



Annual Selection 2021 Concrete is kind

*Selections by Dhugal J. Lindsay (Jan. to Nov.) and Michael Dylan Welch (Dec.)
Comments by Dhugal J. Lindsay*

People seem to have been out and about, experiencing new things more during the past year than in 2020. Finally we are rounding the corner with the pandemic. Many submitted poems that did not make it to the selections tended to be too brief, thereby sacrificing concreteness in their placement in space and time. I urge readers to check that potential readers of their haiku will be able to access the experience of the poem based on the presented words alone. I was happy to read and comment on the poems selected by Michael Dylan Welch while I was at sea doing an Environmental Impact Assessment for a deep-sea mining project. The following haiku, selected in 2021, are grouped by author and sorted according to the publication date. All were good enough to be selected just as they are. However, I have added some suggestions for further improvements to a few. Thanks to all our readers for their submissions and we look forward to more of your haiku in the year to come.

Arvinder Kaur (Chandigarh, India)

new year morning —
knee deep in the snow
left by last year

Jan. 1, 2021

Comment: Things that appeared in the last year still being present in the New Year is a common theme for New Year haiku, but this poem also conveys the author's consternation at their predicament through the use of "knee deep."

autumn moon ...
the silver pathways
in her hair

Oct. 18, 2021

Comment: The poet perhaps is tracing those pathways with their finger?

Julia Guzman (Cordoba, Argentina)

silent night —
the baby's heart beat
in the ultrasound

Jan. 2, 2021

Comment: Ultrasound is inaudible to humans, so a silent sound is being used to see, not hear, the beating of a heart that would normally be heard. "Silent night" places this haiku on Christmas Eve, which resonates well with the baby theme.

Teiichi Suzuki (Osaka, Japan)

passing year —
betting-slips flitting
on the road

Jan. 4, 2021

Comment: Discarded, unsuccessful slips are a thing of the past — normal and in no way regretted.

first cold blast —
sharp geometry
of Gothic church

Jan. 29, 2021

Comment: The physical collision of the wind with the sharp corners and edges of the Gothic church can be felt.

a slight weight
on the umbrella
first snow

Feb. 4, 2021

Comment: Just enough to notice. Nice concrete image combining the senses.

spring equinox —
a revolving door
turns backspin

April 22, 2021

Comment: "equinox" and "revolving" match well. The gusty breezes of spring and the way air temperatures swing from cold to warm are also alluded to.

spring cloud —
taking myself
a little less seriously

May 29, 2021

Comment: The cloud keeps changing its form, though in essence it remains the same entity.

cedar pollen
in the hooded eyes
of Buddha

June 4, 2021

Comment: The allergenic pollen is "just there."

around here
site of parents' grave —
fireflies fly

July 6, 2021

Comment: The combination of fireflies and human death is a relatively common theme in haiku but the feeling of searching and uncertainty and its resonance with the way the fireflies fly makes this poem stand out.

dawn
water lily visible
little by little

Aug. 7, 2021

Comment: The water lily flower slowly takes shape as its whiteness reflects the strengthening dawn light.

milky way —
the silence
of the whale skeleton

Sept. 22, 2021

Comment: "silence" increases the scale of the scene in both space and time.

colorful canoes —
under the man-made lake
the ghost forest

Oct. 4, 2021

Comment: A forest was submerged when the dam was built. "Colorful" both contrasts with the monotonal underwater scene and gives a positive feel of fun and joy so that the haiku can stay non-judgemental.

morning glory
erasing
yesterday

Dec. 4, 2021

Comment: The flower's beauty causes the poet to forget about the bad things that happened yesterday. Another element could be introduced to make the poem more concrete and easily accessible.

Guliz Mutlu (Ankara, Turkey)

mom keeps
wrapping papers
new year

Jan. 5, 2021

Comment: Things from last year remaining in the New Year is a common haiku theme but this was the first time I had seen wrapping papers as one of the elements. Perhaps an adjective applied to "wrapping papers" could deepen the poem?

milky way
needle threads
in and out

Feb. 2, 2021

Comment: There is a good distance here between the two elements of the poem. They are far enough away from each other to be a fresh combination, but close enough to feel they belong together. The silver gleam of the needle ties them together.

earthquake
snow blowing
horizontally

March 18, 2021

Comment: The lack of a noun invoking the scenery causes the reader to imagine a flat plain, but the lack of vertical structures then means the earthquake is not as keenly perceived. This is good but could be improved by adding a word or two to set the scene.

we go our
separate ways
rainbow

April 8, 2021

Comment: The ephemeralness of the rainbow is suggested well. Another element could be introduced to the poem to set the scene more concretely and give the reader access to depth.

rhubarb
cherry blossom
grandma's skirt

May 10, 2021

Comment: Both beauty and sustenance are found in grandma's skirt. Nice and concrete with the "grandma-ness" of grandma well portrayed by the juxtapositions.

starlight
fresh straw
heavy

June 8, 2021

Comment: Very early in the morning while the stars are still out, there are chores to be done. Not all of the moisture has gone from the fresh straw yet, so it feels heavier than old straw. The poem's elements have just the right amount of distance between them to resonate in our subconscious.

rainbow
I spend the pennies
in wish fountains

July 8, 2021

Comment: The first word-line of the poem makes the reader imagine a huge rainbow spanning the sky while "fountains" as the final word causes us to imagine the smaller rainbows that one sees in the spray of fountains. Perhaps "my" should replace "the" to improve the poem, because by using "the" a reader wonders where those pennies are from, but finds no answer in the poem. This increase in ambiguity detracts from the haiku. It also suggests an alternative interpretation where the poet has stolen the pennies from the wish fountains and is spending them at a shop!

cicada shell
crusty wound
on my hand

Aug. 3, 2021

Comment: The scab of a wound and its dry lightness fits well with the cicada shell. A few more words that suggest where the wound was acquired would improve this haiku.

I slip away
over the pines
first star

Oct. 1, 2021

Comment: The silhouettes of the pines are easily visualized as the poet's spirit flies out of their body and over the horizon toward the first star of the evening.

Maria Laura Valente (Cesena, Italy)

our heartbeats
so close so far ...
new year twilight

Jan. 6, 2021

Comment: The first dawn of the year, lying in bed with one's partner, feeling their closeness but also thinking back on things that happened in the year that was. A nice fresh take on the New Year.

Jose del Valle (Rhode Island, USA)

wolf moon
the edge nibbled off
my antidepressant

Jan. 7, 2021

Comment: The first full moon of the year is cold and severe in the sky, while depression also becomes harsher in the months with shorter days and cold. The beauty of the moon buoys the spirit. Here "nibbled" is used effectively in combination with "wolf."

Jeffrey Ferrara (Massachusetts, USA)

under a star
the old trawler's
last pass

Jan. 8, 2021

Comment: The contrast between deep ocean and high sky, permanence and impermanence, works well.

lost on a snag
the lure continues
its motion

Jan. 16, 2021

Comment: A nice concrete image! The lure's "lure-ness" is still apparent though it is no longer working for the purpose for which it was designed.

oil man
boots busting
the snow crust

Feb. 3, 2021

Comment: The alliteration of "b" helps us feel/sense the moments when the boots break through the snow crust. The man's heaviness is suggested by him being an oil man and there is a moral undertone to the content when thinking of fossil fuels and the environment. The assonance of the second and third lines is also just right. A wonderful haiku!

battleship cove —
leaves on the water
catching snowflakes

Feb. 11, 2021

Comment: The leaves float like boats and catch within their hulls the impermanent snowflakes. The place name is a perfect fit!

fishing the mist
one soul
farther out

Feb. 19, 2021

Comment: "soul" is the perfect counter and helps us sense a deeper meaning beyond the wonderfully concrete image on the surface level of the poem.

still life
the deep bowl
hides a bruise

March 3, 2021

Comment: A second deeper meaning hides within that deep bowl! This is wonderfully concrete as we can see the fruit without it even being mentioned by name.

a scrum
churned the field
now frozen

March 15, 2021

Comment: Here "churned" is the perfect word to use, both through meaning but also through the tension with "scrum." The "f" alliteration also heightens the poesy of the haiku.

the raptor
sweeps down ...
snow angel

March 27, 2021

Comment: A nice concrete image of a falcon, hawk, kite or eagle that has spied prey in the snow. Personally I envisage a marble angel with its wings outstretched in a snowy graveyard but even with the more normal interpretation the outstretched wings tie the two images together.

