

AHS Haiku String April 2024

Solitude





**AHS Haiku String  
International Poetry Day  
April 2020**



Australian Haiku Society

## ***AHS Haiku String: International Poetry Day April 2020***

These poems have been selected from submissions to the Australian Haiku Society International Poetry Day April 2020 Haiku String by poets based in Australia and other countries. They were originally published on the Australian Haiku Society website.

<https://australianhaikusociety.org/>

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Today, 17th April 2020, we are celebrating International Haiku Poetry Day by holding a String on the theme of 'Solitude'. By sharing our haiku we can connect with each other, even in these days of social distancing, self-isolation and working and studying from home.

adding  
to my loneliness—  
falling leaves

*Rob Scott*

virus spreading  
globalized  
claustrophobia

no thought of  
the twin towers  
pandemic live

walking slowly  
again  
up hill and back

*Hugo Alrøe*

lockdown—  
birdsong louder  
than traffic

*Earl Livings*

village lagoon  
a coo-ee house to house at dusk  
helps us keep in touch

*Beverley George*

morphing the globe koi in a pond

solitude—  
a thread pulls off  
her bantering

*Neelam Dadhwal, India*



bare  
trees tossing  
the egg moon

branches sway  
a bird clings  
still singing

a cloud crack  
sun casts patches  
of night

*Ingrid Bruck*

wafting by the window  
a helium dolphin  
dreams of escape

mighty oak  
in acres of ripening wheat  
another silent spring

splendid isolation  
discarding  
my bra

*Ingrid Baluchi*

“ . . . supalooooonely”  
blaring from the window . . .  
self-isolation

at long last  
finding peace with myself . . .  
bliss of solitude

*Natalia Kuznetsova*

solitude—  
checking again  
the ringtone

loneliness—  
becoming a blood brother  
with a mosquito

*Mirela Brailean*

The enemy strikes  
like a thief in the night . . .  
the world in limbo

Deserted cities  
under a masked sky . . .  
macabre silence

*Keith A. Simmonds*

drawers emptied  
ghosts of life past scatter  
mocking memories

shunning media  
coronavirus overload  
Tolstoy should suffice

*Julia Kaylock*

dawn  
the radio wakes me  
with a death toll

midday  
next-door neighbours  
continue their argument

dusk  
I count the chimes  
of the town hall clock

*Lynette Arden*

alone  
in my backyard  
one butterfly

bingeing  
on solitude  
and magpie's mellow warble

my lonely ears  
buzz with the togetherness  
of cicadas

*Giddy Nielsen-Sweep*

autumn road  
going further than ever  
by myself

sea-coast skies the wingspan of solitude

those distant  
snow-mountains—just me  
and my longings

*Katherine Raine*

nightfall  
the moon rises  
Evensong

*S.M. Kozubek*

in my solitude  
the dark clouds  
ungather

*Marisa Fazio*

alone, forsaken  
cocooned in our love  
all three of us

*Airlie Jane Kirkham, Adelaide*

billie holiday  
in my solitude  
is loud

*Leslie McKay*



both knowing  
whose at fault  
Dogwood blooms

*Erin Castaldi*

solitude  
living life by the  
dandelion clock

*Carol Reynolds*

Yellow tulips  
are slowly warming up  
outside my window

*Thorvald Berthelsen*

thinking away—  
all around me  
just dry leaves

*Nicole Pottier*

turning a page  
a sip of tea  
cold as the day

shape shifting clouds  
somewhere in the silence  
my errant muse

*Madhuri Pillai*

I am so lonely  
even the mirror scares me  
showing no picture

Look—a speck of dust  
dancing in the rays of sun  
I talk to myself

*Bente Nesgaard, Denmark*

corona season  
waiting for the second  
all-clear

tuning out talk radio tree frogs

pop-up shower  
the daily drip drip drip  
of nightly news

Margaret Dornaus

