

The Mainichi



Annual Selection 2018

Judge's comments: Haiku that combine multiple senses

Selections and comments by Dhugal J. Lindsay

Many of the best haiku manage to combine more than one sense in a single poem. Just as some memories are triggered by sights, some are triggered by smells or by sounds. If more than one sense is accessed in a haiku it can often lead to a blurring of what sense is which and allow mental associations that would not otherwise be possible. We are reminded of Master Basho's haiku "the sea darkens / a wild duck's call / faintly white." Several good examples of this technique appear below.

The following haiku, selected in 2018, are grouped by author and sorted according to the publication date. Many have short comments appended.

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

Ramona Linke (Beesenstedt, Germany)

sketching the dawn before it's gone first snow	slight snowfall she places lavender scent between the linens
Jan. 1, 2018 Comment: The ephemeral nature of the first snow and the dawn, and the poet's desire to preserve them both, are illustrated adeptly.	March 22, 2018 Comment: Visual and olfactory senses echo into each other's spheres.

breaking news the ponds icy surface full of cracks	strawberry moon the warmness of stepping stones under our bare feet
May 4, 2018	July 21, 2018 Comment: More than one sense stimulated allows us to feel the poem more deeply.

starry night her last wish dies down
Sept. 14, 2018

Angiola Inglese (Pederobba, Italy)

new glasses — the sharp circle of the moon	omelette for dinner tonight quarter moon
Jan. 2, 2018	Feb. 20, 2018 Comment: The roundness of a full moon reminds us of an egg and we see cycles of life in both the egg and moon. The quarter moon, however, seems to exist only as an entity in the transition between a new moon and a full moon and the act of having an omelet, usually eaten at breakfast, for dinner echoes well with this.

<p>too small to see the moon — two steps back</p>	<p>poster in the north wind sunflowers</p>
<p>March 12, 2018 Comment: The child needs to move backwards to view the moon over the wall. Moving forward, progressing, is not always the answer!</p>	<p>March 30, 2018</p>

<p>white lilies — yesterday's dust on the dresser</p>	<p>reading a haiku by Issa — bee sting</p>
<p>May 25, 2018 Comment: For dust to lie on the dresser, time must have passed. The word "yesterday" in the poem implies that the dust is not from several days, a week or even longer ago, but rather that the dresser is normally kept immaculate and that even a single day's dust seems out of place. Lilies, as well as dust, are often associated with death and we are left imagining why it lies there.</p>	<p>July 24, 2018 Comment:</p>

<p>caper flowers — so thin the wings of a butterfly</p>	<p>hair in the wind — the onions braid tied tight</p>
<p>Aug. 11, 2018</p>	<p>Aug. 23, 2018</p>

<p>autumn sun — the last jam is cooling down</p>
<p>Nov. 22, 2018 Comment: Color and warmth mingle the senses. I imagine the jam to be of berries or fruits in a sunset shade.</p>

Rudi Pfaller (Remshalden, Germany)

silent night listening to the full moon	cold morning my dog Ikarus moving towards the sun
Jan. 3, 2018 Comment: Perhaps a Christmas spent alone? Listening where no sound exists.	June 9, 2018 Comment: Nice allusion to the classics while planted firmly and concretely in the present.

linden seeds blown into my grey hair — shall I plant them?
Aug. 27, 2018 Comment: Seeds from the tree underneath which the Buddha is said to have attained his enlightenment have found their way, over time, to the author. Physical seeds to plant in the ground and the seeds of thoughts to plant in others ...

Teiichi Suzuki (Osaka, Japan)

sunset — everything tangible turns red	winter butterfly the place of its death in a sunny garden
Jan. 4, 2018 Comment: Everything that has a concrete, physical form is dyed red in the evening glow but the poet's senses are also tuned now to perceive the intangible things that remain as they were.	Jan. 16, 2018 Comment: So too, we hope, when we expire.

Ringer's frozen breath disperses with the sound of the temple bell	winter shooting stars — an elevator descends in the night city
Feb. 3, 2018 Comment: A puff of white breath exhaled by the bell ringer is frozen in time until the sound waves from the bell they have rung seem to break it up.	Feb. 13, 2018 Comment: Meteors fall through the firmament while an elevator mirrors these movements descending through the city lights.

warm winter — still on the window a stinkbug	ceaseless snow — hundreds of terraced rice fields into one
March 1, 2018	March 16, 2018 Comment: Nature has combined the works of man until they all become the same and as one.

morning sun — in the icicle captured fir leaf	winter fields — on a plowman's face furrows
Apr. 10, 2018 Comment: The morning sun in winter is strong enough to light up the icicle and the leaf within it but not strong enough to melt the icicle itself.	Apr. 17, 2018 Comment: Nice metaphor that adds to the poem rather than being the only content in the poem.

thaw water wavering shadow of ice fish	little eyes — an ice fish asserts itself on the white plate
May 9, 2018	May 28, 2018 Comment: The only part of the mostly transparent ice fish that has high enough contrast to be visible on the plate is its eyes. In death the ice fish makes itself known.

darkest hour — blackbirds lose their color	sound of waves — daffodils shiver on the cliff
June 15, 2018 Comment: The feathers of blackbirds are not completely black but contain myriad hues that merely appear black when the ambient light becomes too weak. The use of the phrase "darkest hour" suggests that a psychological state is what makes the author perceive they have no color, rather than that physically being the case.	July 10, 2018

new moon — vague outline of a white peony	broiling heat — a fountain sometimes takes a breath
July 17, 2018 Comment: So dark that even the pure white of the peony is hard to make out. It is as if the peony and the moon are one.	Aug. 9, 2018

my bare feet in the brook — bygones flow	A-bomb Day — on the sun-baked stone steps my bent shadow
Aug. 16, 2018	Sept. 4, 2018 Comment: The harshness of the sunbaked stone and the shadow being bent resonate well with A-bomb Day, with the "shadow" reminding us of the outlines of people on walls being all that was left of them.

<p>Milky Way — only one train an hour unmanned station</p>	<p>a heat wave — distorted a little Picasso's painting</p>
<p>Sept. 24, 2018 Comment: It seems as if the trains are leaving for the galaxy. In any case, the Milky Way stands out brightly when so few city lights are around.</p>	<p>Oct. 2, 2018 Comment: Some would say that Picasso's paintings are already distorted so to have them further distorted by shimmering heat or even just feel as if they are distorted due to the heat is a good discovery.</p>

<p>seaside cafe — a yacht crossing through a glass of soda</p>	<p>early autumn — screen doors a little off the hinges</p>
<p>Oct. 10, 2018 Comment: Interesting optical illusion where we are also grounded firmly in the concrete present.</p>	<p>Nov. 7, 2018 Comment: The incessant opening and shutting of the screen doors throughout the summer has caused them to play up but the "early" in this poem seems to refer to climate change having messed up the seasons as well.</p>

<p>Equinox — a snail inches toward the leaf's back</p>	<p>a painter catching its image on the canvas — autumn wind</p>
<p>Dec. 3, 2018 Comment: The equinox is a celestial turning point. I imagine the snail now flipping itself over onto the leaf's other side.</p>	<p>Dec. 15, 2018 Comment: Of course the wind itself cannot be captured on canvas, although its effects can. By the poet not saying so, we are made to think of this fact.</p>

