comment: Finishing the first line after “inside” rather than “moon” helps place the reader inside a building looking out at the clouds and moon through a window. In doing so, it is easier to imagine the poet and the gecko are in fact the same.	Nov. 14, 2017 Comment: A good indirect metaphor.

**Santiago M. Pacquing, Jr.** (Tuguegarao City, Cagayan, Philippines)

hometown river across the bank a boy i once knew
Aug. 9, 2017 Comment: The sense of loss of one's roots is conveyed well here by a concrete image.

**Angelica Costantini-Hartl** (Austria)

Young is the corn The matured wheat spikes bend their back
Aug. 11, 2017 Comment: The allusion to the older generation and the new is skillfully made here by concretely describing the corn and the wheat in their place.



**Priscilla H Lignori** (New York, USA)

Firehouse siren — the cicada hymn goes on uninterrupted	The guests arrive late — praying mantis takes its time on the porch railing
Aug. 15, 2017 Comment: The choice of “hymn” here rather than “song” is good.	Dec. 13, 2017

**Eufemia** (Milano, Italy)

falling stars ... the silent prayer of a mother	gecko in the shade... a long summer again
Aug. 22, 2017 Comment: This haiku gives the feeling that the son has gone to a war where many are dying ...	Aug. 29, 2017

**oana boazu** (Galati, Romania)

distant thunder — the quiet conversation of two deaf people continues still	sunrise — last glow of the dragonfly in the spider’s web
Aug. 23, 2017	Sept. 12, 2017

love fight — ginger stonefish left uneaten	harvest time — the hay bales intensify red on the sunset side
Sept. 25, 2017	Nov. 3, 2017

General comment: These haiku are all very observant and conveyed concretely and well.

**Angela Giordano** (Avigliano, Italy)

Thin wind They smell the lemons under the moon	Wild chicory Faster hands my grandmother's
Aug. 24, 2017	Oct. 6, 2017 Comment: Attention is brought to rapidly moving hands before the surprise that the faster hands belong to her grandmother. This is a good technique if the reader automatically thinks of wild chicory that has been picked and is being prepared when confronted with the first line. I first thought of chicory still in the ground so was unable to access the poem as the poet probably intended. I think I would prefer the last two lines to be "my grandmother's hands / faster."

**Kanchan Chatterjee** (Jharkhan, India)

muggy night ... one more mango falls on the tin roof	a crow settles on the window sill — monsoon dusk
Sept. 1, 2017 Comment: the slightly wet thud fits well with the mugginess of the night.	Sept. 11, 2017 Comment: The allusion to Matsuo Basho's haiku "on the dead branch a crow settles — autumn dusk" is readily apparent. This kind of haiku is called "ruiso" (similar line of thought) in Japanese and is a good way for beginners to start learning haiku but should be avoided by experienced poets. If it introduced elements that made it superior to a haiku by Basho, of course, it would be fine for an experienced poet.

muggy evening ... the bullock cart's creaking wheels	dripping leaves ... her side of the park bench still warm
Sept. 20, 2017 Comment: Here is a very accessible scene with sound, sight and touch-type elements, with the mugginess probably contributing to the creakiness of the wheels through physical interaction, and with the feeling of mugginess meshing well with the implied heaviness of the load.	Sept. 27, 2017

**Tomislav Maretić** (Gornje Vrapče, Croatia)

barely felt, the breeze that wafts them away — a cloud of midges
Sept. 6, 2017 Comment: This haiku captures the “midgeness” of midges perfectly!

**Lilia Racheva Dencheva** (Rousse, Bulgaria)

summer scent, raspberries on the children's lips
Sept. 15, 2017 Comment: it is not immediately clear whether the “scent” is that of the raspberries or just of summer in general. The last two lines with the redness of both makes the poem.

**john tiong chunghoo** (Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia)

trailing the echo of the evening temple bell the crow of a crow	autumn breeze — her lips the shade of leaves twirling on her path
Sept. 16, 2017 Comment: I would suggest “the caw of a crow.” Very nice!	Nov. 23, 2017

**Lysa Collins** (British Columbia, Canada)

last light — he waits among red spider lilies
Sept. 22, 2017 Comment: Red spider lilies, also known as the cluster amaryllis or belladonna, have poisonous roots and are associated with death and guiding souls to their next reincarnation. A good fit for waiting in the last light!

**Wiesław Karliński** (Namyslow, Poland)

agave flower in a gardener’s notebook last entry
Sept. 23, 2017 Comment: An agave only ever flowers once before it dies, so it makes a fitting last entry for the gardener’s notebook.

**Mary Hind** (Melbourne, Australia)

a skein of geese — mother remembers where she left her knitting	father's story ends the spider goes on spinning
Sept. 30, 2017 Comment: The word "skein" can refer both to a length of yarn and also to a V-shaped flock of geese or swans. This haiku is saved from being mere wordplay because of mother's memory, departing like geese in her old age but the threads of it interwoven and not yet unraveled.	Nov. 1, 2017

**Kari Davidson** (Ohio, USA)

done growing corn husks grow into the shape of their ears	after everything an ant drowning in my wine
Oct. 2, 2017	Oct. 9, 2017

autumn sunlight all that glitters is gold
Oct. 24, 2017 Comment: "All that glitters is not gold" is turned on its head as the poet wonders at the beauty of everything in the sunlight.