silencing the din  
of TV voices—pandemic  
news news news

finding the scissors  
my late husband used—  
I trim my own bangs

online birthday party—  
I blow out virtual candles  
on my virtual cake

*Penny Harter*

aloneness . . .  
one star pokes a hole  
in the night

*Debbie Strange, Canada*

death poem  
I keep my half empty glass  
out of sight

lining up  
cicada's shells  
covid spring

*Elisa Theriana*

a drag queen  
in costume putting out  
the bins

after a zoom haiku meeting frogsong through the window

*Myron Lysenko*

Teddies everywhere  
for children to seek and find  
Bear necessity

Through my big window  
I greet my neighbours and smile  
We share a cuppa

*Charlotte Jørgensen*

still lagoon  
I cup the clarity  
of solitude

autumn light  
I go for a walk  
with myself

*Hazel Hall*

late evening chill  
I wear it under my coat  
walking home alone

*Pia Valentin Sørensen*

simple sandwich  
shared with a galah  
breaking news

*Martin G Clark*

the church  
echoes with quiet solemnity  
a pew creaks

grey clouds  
drift by casting shadows  
a dog barks

raven's caw  
the silent train platform  
stands empty

*Stella Damarjati*



thick mist  
a day for going nowhere  
and seeing no-one

I talk to myself  
there's no-one else here  
worth talking to

Sunday morning  
a long laze & at eleven  
Test Match Special

*Dick Pettit*

Bluegrey morning sun—  
my mothers phone number  
still on my mobile

Lit by a streetlamp—  
the plum blossoms  
share their pain with me

Passing the place  
of yesterdays haiku—  
still not quite right

*Ulla Conrad, Copenhagen*

sudden solitude  
sunrise as usual  
on time

loneliness . . .  
cherry blossoms  
cheer the mountains

a blind girl  
her shadows lost  
in another solitude

*Lakshmi Iyer*

stayhome  
the last leaf falls  
from the elm

lockdown  
making friends  
with solitude

outside my window  
a banksia full of lorikeets  
home quarantine

*Louise Hopewell*

pandemic sunrise  
a rose glow  
on empty streets

nighthawk arcs  
across indigo  
the freedom of dreams

glimpsing blue  
between window bars  
an inmate writes home

*Jahan Tyson*

social distance  
love & kisses in my palm  
rock art

in the park  
hugging a tree  
Covid 19

social isolation  
the butcher birds  
still visiting

*Laurel Astle*

sipping chai  
I chat  
... with my cat

alone on a bench  
a magpie  
shares my solitude

*Tom Staudt*

still morning  
not even the birds  
are singing

days of lime  
and lemon  
isolation walk

*Rose van Son*

Covid19 in a bed  
an isolating cat  
fills the void left

*Gill Jewell*

Stillness  
as I sit by the window  
only my teddy bear waves

*Svetlana Wayne*

my balcony seat . . .  
clouds roam  
a wide blue sky

Netflix  
I settle for the sofa's  
embrace

*Gavin Austin*



white faced heron  
the ledge occupied

*Arnold van Son*

a seagull socially distances  
from my calamari  
and me

self isolation  
I hug the ti tree  
in my backyard

*Vivi Ruth*

early morning ~  
hidden behind cloud  
half the moon

sitting alone  
with the pre-dawn campfire ~  
no wind

at this stone hut  
high in the mountains ~  
snow

*ross sampson coward*

bliss  
clear unpolluted skies  
and silence

nothing's new  
my daily chores observed  
by wildlife

post truth world  
on the mountain top  
loving myself

*Barbara A. Taylor*

Wasp bumping against fly screen  
I am safe from harm  
In isolation

What is made at night  
Shines intricately by day  
Two spiders weaving

*Jacquelyne Tea*

Quiet hum of breath  
A whistle rides through the leaves  
I hear my own voice

*Sarah Jane Justice*

time with my horses  
Covid disappears  
in our moments

*Myra King*

sea and sky  
an incoming wave  
and I

crowded room  