Rosemarie Schuldes (Gross-Gerau, Germany)

<p>hush! don't wake the hedgehog sledging</p>	<p>frostbitten rosebud a child's grave</p>
<p>Jan. 5, 2018 Comment: The children know where the hedgehog hibernates as they play in this spot all year round. We can experience the sense of closeness and familiarity well.</p>	<p>Jan. 12, 2018 Comment: Harsh and loving at the same time.</p>

<p>bare pollard willows noise of knitting needles in an old cottage</p>	<p>icicles new spikes for old golf shoes</p>
<p>Jan. 20, 2018 Comment: The branches of pollarded willows are often used for weaving, and the practice of pruning trees in this way is hundreds of years old. Knitting in an old cottage is a perfect match.</p>	<p>May 8, 2018 Comment: Though the golfing season has passed the golfer is already looking forward to their next game. "Icicles" and "spikes" seem almost too similar, suggestive of a haiku that could be made rather than experienced. The frost pillars that appear to have been thrust out of the ground after a cold night might also work well.</p>

Maria Laura Valente (Cesena, Italy)

<p>winter night — the warmth in my child's breath</p>	<p>hard choices ... on my way home I smell snow</p>
<p>Jan. 6, 2018 Comment: The fragility of life is felt acutely.</p>	<p>Jan. 25, 2018 Comment: I cannot put my finger on why "hard choices" and the smell of snow seem to fit well together and it is that fact that draws me to this poem.</p>

blooming cactus ...
the unbearable beauty
of my sins

July 12, 2018

Comment: A blooming cactus is a good match but the last two lines could perhaps be more concrete to help give the reader access to the poem.

Lothar M. Kirsch (Meerbusch, Germany)

Behind the clouds
And through the snow
The stars jingle

Jan. 8, 2018

Comment: The flickering of the stars is transposed into sound with the phrase "through the snow" and the word "jingle" helping us locate the poem in time as being around Christmas.

Snowflakes
Even on the coffin
Melting away

May 2, 2018

Comment: Normally the coffin would be cold enough that the snowflakes should not melt, so this haiku should be read with a break after the first two lines. Snowflakes are lying not only on the ground but on the coffin as well, and the melting is being done by the poet. The existence of the deceased is perhaps also melting away, and only then does the poem come full circle and spur us to think of the ephemerality of the snowflakes over time.

Dark, clear night
The wind takes cherry blossoms
To be stars above

May 18, 2018

Behind daffodils
And a steaming midden heap
Glorious sunrise

June 4, 2018

Comment: The beautiful and the mundane coexist with no judgments made except that all is glorious.

<p>Convention center Hawks use the thermic And glide away</p>	<p>After the thunder The street is darker And still empty</p>
<p>June 19, 2018 Comment: Sitting in convention centers from time to time, I also feel I want to glide away like this hawk.</p>	<p>July 18, 2018 Comment: The use of "thunder" rather than "lightning" here brings another sense into the poem and therefore expands the experience.</p>

<p>After midsummer The scarecrows return To the fields</p>	<p>Every time Stepping into this river A new river</p>
<p>Aug. 17, 2018 Comment: It is as if the scarecrows are living beings that form part of the ecosystem.</p>	<p>Sept. 18, 2018 Comment: To avoid the cliché, this content could be reduced to two lines. E.g., "stepping in / a new river again." Juxtaposition with another entity in the third line could then bring depth to the poem.</p>

<p>Feeble sun Playing in the maple While it lasts</p>
<p>Dec. 20, 2018 Comment: It is as if the maple only exists for the child while it has leaves. What makes a maple a maple to a child?</p>

Cezar Ciobica (Botosani, Romania)

dense fog the muffled cries of seagulls	minus fifteen three snowmen sharing a vodka bottle
Jan. 9, 2018 Comment: Fog stifles sound and the seagulls place us firmly within it.	Feb. 8, 2018 Comment: Life is brought to the inanimate and by doing so, the loneliness and emptiness is enhanced.

fireworks between the echoes my baby's first kicks	morphine drip for stage four pale moon
Feb. 22, 2018 Comment: Wonderful melding of senses.	Apr. 18, 2018 Comment: The moon reminds us of the cycles of life and death and its pale roundness resonates with the face of the cancer patient.

Malgorzata Formanowska (Wrocław, Poland)

monastery — nun with blower sweeps the leaves
Jan. 10, 2018 Comment: We see an interesting juxtaposition of the modern with the traditional under the backdrop of nature and the cycle of the seasons that have continued since time eternal.

Helen Buckingham (Somerset, U.K.)

winter birdsong — the kindness of strangers	hail falls snowballers scatter
Jan. 11, 2018 Comment: At first read, it seems that the birds are being fed and that is why the kindness of strangers was felt but as the birds are singing rather than eating we realize that the kindness is being felt by the poet themselves through some other act.	Feb. 9, 2018 Comment: Nature is the ultimate combatant and cannot be fought!

big thaw a collared dove stretches its wings	uphill jogger sheds his fleece on the hoof
May 10, 2018 Comment: "Thaw" and "stretches" resonate well, while the type of dove being "collared" in its accepted common name also gives a sense of entrapment though association. A very nice haiku!	May 24, 2018 Comment: Here is some wonderful word play that makes us think of the jogger as a sheep though all he is doing is taking off his warm top while still running.

last male northern white rhino dies — frost on my window	fingers grown gnarled toad garden
May 29, 2018	June 11, 2018 Comment: Gnarled fingers and toads are a great combination and the diligence of the poet throughout a long life comes across well in the act of making a garden for toads. The use of so many "G"s heightens the poesy.

whistling wind my teeth join in on percussion	tinder-dry grass daring her new red shoes to dance
July 2, 2018 Comment: Music to my haiku ears!	Aug. 1, 2018 Comment: It is as if the dancing will set fire to the grass and the shoes have a magical life of their own.

a cuckoo in the sparrows' nest solstice festival	a scent of star jasmine night garden
Sept. 1, 2018 Comment: Though the cuckoo must be in the nest, as that is what is written in the haiku and therefore that must be so, I also wonder if some human imposter has found their way into the festival and what their purpose is.	Oct. 4, 2018 Comment: Again the accepted common name for a natural entity is used expertly to tie together concepts in the poem, give them resonance, and involve more than one of the five senses.

I catch a spider watching me wrestle with my hammock
Oct. 12, 2018 Comment: Shades of Issa.

