

Haiku Page

俳頁

Issue 1 Number 2 Fall 2008



Just one lonely road
Stretching into the shadows
Of a summer night

—Richard Wright

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Haiku by Poets From the South Region

Howard Lee Kilby

(Arkansas)

autumn rain
the sansanqua blossoms
haiku conference

four a.m.
writing to a publisher
autumn rain

just out of prison—
a young man calls to buy
Buddhist prayer beads

after all these years
google gives me the name:
erhu

soaking in a hot bath
I think of the kindnesses
of my friends

I touch my forehead
a sharma thrush sings
in the garden

David G. Lanoue

(Louisiana)

power blackout
we meet
the neighbors

campus nook
the Virgin Mary
and a smoker

he meows me back
to his cage
kitten

an equal opportunity kitty
lap
to lap

four little boys in the fountain
two of them
real

yoga class over
a collective “Om!”
of relief

strangers on a streetcar
we share
a yawn

Peter Meister

(Alabama)

downtown traffic—
afternoon shadows
on the railroad track

slowing for the light a workman's voice

another inch higher
months after the ice storm—
slanted evergreen

floppy ears
straight up—
distant barking

Buddha
so many hands
over his face

Celia Stuart-Powles

(Oklahoma)

forest path
that unknown bird
calling

a strand of thistle
leads me astray

in dried mud
athletic shoe prints
beside a raccoon's

somewhere
a woodpecker working

almost gold
the graceful curve
of ripe crabgrass

a hole in a stone
points to fairy

on the way back
that purple flower
i missed before

Carolyn Noah Graetz

(Mississippi)

returning to New Orleans
my heart murmurs
the blues

birds on phone line
all stop, some look
some gossip

Johnye Strickland

(Arkansas)

reading Issa . . .
between the lines
a winter fly

muted moon . . .
the slow stealth
of rising fog

spring chill
the lama speaks of existential
hunger

Susan Delphine Delaney

(Texas)

bathhouse attendant
calling the woman
'baby' (Hot Springs)

approaching storm
the beach club cat
asleep in the lounge

facing the sunrise
the boat-tailed grackle
gargles noisily

july fourth
Vicksburg skies
silent

(Vicksburg surrendered to union
forces on July 4....no fireworks
for them)

roadside
a lone white cross
dwarfed by tall grass

Carlos Colon

(Louisiana)

noisily from my pocket
everything but
the cough drop

Eudora Welty House—
from tourist to tourist
the tailless cat

how dirty it is
the outside
of her mop bucket

no longer nuts?
lady talking to herself
on a blue tooth

the girl I try
not to look at--
her reflection

mosquitoes through
every open door
her blood-red love seat

putting on my ears
morning
birdsong

Jianqing Zheng

(Mississippi)

summer rain
names on the memorial bricks
are more visible

rural diner
the setting sun clings
to the window

he shakes his head
out of the bar
this drowsy night

Haibun and Haiku
by Poets
From Beyond the South
Region

Jeffrey Winke

Pick This Up Next Week

He mumbles at first. Then his therapist says in a firm voice: “You must speak up, with insurance the way it is, we can’t waste time...you’re expected to make progress in six sessions or realize that it will cost you \$300 per session hour after that.” Her voice is firm but contains a hint of compassion that makes it easy for him to open up. Oh yes, I understand, he continues. I was saying that I’ve always felt like the glass is half empty, to answer your question. I’ve never felt my life was a full glass, or the things I do in life are filling it. I was born with a half-empty glass and I feel like it’s almost empty now. She nodded. He couldn’t tell if the nod meant that she agreed...or understood...or was dozing off with her eyes wide open. “O.K. you’re making progress – let’s pick this up next week – oh, can you check with Jenny on your way out...there’s some questions from your insurer that you need to clear up and it’s probably best you leave a credit card number with her in case your insurer refuses coverage – see you next time and have a happy, healthy week!”

