



Annual Selection 2022
Insights sometimes come from the strangest places

Selections by Michael Dylan Welch (Jan.) and Dhugal J. Lindsay (Feb.-Dec.)
Comments by Dhugal J. Lindsay

After so much time in isolation due to COVID-induced curbs on our activities, people are starting to get out and about again. There were far fewer "desk haiku" submitted over the year, with more poems grounded in concrete reality. Haiku are inherently subjective in that the poet selects from the plethora of entities perceived with all their senses at the moment they feel an insight in order to instill that same insight into the reader. It is not always the entities one first thinks caused the insight that were actually responsible for it. That voyage of discovery is one thing that makes haiku such a joy!

Raquel D. Bailey (Arlington, Virginia, USA)

first light
the summit
of your smile

Jan. 1, 2022

Comment: The poet's partner almost seems like a mountain in the first light breaking over the horizon on New Year's Day.

Teiichi Suzuki (Osaka, Japan)

cold sake
a cupful of
forgetting

Jan. 3, 2022

fallen leaves fire —
having no regrets
for my youth

Feb. 25, 2022

coming spring —
from the pop-up book
a sailing boat

April 8, 2022

drift wood
whiter than the bones
of a stray heron

April 18, 2022

lurking
in the spring darkness —
war

May 9, 2022

Comment: This reminds me of the famous haiku by Hakusen Watanabe about the war standing in the hallway.

actually
rising larks want to fall
into the sky

July 23, 2022

if asked —
my motherland is the world
migrating birds

Aug. 4, 2022

how long
under the burning sun
dog's tongue

Sept. 1, 2022

Comment: A longer time in the sun's heat causes the dog's tongue to be extended more to help it cool.

wavering
before its decision
a sensitive plant

Sept. 21, 2022

out of the pool
I return to bipedalism
from quadrupedalism

Oct. 6, 2022

a spider
unafraid to cobweb
the warrior's statue

Oct. 27, 2022

camping night —
becoming more discerning
insect's tune

Nov. 5, 2022

Comment: The longer one listens to the insects, the better one becomes at telling the various types apart.

only the top
of the fountain —
a moment of peace

Dec. 6, 2022

autumn wind —
today's memory erases
yesterday's memory

Dec. 27, 2022

Arvinder Kaur (Chandigarh, India)

first snow
my grandson looks back
at his footprints

Jan. 4, 2022

Comment: The grandfather has reached the age in life where he always looks back. His grandson looks back for discovery.

specks of snow
on the rooster's comb
dawn chill

Jan. 25, 2022

her footsteps
on a path of dew
dawn stars

Aug. 9, 2022

Comment: Comparing dew to stars is a common theme in haiku but this poem manages to provide a concrete scene that doesn't make the poem seem like an excuse for a metaphor.

Sari Grandstaff (New York, USA)

snow day —
an avalanche
of paperwork

Jan. 5, 2022

daffodil petals
catching the snowflakes
Little League practice

June 9, 2022

Comment: This is a nice concrete scene that doesn't lose out to the strength of the metaphor.

my husband's headlights
pulling into the driveway
the hunter moon

Nov. 26, 2022

Joanne van Helvoort (Beerta, Netherlands)

winter solstice
an anchored boat
turns with the tide

Jan. 6, 2022

Comment: "Solstice" is the perfect match for a turning tide! If it were summer the boat would surely be out on the water.

Michael Morell (Havertown, Pennsylvania, USA)

unable to separate
myself from the universe —
wet leaves

Jan. 7, 2022

Comment: Leaves cling to the poet's shoes, water from brushing against leaves seeps into his trousers — at one with the universe!

Anitha Varma (Fort Tripunithura, India)

far from home
the conch still sings
about its ocean

Jan. 8, 2022

Comment: I have an irresistible urge to hold a large shell to my ear!

dying pyre
lanterns bob with every swell
on the Ganges

Jan. 12, 2022

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore (Catania, Italy)

my solitude
greater and greater ...
raindrops

Jan. 10, 2022

foggy road ...
always at my side
the same shadow

April 20, 2022

spring light ...
my lipstick shining
more and more

May 24, 2022

sound of water
among the stones of a stream ...
children's laughter

July 15, 2022

Comment: Children playing in the shallows of the stream is a good concrete image which ensures that the metaphor of the bubbling brook sounding like laughter does not overpower the poem.

poppies again ...
I am
a little older

Aug. 2, 2022

sea breeze ...
his voice
so clear

Sept. 17, 2022

Nika (Jim Force) (Alberta, Canada)

morning fog
a funeral procession
turns the far corner

Jan. 11, 2022

Comment: The lost feeling when someone has died is conveyed well with "fog."

day's end
I wash the garden
from under my nails

March 17, 2022

Mona Bedi (Delhi, India)

skinny dipping
the way he loves
my scars

Jan. 13, 2022

midday sun —
I become one
with my shadow

May 23, 2022

Comment: With the sun directly overhead, the author's shadow becomes so small and out of vision's range around the poet's feet that it seems to have disappeared.