snow
coating last
the warm kill

April 7, 2021

Comment: A fine powdering of snow covers everything but melts enough on contact with the remaining body heat (of a deer?) that it is the only thing not yet dusted with snow. The inevitability of it, too, being covered with snow speaks to the inevitability of death.

one road
beaver pond
fills a dip

April 29, 2021

Comment: So far out in the countryside that there is only one road that must be used to get between points A and B. The presence of the beaver pond reinforces the remoteness, and the matter-of-factness of the poet commenting on the flooded road reflects the down-to-earth outlook on life of people living away from the city.

just reaching the door —
I leave one boot
in the snowdrift

May 8, 2021

Comment: The snow is so deep that his boot comes off as he makes that final step up into the house. The feeling of leaving something behind resonates with something deeper.

weighing itself —
wren springs
from the reed

May 24, 2021

Comment: One can imagine that the poet has watched the wren alighting on several reeds before it finds one just the right strength and lands in just the right place that it can stay perched there. This haiku captures the moment just before the wren finds its peace.

spring snow
my wife's wheelchair
making ribbons

June 2, 2021

Comment: The joyful feel of "ribbons" contrasted with "wheelchair" fits so well with "spring snow."

breaking through
the beaten path —
first earthworms

June 11, 2021

Comment: The phrase "beaten path" has so much meaning, though its primary one here is just to concretely describe the scene and the vitality of the earthworms.

spring mist
the salamander
beads up

June 23, 2021

Comment: Even the slight difference in body temperature of the cold-blooded salamander and its surroundings is enough for dew to form from the mist as it touches its body. So delicate!

dew forming —
other planets
twinkle back

July 5, 2021

Comment: The use of planets rather than stars here is superb. It expands the metaphor so that both the dew seems like planets but also our very own Earth is twinkling because of the dew that covers it.

jalopy in a field
the cicada
leaves its husk

July 31, 2021

Comment: A concrete scene with the abandoned jalopy and abandoned husk resonating off each other as our minds imagine where their original owners are now.

splash
a space in the lily pads
opens and closes

Aug. 5, 2021

Comment: A new take on Basho's frog haiku.

deer leaving
the cemetery
as it opens

Sept. 4, 2021

Comment: Although this haiku would probably have worked with another place like a park or picnic ground, the cemetery opens our interpretations up to life in general rather than just this moment.

holes
made by worms
the night sky

Oct. 2, 2021

Comment: The stars may be like holes in the blanket of night but the concreteness and earthiness of the wormholes makes this a superb haiku.

dog days
a stump reminds me
of the time

Oct. 11, 2021

Comment: Both the shadow cast by the stump and the growth rings seen on its cross section remind the poet of the time. In the hot sultry weather of the dog days, some shade from leafy branches would be welcome.

resisting my grasp —
seed lighter than air
changes path

Oct. 20, 2021

Comment: The imperfect rhyme of the first and third lines makes this haiku more poetic. The long and short syllables also help us to envisage the seed floating serenely and suddenly being whisked in another direction from the change in air currents made by the poet's grasping hand.

feel of fall
the swollen door
opens at a touch

Nov. 2, 2021

Comment: The door has swollen with age and weather, such that it is almost loose from its frame and the handle doesn't even need to be turned any more for it to swing open. A perfect resonance with "feel of fall."

Clark Strand (New York, USA)

Such a sad long way
starlight must travel, then this:
a telescope tube

Jan. 9, 2021

Comment: Such distances and times all being crammed into a tiny telescope tube! Even with 17 syllables this haiku reads naturally and doesn't seem too padded.

For the celery
it's over very quickly
at the chopping block

Feb. 9, 2021

Comment: Humorous personification. The rapid fire of syllables helps us imagine the chopping.

Violeta Urda (Bucharest, Romania)

rereading
the old diary —
first snow

Jan. 11, 2021

Comment: Everything is about to be buried by snow and hidden for the winter. What an opportune time to relive old memories.

back to school —
in the rocking chair
a dry leaf

Nov. 29, 2021

Comment: The child must have spent much of the summer sitting and playing on the rocking chair. The lonliness at the child not being around during the day is conveyed well with "dry leaf."

Salvatore Tempo (Bron, France)

a bit of sunshine
the underside of the maple leaves
when they fall

Jan. 12, 2021

Comment: The clean undersides of the maple leaves reflect the sun as they fall and also as they lay scattered. There is always a silver lining with every cloud.

a Chrysanthemum opens
the day a chair is left empty
around the table

Jan. 26, 2021

Comment: New life begins where the old ends.

morning baby bottle ...
her eyes diverted
by her first snowflakes

Feb. 10, 2021

Comment: The inquisitiveness of an infant is captured well here.

winter illness
in the waiting room
always warm seats

April 3, 2021

Comment: The poet can find a bright side to everything!

during the night
unwinding of a fern —
cutting the umbilical cord

May 15, 2021

Comment: The birth must have started during daylight hours on the previous day and gone through the night. This haiku has nice resonance between the unfolding fern fiddlestick and the umbilical cord. A new beginning!

weight gain
on the scale —
watching a snowflake fall

June 3, 2021

Comment: Wondering what the weight of a snowflake is and how little things that seem inconsequential can add up.

his handkerchief
grains of rice to sow
a heritage

July 3, 2021

Comment: An Asian immigrant perhaps has brought rice grains with them to sow. Both paths and hope.

this old nail all rickety and forgotten
at the nursing home

Aug. 23, 2021

Comment: You can just imagine one of the inmates/guests at the nursing home also being like this!

in the moonlight
the last drop of rain
still hanging

Sept. 6, 2021

Comment: It must have been hanging there a long time for the moonlight to have broken through the clouds. Beautiful but also reminding one of unfinished business.

summer shadow
full of butterflies
that we don't see

Oct. 5, 2021

Comment: Only when you too enter the shadow do your eyes adjust and you can see the butterflies within. This haiku also says something deep about life.

look at the Milky Way —
baby's birth
this morning

Nov. 17, 2021

Comment: The baby has been born before the sun has come up. The poet sees a miracle in both the beauty of the Milky Way and the birth of the child.

lockdown
a bunch of origami geese
waiting for flight

Dec. 16, 2021

Comment: When one is trapped, it is only human nature to translate one's yearning for escape in various ways.

Goran Gatalica (Zagreb, Croatia)

daughter's wedding —
glinted in the moonlight
the first snowflakes

Jan. 13, 2021

Comment: The sad beauty of the first snowflakes resonates well with the happy-sad conflicted feelings of the father.

loneliness ...
my mother's tulip bulbs
in a freezing rain

Feb. 12, 2021

Comment: Yet one day the weather will warm and those bulbs will form blooms.

melted snow —
my wife's daydreams
in the fertility clinic

March 4, 2021

Comment: The two parts of this haiku seem to fit together even though cognitively a logical explanation for the match is elusive. The best kind of haiku to aim for!

call to prayer —
hanging from a gutter
last icicles

April 10, 2021

Comment: The icicles make one think of prayer candles. The devotion of the worshippers is felt through the cold.

spring wind —
a gift from the gods
wild ponies

May 19, 2021

Comment: It is as if the spring wind itself has turned into the wild ponies through divine intervention.

moonless night —
forgetting the silver birches
across the river

June 9, 2021

Comment: Normally the moonlight would illuminate the silver birches, causing them to glow. This haiku is perhaps more interesting than one that introduces the birches in the moonlight, since it is the lack of an entity that causes one to think of it. If the birches were truly forgotten then the poet wouldn't be referring to them.

fireflies ...
I have friends who know
how to cook

Oct. 8, 2021

Comment: Cooking outside, perhaps on a barbeque grill, both fireflies and guests float around, mingling and weaving together.

Helga Stania (Ettiswil, Switzerland)

late dragonfly
father carves
a willow flute

Jan. 14, 2021

Comment: Willow flutes are made in Nordic countries in the spring from sections of bark cut from green willow branches, while a late dragonfly would usually appear in the autumn. Since the bark would normally be twisted from the wood core and this haiku states the willow flute is rather being carved, we infer that this "willow flute" is not made of willow at all! Rather the father longs for spring and is making the flute from some other kind of wood. The shape of the flute and the dragonfly resonate well together.

Capota Daniela Lacramioara (Galati, Romania)

mountain view —
an ephemera climbs
the window

Jan. 15, 2021

Comment: The huge and unchanging mountain in the background contrasts with the fleeting insect climbing in the foreground.

