

Haiku 2016-17

January dewdrop
Line of beauty
Gone!

By the River Lynn

Dippers! Two!
On that rock
Blink—they've gone

There, in the brambles
Oh, it's a robin....
Only a robin?

What is the sound
Of this river water?
Clatter over stones!

Sprawled across the river bank
Dead sheep, neck broken
the river flows

Bath

Still night
Soft rain
A motorbike roars in the valley

Full moon
Lights fleeting clouds
Haunting grey

Wrapped up warm
I am drawn outwards
Into the cold

Between the moonlit clouds
Cracks open in the night sky
Crevasses to infinity

Winter cold
A primrose sags frozen
But catkins blaze in the sun

A wild night:
Trees toss, leaves tumble
The wind blows through my mind

At the source of the Thames

Tangled blackthorn
Bursting buds
 Last year's shrivelled fruit

Oozing under a lintel
The River Thames –
 Its first bridge

Gulls congregate around a puddle
 The River Thames
 Starts here

Back in the pub
 we recite our haiku
 Ham, egg and chips

On the north Devon coast

The wind swirls around me.
How do I know
 Which direction to pee?

On Lundy

Under dried bracken stalks
Celandine, violets
Above, the skylark's song

Fragments of granite
The spring in cropped turf
Gaia underfoot

Out of the wind
The scratch of my pencil
Disturbs the silence

It doesn't matter
we didn't see a puffin
 Cos the skylarks sang