**Clayton Beach** (Oregon, USA)

neglected graves the dead's only flowers are dandelions	red skies at morn... a field of poppies explodes
Oct. 4, 2017	Oct. 14, 2017 Comment: Red skies are a foreboding sign so they fit well in juxtaposition with the (red?) poppies as their seed cases explode!

**stefano riondato** (Padua, Italy)

birdfair the acute scream of a chained eagle	autumn leaves each one now joined to his shadow
Oct. 10, 2017	Dec. 15, 2017 Comment: Normally one doesn't want to think of one's shadow as a part of oneself, but this haiku does it in a way that suggests only rightness while concretely making it clear that the leaves have fallen.

full moon alone with my shadow
Dec. 20, 2017

**Anna Goluba** (Warsaw, Poland)

Deep silence  
At the bottom of the well  
Stars are shining

Oct. 13, 2017

Comment: The middle line acts as a pivot, with the lack of a hyphen or other punctuation at the end of either the first or second line allowing the lines to be paired either way. If this were to make the haiku ambiguous, then punctuation would need to be added but in this poem all lines can coexist together.

**Lee Nash** (Barbezieux-Saint-Hilaire, France)

sunflowers  
facing in all directions  
decisions

Oct. 17, 2017

Comment: Introducing the concept “decisions” a little more concretely would improve the poem. For example, the third line could be “election day” or “parent-teacher meetings.”

**Nikolay Grankin** (Krasnodar, Russia)

chess in the park  
the fallen leaves move  
without turns

Oct. 23, 2017

Comment: Good observation and nice concrete presentation.

**tzetzka ilieva** (Georgia, USA)

autumn roses —  
the silence between each snip  
of Mother's shears

Oct. 26, 2017

Comment: One can hear the mother thinking in the silence where the next cut should be.

**Vera Corporal** (Cavite, Philippines)

orange hues...  
ripe persimmons  
adorn the sky

Nov. 4, 2017

Comment: A sunset is suggested without stating one is there.

**Lothar M. Kirsch** (Meerbusch, Germany)

Clouds linger  
Too misty to hear  
The temple bell

Nov. 6, 2017

Let's catch  
The autumn storm in jars  
And drink it later

Nov. 10, 2017

Comment: Tis sense of fun and taking nature as it comes is integral to haiku.



Not talking  
Leaves are turning yellow  
Not silent

Dec. 2, 2017

**Dan Salontai** (Arizona, USA)

fall festival  
a pumpkin held  
at knifepoint

Nov. 11, 2017

Comment: God humor while also introducing a concrete scene.

**Stephen Toft** (Lancaster, UK)

in the hollow  
of an upturned boat —  
sound of the sea

Nov. 20, 2017

Comment: Although it may only be the sound of the sea that is in the hollow of the boat, the reader can imagine the poet is huddled in there along with the sea's sound.

**christiane ranieri** (Wittenheim, France)

Chrysanthemums —  
one by one flowering again  
my thoughts for him

Nov. 28, 2017

Comment: The dash is needed here to distance the flowering mums from the flowering thoughts.

**David Madison** (Texas, USA)

full moon —  
a chorus of sirens  
and howling dogs

Dec. 5, 2017

Comment: The moon is a symbol for craziness as it seems the night certainly is.

**Geethanjali Rajan** (Chennai, India)

a handful of rice  
at the end of the day —  
harvest moon

Dec. 12, 2017

Comment: One imagines the handful of rice as payment for help in the harvest rather than only a handful of rice having been able to be harvested. Alternatively the poet may just be living a simple life and enjoying the moon. We get to enjoy the haiku twice!

**M. Julia Guzman** (Cordoba, Argentina)

Winter solstice...  
The transparent wings  
of a dragonfly

Dec. 22, 2017

Comment: Something about the light of the winter solstice fits well with the transparency of dragonfly wings.

**Andrea Cecon** (Cividale del Friuli, Italy)

subzero morning  
an empty bird feeder  
emptier

Dec. 23, 2017

Comment: Something that is empty can get no emptier but the cold makes it feel like it is.

**Ingrid Baluchi** (Islamabad, Pakistan)

fallen peacock plume  
I fail to smooth its pattern  
back in place

Dec. 26, 2017

Comment: Love of the inanimate as well as the animate is a trait found in many haiku poets.

**Keith A. Simmonds** (Rodez, France)

A snowman ...  
children whittling him  
down to size

Dec. 28, 2017

Comment: Good humor and turn of phrase while introducing a concrete scene.

**Alan Pizzarelli** (New Jersey, USA)

stone buddha  
the sound of light hail  
in the trees

Dec. 29, 2017

Comment: One could imagine the hail hitting the stone Buddha but instead the poet notices it hitting the leaves.

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