Oscar Luparia (Vercelli, Italy)

winter frost daisies sleeping in the depth of my garden	great silence the frozen fountain alone in the park
Jan. 13, 2018 Comment: When one thinks of daisies one thinks of the flowers but the plant itself is made of much more than that. How much more of that in our daily experiences is the same?	Jan. 27, 2018

<p>melted snow at dusk no more tracks of our journey</p>	<p>sorry I'm late... in my path wisteria blooming again</p>
<p>Apr. 24, 2018 Comment: One thinks of our achievements in life as well due to the inclusion of "dusk."</p>	<p>June 14, 2018 Comment: Normally it is walls or other obstructions that get in our way but sometimes we must accept things not going to plan in order to enjoy and experience life.</p>

<p>cranberries... savoring the summer on your lips</p>	<p>thistle flowers — the skin of a grass snake dried in the sun</p>
<p>Sept. 12, 2018 Comment: Why cranberries and not raspberries or blueberries? Perhaps the poet is giving thanks for the experience brought to them by the girl.</p>	<p>Oct. 27, 2018 Comment: The dryness of thistle flowers meshes well with the dry snake skin. By adding "grass" the poet causes the snake to become more the animal itself rather than including the symbology normally associated with the serpent. Without "grass," one might mistakenly imagine an anti-Scottish message in the poem.</p>

<p>field of poppies ... my autumn stops for a while</p>
<p>Nov. 8, 2018 Comment: Some things exist only as our experience of them and not in and of themselves. Such is the case of autumn.</p>

Goran Gatalica (Zagreb, Croatia)

heated greenhouse — between the rhubarb leaves just enough silence	howling wind — the mast of a small ship sings on the shore
Jan. 15, 2018 Comment: Since greenhouses are most often heated, the addition of the word "heated" suggests that an argument may have taken place. "rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb" is muttered but the act of tending to the plants calms down the gardener just enough.	Feb. 15, 2018 Comment: The wind is too strong for smaller boats to set to sea but still the small ship's mast sings to feel the wind.
the city cannon mother's hyacinths tremble in the flowerpots	wind in the pines — curvature of mother's spine becomes larger
March 9, 2018	Apr. 9, 2018 Comment: As the wind shapes the pines such that they grow at strange angles so their branches do not break in gales, so too has life shaped his mother's spine. The rhyming at the ends of the first and second lines heightens the poesy.
lingering heat — the tempo of flies on the cow's tail	migrant workers — the bees explore roses on our porch
Apr. 13, 2018 Comment: Flies cannot linger as the cow shakes them off. The stickiness of the flies is conveyed well with "lingering."	Apr. 23, 2018 Comment: The author is watching migrant workers, perhaps out on the street, when their gaze is drawn closer to the bees on their porch – also migrant workers.

<p>spring journey — a newborn baby cries among the blossoms</p>	<p>holiday's end — squirrel leaps from precarious twig</p>
<p>May 21, 2018 Comment: A newborn baby and cherry blossoms are a good combination. Since the cherries are blooming, "spring" is somewhat redundant and "journey" then needs more concreteness or replacement with something more resonant, perhaps?</p>	<p>June 13, 2018 Comment: Normally the stability of a return to day-to-day work would not resonate with "precarious" but the use of "end" and "leaps" turns things around as if it is the holiday that imparted stability.</p>

<p>deep in spring morning sun touches a dead mole</p>	<p>migrating ants — the edges of my own mind their burdens</p>
<p>June 21, 2018 Comment: The tenderness of the morning sun caresses the mole and the deepness of spring adds both finality and a sense of the progress of life towards death.</p>	<p>July 20, 2018 Comment: Quite a metaphysical haiku that works for me though I cannot explain fully why.</p>

<p>summer stretching ... I train with the harlequin in our wheat field</p>	<p>autumn chill — the night trembling with the moths</p>
<p>Oct. 1, 2018 Comment: It is not clear whether the harlequin in this haiku is a real clown, a scarecrow in a harlequin costume or an alternative to some kind of animal. The ellipsis after "stretching" serves to cut off the first line from the rest of the poem so it is summer that is stretching, not the harlequin or the poet. Perhaps the punctuation should be changed so that "stretching" modifies both parts of the poem and the harlequin could then be assumed to be human?</p>	<p>Nov. 28, 2018 Comment: The trembling moths give the sensation that the night itself is also trembling.</p>

autumn dawn — plowing a field with the mist	long autumn — a refugee's silence owns the wagon
Dec. 5, 2018 Comment: The mist is turned into and incorporated into the soil as it is plowed.	Dec. 25, 2018

Mark Miller (New South Wales, Australia)

deep winter my pile of books grows taller
Jan. 17, 2018 Comment: Once a book is read, it gets added to the pile and the cold outside means the poet spends a lot of time reading indoors.

Mario Massimo Zontini (Parma, Italy)

the night snow comes and goes unnoticed	the first day an old lady gathers the last leaves
Jan. 18, 2018 Comment: Snow falls and then melts in the time between when people go to bed and wake up. How much more is happening around us that we are not aware of?	Feb. 1, 2018 Comment: It is New Year's Day and an old lady is picking up fallen leaves that were shed last year. Use of the word "gathers" rather than "sweeps" or "rakes" suggests she feels nostalgia for them and the year that has gone.

<p>Summer dusk — on the heron's wings rests the last light</p>	<p>Summer fields — ripening melons rest for one more night</p>
<p>Aug. 13, 2018</p>	<p>Aug. 21, 2018 Comment: It is as if the melons will be at work themselves as they are harvested.</p>

<p>in the street she withdraws her hand — end of Summer</p>
<p>Nov. 3, 2018 Comment: Does the onset of autumn resonate here with a girl who no longer wants to hold hands? The end of a long, romantic "summer" for the two?</p>

Michael Henry Lee (Florida, U.S.A.)

<p>ice fishing catching a little solitude</p>	<p>dog days the busker's pleading eyes</p>
<p>Jan. 19, 2018 Comment: No fish are being caught but the author doesn't seem to mind as they like being alone.</p>	<p>Sept. 3, 2018 Comment: Pleading eyes such as those a dog has when waiting for food are now on the busker as they work their hardest in the heat.</p>

<p>inside an empty post box cicada shell</p>	<p>caught in a deer's eyes the headlights</p>
<p>Sept. 13, 2018 Comment: An empty shell inside an empty post box. The shell is empty as something has left while the box is empty as it waits for something – two different kinds of emptiness.</p>	<p>Oct. 13, 2018 Comment: Normally it is "a deer in the headlights." Rather than the deer being caught and not moving because of the sudden light, this haiku turns that image on its head and the headlights reflected in the deer's eyes are the things that are caught.</p>

Lavana Kray (Iasi, Romania)

<p>honeymooners — she wraps her scarf around a snowman</p>
<p>Jan. 22, 2018 Comment: The happiness of a honeymooner extends even to playfully attempting to keep something made of snow warm.</p>

Marina Bellini (Bagnolo San Vito, Italy)

<p>mackerel sky the inflatable snowman in the neighbor's garden</p>	<p>a run for the bus the umbrella flies ahead in the winter storm</p>
<p>Jan. 23, 2018 Comment: A mackerel sky tends to make one pensive and thoughtful. What could be more useless and have less meaning than an inflatable snowman ...!</p>	<p>Feb. 27, 2018 Comment: So much movement in this haiku!</p>

snorkeling jellyfish shines with moonlight	I place you on the last flower dying butterfly
Oct. 3, 2018 Comment: The translucence of the medusa and its lens-like shape gather in the moonlight. Probably this jellyfish is the Moon Jellyfish Aurelia.	Dec. 21, 2018 Comment: In the hope that next spring you will be reborn as another flower.

Basant Kumar Das (Odisha, India)

winter morning I collect sun rays in my shawl
Jan. 24, 2018 Comment: The warmth of the sun can be felt in the material of the shawl.