Tomislav Maretic (Zagreb, Croatia)

sunny morning
a wind-chime seller sings
out of tune

Jan. 14, 2022

Comment: Wind chime notes do not always match the same tones as "do re mi" and the seller may well have been affected. A sunny day increases the chance that people will want to purchase a wind chime so the seller is happy.

leek soup —
whirlpool of plans
in my mind

March 31, 2022

the train stopped —
every blade of grass
outlined with frost

May 11, 2022

winter is over ...
song of the blackcap again
from the same tree

June 2, 2022

Jeffrey Ferrara (Massachusetts, USA)

murmuration
the ball of starlings
becomes an hourglass

Jan. 15, 2022

first snow
all the lawns
are made even

Feb. 8, 2022

winter moon
the house moth
follows me out

Feb. 21, 2022

spent ashes
of heartwood
composted for spring

March 5, 2022

floes on the river
a train
moving freight

March 24, 2022

Comment: The linear nature of both river and railway tracks is conveyed well with the different packages each carries.

deep winter
the smell of earth
below the frost line

April 4, 2022

overflying
a murder of crows —
the exaltation of larks

April 21, 2022

first day of spring
a bear breaks
the snow crust

May 3, 2022

new rocks in the field
old leaves
again flying

May 16, 2022

spring moon
a skunk wobbling
up the path

June 10, 2022

butterflies mating ...
one leaves another
still attached

July 1, 2022

song at my back
I turn to see
the branch twitch

July 9, 2022

Comment: We are left wondering what kind of bird it was, and feel its presence even though the bird itself is absent in the words of the haiku!

the lighthouse
by day
unseen in the distance

Aug. 30, 2022

leaves with a blight
letting fall on the globe
just a little more light

Sept. 10, 2022

morning fog
web's design
becomes visible

Oct. 3, 2022

in crystal-clear water
a fish not where
it looks to be

Oct. 17, 2022

by a breath
the path of a seed
is diverted

Nov. 4, 2022

Comment: Well observed, and hinting at the butterfly effect.

war on the ground
geese pass
in formation

Nov. 22, 2022

feeling my pulse
a deer
in the crosshairs

Dec. 5, 2022

leaves falling on water
some
become boats

Dec. 22, 2022

Mohammad Azim Khan (Peshawar,
Pakistan)

chill December
the clenched feet
of a dead crow

Jan. 17, 2022

Comment: The harshness of the cold is conveyed well through "clenched," and the fact that the bird is a crow rather than a weaker bird.

first snow ...
adding colour
to my life

Feb. 7, 2022

Oscar Luparia (Vercelli, Italy)

in my hand, for a moment,
the accurate architecture
of a snowflake

Jan. 18, 2022

passing clouds —
a train stopped
in open countryside

May 17, 2022

playing chess in the garden —
on the board a fly shows me
where to move

Aug. 31, 2022

munching on a carrot ...
little by little I connect myself
with Mother Earth

Nov. 12, 2022

foggy path
step by step I become
no one

Dec. 21, 2022

Comment: The muting of sound and vision by the fog is conveyed well.

Hifsa Ashraf (Rawalpindi, Pakistan)

falling snow
grandma calls me
by the wrong name

Jan. 19, 2022

Comment: As the snow starts to cover everything, the distinction between different objects and even what those objects were before they are buried becomes blurred. This resonates well with grandma's forgetfulness!

sunlit dewdrops
on the grassy ground
niece's first poem

Sept. 29, 2022

Agus Maulana Sunjaya (Tangerang, Indonesia)

chirping birds
a new student raises
her hand

Jan. 20, 2022

Comment: "Chirping birds" suggests chicks rather than adults, which fits well with the rest of the poem.

empty beach
the urge
to run

Jan. 27, 2022

magpie carol
what's left
of an old chapel

Jan. 27, 2022

Lyudmila Hristova (Sofia, Bulgaria)

this morning
even the wind is white
first snow

Jan. 21, 2022

snowy morning
the crows' feathers shine
in the whiteness

March 2, 2022

night snowfall
the tomb angels sink
into the sky

March 10, 2022

Comment: The inverting of ground and sky, heaven and earth, is masterful.

city park
a cricket in the ear of
Lafontaine's bust

Aug. 18, 2022

so shiny in the rain
the snail house —
autumn cleaning

Sept. 19, 2022

Subir Ningthouja (Imphal, India)

lockdown
my hair adopts
hippie fashion

Jan. 22, 2022

Comment: The poet's "locks" (long hair) are down.
This is a nice play on words while also being concrete.

Maya Daneva (Enschede, Netherlands)

first snowflakes
I remember my parents
dancing

Jan. 24, 2022

Comment: Snowfall causes memories to be stirred.
One can almost see the snowflakes swirling and
dancing too.

Keith A. Simmonds (Rodez, France)

Lockdown ...
dad changes his will
for the fifth time

Jan. 26, 2022

Comment: Lockdown gave much time for
introspection. One would hope the rapid will changes
were not due to relatives dying ...

Alvin B. Cruz (Manila, Philippines)

the empty spaces
we leave behind ...
cherry blossoms

Jan. 28, 2022

two empty swings
by the sea
winter solstice

Feb. 3, 2022

Comment: In the winter cold, no one wants to sit outside on these swings, blown by the cold sea breeze. The ebb and flow of the tides as well as the annual cycle of day length, with the winter solstice being the shortest day of the year, resonate well with "swings."

wintry night
the full moon completes
my loneliness

Feb. 24, 2022

Baisali Chatterjee Dutt (Kolkata, India)

night journey
at each stop
a different moon

Jan. 29, 2022

Comment: The moon itself is actually unchanging but our perception of it changes as the scenery around it changes.

Andrea Cecon (Cividale del Friuli, Italy)

small crocuses
my niece's hand
slips from mine

Jan. 31, 2022

Comment: The poet's niece slips away to go and touch or pick the crocuses. We also imagine her hand resembles a crocus to the poet. A sense of loss is evident in the phrase "slips from mine," and as the crocus is used in many contexts to symbolically denote spring and new beginnings, we wonder if the poet feels they are losing their niece to maturity.

the air
among the drops
of a spring drizzle

July 4, 2022

cherry blossoms
the child's breath
fills the sky

July 13, 2022

Milorad sin Nade Tesla Ivankovic

(Vršac, Serbia)

cold autumn rain
cowherd warms his bare feet
in the cow-piss

Feb. 1, 2022

Comment: The plight of the cowherd is conveyed well by "autumn" as it suggests there is worse to come.

dead of winter
miles around the hut darkness
save grandpa's old oil lamp

April 1, 2022

Nani Mariani (Melbourne, Australia)

fireplace lit
burning bad memories
end of December

Feb. 2, 2022

Comment: The physical reminders of those memories, such as photographs, are being burned. "Last days of the year" might also work well, especially for cultures where December is not the last month of the year.