Irina Guliaeva (Moscow, Russia)

leaf fall
mum making me
sleep over

Jan. 18, 2021

Comment: Seeing leaves fall caused the mother to feel anxious about the safety of her child.

migrating birds
one by one get married
school girlfriends

Feb. 17, 2021

Comment: The feeling of being left behind — both by the birds and the girlfriends. Perhaps the first line could be distanced a little further from the remainder so it seems less like a metaphor by changing it to "a wedge of geese"?

high on the tree
brown apples
still waiting for him

March 30, 2021

Comment: The metaphor of oneself as a brown apple, still waiting for him. It could seem less direct by changing "brown apples" to "an apple" so that the surface meaning would then be of an apple waiting for the fruitpicker to harvest it.

soaring
from grave to grave
dandelion seeds

July 13, 2021

Comment: Here "soaring" is uplifting in a graveyard context.

hospital yard
letting a little bug
examine me

Aug. 21, 2021

Comment: This combination of feeling love for a lowly insect and disdain for a doctor strikes a humorous note.

gossips
passing through the cloud
of midges

Sept. 2, 2021

Comment: The gossiping people are like a swarm of midges as the poet passes through. In this haiku, "pass" instead of "passing" would shift attention to the gossips themselves, providing a concrete scene.

harvest moon
mushrooms on the grave
of the mushroomer

Sept. 15, 2021

Comment: Wonderful! He who harvested mushrooms now provides sustenance for mushrooms — full circle!

lock down
smell of jasmine
in my suitcase

Oct. 23, 2021

Comment: Any natural smell brings forth feelings of longing when one has been stuck inside for so long. That the smell comes from an item that can no longer be used because of the lockdown is even more pathetic.

Mihai Moldoveanu (Prahova, Romania)

dad's palms —
brighter
the ax handle

Jan. 19, 2021

Comment: The ax handle has been polished by friction with the wielder's palms, but it is the palms of the father that are the focus of this haiku. One can imagine every line and wrinkle, the responsibilities and the love of the father, through contemplating his palms.

Vincenzo Adamo (Sicily, Italy)

flowering, , ,
finished chemo
my daughter's hair grows

June 14, 2021

Comment: Blooms appearing from buds and the young daughter (of a flowering age?) with her hair growing back are a good match. I wonder if replacing ",,," with a plant name would give a more concrete image and greater depth.

little sky —
the stars smell of
jasmine

July 14, 2021

Comment: The smell of stars caught me as being so fresh in this haiku. That the sky is little suggests we are in a courtyard with high walls and that the sky is a square above. Jasmine must be climbing up the walls.

a father seeks
the son lost in the woods —
the crickets sing

Nov. 13, 2021

Comment: The father is straining his ears to try and perceive where his son may be, but all he hears is the crickets singing. The pathos!

nursing home
a robin
in intensive care

Jan. 20, 2021

Comment: A robin has fallen out of its nest or collided with a window and the inmates/guests of the nursing home are now taking care of it. This haiku is both warm and humorous at the same time.

night bonfire —
during the curfew
a moth dies

Feb. 18, 2021

Comment: On the concrete, surface level we can see the moth being attracted to the light and being burned by the flames. This death happens during the curfew, which has probably been instated for everyone's safety!

migration ...
the house without a roof
has a new nest

April 24, 2021

Comment: Migration suggests both the movement of people out of the town and the seasonal movement of birds at the same time. The abandoned house is contrasted with the new nest.

at the cemetery —
every day that passes
leaves on the ground

Nov. 24, 2021

Comment: Every day sees more leaves falling from their trees — a good match for a cemetery. The concreteness of the author visiting this cemetery every day and therefore being able to notice the change is what makes this haiku succeed.

Lothar M. Kirsch (Kall, Germany)

First snow
Covering the valley
Mum's last snow

Jan. 21, 2021

Comment: Two interpretations are possible. The poet's mother must have passed away in the final days of the old year and the first snow of the New Year is now falling on top of that old snow. Alternatively, her passing might be imminent and the poet just knows that this snow, the first of the season, will be her last.

Snow storm
Then a moment of silence
And the respirator

Feb. 5, 2021

Comment: People in the hospital room are surprised and comment on the strength of the snowstorm and then, in the moment of silence that follows, the respirator's noise stands out. One gets the feeling the illness was sudden.

Snow piling up
Waiting for the train
As ducks pass over

Feb. 24, 2021

Comment: The combination of vertical and horizontal movement as well as stillness in this huge 3D space is overlaid on the sense of time to make this haiku expand.

Spring meadow
Covered by snowflakes
As with the graves

May 6, 2021

Comment: To the snowflakes all surfaces are the same. New spring growth contrasts with graves.

Water on embers
Hissing
Fireflies in the dark

Sept. 1, 2021

Comment: It almost seems as though the fireflies are also hissing, even though we know they are not. Embers make us think of sparks which in turn make us think of fireflies. Due to the order of the lines, we can assess that the concrete image is that only after the fire was put out did the fireflies become visible. If the first and third line were reversed, the image would be that the fireflies were seen and the fire put out so that they could be enjoyed.

Starry night
Even the crickets
Watch in awe

Oct. 9, 2021

Comment: The poet imagines the crickets as "watch in awe" suggest that they are not singing. It is amazing how the "cricket-ness" of the crickets is expressed in the absence of their sounds.

Through the trees
The squirrel releases
Dew drops

Nov. 26, 2021

Comment: The movement of the squirrel jumping from dew-laden branch to branch is expressed well. The word "releases" gives the poem depth.

Tomislav Maretic (Zagreb, Croatia)

cough in the morning
the guitar resounds
from the corner

Jan. 22, 2021

Comment: Reverberations from the cough bounce around inside the guitar. Keen senses!

moonless night
the stream's murmururation
in the elderberry scent

July 23, 2021

Comment: Combining sight, sound and smell. Visual deprivation enhances the other senses and the short syllables in the final two lines sound like a shallow stream.

Helen Buckingham (Somerset, UK)

layers of frost
layers of leaves
her dad's old fork

Jan. 23, 2021

Comment: Layers of memories and experience.

reviewing
my resolutions
hunger moon

April 30, 2021

Comment: In February, taking stock of how her New Year's resolutions are going. "hunger moon" suggests that the poet is trying to give something up that they enjoy.

before the moon can recover
... he skims another stone

July 12, 2021

Comment: A fresh take on the reflection of a moon. The caesura is like a visualization of the skipping stone.

gallery shut
rain splashes
the sidewalk

Sept. 9, 2021

Comment: The rain splashes seem almost like modern art, so the poet admires them since the gallery is shut.

a trio
of mowers
silencing their lawns

Sept. 24, 2021

Comment: Sound and sight combine.

an elderly tabby
tightrope walks the fence
autumn equinox

Oct. 13, 2021

Comment: Here "tightrope," "fence" and "equinox" resonate well, while "autumn" and "elderly" also match. A nice concrete image.

full moon
stewed apple
left to cool

Dec. 18, 2021

Comment: The moon reminds us of cycles and passing time while also visually resonating with an apple, while the cold autumn night slowly absorbs the warmth and the vapours from the stewed apple.

Agus Maulana Sunjaya (Banten, Indonesia)

drifting clouds
the thought of going home
lingers

Jan. 25, 2021

Comment: The poet has also been drifting like the clouds, away from their home. Now though, they are fixed in one place, seemingly by necessity (perhaps their job?), so they can only think about returning home, not act on the thought.

New Year's Eve
in the back seat of a bus
my ghost and I

Feb. 1, 2021

Comment: The poet's reflection seems to them to be their ghost. This state of mind is heightened by the year coming to an end.

a young crow
on father's tombstone
winter sky

Feb. 27, 2021

Comment: The youth of the crow adds depth.

raking
the last of the leaves
fiftieth birthday

March 9, 2021

Comment: Fallen leaves cause the poet to think of the years that have gone by, while the raking causes them to feel them!

howling wind
from here to nowhere
barbed wire

April 15, 2021

Comment: The cold wind just blows aimlessly from one place to the next with no real tie to geography. Cordoning off land with barbed wire seems futile in the face of the wind.

alone
with father's favorite songs ...
a firefly

May 17, 2021

Comment: It is not immediately clear whether the poet is listening to the music or has physical media such as records, tapes or sheet music with them. Since fireflies are mostly visual, the natural way to interpret would be that the haiku is combining more than one sense, so the songs must be playing. The firefly probably feels like the soul of their father.

drifting fog
a robin's song
lingers

July 29, 2021

Comment: A combination of vision and sound senses, movement and stillness.

rising sun
in every drop of dew
the robin's song

Aug. 2, 2021

Comment: Not only is the rising sun reflected, but the whole world is contained within each dew drop, including the singing robin and its voice.