quickie mart
the flirty store clerk
shorts his change

Raffael de Gruttola

among multicolored
fallen leaves—
a dead bluejay

the weight
of a falling leaf—
loneliness

Ruth Holzer

internet date—
discovering that they’re
distant cousins

Kirsty Karkow

brush poised—
countless paintings
in my head

Catherine Michaels

medical center
housed in a saloon
front desk the old bar

watching a child
pick a dandelion
and b-l-o-w

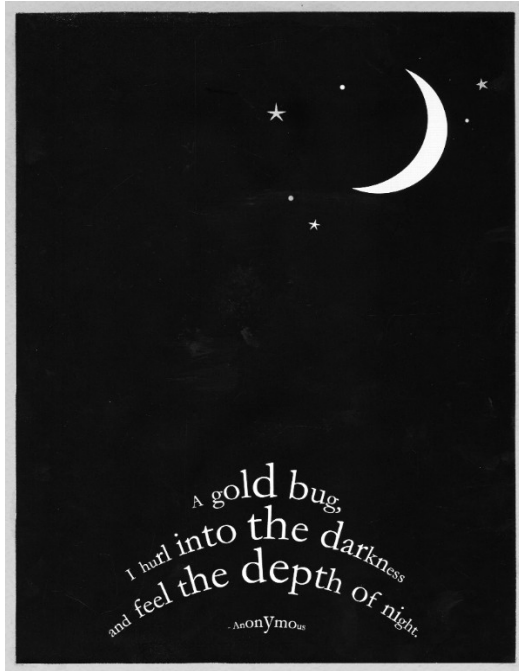
Greg Schwartz

dusk . . .
only her voice
remains

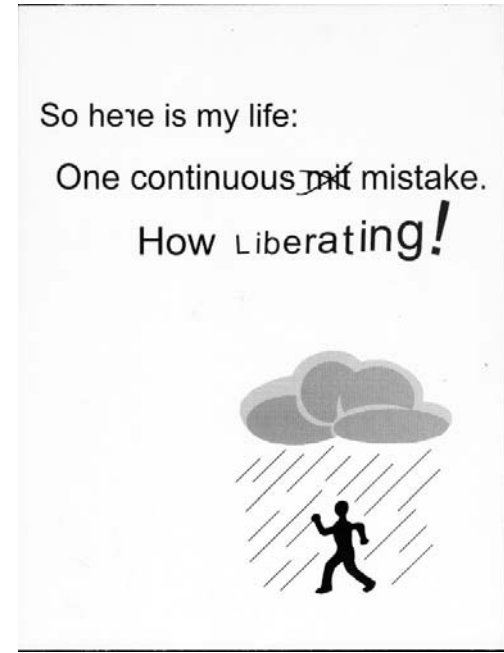
gray skies—
my stomach
rumbling

skinny-dipping . . .
the translucent shine
of the jellyfish

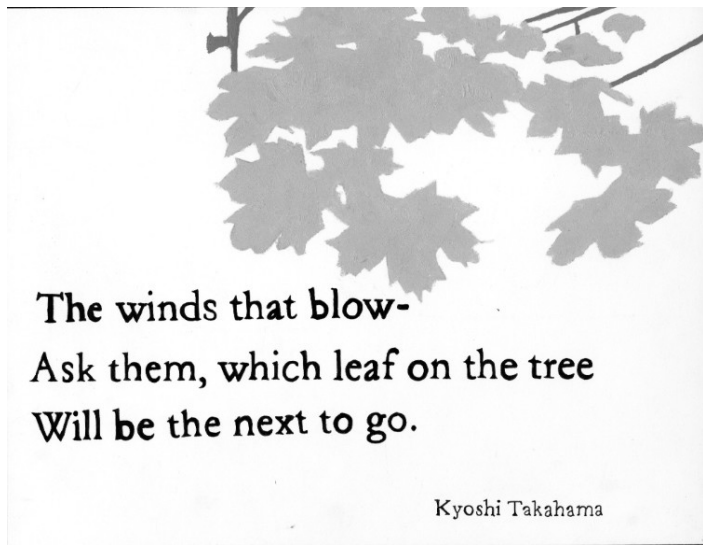
*Haiga
by Students
in a graphic design class
with Dr. Albert Wong
at The University of Texas
at El Paso*