Carmela Marino (Rome, Italy)

flock to the west
an immigrant sweeping
dead leaves

Feb. 4, 2022

summer heat
in the aquarium pebbles
moved by fish

July 20, 2022

summer storm
in my husband's hands
a paper boat

Oct. 10, 2022

birth house
the nest under the roof
is my age

Oct. 21, 2022

mackerel skies
the navigation system
takes me home

Oct. 28, 2022

Comment: Small patches of clouds like scales, or rippled lines of clouds stretch across the sky. It is hard to determine where one cloud ends and the next begins, and this resonates well with relying on the car navigation system to find the right road home.

Mirela Brailean (Iași, Romania)

new calendar
under the years' weight
the nail bent

Feb. 5, 2022

Comment: The poet is obviously not looking forward to what is coming in the new year. This is conveyed well through a good concrete image.

insane asylum
a branch keeps throwing its shadow
over the fence

May 19, 2022

Comment: The degree of meaning-distance between the two elements of this haiku is just right.

cumulonimbus
the cotton flowers
opening

June 18, 2022

summer river
the short distance between
youth and ageing

Oct. 12, 2022

autumn wind
the peas' clanking
in the dried pods

Nov. 11, 2022

falling leaves
the ballerinas' final
performance

Dec. 12, 2022

Irina Guliaeva (Moscow, Russia)

winter stars
trying to count
cold coins

Feb. 9, 2022

lonely walk
each tree has its own
snowfall

March 11, 2022

prom night
in the school yard
headless dandelions

July 26, 2022

dandelions
equally gray-haired
mother and son

Aug. 3, 2022

Comment: Here there is resonance between the visual comparison of dandelion fluff and grey hair as well as the ephemeralness of the dandelion fluff and human life.

lock down
grasses from two sides of the path
touching each other

Sept. 9, 2022

refugee
under her nails
still home soil

Sept. 26, 2022

just walked past a dunghill
and exactly on the same places
returning flies

Oct. 5, 2022

inheritors
fighting for her harvest
crows

Nov. 1, 2022

stone thrown into the lake
pulling itself together
the moon

Nov. 19, 2022

division of property
border between
water and ice

Dec. 19, 2022

Salvatore Tempo (Bron, France)

christmas day
first I am surprised
birth of three kittens

Feb. 10, 2022

Comment: Parents usually are not so surprised on Christmas Day, already knowing what Santa brought and what food will be eaten. This year it is different!

lockdown
my paper airplanes
through the flakes

Feb. 17, 2022

waiting for you
under the snowflakes
until I disappear

March 12, 2022

first thaw —
in the hospital, little by little
I get my color back

April 13, 2022

May drizzle —
argument in the barnyard
for an earthworm

June 6, 2022

furrows in the garden
for carrots
my son tries to write straight

June 20, 2022

intimately
entwined roots ...
dead trees

July 6, 2022

discreetly
the plums are growing
my shadow in the plum tree's shadow

Aug. 5, 2022

she folds the linen —
all the last letters
in the drawer

Aug. 25, 2022

cuttings of a plum tree —
lost arm
in the war

Sept. 12, 2022

a dull summer photo
my grandparents
fade away

Nov. 7, 2022

snowstorm —
disconnected
from everything

Dec. 7, 2022

Ashoka Weerakkody (Pannipitiya, Sri Lanka)

new year's eve
shall the old moon pause
waning

Feb. 11, 2022

Comment: This haiku exhibits good juxtaposition of a cyclical entity against a linear pigeonholed concept.

Tony Williams (Scotland, UK)

January sun
two diving ducks
re-emerge

Feb. 12, 2022

Comment: "Two" gives a sense of beginning as we imagine they are a mated pair and this resonates well with the New Year's sun signaling re-emergence from the old year.

Vincenzo Adamo (Sicily, Italy)

I will wait for you
until it melts
the last snow

Feb. 14, 2022

grown children
away from mom —
cactus flowers

April 23, 2022

Comment: I love the way I feel these two elements
belong together but can't quite put my finger on why.

night bombs —
the parrot
repeats the rosary

May 12, 2022

while the salmon goes up
the river water goes down —
clouds on the horizon

May 27, 2022

dandelion flowers —
I will arrive in time
at my home

June 30, 2022

on my straw hat
rests a cicada —
full moon night

July 18, 2022

falling leaves —
the dog chases the bone
into the ravine

Sept. 15, 2022

thunder rumble —
a millipede twists
under a leaf

Oct. 15, 2022

sea mirror —
they return to the rocks
the shadows of the seagulls

Oct. 29, 2022

inside the temple
an empty bench —
autumn is approaching

Nov. 2, 2022

autumn breeze —
the dog chases
the empty bowl

Nov. 18, 2022

Comment: The bowl rolls away in the wind and the
dog chases it. "Autumn" and "empty" resonate well.

dead leaves —
time to ask questions
without answers

Dec. 17, 2022

Jim Young (Haigo: Oyoguhito) (Wales, UK)

a fox walks across
followed later by a cat
my lonely window

Feb. 15, 2022

trout stream
fishing for my childhood
time flies

April 29, 2022

Comment: "Flies" is masterful in that it doesn't detract from the concrete image but has a double meaning in that flies are used for trout fishing.