I ask her
to stay longer ...
ebb tide

Sept. 3, 2021

Comment: As the water pulls away, so does she. The concrete image of the two sitting on the beach makes the haiku.

Mirela Brailean (Iasi, Romania)

north wind —
crossing the field
the wild horses

Jan. 27, 2021

Comment: The horses seem as fast as the wind.

a few sparks
rising from the campfire —
starry night

Feb. 20, 2021

Comment: A fairly common theme in haiku is to have campfire sparks in apposition to stars, but this is nicely done nonetheless.

peach flowers
a ray of sunshine
on baby's cheek

May 31, 2021

Comment: The fine fluff on both the peach and the baby's cheek can be imagined catching the light. Focusing on the peach flowers rather than the fruit, while still causing the reader to think of the fruit, is what makes this haiku successful.

bookstall —
flipping the pages
a spring wind

June 16, 2021

Comment: Good use of the dash to make it clear that it is the wind and not the reader flipping the pages. The poet's love of books is expressed by "spring."

summer river —
I was once myself
a pointed rock

Aug. 14, 2021

Comment: We mellow over time just as rocks weather. The relentless flow of water and the wealth of experience change us.

leaf after leaf —
the old tree returns
to its roots

Oct. 28, 2021

Comment: The tree drops its autumn leaves and they pile up at its base, giving sustenance to its roots as the leaves decay. The words "old" and "returns to its roots" make the reader imagine an elderly person behind the words.

Aljosa Vukovic (Sibenik, Croatia)

ruined house —
an anthill sprouted
next to it

Jan. 28, 2021

Comment: The ants are no doubt feeding on the wood of the house in peace now that there are no inhabitants.

Angelica Seithe (Wettenberg, Germany)

drought —
the deep cracks
in our shadow

Jan. 30, 2021

Comment: Cracks in a shadow is a wonderfully fresh discovery in a turn of phrase. The combination with the concrete image of the cracked earth, where the shadow falls, makes this a wonderful haiku.

old oak —
I have no shadow
in your shade

May 18, 2021

Comment: Within one shadow another shadow will disappear -- a concrete observation. Here "old oak" conveys the poet's respect for nature and acknowledgement of their own fleeting mortality.

Lyudmila Hristova (Sofia, Bulgaria)

flickers on the faces
of the stone angels
scattered clouds

Feb. 6, 2021

Comment: The sunlight on the angels' faces appears and disappears as the clouds block and release the sun, animating them.

warm morning —
the snowman
is in a hurry

March 1, 2021

Comment: In a hurry to go back to the sky. A nice turn of phrase to describe its melting.

houses line up
along the Milky Way —
a riverside town

June 15, 2021

Comment: The Milky Way is reflected in the river and the houses are lined up beside and below these two rivers — one on the ground and another in the sky.

lockdown
sneaking through the window
a sunbeam

July 30, 2021

Comment: "Can't Stop the Sun" was a good song!

lockdown
the path of the moon
is the same

Dec. 13, 2021

Comment: Some things can be stopped but others can't be.

mountain village
the fountain basin overflowing
with stars

Dec. 23, 2021

Comment: Stars are reflected on the surface but we can also imagine people have tossed coins in there and they glint too.

Christiane Ranieri (Wittenheim, France)

confinement —
from our balconies we share
a half moon

Feb. 8, 2021

Comment: If they were together I bet the moon would have been full.

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

first snowflakes
with the scent of smoke
from our chimney

Feb. 13, 2021

Comment: This haiku combines vision and smell. The snowflakes falling and the smoke rising also work well. I even imagine the small aerosol particles, such as smoke particles, in the nucleus of each snowflake.

earthquakes ...
first snowflakes falling
into new cracks

March 5, 2021

Comment: Although new snow is beautiful, the new cracks are ominous.

lockdown
the boats' hulls touching
each other

Dec. 15, 2021

Comment: The boats can touch each other, though we cannot. Each boat is also a separate contained world, especially when at sea, so we can imagine the poet in their house in their little contained world. A nice concrete image with lots going on behind the words.

Keith A. Simmonds (Rodez, France)

Hunger moon
scintillating on the slopes ...
splinters of snow

Feb. 15, 2021

Comment: Nice alliteration. The February moon is so bright! Meaning-wise, the caesura should probably be at the end of the first rather than second line but its placement brings the moon down until the actual moon, rather than the moonlight, seems to be on the snow.

Cherry blossoms
stuck in grandma's hair ...
a spring in her step

March 23, 2021

Comment: The ephemerality of the cherry blossoms contrasted against someone's age, suggesting their end is near, would not make a haiku, but the concrete image of white-pink petals stuck in grey-white hair and the spring (a play on words) in grandma's step make this poem work.

A dog howling
in the distance ...
first snow

May 5, 2021

Comment: Shuson Kato had a very famous haiku: "its parents do not know / what the babe is crying for / this snowy night" which this poem reminds me of.

A sweet scent
in the evening breeze ...
strawberry moon

Aug. 24, 2021

Comment: It is not clear what the sweet scent is from – possibly from the roses that are in bloom while the June moon is in the sky. In this haiku, "rose moon" would have been too close a match for "sweet scent" and strawberries also cause us to think of sweetness.

Ramona Linke (Beesenstedt, Germany)

driving snow
the scent of oranges
on her hands

Feb. 16, 2021

Comment: For some reason the scent of oranges and the whiteness of the heavy snow seem to match. The inability to find a logical link makes this haiku much more interesting than when pieces fall into place.

Kari Davidson (Ohio, USA)

rainy morning
scent of woodsmoke
in our sweaters

Feb. 22, 2021

Comment: Stuck inside and with the rain dampening the smells outside, the scent of woodsmoke stands out more. I place this haiku in spring, rather than the traditional winter placement of "sweater," due both to the rain and because the smoke has built up in the wool.

Cezar Florescu (Botosani, Romania)

rime
softening
the crow's caw

Feb. 23, 2021

Comment: Normally strong frost would be imagined to make things rougher or stronger, but for a crow's caw it somehow makes sense.

soft rime
mom's veins
more visible

March 2, 2021

Comment: This haiku was immediately accessible and understandable to me, having felt a similar feeling that led to my haiku from "Mutsugoro": "at the plane window / the veins on my hand / glacier below."

cold moon
in the antique store window
a spurious coin

April 14, 2021

Comment: The coldness, roundness and light reflected from both the coin and the moon resonate well. Here "spurious" is wonderful!

Cezar-Florin Ciobica (Botosani, Romania)

first message
a sparrow's traces
on the snowy sill

Feb. 25, 2021

Comment: The footprints seem like written letters in the snow on the sill. The message is from spring, perhaps?

heat wave
the full moon lingers
in an artesian well

Aug. 28, 2021

Comment: Since the passage of the moon across the sky is unstoppable, one wonders how its reflection can linger, except for the poet to just feel that it was so. Perhaps the heat wave has caused them to wake and get cool water multiple times during the night? An artesian well would have the water level right at the surface, as it continually flows from underground through pressure, so the reflection could conceivably be there for a long time, but the water surface is normally not still and reflective.

clothes-line
in every drop of rain
hangs one star

Oct. 30, 2021

Comment: The mundanity of the clothesline contrasted with the beauty of the stars is superb.

Oana Boazu (Galati, Romania)

combing her long hair —
the icicles are melting
one by one

Feb. 26, 2021

Comment: Nice concrete images that resonate both visually and in feeling. The elements are not too close to each other either. A very nice poem.

online art class —
the way wind sculpts
cypress trees

Dec. 6, 2021

Comment: The poet must be out in the open and using their mobile data or wifi while observing the trees. Nice alliteration.