Eva Limbach (Saarbrücken, Germany)

all that remains to write about — winter moon	removing glitter balls from the store window hunger moon
Jan. 26, 2018 Comment: Leaves and fruit have fallen, animals have gone into hibernation and it seems the only thing that remains now is the moon.	Feb. 7, 2018 Comment: The hunger moon at the end of winter when animals are at their hungriest due to the scarcity of food is a good contrast to the opulence of glitter balls in a store window. The cold brightness of the moon perhaps also glitters more than any other moon?

<p>mulled wine we stir sugar into our old stories</p>	<p>summer drought my withdrawn neighbour waters the street tree</p>
<p>Feb. 17, 2018 Comment: "Mulled" can also mean thought over or about at length, and the more a story is thought about, the more it is changed. A good transposition of the wine into stories.</p>	<p>Sept. 27, 2018 Comment: Being withdrawn might suggest not caring about others, but in the act of watering a street tree we see the neighbour is only shy.</p>

<p>autumn crocus — we wrap ourselves in old feats</p>	<p>last days of autumn the walker in our hallway brand new</p>
<p>Nov. 19, 2018</p>	<p>Dec. 7, 2018 Comment: Without a walker it is now much harder to get around. Rather than the start of winter, the "last days of autumn" suggest a much more positive outlook on life.</p>

<p>winter solstice ... one road leads to the mountains one to the shore</p>
<p>Dec. 18, 2018 Comment: The solstice is the midpoint or turning point of winter. Although there is only one road stretching from the mountains to the sea, the presence of the poet produces a midpoint from which two roads then arise.</p>

Robert Henry Poulin (Florida, U.S.A.)

heavy snow: bird feeder full of squirrels	my neighbor's gripe, how could he curse weeds that bloom
Jan. 29, 2018	March 26, 2018 Comment: Weeds are only weeds if one perceives them to be so. One man's weeds are another man's flowers!

hummingbird the way it backs away to let go	buds: hummingbird springs to life
Apr. 4, 2018 Comment: One immediately imagines it is the poet who is thinking about how to let go.	Apr. 28, 2018 Comment: Ends bring new beginnings.

to the butterfly it was a one day affair: morning glory	old wisteria thick vine twisting on itself: father's walking cane
June 26, 2018 Comment: The morning glory remains in its place as the butterfly moves on to other flowers like a lover finding new conquests.	Aug. 6, 2018

sundown — my shadow leaves for the night	oppressive heat splashing in old pond cooling off with frogs
Aug. 24, 2018	Sept. 10, 2018 Comment: The allusion to Basho's poem is perhaps too strong? "Splashing in old pond" would be enough for the reader to remember Basho's frog haiku so a juxtaposed entity could be added in the third line to give the haiku depth rather than just humor?

<p>loon's cry in the storm: cancer</p>	<p>autumn leaves leaving trees leaves my rake exhausted</p>
<p>Oct. 23, 2018</p>	<p>Nov. 14, 2018 Comment: A rediscovery of the origin of the word "leaf" through wordplay but also with a concrete image.</p>

<p>late autumn: scarecrow's shadow shows little wear</p>	<p>resting on snow the last leaf nestles in for the winter</p>
<p>Dec. 8, 2018 Comment: The scarecrow has stood throughout the autumn protecting the fields and is looking a little worse for wear though the shadow looks almost as it did at the start.</p>	<p>Dec. 31, 2018 Comment: "Nestle" would normally suggest warmth and safety so it seems that to a leaf the snow provides just that.</p>

Rachel Sutcliffe (Golcar, U.K.)

<p>your fading breath moonlight casts shadows on fresh snow</p>
<p>Jan. 30, 2018 Comment: "Fading breath" suggests the person is dying while "fresh snow" suggests a new beginning. Light and dark, death and new life are all intertwined.</p>

Aparna Pathak (Haryana, India)

year market ... the dog sniffs shoes after shoes	melting snow ... the years I didn't talk to my father
Jan. 31, 2018 Comment: The dog seems to be looking for traces of its lost master.	June 2, 2018 Comment: As time has passed maturity brings new understanding and acceptance as well as remorse. The hard, cold snow finally melts and the child finally accepts who their father is.

Ed Bremson (Raleigh, NC, USA)

a girl smiling for a New Year's selfie then not smiling	spring equinox ... the hawk ignores the drone
Feb. 2, 2018 Comment: A common sight but made poetic by the inclusion of "New Year" to make us think about the mindset of the girl.	May 19, 2018

lunchtime for me and the mosquito
Nov. 10, 2018 Comment: The author seems to just be watching the mosquito feast on their blood in the spirit of Issa.

Božidar Škobić (Bosnia and Herzegovina)

old hat old coat and pants New Year	a piece of wood on the bank of the river sound of a violin
Feb. 5, 2018	Nov. 15, 2018 Comment: A violin was also once just a piece of wood.

Ernesto P. Santiago (Athens, Greece)

year of the dog — the light of a full moon drowning the stars
Feb. 6, 2018 Comment: The poet is probably searching for the Greater Dog or Lesser Dog constellation on one of the first nights of the New Year – the Year of the Dog in the Chinese zodiac, but the full moon is so bright that they are hard to find.

Simone K. Busch (Rheinbach, Germany)

Sunday walk even the pine needles in pairs
Feb. 10, 2018 Comment: So many couples are taking their Sunday walk together that the poet even notices the pine needles are in pairs.

Giovanna Restuccia (Messina, Italy)

indian fig — mother talks to me about her old bitterness	a heron on the curve of the river ... your hands
Feb. 12, 2018 Comment: It is not immediately clear which of the several possible plant types "indian fig" refers to, but based on the rest of the poem it is probably the fruit of a cactus. Though the fruit is sweet, the spines resonate with the mother's bitterness aimed at her husband, perhaps?	March 8, 2018 Comment: A metaphor that could be improved further by involving the hands in some action to give the poem a more concrete image.

Helga Stania (Ettiswil, Switzerland)

old friends the thin areas of ice	cassiopeia wind clouds the mirrors of the moor
Feb. 14, 2018 Comment: The old friends are used to taking risks and working together as they move out onto the lake. They also know what parts of each other's psyche are best left alone.	March 17, 2018 Comment: The "C" probably should be capitalized when referring to the constellation. The reflection of stars on water is a common haiku theme, but in this haiku, the water surface is all but ignored with the reference to mirrors, and the windiness of the moor moves to the forefront. The alliteration also works very well.

Paweł Markiewicz (Mickiewicza, Poland)

frozen pond and I
I see a frozen butterfly
under the clear ice

Feb. 16, 2018

Comment: The first line could probably be replaced completely without detracting from the rest of the poem — perhaps with a juxtaposition based on the human world that would resonate with the trapped feeling that the poet has experienced?

Julia Guzmán (Córdoba, Argentina)

First frost ...
A street dog bundled
next to the beggar

Feb. 19, 2018

Comment: The scene is stated and no judgments are made. "Bundled" almost suggests that someone put the dog there rather than it having moved there itself to share warmth.

Nadine Léon (Cremona, Italy)

in the winter sky
a cloud chases another
underground seeds

Feb. 21, 2018

Comment: Movement in the sky while the seeds lie dormant in the ground.