a boat
roped to its reflection
rising and falling

Aug. 11, 2022

a kite
pulling the little girl
with ponytails

Oct. 14, 2022

nebulae
who will sweep up the star dust
in the nursery

Nov. 14, 2022

David Jacobs (London, UK)

low winter sun
my shadow reaches the grave
long before me

Feb. 16, 2022

Comment: This is a good concrete image firmly based in reality, but also has deeper meaning in the timing of death.

under the cherry
the woman standing stock still
is a gravestone

July 11, 2022

Joseph P. Wechselberger (New Jersey, USA)

circling
the geese on the lake
thin ice

Feb. 18, 2022

Comment: I interpret this as that the poet is moving in a circle around the geese, perhaps by car, since it is a lake rather than a pond. The ice has formed near the shore where the water is shallow, leaving the geese in a circle of water at the center. Another interpretation is that the geese are circling before landing, but "on" would suggest against this. Perhaps a word or two should be added to provide a more concrete image.

Archie Carlos (Minnesota, USA)

snowflake
after snowflake after
eyes stop counting

Feb. 22, 2022

Comment: The second "after" is used masterfully!

icicles up high
keeping a safe distance
a rising moon

March 26, 2022

morning glories
savoring a grandkid's visit
one day at a time

June 23, 2022

more hail
a chipmunk beats me
to the tool shed

July 27, 2022

Christopher Calvin (Kota Mojokerto, Indonesia)

the woodpecker
deepens the silence
with each beat

Feb. 23, 2022

Comment: This is in the vein of Basho's cicada's voice seeping into the rock.

first snow ...
buried — so deep
fallen leaves

March 4, 2022

frost on the window
how soon to end
our conversation

March 28, 2022

frozen window
nature and I
on a pause

April 5, 2022

falling snow
cooling off
our argument

April 14, 2022

after rain
tadpoles exploring
new playground

May 5, 2022

Petals in the wind
Rolling suitcases
Through borders

June 7, 2022

crackling fire
slowly we open up
our little secrets

July 2, 2022

dandelion seeds
following the wind
first day of school

July 19, 2022

Cicadas —
all the screams lost
under rubble

Sept. 6, 2022

Cumulonimbus —
container ship
slowly docking

Sept. 14, 2022

watermelon patch
little kids line up
before class

Sept. 27, 2022

first firefly
bike practice ... slowly
without dad's grip

Oct. 13, 2022

school reunion
loud chirpings
in the birdbath

Oct. 31, 2022

first time college —
leaf off the branch
joins river stream

Nov. 9, 2022

nuke test off the coast
neighbor's vine overgrows
in my backyard

Nov. 23, 2022

newborn's clutch
ivy tangles
around branch

Dec. 9, 2022

temple gong
unborn's heartbeat
on monitor

Dec. 23, 2022

Tyrone McDonald (New York, USA)

looking for a seashell
that is not broken
seagull's cry

Feb. 26, 2022

Comment: "Cry" fits well here, and serves to add a feeling of ephemerality to the poem.

how it all ends ...
bullet casings glow
among the fall leaves

Dec. 10, 2022

Wieslaw Karlilski (Namysłów, Poland)

in my garden
homeless for now
the first starlings

Feb. 28, 2022

almost harvest time
all the scarecrows
in enemy uniforms

July 28, 2022

Comment: "Harvest" and "enemy" are very dark while not interfering with the concrete and easily accessible image.

Cezar-Florin Ciobîcă (Botoşani, Romania)

February dusk
fresh field hare tracks
going to the moon

March 1, 2022

Comment: Tracks stretch into the distance. In Japan it is said that a rabbit rather than a man lives on the moon.

snow melt
my son compares
adjectives

April 11, 2022

war zone
how brave
the buds

April 15, 2022

two mannequins
hugging each other
spring fever

April 28, 2022

dandelion fluff
my first one breath poem
rejected

June 28, 2022

bird song
helping me to escape
from the maze

July 7, 2022

mayfly
starting to write
a farewell poem

Aug. 1, 2022

searing heat
even the wind chimes
completely quiet

Aug. 22, 2022

dog days ...
a girl drops her doll
in the wishing well

Sept. 5, 2022

autumn rain ...
the asylum awash
with smell of rust

Sept. 7, 2022

meteor shower ...
the old pond overflowing
with water lilies

Sept. 22, 2022

Milan Rajkumar (Manipur, India)

winter rain
a pigeon takes shelter
under the solar panel

March 3, 2022

Comment: Solar panels can even be of use when the sun isn't up!

Vladislav Hristov (Plovdiv, Bulgaria)

winter lake
still bright red
the dead koi

March 7, 2022

Comment: A scene just so! The cold waters have preserved the fish so we don't know how long it has been there, but "the" and "still" suggests the poet also saw it yesterday.

lonely morning
the fluttering moth
which I will spare

Dec. 29, 2022

Sasha A. Palmer (Maryland, USA)

overnight snow
the way silver sparkles
in your hair

March 8, 2022

Comment: White hairs and snow become one and the same.

Philip Noble (Inverness, Scotland, UK)

winter sunrise
on Culloden battlefield
snow retreats

March 9, 2022

Comment: Only small patches of snow remain in the shade of the shrubs and heather as the sun melts it and it goes the way of the Jacobite uprising at Culloden in the 1740s.

Giuliana Ravaglia (Marzabotto, Italy)

light snow ...
how much silence
between words

March 14, 2022

light snow ...
last caress
my father's

Dec. 30, 2022

Comment: The poet is now alone with the last person to have gently touched her being her father. The soft touch of the snow reminds her of that last moment.