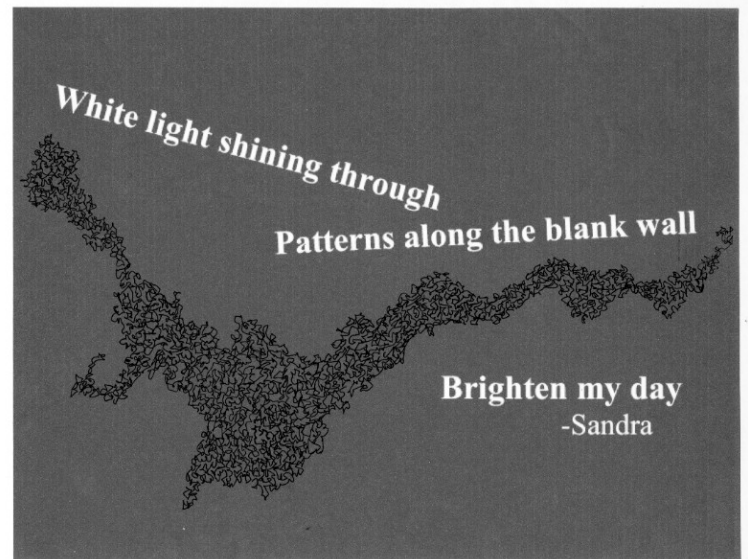
Andi De La Rosa



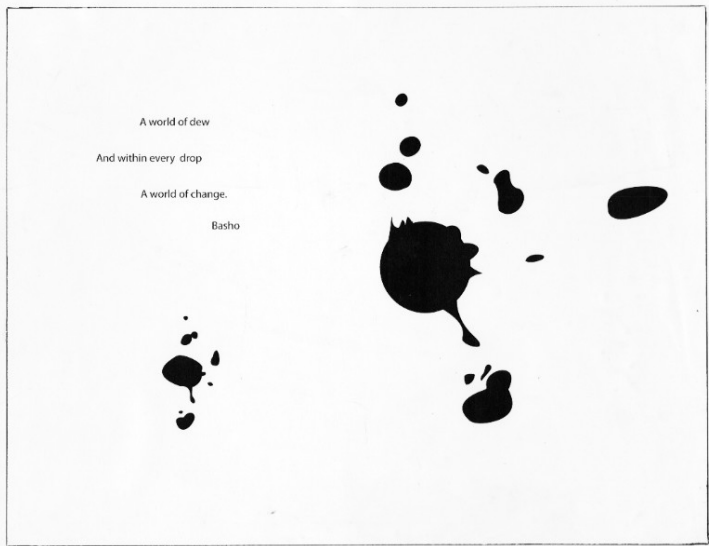
Kevin Trow



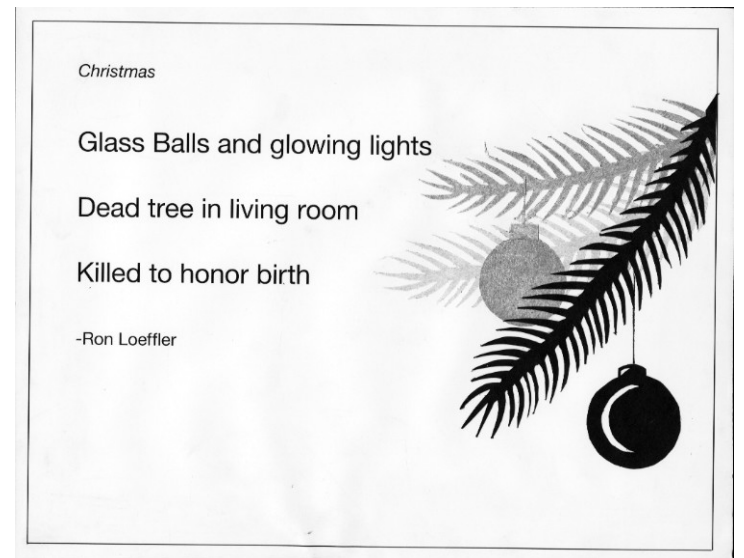
Eurice Ortiz



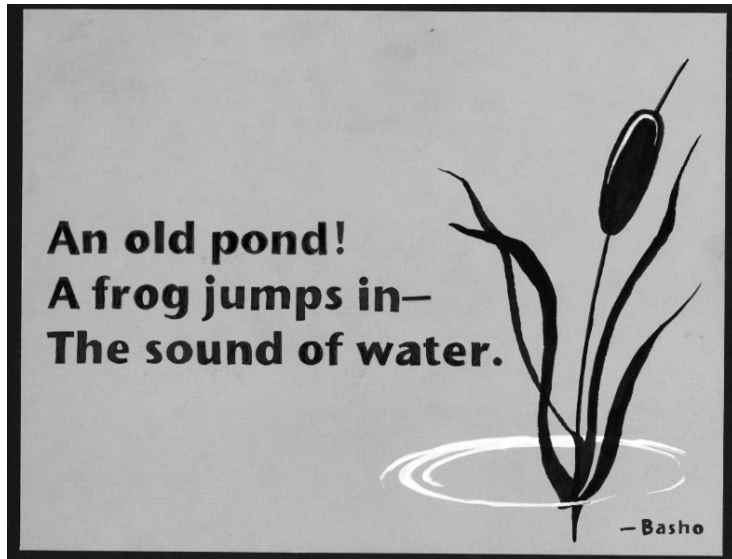
Alexandra Lee



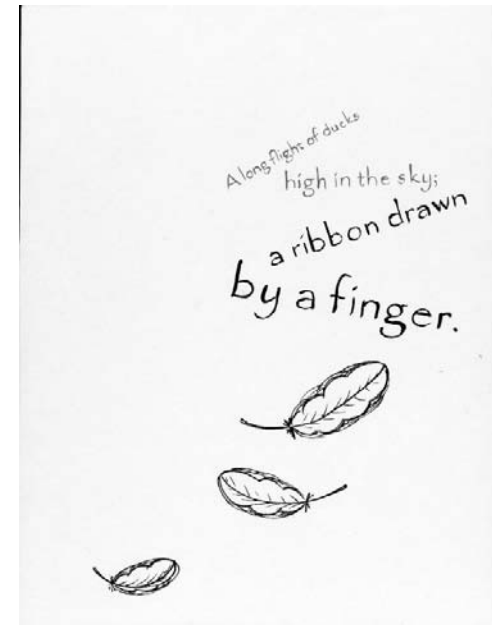