Moonlight
a white flower adorns
her dark hair

March 31, 2018

lawn mowing
I seek a small glass
for daisies

May 30, 2018

Comment: The poet has saved the daisies from the mower but only to be put on display for a while before they wither and die.

minami ichimiya (Ibaraki, Japan)

dog calls me
get out to
appreciate the full moon

Feb. 23, 2018

Comment: The dog howling at the moon is felt to be a call to the poet to watch the moon as well. One is reminded of the haiku by Teijo Nakamura: "Come outside! / you can almost touch / the full moon."

around old friend's tomb
double cherry blossoms
in full bloom

June 5, 2018

Comment: The double cherry is more resilient and less ephemeral than normal cherry blossoms, which are quick to fall from their twigs and are often used in popular Japanese culture to signify sacrifice and premature death. Rhyme at the end of the first and third lines heightens the poesy.

moonlight comes
flowers in vase
start to dance

June 29, 2018

Comment: Almost a midsummer night's dream.

greeting ants
granddaughter
goes to nursery school

July 28, 2018

Comment: Children start off treating animals as other thinking entities before they are brainwashed by society.

watermelon
beautiful lady also
spits out seeds

Aug. 20, 2018

Comment: Even a beautiful lady is the same as the rest of us.

evening walk
my steps harmonise
with crickets' chirps

Dec. 10, 2018

Steliana Cristina Voicu (Ploiesti, Romania)

new home — the grafted lemon-tree learns to bloom	magnolia in bloom — my secret garden is no longer secret
Feb. 24, 2018 Comment: The lemon tree seems to be the poet herself.	March 3, 2018 Comment: People look up over the fence to admire the magnolia flowers and by doing so are alerted to the presence of a garden there.

raspberries — seeds of a sunset sky in the boiling jam	first snowfall ... the kitten stops unraveling the wool ball
July 25, 2018	Dec. 29, 2018 Comment: Snow piling up while the ball of wool grows smaller and smaller as it is unraveled. Excellent haiku!

Jerry Ball (California, U.S.A.)

Winter sky shadows are returning to their original shapes	the shortest day tree trimmers remove the old pine one log at a time
Feb. 26, 2018	June 27, 2018 Comment: When a tree is close to a building and is too big to topple safely the trimmers slowly cut off logs from the top moving towards the bottom. It is a long and laborious task and time runs out quickly on the shortest day of the year when nightfall comes so soon. One can feel the sense of loss also felt by the poet.

<p>end of Spring the old dog wags her tail absentmindedly</p>	<p>beginning summer shadows are returning to their original shapes</p>
<p>July 7, 2018 Comment: The fact that spring is ending and that the dog is old mesh well with the dog not knowing why she is happy but wagging her tail nonetheless.</p>	<p>Sept. 19, 2018 Comment: I had originally picked this haiku with the kigo "Winter sky" but "beginning summer" is a much stronger choice as the summer sun causes shadows to appear with much stronger contrast.</p>

Andrea Cecon (Cividale del Friuli, Italy)

<p>icy dawn the dog curls around a sunbeam</p>
<p>Feb. 28, 2018 Comment: The sunbeam is too small to warm the dog in its entirety so the dog has curled up around it to get a little warmth over its whole body instead of more warmth over only a part.</p>

Lucia Cardillo (Foggia, Italy)

<p>winter rain — in the puddle the blackbirds sip the sky</p>
<p>March 2, 2018 Comment: The first line suggests that it is still raining while the third line suggests that the sky is reflected and therefore the rain has stopped. Perhaps the first line could be changed?</p>

Jose del Valle (Rhode Island, U.S.A.)

the church fly washing its hands of you of me	worm moon even the scarecrow shivers
March 5, 2018 Comment: Good allusion to Issa's haiku "Don't strike me! / the fly wrings its hands / wrings its feet."	Apr. 30, 2018 Comment: The worm moon is the full moon in March and the last full moon of winter, around which time earthworms emerge from the ground. A scarecrow has been erected in the field, presumably to stop birds from eating the worms, but it is still so cold that even the scarecrow seems to shiver.

Tomislav Maretić (Zagreb, Croatia)

washing the window the cleaner pauses — cherry tree in bloom	spring wind ... emptying the ashtrays before the waiter
March 6, 2018 Comment: The cleaner has washed this window all year but only now notices the existence of the cherry tree through its blooms.	May 17, 2018 Comment: The playful quality of spring wind.
in between being awake and asleep — spring rain	
July 6, 2018 Comment: One always feels sleepy in spring and this conveys it well.	

James T Lloyd (Berkshire, U.K.)

the leeks grew through dew
southern winds and starlit nights
now they boil into soup

March 7, 2018

Comment: The world seen through this haiku is almost a fairy tale.

Pravat Kumar Padhy (Odisha, India)

rain in spring —
the meandering flow
of cherry blossoms

March 10, 2018

Comment: Blossoms float and are swept along in the rivulets of rainwater.

moonlit sky
the kids pick up slices
of the star fruits

Aug. 30, 2018

Comment: One can feel the warmth of the night.

Lyudmila Hristova (Sofia, Bulgaria)

deeper and deeper
the footprints leading home
first snow

March 13, 2018

Comment: As they walk through the snow, the time between steps grows longer and longer as they tire and the footprints therefore become deeper and deeper.

summer storm
the postman is drinking
his third coffee

Sept. 25, 2018

Comment: Summer storms tend to pass by quickly but the postman may not be able to wait this one out.

Marie-Louise Montignot (Saulxures, France)

dead of winter the walnut comfortable in its lodging	open air theater a blackbird steals the show
March 14, 2018 Comment: One thinks not only of the walnut being tucked away but also the nut meat within it being nestled and comfortable in the shell.	Aug. 29, 2018 Comment: The blackbird sings and all attention goes to it.

Natalia Kuznetsova (Moscow, Russia)

dusk watching from bed the light dies
March 15, 2018 Comment: "Dusk" and the choice of "dies" for the disappearing light suggest the bed is in a hospital and that the outlook is not good.

Eufemia Griffo (Milano, Italy)

butterfly wings in Anna's eyes the last day of spring
March 19, 2018 Comment: Anna perhaps is sick as the butterfly wings reflected in her eyes seem to suggest. It is the last day of spring and perhaps also of her childhood.

Valeria Barouch (Cologne, Switzerland)

winter depression —
she googles the weight
of clouds

March 20, 2018

Comment: Winter can sometimes depress one to the point of not wanting to do anything and wasting one's time on trivial matters.

Keith A. Simmonds (Rodez, France)

The silence
of a frozen bird:
winter dusk

March 21, 2018

Comment: The dead bird no longer sings and seems even more silent by being frozen than if it were only dead.

jubilant voices
piercing the morning stillness ...
the first snow

Dec. 28, 2018

Ramlawt Dinpuia (Mizoram, India)

morning cicada
a boy in the asylum
recites his prayer

March 23, 2018

Comment: A cicada sings incessantly as the boy also recites. Cicadas are often used in haiku to suggest ephemerality and mortality.

Zoran Doderovic (Novi Sad, Serbia)

first leaf buds a magpie's tail sticks out from the nest	military museum the old tank surrounded with dandelions
March 24, 2018	June 18, 2018 Comment: In peacetime the tank is just a big chunk of metal for fragile dandelions to grow around.

magnolia flowers an old man in a wheelchair cleaning his glasses
July 5, 2018 Comment: The man can no longer stand up to see more closely or to smell the flowers so instead he cleans his glasses to get a better look from afar.

dl mattila (Virginia, USA)

meadowlark ... who needs lyrics when we have song!
March 27, 2018 Comment: Humans are the only animals that add lyrics to their songs!