Mircea Moldovan (Jibou, Romania)

last snow ...
soft cat steps
are heard in the attic

March 15, 2022

day moon
above the empty nest
spring equinox

May 2, 2022

a few crows
on the little girl's swing
spring snow

May 21, 2022

Comment: With the third line, this poem goes from being dark and foreboding to playful. Masterful!

Aljosa Vukovic (Šibenik, Croatia)

dusk
a woodpecker taps
on the furniture-to-be

March 16, 2022

Comment: The tree has already been felled with the intent of making furniture from it. The poet feels guilty enough about the tree's death that they make no attempt to scare nature's messenger away.

Ram Chandran (Tamilnadu, India)

slurping water
directly from the stream ...
the taste of mountain

March 18, 2022

harvested field ...
the tractor leaving
the sickle moon behind

June 24, 2022

Comment: The tractor has taken away all the crops, leaving only the moon. "Sickle" is wonderful as it both conveys loss, as most of the moon is not visible, and it also resonates with "harvest" due to its namesake.

Hemapriya Chellappan (Pune, India)

desert resort
the terrace floods
with moonlight

March 19, 2022

Comment: There are no trees around to block the moonlight, so it is very bright. A flood in the desert!

Helga Stania (Ettiswil, Switzerland)

snowdrops
my grandchild dares
first steps

March 21, 2022

thunderstorm
a spider crawls
under a shelf

July 14, 2022

Earth Day
the life
in a water drop

Sept. 3, 2022

a fox
turns into a cat —
moon rises

Dec. 31, 2022

Comment: As the moonlight brightens and the animal becomes better illuminated, it becomes obvious that the "fox" was only a cat. The otherworldly moon is often associated with mystical magic, so it is almost as if an actual transformation has taken place.

James Gaskin (Fukushima, Japan)

apple saplings
the girls help me pick
my funeral song

March 22, 2022

Comment: There is singing as the saplings are planted. The contrast between young and old works well.

Nazarena Rampini (Milan, Italy)

rice field
walking in the mud
between two skies

March 23, 2022

Comment: The sky is reflected in each of the rice paddies on either side of the muddy levee. "Walking in the mud" also suggests the poet feels their day-to-day life is not exactly pure and romantic.

Tommy Ichimiya (Ibaraki, Japan)

spring starts today
wild birds form a line
on the embankment

March 25, 2022

Comment: It is almost as if they are lined up to watch the show.

old trees too
look bright
clear sky after snowfall

April 9, 2022

do I die in
this sleepy town?
approaching spring

April 30, 2022

Deborah A. Bennett (Illinois, USA)

the wildflower field
between our morning greeting —
fresh spring breeze

March 29, 2022

winter's end —
warbler's song returning
to the wind

April 12, 2022

Comment: The alliteration of "w" even sounds like the wind.

Simone Magli (Pistoia, Italy)

a caterpillar
rotates in the light blue sky:
amusement park

March 30, 2022

Comment: Suspended by a thread of silk and just hanging there like a spent bungee jumper.

Violeta Urda (Bucharest, Romania)

blowing dust off
the doll in the old attic —
March wind

April 2, 2022

falling leaves —
an old couple
one shadow

Nov. 17, 2022

Comment: This haiku is romantic and full of pathos at the same time.

Helen Buckingham (Somerset, UK)

she smooths the Igloo
from her daughter's hair
blossom snow

April 6, 2022

air ambulance
touches down in a whirlwind
of petals and grit

April 25, 2022

evening star
retires for the night ...
the show goes on

July 25, 2022

the final wingbeats
of my only ever monarch
summer's end

Oct. 26, 2022

Comment: This is a masterful goodbye to Queen Elizabeth, through observations of an accidental migrant butterfly about to expire due to the falling temperature.

Zoran Doderovic (Novi Sad, Serbia)

schoolyard
snowman a head above
the children

April 7, 2022

Comment: A teacher has been helping the children in play as well as in study — showing without saying at its best.

Benedetta Cardone (Massa, Italy)

newborn kittens —
I find a box of old
family letters

April 16, 2022

outdoor yoga class —
old pines bent
to the ground

May 13, 2022

Comment: This haiku provides a good concrete image, so the comparison between the trees and the elderly yoga students does not become a mere metaphor. Nice!

Rosemarie Schuldes (Mattsee, Austria)

woodpecker's knocking
still going on
air-raid alarm

April 19, 2022

Comment: The air raid alarm must have sounded often enough that the woodpecker is no longer startled by it. The insects in the wood are also being raided from the air!

John Hawkhead (Bradford on Avon, UK)

fairground ride
we get off the ferris wheel
where we got on

April 22, 2022

Comment: The image causes us to ponder the cyclicity of life.

Rudi Pfaller (Remshalden, Germany)

spring sun
my wife's
bright eyes

April 26, 2022

longest day
thinking about
the rest of my life

July 16, 2022

Comment: The knowledge that the days are about to start getting shorter and daylight hours of activity more precious causes the poet to reflect on the remainder of their life. Adding an entity existing on that longest day might further deepen the poem.

Jasminka Nadaskic Diordievic (Radnicka, Serbia)

bare feet on the run —
the sky rushes
down the cobblestones

April 27, 2022

Comment: Fallen rain flows, tumbling over the cobblestones, which are felt beneath their bare feet.

Stephen Toft (Lancaster, UK)

migrating terns ...
driftwood smoke
still in our hair

May 4, 2022

Comment: After a campfire on the beach, the poet looks up at the sky to see the birds flying away. Here we see superb resonance between "driftwood," "smoke" and "migrating," with the sense of smell also stimulated and concreteness given through the last line.

last breath
the light that remains
in his glass eye

Aug. 23, 2022

Stefano Riondato (Padova, Italy)

cold evening —
a clerk undresses
a mannequin

May 6, 2022

Comment: This haiku is humorous but it could be improved by adding another word or two to the first line to also give depth, perhaps.