the pocket of air  
around me

forest walk  
sharing my breath  
with the figs

*Quendryth Young*

Isolation . . .  
the company  
of clouds

social distancing  
I shout across the fence  
to my deaf neighbour

*Lyn Reeves*

deserted street . . .  
the play of light  
on wet tarmac

*Vanessa Proctor*

morning quiet . . .  
a blossom's wet mouth  
at the window

inside myself  
alone with these thoughts  
that used to be ours

*Carol Raisfeld*

the world reduced  
to 4 walls and a porthole—  
plague ship

10th floor window . . .  
alone she gazes out unseeing—  
despair

*Philip Schofield*

brisk breeze  
leaves change ends  
of an empty pitch

autumn isolation  
clinging to the ginkgo  
one golden leaf

alone  
I hear  
a crow

*Marietta McGregor, Canberra*



a raven's call darkens my empty cup

no moon tonight only what's left of hope

alone in a moment of clear blue sky

*Ron C. Moss*<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *dedicated to Stuart Quine R.I.P*

backyard sun . . .  
I count my steps  
into solitude

sipping tea . . .  
only the company  
of autumn rain

quarantini . . .  
the night stirred by the sound  
of a cricket

*Jayasree Maniyil*

facetime  
with my grandbaby  
every pixel counted

picture-postcard  
this mountain backdrop to  
armchair travel

optimistic  
my neighbour sanitises  
her letterbox

*Jane Williams*

home alone  
the sunshine shares a flock  
of silvereyes

sprout of green  
from a blackened eucalypt  
the quietness

*Jan Dobb*

autumn solace  
counting all the blessings  
in my life

*Samantha Sirimanne Hyde*

this patch of sun—  
the pleasure  
of sitting still

bright morning  
only tyre marks  
in my driveway

from gloved hand  
to gloved hand  
a bunch of flowers

*Nathalie Buckland*

autumn skies—  
the voices of neighbours  
rising and sinking

a small routine  
the morning starts with yoga  
night falls early

*Penny Szentkuti*

retreat every day now I go to the pines

*Nola Borrell*

sun-drenched  
in the middle of nowhere  
a lone cactus

overcoming pain  
entwined in solitude  
a wild primrose blooms

*Paul Callus*

sharing the view  
over the sea  
wandering albatross

*Simon Hanson*

moonbeams  
the trace of loss  
in nightfall

nothing to say  
the wind stirs  
fallen blossom

two odd spoons  
bounce the light  
through rainfalls

*Joanna Ashwell*



so loud  
the silence . . .  
crescent moon

FaceTime  
something to  
dress up for

I bake an apple pie  
no one to eat it  
but me

*Margaret Mahony*

self isolating . . .  
I sing a lullaby  
to me

lockdown—  
my thoughts fly away  
with a flutter of sparrows

corona death—  
the family mourns  
in isolation

*Corine Timmer, Portugal, The Netherlands*

We didn't see  
the mist between us  
was shared

*Mathew Wenham*

in sleep out  
infected  
no cuddles

partner's got covid  
she thinks  
alone

*Jenny Pyatt*

loving mother  
the meal for her son  
by no-touch taxi

*Xenia Tran*

isolation ward—  
a songbird views  
the cherry blossoms

*Valentina Ranaldi-Adams, USA*

my fifty years  
Gabriel García Márquez  
keeps me company

sun-to rain-day  
two worlds together  
without me

*Alan Summers*

solitude  
a little light  
from the poet's pen

*Marilyn Ashbaugh*

empty house—  
jasmine sways  
occasionally

isolation—  
a virtual hug  
with my son

*Maria Teresa Sisti*

pandemic—  
I remain in the zazen state  
all alone

running away from the world  
the poet has found refuge  
in his own haiku

*Vasile Moldovan*

Peaceful from within  
One person to keep happy  
Survival solo

*Christine Bialczak*



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to my loneliness—  
falling leaves

*Rob Scott*



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