

Audrey Olberg

warm milk for two
the cat and I
insomniacs

Stephen Gould

Spring wind
the baby
unclenches her hand

Street wind
among the echoes
not a word remains

Jane Stuart

wet with raindrops
winter ivy
a brilliant green

toilet paper—
she never has
enough

Bruce Feingold

New Year's day—
yoga class
packed

first steps
after graduation,
she rolls an ankle

Greg Schwartz

August heat the moth flies right back in

smoking at the bar
the same doctor
who made me quit

John Dunphy

The Saint Goes Underground

My neighbor's house had been up for sale going on a year when he turned in desperation to an urban legend for help. He buried a small statue of St. Joseph in his front yard. According to the legend, his house would soon have a buyer. I watched my neighbor bury the statue. Some time later, I learned that I hadn't been the only one.

St. Joseph statue
presented to my neighbor
by his dog

Ruth Holzer

love letter
cutting
a thin red line

the hammer
meets its echo—
house of autumn

Pizza Poetry

Sunday afternoon in a small town; I can't find the popular restaurant, then I can't find a parking place. By the time I get there, it's nearly over: the poetry reading and the pizzas. Words are drowned out by the shouting and the slamming, the crunching and the chatter. Would I like to read now? The mike is open, there's still time.

pizza crusts
pieces of paper—
a big broom

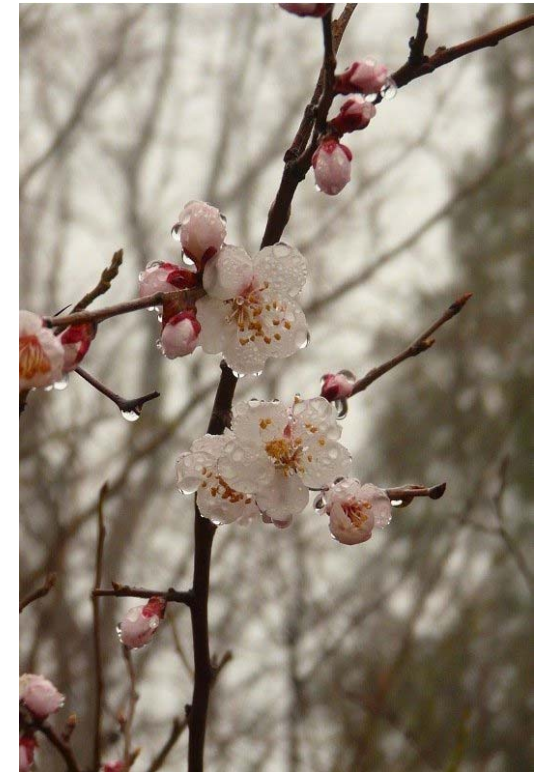
Haiku Page accepts only the unpublished haiku. Submissions can be emailed to haikupage@yahoo.com or by snail mail with an SASE. Contributors with an SASE will receive a hard copy of *Haiku Page*. The deadline for the next issue is September 15. Annual subscription: \$2.00.

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Haiku Page

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Double Issue
Issue 2 Numbers 1 & 2
Spring 2009

Balkan Haiku

A showcase of 46 Poets

Bogdanka Stojanovski, Serbia

large snowflakes / between your words / sips of tea

Slavko Sedlar, Serbia

Pink morning
rolling down the grass blade
in a globe of dew

Watering roses
with the waterspout
the turtledove's throat spreads

Above the spring
When I sigh, my straw hat
begins to shake
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Verica Živković, Serbia

that odd old fur coat
from a second-hand clothes store
keeps me really warm

elliptic red sun—
dandelions surrounding
a broken melon

Ljubomir Dragović, Bosnia-Herzegovina

Afternoon stillness.
The boiled water absorbs
the scent of chamomile.

Cold boulder.
The empty hoot of an owl
carved out of the dusk
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Predrag Pešić Šera, Serbia

Without buzzing
a bee enters
a gourd blossom

Descending kite
a bright flash of lightening
toward the city
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Dimitar Anakiev, Slovenia

To go out of
myself: in the sky
snowflakes fly.