Srinivas S (Rishi Valley, India)

clear day ...
a heron becomes two
at the water's edge

May 7, 2022

grandmother
loses parts of herself ...
autumn deepens

Sept. 24, 2022

not yet night
more of the fly
less of the fire

Oct. 4, 2022

Comment: This is a nice observation of a firefly at dusk that also comments on how our perception of entities changes depending on the environment in which they are observed or experienced.

Cezar Florescu (Botoșani, Romania)

holding my breath
for a moment ...
mayfly

May 10, 2022

spring fever
the benches in the asylum
painted light green

June 11, 2022

unfolding the map
sharing my route
with a ladybird

July 12, 2022

moonbeams
the hollow sound
of watermelons

Aug. 6, 2022

Comment: Here we see a nice combination of the senses of sound and vision. It is a little hard to fully access the poem because it doesn't say where the observation was made, in but one would assume the poet is thumping on watermelons in a field at night, looking for the best one to harvest for the following day.

Daniela Misso (San Gemini, Italy)

dandelion —
a woman asks me
about my son

May 14, 2022

Comment: An association arises between scattering dandelion seeds and children who have left home. An adjective modifying "woman" may perhaps help make the scene more accessible and concrete.

a pine sprout
in the burnt forest
Easter Sunday

June 4, 2022

long wait ...
on my folded wheelchair
a butterfly

July 8, 2022

rain clouds —
purple onions
in a bucket

Nov. 29, 2022

Charlie Smith (North Carolina, USA)

somber wake
everyone masked
except one

May 18, 2022

Comment: Only the deceased person wears no mask.

Maria Malferrari (Bologna, Italy)

in the evening
the silence of the butterflies
is oppressive

May 20, 2022

winter wind —
the heat escapes slowly
from his body

June 1, 2022

Comment: The sense of loss is emphasized with the cruelly cold winter wind.

Marek Printer (Kielce, Poland)

sunbeam
jumps from roof to roof
a ginger cat

May 25, 2022

Comment: Watching a sunbeam move between roofs as the sun moves, we also imagine the movements of the ginger cat. It is almost as if the cat is the sunbeam.

Mario Massimo Zontini (Parma, Italy)

when outside wants to come in
when inside wants to go out:
the old cat

May 26, 2022

Comment: The cat is cantankerous and can't make up its mind — I am sure we all have met an old person somewhat similar.

Christiane Ranieri (Wittenheim, France)

full moon
stealing
the firework's show

May 28, 2022

Comment: The moon must have been so bright, with its constancy eclipsing the ephemeral fireworks.

Eleonore Nickolay (Vaires sur Marne, France)

night storm
totally unharmed
the full moon

May 30, 2022

forest lake
totally naked the moon
and I

Sept. 8, 2022

Comment: The realization that the moon is also naked is superb.

underground car park
looking for the emergency exit
the small white butterfly

Oct. 20, 2022

Devoshruti Mandal (Ramapura, India)

old age home
i brush away
the dust

May 31, 2022

Comment: One almost imagines the dust is being brushed off a person rather than a shelf!

Zelyko Funda (Varaždin, Croatia)

cemetery in April
each grave is given
a petal at least

June 3, 2022

Comment: Cherry blossoms fall and are blown everywhere — at least one for every grave.

autumn rose bud
ready to bloom or
ready to die

Dec. 14, 2022

Asa Hanada (Kyoto, Japan)

Spring rains
the new dad
sings a made-up lullaby

June 8, 2022

Comment: A newly constructed lullaby and the beginnings that spring rains entail resonate well.

Lothar M. Kirsch (Kall, Germany)

Flamingo season
the cherry blossoms
still shiver

June 13, 2022

the sun is beaming
through the birch leaves
baby's soft chuckles

Aug. 17, 2022

Comment: Here we have a concrete scene of a baby laughing as it is entertained by the moving patches of sun, and the metaphor bridging aural and visual senses is also well done!

cold September night
satellites crossing above
but crickets still sing

Oct. 1, 2022

with the leaves gone
the autumn rain falls quieter

Dec. 16, 2022

Moto Eto (Ibaraki, Japan)

at every station
the night train stops
hear frogs call

June 14, 2022

back to hometown
the same loneliness
cumulonimbus

July 22, 2022

clear autumn morning
noticing dirt on
every window

Nov. 15, 2022

Comment: The clear glass is not so clear once the author is in an autumnal mood.

Stephen A. Peters (Washington, USA)

the mime and I celebrate
with a cup of air
spring breeze

June 15, 2022

Comment: The warmth and freshness of the breeze is joyous and we ponder on how air can be so different when stationary or moving.

C. Ronald Kimberling (Illinois, USA)

Aortic aneurism
took my old friend this spring
red tulips blooming

June 16, 2022

Comment: Enlargement of the main artery from the heart can be fatal if it bursts. The metaphor with "red tulips" works well without drawing one's attention away from the main substance of the poem — life goes on.

Ant lifting
a bent twig
outside the fitness center

Aug. 27, 2022

Monica Federico (Milan, Italy)

Fifty second war day —
red camelia blossoms
fading

June 17, 2022

Comment: Red camellias can symbolize love and passion but in Japan they also symbolize sudden death, since the calyx and petals remain attached to each other when the flower falls from the tree. These blossoms must be fallen, as with the soldiers in Ukraine.

Vandana Parashar (Panchkula, India)

even without her ...
the trees she planted
in full bloom

June 21, 2022

Comment: This haiku could be improved by concretely stating the kind of trees or how they are planted to give further depth.