Zoran Doderovic (Novi Sad, Serbia)

raindrop by raindrop
the soaked path
sinks into the mud

March 6, 2021

Comment: A fresh expression that describes the concrete scene well.

the moon anchored
near the old barge —
the river flows

April 16, 2021

Comment: This haiku focuses on the unmoving moon rather than the barge with expertise. The flow of time is present between the lines.

mown lawn
dandelion stalks
white as bones

May 28, 2021

Comment: Some of the dandelions probably die when mown also. The breakdown of barriers between animal and plant, dead and alive, combined with a concrete image, makes a good haiku!

spring cleaning
under the rotten leaves
grass is growing

June 28, 2021

Comment: By introducing spring cleaning in the first line, the reader thinks about their house and personal possessions. While cleaning, they imagine the rotting leaves outside and remember that new grass will be growing beneath them. There is good depth behind the words in this interpretation. Only then is the poem reread and we imagine the poet's spring cleaning is of the yard and that they are raking old leaves. This double interpretation makes the poem more interesting and stresses the importance of when each element in the poem is introduced, as the haiku would be trivial if the third and first lines were reversed.

Malgorzata Formanowska (Wroclaw, Poland)

winter dawn
more and more visible
crows

March 8, 2021

Comment: Black objects slowly materialize out of the darkness as the sun comes up. The poem also suggests that crows are more visible than other things on a winter dawn.

Cristina Apetrei (Botosani, Romania)

silent night
muttering on the oven
the old teapot

March 10, 2021

Comment: The teapot almost seems like a grandparent.

fog
I still know
who I am

Dec. 10, 2021

Comment: It must be a very thick fog. Another element could be added to make it more concrete, perhaps.

lockdown
turning my balcony
into a greenhouse

Dec. 14, 2021

Comment: Add a concrete plant name to give more depth, perhaps?

Benedetta Cardone (Massa, Italy)

winter trees —
I can barely see
my naked body

March 11, 2021

Comment: The trees have lost their leaves and every crooked branch and gnarled joint is visible. The word "barely" is used well with its double meaning. In this haiku, "look at" rather than "see" would make the meaning clearer.

planes' white trails —
asking my parents stories
from my childhood

July 26, 2021

Comment: Perhaps the family moved around a lot from country to country when the poet was a small child? The contrails show exactly where the planes have been, but memories are different.

Larry Bole (Massachusetts, USA)

winter seclusion:
day by day by day by day
letting my self go ...

March 12, 2021

Comment: Using "my self" rather than "myself" hints at the deeper meaning.

Tzetzka Ilieva (Georgia, USA)

our first selfie
as we cross the brook ...
the thaw has begun

March 13, 2021

Comment: It has been a long time since love has been felt, but now it seems that spring has come.

the simple life
of a carpenter bee ...
Buddha's birthday

July 1, 2021

Comment: The fact that Jesus was a carpenter makes this haiku even more enjoyable for the reader.

Stephen Toft (Lancaster, UK)

mountain peak:
i enter a cloud
it enters me

March 16, 2021

Comment: A fresh expression describing a concrete occurrence, which also hints at a deeper meaning. Excellent!

spring morning
a worm escapes
from the bait box

April 23, 2021

Comment: In spring all animals become more lively and the sense of hope that spring brings is also evident in the content of the poem.

crossing fields
in my father's boots —
the milky way

Dec. 22, 2021

Comment: The poet is both figuratively and actually in his father's boots. It would be nice to give a bit more insight as to why he is crossing fields in the middle of the night to make the poem more concrete and perhaps also add more depth.

Fariba Arabnia (Tehran, Iran)

No longer in love but
Branch won't let it go ~
Moon

March 17, 2021

Comment: Usually one only capitalizes words in haiku to draw attention to them, rather than starting each line with a capital. In this case the capitalization serves a dual purpose and personifies the branch and the moon.

Ana Drobot (Bucharest, Romania)

lockdown —
our neighbourhood
wrapped in fog

March 19, 2021

Comment: There is nothing to see even if one were to go out. The uncertainty of being in lockdown resonates with the visual uncertainty of fog.

I return
to my blank page —
apple blossoms

April 21, 2021

Comment: The white apple blossoms resonate with the blank page. When will the pensiveness bear fruit?

lockdown —
I learn to make again
a paper plane

May 22, 2021

Comment: At least the plane will be able to fly out of there.

morning dew —
so transparent
your body language

Sept. 28, 2021

Comment: Nice use of the dash. We still feel the transparency of the dew nonetheless. It would be nice to be a bit more concrete about the body language.

Maya Daneva (Enschede, Netherlands)

a blind date
blowing the white
of a dandelion

March 20, 2021

Comment: Making a wish and seeing how things fall.

lockdown
over the closed tulips
spring stars

April 26, 2021

Comment: The tulips are also in lockdown. The spring stars bring hope.

Michael Henry Lee (Florida, USA)

wisdom teeth
resisting an apple's
temptation

March 22, 2021

Comment: A nod to the Book of Genesis in the Christian Bible, while also presenting a concrete image.

full wolf moon
lurking behind
the clouds

Oct. 15, 2021

Comment: In this haiku "lurking" is a masterful choice!

all hallows eve
masks behind
the masks

Nov. 1, 2021

Comment: Possibly even masked expressions below that!

Stephen J. DeGuire (California, USA)

offspring stand
close to their parents —
bamboo grove

March 24, 2021

Comment: My first thought was that the observation that bamboo shoots form close to the parent stem, and that all offspring tend to stick close to their parents, should be understandable, even if the first two lines were recrafted to more concretely introduce a scene, but it seems no other word can replace "offspring" and still cause the reader to connect the dots.

mockingbird
chasing off a crow —
Mother's Day

June 1, 2021

Comment: A mother mockingbird will even chase off a crow if it gets too close to its nest. The right word added to describe the chase in concrete terms might add more depth.

midnight breeze —
the scent of jasmine
and a skunk

Sept. 30, 2021

Comment: Humorous and "just so."

love letters
burned with a passion —
a bonfire

Oct. 27, 2021

Comment: All kinds of burning.

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore (Catania, Italy)

hidden moon ...
those words
I never said

March 25, 2021

Comment: "I love you" would be the first words that come to mind. Concretely introducing what those words are and having them link on some level to "moon" could improve this haiku even more.

butterflies ...
a little pink powder
on my cheeks

May 20, 2021

Comment: The powdery scales of the butterfly's wings link to the second line, while the feelings of the poet in spring, which caused them to put on the rouge, can be imagined in the butterfly's flight.

full moon ...
my little niece losing
her first tooth

July 10, 2021

Comment: The whiteness of the moon and its associations with cycles and passing time link well with the remainder of the poem.

that verse
lost in the wind ...
ivy leaves

Aug. 20, 2021

Comment: Ivy vines are interconnected and tie all their leaves together to ensure none are lost. The concrete image is of a concert hall or church, perhaps. Another word added to make the image even more concrete would further improve it.

picking up flowers ...
dewdrops
on my fingers

Sept. 13, 2021

Comment: A very tactile and observant haiku. Here "flowers" rather than naming any specific, concrete flower suggests this is a field and the flowers are wild, with their names not known. This resonates well with the impermanence of dew.

waterfall ...
only a few words
between us

Oct. 6, 2021

Comment: The sound of falling water makes it hard to talk. Perhaps not needing to talk is one reason they came to see the waterfall, rather than going somewhere quiet.

getting away
from the noise of the world ...
lotus flowers

Nov. 6, 2021

Comment: I imagine dawn in a temple's grounds. The lotus makes us imagine calm water and also think of the Buddha as well.

Suraj Nanu (Kerala, India)

crab footprints —
my fingers traipsing
through her curls

March 26, 2021

Comment: A nice concrete image of being on a sandy beach with a partner. The link between the crab's feet and fingertips works well. Even movements are captured. Very nice!

Carmela Marino (Rome, Italy)

the first buds
a woman caresses
her big belly

March 29, 2021

Comment: In this haiku, "buds" ensures that we interpret the woman to be pregnant. Here "big" may be superfluous and perhaps some other element could be introduced in its place to add depth and concreteness.

spring snow
his last smile
on a photo

May 7, 2021

Comment: The spring snow ensures we are not depressed by the content of the rest of the poem while also suggesting the layers of memories, his white teeth, the passing of time, and the coldness of being alone that has finally been overcome.

children's laughter
grass shoots sprouting
here and there

July 19, 2021

Comment: This haiku has a good amount of distance between the elements to help them resonate.

extreme heat
I share the shadow of the fig tree
with a beggar

Sept. 18, 2021

Comment: The concreteness of "fig" had me explore what I know about figs to determine why it was included. Causing the reader to look for meaning when the fig "just is" was why I was drawn to this poem. The message that we are all equal in the eyes of nature is a given — "fig" makes the poem.

cicada shells
a dried up
riverbed

Oct. 14, 2021

Comment: What could be more desiccated than a cicada husk? This is a nice concrete image.

deep autumn
the sharp blade
of a knife

Nov. 23, 2021

Comment: The deepness of autumn and the sharpness of the blade work well together. I feel foreboding for winter.