Saša Važić, Serbia

back on the window
a sickle moon I left alone
round the corner

spring cleaning:
a face in my blurring memory
dusty yellowish

birds' screech
turns my head around—
nothing but fog

A man passing
under the blossoming cherries
was also born just once

Rudi Stopar, Slovenia

Summer night
a stone thrown into water
pieces of the moon

Vid Vukasović, Serbia

a smiling doll
and a sobbing child
mother shouts at both

Milenko D. Ćirović Ljutički, Serbia

Sand beach.
The trace of her departure
erased by a wave

Misty shore.
A man in a black cassock
feeds the seagulls

My aged legs
carry me down the mountain—
the view getting narrower
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Ion Untaru, Romania

reading in my bed
a curious spider descends
from the ceiling

with a bucket
drawing pieces of sky
from the well

Pavle Adanski, Serbia

A large snowflake
merges with its shadow
in the puddle

A cat jumps high
to catch a dry
falling leaf
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Durđa Vukelić Rožić, Croatia

as soon as
the last pear falls—
another one

Zoran Antonić, Serbia

An old guitar—
instead of strings there's just one
thread of a cobweb

Borivoje Sekulić, Serbia

muddy water in the house
grandpa, grandma and a goat
on the roof

with the violin on his bosom
running away from the rain –
a city square musician

a gardener lowers
his hammer—
a butterfly on the pole
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Jadran Zalokar, Croatia

Moving forward and
backward—a bee and
flowers
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Dušan Mijajlović Adski, Serbia

hungry sparrows
or the frozen cement
serves them for fun

early evening –
a huge oak tree in solitude
of its own shadow

cold morning—
a fox with frozen eyelashes
is staggering
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Tatjana Stefanović, Serbia

Morning tide.
Algae and shells dancing
in the shoal.

Side by side
a dog and a cat warm each other.
Christmas tree.
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Jasminka Nadaškić Đorđević, Serbia

heavy snow falling—
under one big umbrella
four legs

grandma deep asleep—
grandpa still reads newspapers
aloud for her

Dragan J. Ristić, Serbia

gust of wind—
a little fish starts to move:
on the parasol
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Branislav Đorđević, Serbia

There is no shadow
to keep him company.
A raven on the snow.
—*Tr. Zoran Antonić and
Svetlana Radovančev*

Aleksandar Prokopiev, Macedonia

Winter sculpture:
Swallow
frozen in the ice.

Željko Funda, Croatia

empty gallery
attendant is watching
leaves falling

shooting practice
to aim at the bigger or
the smaller rose

Zoran Nikolić Mali, Serbia

roaring water—
an old man crossing
the suspension bridge

Svetomir Đurbabić, Serbia

in the night,
a boat's lights mix
with the stars

rain over—
pigeons in the square
gathering drops

Vitomir Miletić Witata, Serbia

Nobody is picking
all those ripe cherries
in front of grandpa's house.
—*Tr. Zoran Antonić and
Svetlana Radovančev*

Jovanka Božić, Serbia

stooping down
to pick up a lollipop—
scattered books
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Rajna Begović, Serbia

A child starts to cry.
An icy bird's tail on a windowpane
fell off.

While studying,
she twists a lock of hair.
The scent of acacia.
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Stevan Mihailović, Serbia

banked embers
in the ruins of a house
persistently sparkle

a sparkle in the eye,
a flame in the soul,
a fire inside
—*Tr. Saša Važić*

Marija Anđela Pogorilić, Croatia

This stylish woman
With a fox's tail
Around her neck.

Lunch for two.
At the table
Man and his dog.
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Aleksandar Obrovski, Serbia

Hidden in the wheat,
poppies peeping out on the
dusty country road.
—Tr. Svetlana Radovančević and
Zoran Antonić

Dubravko Korbus, Croatia

rain over
every treetop stretches
its washed out shadow
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Milena Mršić, Croatia

downpour
the stream carries away
the colors of autumn

Željka Vučinić-Jambrešić, Croatia

summer shower—
on the water again
traveling circles
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Stjepan Rožić, Croatia

spring rain
in every drop
a nightingale's song
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Slavica Blagojević, Serbia

In the vineyard
to the chirp of crickets
irises blossoming

Sunset
The sweet smell
of a pale praska* on her skin

*fruit which grows in vineyards, much
like peach or apricot, but pale.

Borivoj Bukva, Croatia

Porcini and
cow's dung
on a forest path

Božena Zernec, Croatia

bare poplar
burning
in sunset
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Duško Matas, Croatia

ticking of the clock—
a few pigeons dash
out of the belfry
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Vera Primorac, Croatia

Departing ship
A gull in a white furrow
Washes its beak
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Vasile Moldovan, Romania

A flock of white swans
floats slowly on the Black Sea—
messengers of peace

Ljerka Poštećek Jelača, Croatia

cherry's pink petals
carried away by passers-by
on their muddy soles
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Zlata Bogović, Croatia

White scent
Knocks on the window
A jasmine twig
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Malvina Mileta, Croatia

red and sweet,
wheat ripens
on a straw hat
—Tr. Đurđa Vukelić Rožić

Anıl Engin, Turkey

spring wind—
dancing flowery scarf
of my grandma

this silence—
to hear footsteps
of an ant

Goran Poletan, Adelaide, Australia

The first rain drops,
on the hot concrete—the ants
speed up their work.

Coordinated by Saša Važić