Jenna Le (New York, USA)

thunder cracks —
in the drawer, one spoon
clinks against another

June 22, 2022

tilting my face skyward
to curb morning sickness
I see the moon

Sept. 2, 2022

Comment: The moon controls so many rhythms in the natural world, including those of reproduction.

Marina Bellini (Mantua, Italy)

lunar eclipse
only the whiteness
of the mock orange

June 25, 2022

fireflies
the days we were together
long gone

Oct. 24, 2022

Comment: The ephemeralness of a blinking firefly reminds the poet of old memories.

Francoise Maurice (Draguignan, France)

nuclear threat
the chickadee chirps
the chickadee chirps

June 27, 2022

milky way
catching my eye
a firefly

Aug. 19, 2022

Comment: The poet looks for movement like that a comet or meteor among the unmoving stars, and instead notices a firefly.

Paul Callus (Malta, Europe)

village water pump —
spilling from overflowing pails
gossip

June 29, 2022

Comment: So much gossip is exchanged as people fill their buckets that it seems to overflow like the water from the pails.

Tzetzka Ilieva (Georgia, USA)

first cicada —
he left the shell
at Buddha's feet

July 5, 2022

Comment: "He" stirs the imagination. If it were a child would they have been aware of enlightenment? Or perhaps it is because they are still a child!

Goran Gatalica (Zagreb, Croatia)

heat wave —
the fast wingbeats
of a dragonfly

July 21, 2022

Comment: As ambient temperature increases, so does the activity of cold-blooded organisms.

Alan Peat (Staffordshire, UK)

less alone
the moon through a gap
in the curtains

July 29, 2022

Comment: We project onto inanimate objects in times of loneliness and the moon is somehow reassuring.

Kelly Shaw (Illinois, USA)

trickling roof leak ...
if I'm honest, I am not
wholly against it

July 30, 2022

stopping by her nest
the only thing I saw move
the eye of the mother

Nov. 8, 2022

the melon is chilled
by the coolness of the blade
cutting it in two

Dec. 8, 2022

Comment: "Chilled" instills psychology into this poem.

John Pappas Postal (Massachusetts, USA)

swirls of pollen
on the lake surface
milky way

Aug. 8, 2022

Comment: We see a contrast between the everlasting stars and the ephemeralness of pollen, water and the rhythms of life.

Jonathan Aylett (Liverpool, UK)

finding stillness
in the wind-blown reeds —
grey heron

Aug. 10, 2022

Comment: All of the reeds are swaying in the breeze except for that clump over there — ah! It's a heron!

always somewhere new
never moving —
wall gecko

Aug. 26, 2022

Bakhtiyar Amini (Duesseldorf, Germany)

old pond
the moon and me
motionless

Aug. 12, 2022

early winter
more white hair
in her brush

Nov. 30, 2022

Comment: Old age has come earlier than expected.

Ingrid Jendrzejewski (Cambridge, UK)

night shift
the moon joins the dishes
in the sink

Aug. 13, 2022

Comment: The dishes have been left to soak before the night shift arrives to wash them. It is a little hard to picture the concrete scene, since the plural dishes and night shift suggest that there are many dishes filling the sink and, if so, there likely wouldn't be a big enough water surface to reflect the entire moon. Keeping the metaphor of moon and dishes separated by replacing moon with moonlight would solve this and still keep the metaphor intact.

Manoj Sharma (Kathmandu, Nepal)

longest day
the lonely baying
of a stray dog

Aug. 15, 2022

Comment: The words "lonely" and "stray" fit together a little too well, but the choice of kigo with "longest day" is a very good match.

Shobhana Kumar (Coimbatore, India)

reading Basho
a raindrop plops
into my cup of tea

Aug. 16, 2022

Comment: Thank goodness it wasn't a frog!

Jim Mullins (New York, USA)

firefly's light
leads deeper into
darkness

Aug. 20, 2022

Comment: Such seemingly contradictory but nevertheless true observations are good content for haiku.

Bonnie Scherer (Alaska, USA)

ancient cottonwoods
I walk taller
and younger

Aug. 24, 2022

Comment: Cottonwoods grow very fast but have a natural lifespan of only 70-100 years. "Ancient" is a subjective word — to a mayfly, for example, we humans would seem immortal. This seeming contradiction of calling a cottonwood ancient actually serves to deepen the poem.

Priscilla H. Lignori (New York, USA)

The stone fire pit —
a daddy long legs walks on
yesterday's ashes

Aug. 29, 2022

Comment: A concrete observation where "yesterday's ashes" and "daddy" hint at deeper meaning.

Maria Teresa Sisti (Italy)

shooting star —
my cat has given birth
but I do not know where

Sept. 13, 2022

Comment: The cries of the kittens can be heard but not pinpointed. The expiration of the shooting star and the birth of new life resonates well.

Jennifer Hambrick (Ohio, USA)

an old hymn
hanging in the air
summer moon

Sept. 16, 2022

Comment: The pivotal second line that modifies both the first and third lines is a good technique for making interesting haiku.

Guliz Mutlu (Ankara, Turkey)

mom holds
her skipping rope
equinox

Sept. 20, 2022

Comment: The juxtaposition of "skipping rope" and "equinox" works well. It is unclear whether "her" refers to the mother or her child, but this uncertainty, where the reader's mind constantly jumps between the two possibilities, meshes well with "equinox."

R. Suresh Babu (Karnataka, India)

twilight ...
a long pause
in the cuckoo's call

Sept. 23, 2022

Comment: The anticipation of when something is about to turn into something else, in this case day into night, is captured well with the pause between cuckoo calls.

Noga Shemer (Connecticut, USA)

it was the hammock
that allowed the two young trees
to finally touch

Sept. 28, 2022

Comment: The young and pliant trees bend towards each other when someone lies in the hammock. A physics lesson from poetry.