Gabriel Escandon



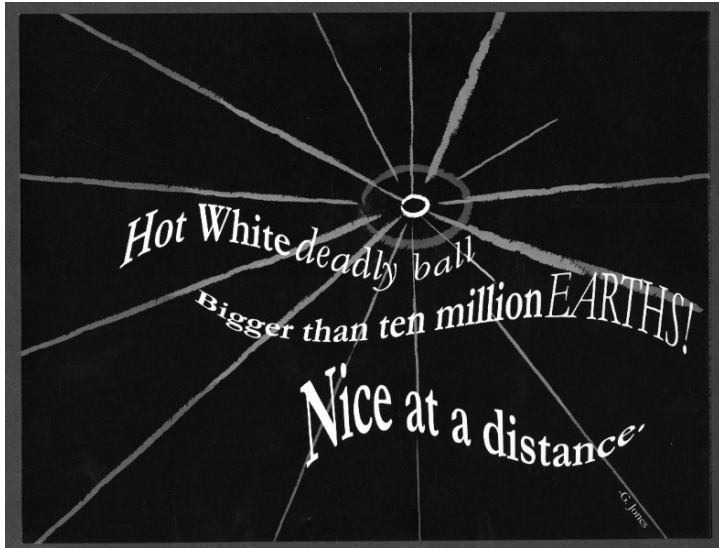
Bianca Olivas



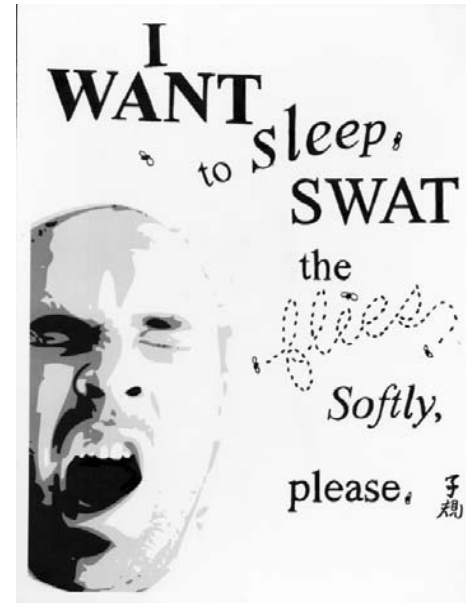
Jesus Tores



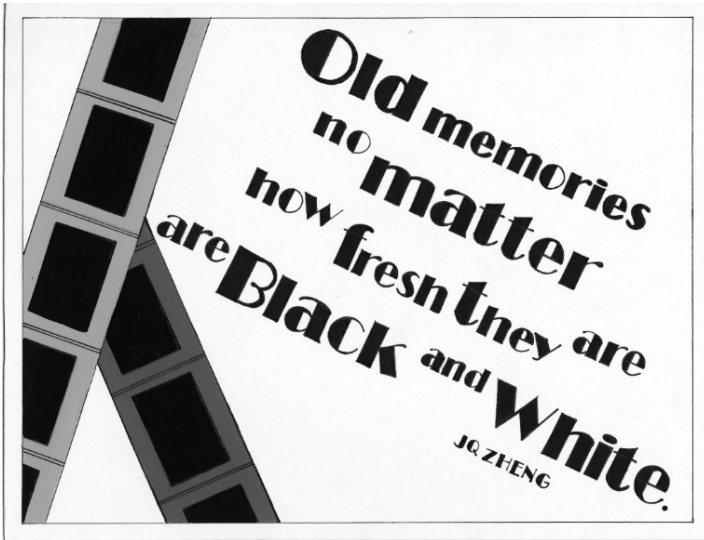
Talitha Juarez



Fernie Alaniz



Angelina Juarez



Jessica Rodriguz