Thomas Heffernan (North Carolina, USA)

breaking the patch
of lingering snow
a seedling pine

March 28, 2018

Madhuri Pillai

possum banter ...
my star studded
window

March 29, 2018

Comment: One imagines the "possum" is an opossum rather than the larger marsupial of Australia referred to by this name. "Star studded" in the poem also suggests that the setting is in America. The opossums make all sorts of noises at each other outside the poet's window, which frames the stars.

Christine Horner (California, U.S.A.)

winter moon
my last coin
for the busker's blues

Apr. 2, 2018

Comment: There is resonance between the chill of the winter moon and the coin being the last one that the poet has.

marsh fog —
the blackbird's trill
betrays the pond

June 23, 2018

Comment: Nothing can be seen in the fog but the blackbird's song leads the poet to the pond.

Angelica Seithe (Wettenberg, Germany)

spring moon
in the morning
our farewell

Apr. 3, 2018

Comment: The spring moon instills feelings of romance and it seems that these two have spent their first night together.

Randall Herman (Nebraska, U.S.A.)

the bride treads
on freshly-strewn
plum blossoms

Apr. 5, 2018

Comment: Cherry blossoms would have been too close a match but as plum blossoms do not fall from the tree in the same way we imagine that guests have picked them and thrown them on the ground as a sweet-smelling decoration.

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz (Ohio, U.S.A.)

magnolia bloom
he leans in
for a kiss

Apr. 6, 2018

Comment: I imagine the magnolia to be white rather than purple and the girl to still be somewhat pure in her experiences.

Ana Drobot (Bucharest, Romania)

snowstorm — scattered all over my thoughts	emergency ward — suddenly turning white apple trees in bloom
Apr. 7, 2018 Comment: Not only are her thoughts scattered in and by themselves but the snowstorm also is scattered all over her thoughts with the physical and psychological mixed.	Apr. 16, 2018

lost crops — hanging on a branch full moon
Nov. 23, 2018 Comment: Though the fruit is lost, the poet still notices the moon left hanging on a branch. One is reminded of the tale of the monk and the thief where the monk can only give the moon to the thief after he has stolen everything from the monk.

Nikolay Grankin (Krasnodar, Russia)

early morning the baby cry between birdsong
Apr. 11, 2018 Comment: Life is felt acutely.

Igor Bali (Kutina, Croatia)

icy mountain trail woodpecker's pecks echoing my heart's beat	plum blossoms — an old man burning last year's leaves
Apr. 12, 2018	May 14, 2018 Comment: It is almost as if the old man wants to get rid of memories from last year.

senior home children picking fallen leaves — grandpa's present
Dec. 6, 2018 Comment: In the senior home any attention that grandpa gets is a treasure and even the fallen leaves will be received with gratitude. The fallen leaves remind us of our mortality.

Krzysztof Kokot (Nowy Targ, Poland)

spring song — dewdrops tremble on the wild flowers
Apr. 14, 2018 Comment: This haiku could be further improved by stating concretely who or what is doing the singing as this ambiguity detracts from the poem.

Pasquale Asprea (Genova, Italy)

storm of leaves
I agree
to let you go

Apr. 19, 2018

Comment: I imagine these leaves to not be the easily detached leaves of autumn but rather summer leaves that do not willingly leave their tree.

Karoline Borelli (Genova, Italy)

winter moon
the dark red clusters of staghorn sumac
still intact

Apr. 20, 2018

Comment: Staghorn sumac fruits can remain on the plant through the winter where their colour contrasts with the bright white of the moon.

Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara (Galați, Romania)

childhood house —
swallow nest
covers the crack

Apr. 21, 2018

Comment: Every crack in the house is familiar to a child who has grown up there, even under the dry mud of a swallow nest.

Marietta McGregor (A.C.T., Australia)

dawn: and fresh colour in the plum tree ... in the pond	spider orchid we lose our way looking
Apr. 25, 2018 Comment: The strengthening sunlight brings colour to everything — not just to things in the air but under the water as well.	May 26 Comment: Too much attention is paid to the trees and not enough to the forest. One needs to look to find one's way but too much looking and the way can be lost.

Minh-Triết Pham (Paris, France)

countryside by night — fireflies sending to the stars missives in Morse code	festival of roses — her light dress in a breeze
Apr. 26, 2018 Comment: It is almost as if the fireflies are in contact with alien life.	Oct. 18, 2018

shooting stars — in the canal's waters a fish jumps
Aug. 18, 2018 Comment: Stars fall down while a fish jumps up.

Antonio Sacco (Salerno, Italy)

reaped fields: tall as the stubble the sparrow	scarecrow: himself looted to be a nest
Apr. 27, 2018	July 13, 2018 Comment: Not only has the scarecrow failed to scare the birds but instead they have used it to propagate!

Moonlight — my shadow touches a peach tree	night of love — a woodpecker pierces another trunk
July 26, 2018 Comment: The soft sensitivity of a peach in the moonlight can be affected even by shadows.	Oct. 22, 2018 Comment: Quite an erotic haiku through use of the word "pierces."

Anthony Q. Rabang (Ilocos Sur, Philippines)

april sun pushing the clouds out towering wind mills
May 1, 2018

Jennifer Hambrick (Ohio, U.S.A.)

the echo of a mockingbird spring snow	summer solstice a water lily reaches through the sun
May 3, 2018	Aug. 3, 2018 Comment: The celestial and mundane meet.

harvest moon great-grandmother weaves a corn shuck chair
Nov. 12, 2018

Margherita Petriccione (Latina, Italy)

adolescence — the first time I ate the virgin snow	school holiday — the larks are singing in flight
May 5, 2018 Comment: Both pure and erotic at the same time.	June 30, 2018 Comment: And so are the happy schoolchildren!

spring twilight — playing with a mouse the pregnant cat
July 4, 2018

Gennady Nov (Moscow, Russia)

spring snow
play of light and shadow
within me

May 7, 2018

Alexey Andreev (Moscow, Russia)

spring thaw
one of us
smells of cat

May 11, 2018

Comment: The poet talks to his cat affectionately.

sea urchin spine
in my finger tip
memories of snow

July 19, 2018

Comment: I can't explain why the spine of a sea urchin goes so well with snow but I feel they belong together.

Mary Hind (Melbourne, Australia)

all that remains
after the bushfire
a chimney

May 12, 2018

Comment: Almost cynical.

Richard Jodoin (Montreal, Canada)

As the buds flourish
the only child mourns
his snowman

May 15, 2018

Comment: New life has arrived with the trees in bud but the only child cannot accept that some things must pass and things cannot always be the way he would want them to be.

Angèle Lux (Quebec, Canada)

spring cleaning —
out of the window a jumble
of clouds

May 16, 2018

Comment: "jumble" fits well with cleaning and it seems as if the clouds have been thrown out with the trash.

windstorm ~
one leaf at a time
the sky larger

June 12, 2018

Tuvshinzaya Nergui (Arkhangay, Mongolia)

rooks cry
and awaken the sleepy sky —
light thaw

May 22, 2018

Comment: Good rhyme.

this autumn —
flowers on sister's dress
are fading too

Nov. 20, 2018

Comment: Inanimate and animate exist on the same plane.