Eva Limbach (Saarbruecken, Germany)

cherry blossoms ...
the boldness
to stay a loner

March 31, 2021

Comment: A new take on cherry blossoms that goes past the more usual theme of ephemeralness, while still having it in the background. The lack of a concrete image is somewhat covered by "loner" causing us to imagine cherry blossom viewing with all the other spots taken by groups of people.

finally spring
flowering in my garden
first weeds

April 20, 2021

Comment: Longing for spring so much that even weeds seem beautiful.

at the edge
of pandemia
dandelion fluff

Aug. 10, 2021

Comment: Both carried on air currents but the dandelion fluff is released, perhaps by a wish for no more pandemic. The choice of "pandemia" made me think of panspermia as well.

Claudia Codau (Paris, France)

first snow —
in the homework book
many deletions

April 1, 2021

Comment: Presumably the teacher or professor has deleted many passages or phrases from a homework essay. "Homework book" suggests an elementary school pupil, but young children are not usually prone to writing more than is needed. Perhaps "eraser marks" might be what was intended? The snow covering things beneath with patches of white would be a good match.

cherry blossoms —
starting a conversation
becomes easier

May 12, 2021

Comment: Having something inconsequential to talk about and break the ice always helps a conversation to start. I imagine petals starting to scatter from the blossoms and an older couple.

house for sale —
golden leaves
adding value

Nov. 3, 2021

Comment: "Scarlet" could not be substituted because of the nod to real gold.

another autumn —
father's shadow
getting smaller

Nov. 12, 2021

Comment: A beautifully concrete image that conveys the pathos.

Tommy Ichimiya (Ibaraki, Japan)

sparrows relax on
a gravestone
gentle winter sunlight

April 2, 2021

Comment: Life and death contrasted "just so" with a concrete image.

windows of all houses
reflect bright sunlight
spring approaches

April 12, 2021

Comment: The feeling of anticipation comes across.

spring storm covers
both son and father
with mud

May 13, 2021

Comment: Perhaps they were in a rice paddy? We are all equal in the face of nature.

birds gather after
children left
summer field

Sept. 11, 2021

Comment: The birds look for food left behind. There are comings and goings but the field stays.

Janina Kolodziejczyk (Modena, Italy)

first snow
the raven shakes itself
of white

April 5, 2021

Comment: This is a fresh expression with a concrete scene.

lockdown
the wind leaves its trace
in the tall grass

June 21, 2021

Comment: Looking out the window at the grass, the poet probably wishes they could leave a trace of their passing there also.

Vladislav Hristov (Plovdiv, Bulgaria)

winter morning
not even one fly
on the dead tit

April 6, 2021

Comment: The harshness of winter, after the cold kills off most insects, is well introduced.

bamboo stalk
the drop lingers
on each node

June 22, 2021

Comment: We find depth behind the words and a good concrete image/observation. As Basho said, "Learn of the bamboo from the bamboo."

Stephen A. Peters (Washington, USA)

melting snow
falling in love
easier than I thought

April 9, 2021

Comment: Either a long time without love or a first love that has thawed the heart. Adding another element to place the scene concretely somewhere could improve it.

spring breeze
my child goes through
the mudpuddle twice

June 17, 2021

Comment: The feeling of release and anticipation when spring arrives comes across well.

in my dream the sparrow bones
get up and fly away
autumn breeze

Nov. 10, 2021

Comment: Excellent! It is difficult to make a successful haiku from a dream but this works well.

mudpuddles
the other side
of the fairy tale

Dec. 2, 2021

Comment: The giant was just minding his own business when Jack broke in to steal from him! Is "mudpuddles" the only entity that would fit? Jumping puddles and "other side" don't seem to link perfectly and I can't recall a fairy tale with mudpuddles in it. "Lily pads" (reminiscent of "The Frog Prince") which are green above and white below, could be used, perhaps. This is certainly a haiku worthy of selection but maybe "mudpuddles" could be reconsidered.

Bali Igor (Kutina, Croatia)

rush hour
on my way
a snowflake

April 13, 2021

Comment: The snowflake is whisked around by the wind and also melts in an instant. It is beautiful enough, though, to give the poet pause.

Nazarena Rampini (Milan, Italy)

buds of spring
the scarecrow
dressed anew

April 17, 2021

Comment: A concrete scene with a new beginning theme.

more and more alone
among ears of grain
a poppy

June 29, 2021

Comment: Lots to read behind the words in this haiku.

knitting needles
a woodpecker in the garden
makes a nest

July 7, 2021

Comment: The clack-clack of knitting needles, their resemblance to sticks in the nest, the act of making something — all go well as links in this nicely concrete scene.

corn in the sun —
from old hands
dangle a rosary

Sept. 23, 2021

Comment: The corn must be a field with a prayer for a good harvest. Corn kernels and rosary beads match on some level.

birds to the south —
a storybook returned
to the library

Nov. 11, 2021

Comment: Here "returned" suggests the birds are migratory. Are the birds flying south or can they be seen in the south flying back home? The final two lines suggest the former.

Billy Antonio (Pangasinan, Philippines)

garden wedding
a butterfly cocoon
stirs

April 19, 2021

Comment: A new beginning!

reunion plans
leaves fill
the birdbath

Dec. 24, 2021

Comment: COVID seems to have upset the reunion plans.

David Oates (Georgia, USA)

spring
the undertaker's
rouge

April 27, 2021

Comment: Even the undertaker feels joyous in spring. Masterfully unstated is the type of rouge — presumably different to that of the departed!

Vandana Parashar (Panchkula, India)

arranged marriage
a falling frangipani
gets caught in the fence

April 28, 2021

Comment: The bride perhaps feels trapped like the flower, caught between both sides wishes in the "fence." The concrete image of the garden party with a real flower is, of course, readily imagined.

Mircea Moldovan (Jibou, Romania)

mountain stream —
deer breathing
steaming the stone

May 1, 2021

Comment: The warm, white breath of the deer bathes the stone.

Priscilla H. Lignori (New York, USA)

The end of winter —
granddaughter's announcement
of her pregnancy

May 3, 2021

Comment: A figurative end to winter also?

a lady beetle
reaches the edge of the leaf
just to start over

Aug. 9, 2021

Comment: Concrete, observant, and with depth behind the words. A nice haiku!

Marek Printer (Kielce, Poland)

Lent —
even a snowman
thinner and thinner

May 4, 2021

Comment: The warming weather during the Lent fasting period before Easter has caused the snowman to lose bulk, too.

old wayside shrine
instead of God's voice
the chirp of nestlings

June 19, 2021

Comment: Perhaps that is also God's voice?

afternoon heat
even the shadow of the windmill
frozen

Sept. 7, 2021

Comment: The sultry heat is concretely described with while "frozen" is unexpected and fresh.

covid distancing
I talk only
to the moon

Dec. 17, 2021

Comment: Lonlieness is well introduced without use of the word.

Tyrone McDonald (New York, USA)

spring cleaning
leaving my DNA
everywhere

May 11, 2021

Comment: I had seen "fingerprints" elsewhere, but this was fresh!

full moon
the mosquito
chooses me

Aug. 16, 2021

Comment: There is a feeling of happiness at being chosen, even if it's for an unwanted mosquito bite.

Marina Bellini (Mantua, Italy)

moving home
the things I bring, the things I leave
half moon

May 14, 2021

Comment: "half moon" is a good match, especially since we have to guess if it is waning or waxing.

call from the hospital
the thud of an apple
that falls

Nov. 5, 2021

Comment: Bad news, it would seem.

Angiola Inglese (Rapallo, Italy)

plum blossom
a restless woman
under the moon

May 21, 2021

Comment: The word "lunacy" comes from the moon and the white plum blossoms reflect the moonlight. Here the singular "blossom" helps us imagine the woman is being likened to one of the blossoms.

childhood home ...
my doll too
smells of sage

Dec. 25, 2021

Comment: The poet must have dragged her doll everywhere.