Lucia Fontana (Milan, Italy)

autumn dusk
what am i supposed
to let go of

Sept. 30, 2022

Comment: The lack of a concrete image makes this haiku quite inaccessible visually, but the insecurity and feelings of being lost resonate well with the autumn dusk.

Juliet Wilson (Scotland, UK)

long COVID —
waiting for the cactus
to blossom

Oct. 7, 2022

Comment: The two parts of this poem resonate well and the wish to get better is captured well by "blossom."

Mark Miller (New South Wales, Australia)

windblown shore —
a plastic bag
scatters the gulls

Oct. 8, 2022

Comment: Though this is a good concrete observation, the bag blown into the group of gulls, causing them to scatter, could probably be understood even in the absence of this first line.

Michael Buckingham (Western Australia, Australia)

slipping
down the wall
the crow's shadow

Oct. 11, 2022

Comment: The crow must have remained unmoving for long enough to have caught the poet's attention. I wonder if adding an adjective before "wall" might add concreteness, and if chosen carefully, further depth to the poem.

Daniel Birnbaum (La Bouilladisse, France)

cemetery alley
the gravel noise
the same for all shoes

Oct. 18, 2022

Comment: This is a keen observation of a real occurrence, as well as a comment on how we are all equal in death.

Ken Sawitri (Central Java, Indonesia)

close-mouthed neighbour
jasmine blossoms at her porch
in bloom

Oct. 19, 2022

Comment: This haiku provides good contrast.

Will Xavier (Masterton, New Zealand)

Father's Day
two ironbarks embrace
in silhouette

Oct. 22, 2022

Comment: The stoic nature of a father and son's relationship can be imagined clearly through projection onto these trees.

Lynda Zwinger (Arizona, USA)

in the dusky pause
between the scent of jasmine
and the closing door

Oct. 25, 2022

Comment: The imperfect rhyme in the first and third lines heightens the poesy.

Grace Galton (England, UK)

gale force wind
shaken from the maple tree
goldfinches

Nov. 3, 2022

Comment: In this haiku, "shaken" causes the reader to anticipate seeds or leaves, so the third line comes as a surprise! "Gold" makes one feel lucky as a result.

trailing in the lake
willow branches
stirring the stars

Nov. 24, 2022

Joe Roberts (Florida, USA)

Dandelions, poured
Like honey over the hill.
Pause now, taste that breeze.

Nov. 10, 2022

Comment: This is an outright metaphor but the concrete image and sense combination make this a successful haiku.

Antonio Sacco (Salerno, Italy)

bare ivy —
the old wall becomes
an old wall

Nov. 16, 2022

Comment: In summer the wall was hidden with ivy leaves but now it reverts to its original state. The concept of something becoming itself is interesting for the reader.

war cemetery —
only the word "peace"
among fallen leaves

Nov. 25, 2022

Tuvshinzaya Nergui (Arkhangai, Mongolia)

deep autumn —
walking in the light of
burning trees

Nov. 21, 2022

Comment: Multiple trees burning suggests a forest fire or war. Only when we search for concreteness and placement within the world do we realize that "burning" refers to the red leaves of the trees in deep autumn.

Giorgio Bacchi (Mantova, Italy)

nobody is born
nobody dies —
autumn equinox

Nov. 28, 2022

Comment: The day and night are of equal length at the equinox, resonating well with the rest of the poem.

Shai Afsai (Rhode Island, USA)

tucked in a bed
of snow
the apple orchard sleeps

Dec. 1, 2022

Comment: Personification is not often used in haiku because it is hard to pull off but I feel this works.

Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo (Camarines Sur, Philippines)

icicles ...
a mother's patience
wearing thin

Dec. 2, 2022

Comment: The two elements of the poem are separated enough in meaning (i.e. not like "thin ice," for example), and it is up to the reader's imagination to fill in what the children are doing with the icicles. Swordplay, perhaps?

Lisa Anne Johnson (Michigan, USA)

the pear's sudden fall
from golden royalty
to mealy peasant

Dec. 3, 2022

Comment: Living a harried life now, I would imagine.

Malgorzata Formanowska (Wrocław, Poland)

autumn mist
trying to find the way
to myself

Dec. 13, 2022

Comment: External factors cause internal reflection, especially in autumn.

Hema Ravi (Chennai, India)

early autumn
faint coo heard inside
the old mail box

Dec. 15, 2022

Comment: A nesting bird's offspring are thankful that no letters arrive anymore. I wonder if a different kigo might give more depth.

Tsanka Shishkova (Sofia, Bulgaria)

new moon
in the tent of refugees
newborn girl

Dec. 20, 2022

Comment: "Moon" and "girl" resonate well in addition to the obvious newness of both. "A baby girl" wouldn't quite have the same meaning, so although the repetitiveness of "new" would normally be avoided, this does not seem possible.

Michael Henry Lee (Florida, USA)

swirling snow
a series of tests
prove inconclusive

Dec. 24, 2022

Comment: The feelings inside the poet are portrayed well by the swirling of the snow. The coldness of the snow suggests the poet thinks they may have some disease.

Elia Di Tuccio (Carapelle, Italy)

raspberries.
a duck slides slowly
across the lake

Dec. 26, 2022

Comment: The raspberries must be up close to the poet to appear like this in the first line, but we imagine there must also be some on the shore and the duck may be heading toward them. In any case, the continuous linear motion of the duck contrasted against the clumped raspberry drupes works well.

Maria Concetta Conti (Catania, Italy)

kneeling
before the tombstone
frosty grass

Dec. 28, 2022

Comment: The poet is too caught up in grief to have noticed or even care about the frost on the grass until their knees are wet. The cold and wet emphasizes the mortality of the one left behind.