

AHS Haiku String April 2020

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.

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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

aleness . . .
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*¹

¹ *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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falling leaves

Rob Scott



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