Rp Verlaine (New York, USA)

full moon
I flick an ant
into the sky

May 25, 2021
Comment: Briefly silhouetted against the moon.
The all powerful poet!

the raven ...
just a set of eyes
in the dark

Sept. 16, 2021
Comment: Eyes reflect the faint light, which is not
enough to illuminate the blackness of the crow.

first dust of snow ...
not enough to hide
the rat trails

Nov. 19, 2021
Comment: The beauty of the snow is contrasted
with the rat trails.

R. Suresh Babu (Karnataka, India)

waxing moon ...
curled round her thumb
a single grey

May 26, 2021
Comment: The moon becoming thinner resonates
with the aging suggested by the grey hair.

Nisha Raviprasad (Kerala, India)

garden hose
all the hairpin curves it takes
to reach home

May 27, 2021
Comment: A little like a teenager, perhaps?

Joe Sebastian (Bangalore/Chennai, India)

autumn night —
a firefly throws me into
darkness

Nov. 9, 2021

Comment: This is an interesting, fresh expression that only makes sense when the last word is read. The pathos of autumn is well conveyed.

the dew
in the dewdrop in
the dew

June 5, 2021

Comment: Countables and uncountables, being two things at the same time, and am I just a butterfly dreaming of being a man.

tadpoles ...
swimming in the sky
by the grave

July 2, 2021

Comment: The word "tadpoles" could not be replaced by anything else! Amphibians that move from water to land, metamorphosing like our heavenward-bound soul when we die.

pond sunrise ...
stillness reflected
in stillness

Aug. 4, 2021

Comment: Both the scenery, and the pond it is reflected in, are serene in the morning light.

Zen garden
the monk dips his toe
into himself

Aug. 11, 2021

Comment: Excellent! A concrete image of the monk's relection in a pond in the garden, but saying so much more.

wildflower
not needing to know,
not knowing

Sept. 21, 2021

Comment: The poet doesn't know the name of the wildflower and will never need to. The wildflower never needs to know anything. The poet and the flower are as one.

sea cliff cemetery
all tombstones
face the yonder

Oct. 25, 2021

Comment: A nice concrete image. Many of the dead may have died at sea and most certainly lived closely with it. The yonder for them would lie on the other side of that vast expanse.

from the nostril
of the Buddha
a line of ants

June 12, 2021

Comment: Just so!

Tsanka Shishkova (Sofia, Bulgaria)

red raspberry
in the morning mist
deer silhouettes

June 7, 2021

Comment: One can picture the mist droplets on the raspberry, rounded like the drupelets of the berry itself. The deer are camouflaged, so they blend into the mist, but the raspberry, bright red, stands out.

Ramazan Saral (Izmir, Turkey)

Under plum blossoms
The clouds shift in the heavens
The sound of a stream

June 10, 2021

Comment: Vision and sound painting the picture.

Wieslawa Jakubaszek (Inowroclaw, Poland)

spring in the orchard
under blossomed branches
— broken scarecrow

June 18, 2021

Comment: The scarecrow probably won't get remade until later in spring. Perhaps something other than spring could be introduced in the orchard since the blossoms already tell us it is spring,

Silva Trstenjak (Strigova, Croatia)

the shallow sea
my legs knee-high
in the sunset

June 24, 2021

Comment: Wading in the shallows. A beautiful expression.

Alvin B. Cruz (Manila, Philippines)

under one umbrella
we share nothing
but the rain

June 25, 2021

Comment: I wonder who one would share an umbrella with feeling like that. A nice haiku!

spider lilies
the road not taken
no longer there

Aug. 26, 2021

Comment: A beautiful nod to Robert Frost while concretely describing a path that has reverted to nature and has spider lilies growing on it. In Japan, spider lilies are associated with final goodbyes, and legend says they grow wherever people part ways for good.

seeing things
your way
summer clouds

Dec. 7, 2021

Comment: The summer clouds keep changing shape and the two people have been describing each cloud to look like something other than that imagined by the other person. The poet starts to emulate and understand the thoughts of his companion.

Robert Kingston (Chelmsford, UK)

geometry class
a blackbird
takes flight

June 26, 2021

Comment: Looking out the window, the poet notices the curve that mathematics would describe as the most efficient is the one the bird takes naturally.

Dan Iulian (Bucharest, Romania)

unwavering sky —
not long after contrails
the wake of a swan

June 30, 2021

Comment: The sky is reflected in the water. "unwavering" suggests the contrails may be from fighter jets.

Francoise Maurice (Draguignan, France)

smell of wisteria
a few sheep
in the sky

July 9, 2021

Comment: The clouds look like sheep in the sky above the wisteria blooms that hang over the poet's head.

Fireflies
the child drops coins
In the pond

Aug. 18, 2021

Comment: The glint of coins and a firefly's light resonate. Fireflies also spend their larval stages in water, though usually in a stream rather than a pond.

heavy rain
a baby's babble
in her cot

Aug. 30, 2021

Comment: The sound of the rain and the baby's voice resonate. The baby is excited about the rain, it would seem.

puddle
a warbler pushes aside
the clouds

Sept. 8, 2021

Comment: A fresh expression. The warbler must be drinking in the puddle that reflects the sky.

fire engine siren
the uninterrupted hymn
of the cicadas

Sept. 17, 2021

Comment: The incessant shrill of the cicada song now has a siren added to it. What a cacophany!

Kanchan Chatterjee (Jharkhand, India)

shimmering heat ...
two stone lions by the steps
with open mouths

July 15, 2021

Comment: It almost seems like they are acting like dogs, cooling off with their tongues hanging out, but of course they are made of stone.

Giuliana Ravaglia (Marzabotto, Italy)

cicadas ...
the empty shell
of my womb

July 16, 2021

Comment: The journey of a cicada nymph from the dark ground, through a tunnel and out into the light is reminiscent of birth. After metamorphosis they spread their wings and fly away, leaving an empty husk.

fallen leaves ...
all loves
forgotten

Dec. 3, 2021

Comment: The two entites are well linked but another concrete one could allow the reader to access the experience more fully.

Dimitri N. Avgerinos (Damascus, Syria)

the coat of the homeless
a home for fleas
and a kitten

July 17, 2021

Comment: Just so.

old diary
folding months and days
to launch in the river

Nov. 20, 2021

Comment: Not looking back. Life is a journey. The origami boat will soon be on its way.

clear winter moon
measuring the bomb crater
with my feet

Dec. 21, 2021

Comment: The crater-pockmarked moon is harsh but also beautiful in the night sky.

Bakhtiyar Amini (Duesseldorf, Germany)

twilight
deepens
Grandma's wrinkles

July 20, 2021

Comment: Shadows seem to deepen as time passes.

housewarming
the moon drops in
empty-handed

Sept. 20, 2021

Comment: A nice expression.

Manoj Sharma (Kathmandu, Nepal)

scudding clouds
the gentle sway
of mango blossoms

July 21, 2021

Comment: The word "scudding" works well here.

Aleksandra Janik (Wroclaw, Poland)

a lacerated glacier
cracks and crevices bleed
with the purest water

July 22, 2021

Comment: Once mentioned it was always known.

Sari Grandstaff (New York, USA)

grandma's bungalow
in the blink of a firefly
I'm back there again

July 24, 2021

Comment: Remembering childhood days watching fireflies at the bungalow. The "blink of an eye" is also suggested though not explicitly stated.

beach umbrella
staking a claim
in the shifting sand

Aug. 19, 2021

Comment: A concrete image hinting at life's futilities.

Perseid shower —
I hold the baby
up to the sky

Sept. 10, 2021

Comment: We always try and let our children experience as much as possible, even when it seems too early. It almost feels like the baby is being presented to the Greek gods here.

Lilia Racheva Dencheva (Rousse, Bulgaria)

loneliness
asking the fireflies
where God is

July 27, 2021

Comment: The impermanence in both the light and the direction of travel of each firefly fits well. Concretely stating what has made the person lonely, rather than just stating they are lonely, might further improve the poem.

Luke Levi (Texas, USA)

in a pool of sunshine
a wild rabbit eating
from the garden

July 28, 2021

Comment: Who can feel angry at a rabbit in a pool of sunshine?!

Richard L Matta (California, USA)

waxing moon
a jellyfish emerges
from a deep shadow

Aug. 6, 2021

Comment: The visual similarity of a moon becoming full and a jellyfish becoming visible in its complete roundness works well. It feels that behind the words, the poet is himself the jellyfish.