Andy McLellan (Kent, U.K.)

ink flows
onto the empty page
spring moon

May 23, 2018

Comment: The darkness of the spilled ink and the whiteness of the blank page go well with the spring moon.

Simon Hanson (Queensland, Australia)

fertile moon
jellyfish bloom
on the high tide

May 31, 2018

from the eons
starlight enters
a grain of sand

Sept. 28, 2018

Comment: The poet is looking very carefully at a grain of sand and imagines the light reflected in its quartz to be that from stars produced many years ago.

Vincenzo Adamo (Trapani, Italy)

Last snow
drops of milk
in black coffee

June 1, 2018

Comment: Very visual.

Poppies ...
the scythe cuts
even the shadows

June 16, 2018

Comment: Poppies remind us of soldiers at war.

hot day ... on the sheaves of wheat the peasants' sweat	summer concert ... they meet on the bridge two cicadas
Sept. 26, 2018	Oct. 6, 2018 Comment: Are the two cicadas actually human lovers?

the dry leaves grandma recognizes herself in a picture	sleepless night changing posture an intermittent cricket
Nov. 24, 2018 Comment: Grandma may have Alzheimer's or some other memory disorder. The woman she once was is as a spring or summer leaf.	Dec. 24, 2018 Comment: If the cricket chirped always in the same rhythm perhaps it would not bother the poet so much.

Roger Watson (Hull, U.K.)

cherry blossom shower the pigeon changing trees	between raindrops gathering his thoughts a bumble bee
June 6, 2018 Comment: Alighting on a branch has its consequences.	July 27, 2018 Comment: A zoomed-in look at the microworld.
killing the wasp easily the end of summer	
Nov. 2, 2018 Comment: With the colder temperatures the movements of cold-blooded organisms get sluggish. The moment the wasp is killed is also the moment that summer ends for the poet.	

Su Wai Hlaing (Singapore)

earthquake over blooming between the mess a cherry blossom	first of all the mouse trap catches my guilty attempt
June 7, 2018 Comment: So many things have collapsed but the newly produced blossom blooms and life goes on.	July 30, 2018 Comment: Well-articulated.

Mirko Varga (Varazdin, Croatia)

spring ends hesitating in a late cherry blossom
June 8, 2018 Comment: Spring itself is hesitating as the cherry blossom tries to hang on.

Billy Antonio (Pangasinan, Philippines)

only the wind sweeps the yard ancestral home
June 20, 2018 Comment: Everyone has died or moved away but somehow their spirits are still there.

Zelyko Funda (Pintarica, Croatia)

tombstone
two fireflies cast light
on a girl's name

June 22, 2018

Comment: Poignant.

Danijela Grbelja (Sibenik, Croatia)

spring rainstorm —
the dusty leaves
are clean again

June 25, 2018

Comment: It is "spring" that turns this from an observation into a poem.

Steve Wilkinson (Durham, U.K.)

Spring morning
The sparrows feet
Wet with dew

June 28, 2018

Bruce Ross (Maine, U.S.A.)

cold spring breezes ...
a pileated woodpecker
takes my mind

July 3, 2018

Comment: The poet cannot stop being distracted by the pecking of the woodpecker.

Urszula Wielanowska (Kielce, Poland)

a letter from a distance
the swallow builds
a new nest

July 9, 2018

Comment: It is almost as if the swallow is love itself.

Arvinder Kaur (Chandigarh, India)

starlight
she gathers dew drops
bare feet

July 11, 2018

Comment: This haiku could be improved by being more concrete about how she gathers the dew drops — "on bare feet," perhaps? Or does she gather them with a cloth and only happens to have bare feet as well? Too much ambiguity is the enemy of haiku.

Alan Summers (England, U.K.)

the big warm ... as if clouds cuddled baby sparrows	the one that got away a Private Fishing notice gains a river kingfisher
July 14, 2018	Aug. 14, 2018 Comment: The final two lines of this poem are wonderful but it seems as if the first line could be replaced by a more concrete entity.

Justice Joseph Prah (Accra, Ghana)

last night hangover raindrops weigh in a cobweb
July 16, 2018 Comment: That heavy feeling of the body, the dulling of some senses and the heightening of others felt with a hangover is conveyed beautifully by the final two lines.

Guliz Mutlu (Ankara, Turkey)

acorns and stars we leave river stones	grandma's window all the storms and rainbows
July 23, 2018	Aug. 7, 2018 Comment: So many experiences, good and bad, in a long life.

<p>grandma and the moon the white cat curling more</p>	<p>breast feeding under the tree white magnolias</p>
<p>Aug. 22, 2018</p>	<p>Sept. 7, 2018 Comment: The whiteness of breast milk and the fullness of the flowers and full breasts resonate perfectly.</p>

<p>meteor shower children's imaginary dinosaur cries</p>	<p>waiting for the sunset our raspberry liquor and some bergamots</p>
<p>Sept. 15, 2018 Comment: No-one knows what sounds dinosaurs made, it is true, especially when meteors ended their reign.</p>	<p>Sept. 22, 2018</p>

<p>the skirts of mount ida i pick the golden apple for a horse</p>	<p>autumn leaves the books unsampled</p>
<p>Oct. 5, 2018 Comment: Mount Ida is known as the Mountain of the Goddess and appears in Greek mythology and Homer's Iliad. A golden apple picked there somehow takes us back to ancient times.</p>	<p>Oct. 31, 2018 Comment: Unread books pile up like autumn leaves as time is short.</p>

<p>empty seashells the refugee can talk in many dialects</p>	<p>harvest over the short horns of the cows</p>
<p>Nov. 5, 2018 Comment: Hold a seashell to your ear and they will all sound different.</p>	<p>Nov. 13, 2018</p>

new moon we are billion year old carbon	stone garden each raindrop another color
Dec. 4, 2018	Dec. 14, 2018 Comment: When dry, all stones appear greyish but they take on color when they are wet.

John Hawk (Ohio, U.S.A.)

a dragonfly on a dragonfly summer heat
July 31, 2018 Comment: The first two lines really make one feel the heat. Stifling!

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore (Catania, Italy)

a child was born — the first green leaves on the trees	rice grains — my baby's first teeth
Aug. 2, 2018 Comment: The first line makes one think of the Bible.	Oct. 17, 2018 Comment: A metaphor that is not too close to be contrived and fits well meaningwise with the rest of the poem.

wrinkles on the face — juicy blackberries ripen on the brambles	migratory birds — children coming back to school
Nov. 30, 2018 Comment: I wonder whose face it is? The word "the" suggests that it is the poet's own.	Dec. 27, 2018

Florin Golban (Bucuresti, Romania)

summer rain —
the fragrance of the lime trees
floods the street

Aug. 4, 2018

Comment: Both fragrance and rain flood the street.

Nicholas Klacsanzky (Washington, U.S.A.)

grandma wakes up
believing she's pregnant —
mid-summer twilight

Aug. 8, 2018

Comment: I find myself searching for Puck!

Agus Maulana Sunjaya (Banten, Indonesia)

firefly
reading my daughter
a fable

Aug. 10, 2018

Comment: "firefly" suggests the fable is being read to a very dim light – dim enough for a firefly to catch the eye. I imagine if one looked closer the firefly would actually be a fairy.

caught in the act
crossing a red light
a yellow butterfly

Sept. 8, 2018

Comment: "Yellow" is a masterful touch!