Kelly Shaw (Illinois, USA)

heartbeat barely
perceptible, I pick up
a pomegranate

Aug. 12, 2021

Comment: Nice use of alliteration and rhythm to heighten the poesy! The blood red insides of the pomegranate match well.

the north wind blowing
everything out of autumn
except the carrots

Oct. 22, 2021

Comment: All the leaves are blown from the trees but those bright orange carrots excel at existing.

Mohammad Azim Khan (Peshawar, Pakistan)

fireflies
illuminating
the barbed-wire

Aug. 13, 2021

Comment: A mere fence cannot stop the fireflies. Fireflies remind us of lost souls who may have died on the battlefield.

Moldovan Mircea (Jibou, Romania)

next to the rotten fence
a leaf sways
summer dew

Aug. 17, 2021

Comment: I imagine the leaf is caught in a spiderweb, which is also covered in dew, because if it were a tree or bush there would almost certainly be more than one leaf swaying. "rotten" and "dew" resonate well.

Deborah P Kolodji (California, USA)

cocoon
the toddler tries to reach
the doorknob

Aug. 25, 2021

Comment: The words "cocoon" and "toddler" link well, but in this haiku the only place the cocoon could be is hanging from the doorknob, so the toddler would be reaching for that, surely? If the cocoon is outside and the toddler is trying to go out and see it, which is what I imagine is the case, then perhaps something needs to be added to the first line.

Jagajit Salam (Manipur, India)

heavy shower —
under a taro leaf
a bullfrog

Aug. 27, 2021

Comment: I am reminded of sculptures somewhat like this.

Srinivas S (Rishi Valley, India)

long twilight ...
the cuckoo keeps
talking to itself

Aug. 31, 2021

Comment: It almost seems like it has "gone cuckoo." Cuckoos call more frequently in the early morning, so ensuring the reader can interpret the twilight as dawn might be wise.

Tony Williams (Scotland, UK)

lily pads
the coot just
light enough

Sept. 14, 2021

Comment: A good example of careful word use enabling fewer words to be used to convey the same meaning.

Oscar Luparia (Vercelli, Italy)

alpine lake
among the mountaintops
the tadpoles swim

Sept. 25, 2021

Comment: The middle line modifies both the first and third line so we have multiple layers of meaning, including that the tadpoles are swimming amongst the reflections of the mountains.

Ken Sawitri (Central Java, Indonesia)

mango blossoms fall
the long, thick and shiny hair
I've never had before

Sept. 27, 2021

Comment: This haiku has a nice imperfect rhyme at the ends of lines one and three. I had to look twice to check that "black" was not actually stated in the poem since that was the immediate image I had.

morning solitude
the roundness
of a fresh boiled egg

Nov. 25, 2021

Comment: I am reminded of Shuson Kato's haiku "egg in midwinter / every curved line returns / to its origin." The perfect shape, containing everything, resonates well with "solitude."

abandoned well
I scoop a bucket
of clouds

Dec. 8, 2021

Comment: Cloud reflections on water is a common theme, but because water usually comes from clouds via the sky, yet in this poem the water is coming from beneath the ground, I found it interesting. The expression itself is well done.

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

out of a blue sky
a single feather falling
onto grass

Nov. 16, 2021

Comment: Just so! A drama that makes one wonder where it came from ...

a butterfly
asking to be photographed
changes its mind

Sept. 29, 2021

Comment: The movement of the butterfly is conveyed with style.

Mona Bedi (Delhi, India)

summer rain
the slug and I
meditate

Oct. 7, 2021

Comment: One imagines the meditation is under a roof. Perhaps another entity can be introduced to set the scene more concretely since the meaning-content is good.

woodpecker —
breaking the silence
between us

Nov. 30, 2021

Comment: They comment on the woodpecker and the silence is twice broken.

K Ramesh (Chennai, India)

quarantined ...
a small potted plant
for company

Oct. 12, 2021

Comment: The similarities are readily apparent. I wonder what kind of poem could be crafted by trying out different plant types until something clicks?

Mario Massimo Zontini (Parma, Italy)

in the fields
reaping the ripe rice —
farmers and egrets

Oct. 16, 2021

Comment: The alliteration and rhythm of the middle line makes the movements come to life.

the old garden —
the old apple tree bears
old looking apples

Nov. 4, 2021

Comment: Of course the apples would not be old in reality, but that is the power of perception!

Serhiy Shpychenko (Kyiv, Ukraine)

airfield
flying away together
birds and leaves

Oct. 19, 2021

Comment: The planes are probably not flying though, due to COVID.

unfinished house
snowflakes fall
into the future nursery

Nov. 18, 2021

Comment: The fragility of life is felt.

snowy backyard
key in the lock
of the removed door

Nov. 27, 2021

Comment: The key exists despite its reason for existence no longer being met — sometimes things just are.

Taofeek Ayeyemi (Ogun State, Nigeria)

autumn wind ...
the fluttering leaves settle
on an empty swing

Oct. 21, 2021

Comment: The loneliness of autumn is illustrated well. The movement of the leaves contrasted with the stillness of the swing.

James Gaskin (Koriyama, Fukushima)

spreading her ashes
the ocean waves
goodbye

Oct. 26, 2021

Comment: The word "waves" modifying the words both before and after it enriches the meaning.

Dan Salontai (Arizona, USA)

old vineyard —
I pull her sundress off
the clothesline

Nov. 8, 2021

Comment: Until the third line we imagine the two youths playfully in love, then in the third line the scene changes — perhaps skipping to after their marriage?

Mary Hind (Melbourne, Australia)

still in lockdown
a moth flutters
against the window

Nov. 15, 2021

Comment: Immediately I thought of Janice Bostok's "pregnant again ... / the fluttering of moths / against the window." I wonder if introducing the type of moth might help distance it from Bostok's haiku, since the present poem does not rely on the first for it to work. Some Australian moths I know include the dull moth, the bag moth, and the fungus moth. Replacing "flutters" with another similar verb might also be enough. Alternatively, the existence of Bostok's haiku could help the poem rather than hinder it if the first line were changed to "nine months in lockdown."

Daniel Birnbaum (La Bouilladisse, France)

a little rain
just enough
to talk about it

Nov. 22, 2021

Comment: This matter-of-fact, just so stance is very haiku-esque.

the sparrow against the window
my reflex
to close its eyes

Dec. 9, 2021

Comment: Human conventions matter not to the natural world.

Daniela Misso (San Gemini, Italy)

rainy pavement —
my wheelchair runs
through the clouds

Dec. 1, 2021

Comment: One would assume the clouds would not be reflected if it were still raining, so "pavement puddles" could be an alternative. Or perhaps the poet is feeling the clouds that the rain just left, when they drive through the thin sheet of water covering the pavement.

Eugeniusz Zacharski (Radom, Poland)

night haul
the fishing net full
of moonlight

Dec. 11, 2021

Comment: Hopefully reflected off the silvery fish!

S. Michael Kozubek (Sarasota, Florida, USA)

in the kelp
the sleeping otter
inhales the stars

Dec. 20, 2021

Comment: One would need to be very close to see or hear this inhalation. Maybe some other entity could be added to anchor the poem in experience.

Martin Gottlieb Cohen (Egg Harbor, New Jersey, USA)

winter shore
pieces of my shadow
left behind

Dec. 27, 2021

Comment: The poet has left the shore, presumably by boat, and the shadows of other things are felt to be his own.

Mark Miller (Shoalhaven Heads, Australia)

mudflat
a bicycle frame rusts
in winter silence

Dec. 28, 2021

Comment: No one visits the mudflat in the cold.

Lakshmi Iyer (Trivandrum, India)

winter sun
my memory crackling
in the fireplace

Dec. 29, 2021

Comment: A crackling fireplace would normally make one think of the evening but the sun is present in this poem. Perhaps it is a cooking fire. The expression is fresh but I am afraid possibly inaccessible to most readers.

John Hawkhead (Bradford on Avon, UK)

winter hardens
the sharper notes
of wind chimes

Dec. 30, 2021

Comment: Grounded both in physics and feeling!

Veronika Zora Novak (Ontario, Canada)

lotus pond ...
a koi ripples
the universe

Oct. 29, 2021

Comment: The association of the lotus with Buddhism deepens the poem.

midnight sun ...
an inukshuk's
long shadow

Dec. 31, 2021

Comment: A concrete, believable image on a novel theme. Perhaps another entity introduced in the poem could give it more depth.