Praniti Gulyani (New Delhi, India)

commotion ... a ladybird crawls over the border	autumn breeze ... my son tries out a burqa
Aug. 15, 2018 Comment: The commotion is obviously about something else than the ladybird and this is why this haiku works so well.	Nov. 6, 2018 Comment: The burqa worn to become a ladybird crossing the border?

David Milovanovic (Lapovo, Serbia)

morning fog — boarding the train without a ticket
Aug. 25, 2018 Comment: Not seeing where to go in the fog and not knowing where to go and so no ticket.

Stephen A. Peters (Washington, U.S.A.)

the bus stop bench not quite as hard summer breeze	ten years old with a bike summer breeze
Aug. 28, 2018 Comment: The hardness of the bench has not actually changed but the summer breeze makes the perception differ.	Oct. 15, 2018 Comment: We all have memories of this sense of freedom.

nursing home
the leaves
in various shades of fall

Dec. 19, 2018

Comment: And so, too, the patients ...

Christiane Ranieri (Wittenheim, France)

tree climbing
the spider
faster than me

Aug. 31, 2018

silence on the pond
a trout gobbles
the moon

Oct. 24, 2018

flight of butterflies
the thump
of a coconut

Nov. 16, 2018

Comment: The poet senses these are related though in the physical world this could not possibly be so.

Luca Cenisi (Pordenone, Italy)

summer lightning —
the pencil tip
breaks

Sept. 5, 2018

Comment: The tenseness and shock at experiencing the lightning is captured well.

Maria Teresa Sisti (Massa Carrara, Italy)

night of stars — how quickly grow the jasmines	blood moon — something changed my shadow
Sept. 6, 2018 Comment: If the metaphor that jasmines are like stars were the only content in this haiku then it would be mediocre but the second line really makes this poem.	Sept. 20, 2018 Comment: The occult is sensed.

Kanchan Chatterjee (Jharkhand, India)

between thunder ... the front door's soft creak	standing on a bridge to nowhere ... a dragonfly
Sept. 11, 2018 Comment: Between the thunder peals one's sense of hearing is enhanced. The ominous creak might be an intruder from another world.	Oct. 16, 2018 Comment: The dragonfly cannot stand so it is the poet on the bridge. One imagines that the bridge is still under construction and the poet has come to take in the view.

Stefano Riondato (Padua, Italy)

falling stars the roof of a ruin for one night	halloween night a leaf in the wind from door to door
Sept. 17, 2018 Comment: The lack of lights makes the falling stars stand out so much more.	Dec. 1, 2018 Comment: Moved by ghosts?

Radostina Dragostinova (Sofia, Bulgaria)

sudden rain
pieces of heaven
in my tea cup

Sept. 21, 2018

Azi Kuder (Pańska, Poland)

under the stars
a scarecrow and me —
homeless

Sept. 29, 2018

Comment: A scarecrow's home is under the stars or otherwise it has no reason to exist. Looking up at the stars it seems the poet also does not care about their homeless state.

Fatma Gultepe (Ankara, Turkey)

summer moon
seeds for the next season
remaining melons

Oct. 8, 2018

Comment: We see the roundness of melons and the moon.

Eleonore Nickolay (Vaires sur Marne, France)

open-air theatre
before the concert
the cicadas' choir

Oct. 9, 2018

Monica Federico (Warrenstown, Ireland)

Shadowless —
a man on a boat
casting the fishing line

Oct. 11, 2018

Comment: Physically the man, of course, has no shadow cast on the sea, but stating this in the poem suggests the shadow is in the spiritual rather than physical world.

Swans twin flight —
a mid Autumn
divorce registration

Nov. 17, 2018

Rice harvest time —
I find back the friends
of my youth

Dec. 13, 2018

Comment: Rediscovering old friends is also a form of harvest.

Eugeniusz Zacharski (Radom, Poland)

the cable car going down me and the spider	the spider sliding down onto my bed moonlight
Oct. 19, 2018 Comment: One imagines both the descending cable car and the spider also descending on its thread.	Nov. 27, 2018

Autumn twilight The light goes out among the leaves
Dec. 22, 2018 Comment: The reds, oranges and yellows glow in the fading light until the sun goes down.

Panagiotis Kentikelenis (Thessaloniki, Greece)

land of quarries — falcons hide where mountains hurt	moonshine — a pack of wolves cuts through the poppy fields
Oct. 20, 2018 Comment: The holes dug into mountains to extract stone and minerals are like wounds. Nature is providing protection in the form of raptors.	Dec. 12, 2018 Comment: A very visual haiku that also makes one think of soldiers through "poppy" and terrorists or other professional killers through "wolves."

Elisa Bernardinis (Udine, Italy)

Blood Moon
the cricket's song
thickens up

Oct. 25, 2018

Comment: During a lunar eclipse the moon can seem red and since the cycles and rhythms followed by animals are often controlled by lunar cycles, perhaps it is not surprising the cricket's song is affected.

Midhat Hrcic - Midho (Bosnia and Herzegovina)

window ajar,
in my bones I feel
the signs of autumn

Oct. 26, 2018

Comment: Old age and cold do not mix well.

Wilfredo R. Bongcaron (Manila, Philippines)

rain clouds
the gun loaded
with rain

Oct. 29, 2018

Comment: The cannon filled with rainwater.

Eric Lohman (Georgia, U.S.A.)

autumn leaves
h o l e s
in my crayon box

Oct. 30, 2018

Comment: All the reds, yellows and oranges are used up and this is portrayed expertly in the spacing of the letters in "holes."

martin gottlieb cohen (New Jersey, U.S.A.)

one sound in front of the
other
October dusk

Nov. 1, 2018

Comment: Rather than one foot in front of the other.

David Jacobs (London, U.K.)

all gathered
around a single grave
autumn berries

Nov. 9, 2018

Comment: Both the berries and all the people are gathered at this single grave.

tommy ichimiya (Ibaraki, Japan)

no words spoken
all day long today
the Milky Way

Nov. 21, 2018

Comment: The poet perhaps lives alone and did not leave his house today, therefore not speaking to another. The Milky Way in its vastness sucks up all sounds in any case.

Irina Guliaeva (Moscow, Russia)

autumn birthday
the first guests
are leaves

Nov. 26, 2018

Comment: The yard has been all cleaned up for the party but the wind blows in leaves before the guests arrive.

David Oates (Georgia, U.S.A.)

small Christmas trees
on some plots
country graveyard

Nov. 29, 2018

Comment: Country folk are pragmatic and a good piece of land should not go to waste.

Nazarena Rampini (Pogliano Milanese, Italy)

autumn garden —
the wicker basket
full of wind

Dec. 11, 2018

Comment: Dry twigs and leaves do not stop the wind from blowing through the basket.

Antonio Mangiameli (Lentini, Italy)

votive candle —
the shadow of the flame
turns with the wind

Dec. 17, 2018

Elisa Allo (Zug, Switzerland)

hunter's moon
beyond those mountains
I let you go ...

Dec. 26, 2018

Comment: Hunting is normally finding something but here the poet lets someone go.
