

The background of the entire page is a photograph of a sunset. The sun is a bright orange circle on the left side, partially obscured by a dark mountain range. The sky is filled with soft, orange and yellow clouds. The water in the foreground is dark with shimmering orange reflections from the sunset. A small boat with a white cabin and a mast is docked in the middle ground. Several tall, thin white poles are visible along the shoreline.

RADU ȘERBAN

# REFLECTIONS

HAIKU

HAIKU

*Ecou Transilvan*





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Radu Șerban

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# Reflections

*Haiku*

Ecou Transilvan

2018

To my son, Cosmin

## *Somewhere over the Fragrance of Linden Tree*

Mr. Radu Șerban is one of the most representative Haijin in Europe who grasped the spirit of HAIKU.

He always says that the simple transplant of HAIKU from Japanese to other languages is not desirable. Yes, we should not do so by only imitating the format of Japanese HAIKU.

But we, all people of the world, are able to share the very spirit of HAIKU, in essential meaning.

One of the most important spirit of HAIKU is the coexistence of

people with nature, moreover the assimilation of them.

And the anther is the quintessence of simple poetry-haiku. Mr. Radu Șerban says, the “simplicity” gives the power to survive in this increasingly sophisticated world and the power to unite each other in this incredibly alienated society.

Yes, HAIKU has the potential to resist these tendencies of the modern world.

I can find Mr. Șerban ‘s spirit of HAIKU everywhere in this book of poem “Reflections” .

I opened a page indiscriminately, then found the page fulfilled with fragrance of linden. For me fragrance of linden is “the sign of erehwon”.



strong fragrance's arm  
above the linden tree's crown  
knocks at my window.

The simple strong words can make realistic imagination to the reader, we can say" Look! here is the HAIKU spirit."

Then, I opened another page. To my surprise, there happened to appear a linden Poem again.

As if they are playing in a miniature, several bees are swarming, dancing and singing summer coming songs.

swarming in round dance  
the bees and linden flowers –  
droning fragrances.

To paint a miniature by a simple shining word is an unmistakable method of HAIKU.

Indeed, Mr. Radu Șerban must be a humble member of Basho's diaspora in the world!

**Tousen Nishiike,**  
President of Himabari Haiku  
Association, Japan

## *Foreword*

A poet once suggested that haiku is difficult to translate, so I separated my Romanian haiku from the English one. After a while, re-reading the poems, I started to write anew, trying to think and to feel in English, disconnected from my native Romanian. This is the fruit of that endeavour.

Humbled and recognising the limits of my command in English, I opted to come in front of the readers as I am. Beyond the clumsiness, the language of the soul is more important.



## Chapter 1.

### Clepsydra

1. wings of the sunshine  
at summer's beehive entrance -  
pollen for a year.

2. auguring from sky  
the new moon of the New Year  
all of us - brand new.

3. the azure, clean sky  
gliding towards the third age -  
golden horizon.

4. chestnuts fall again  
seconds broken on asphalt –  
I still hear them.

5. the chiromancy:  
map of tomorrow in palm  
vexing the reason.

6. ever linden dream –  
flight between rock and baroque,  
grand son, grand father.

7. time flutter in dreams –  
juicy, ripe stars are falling  
from tree's canopy.

8. from the age's tree  
a dry tremor of autumn  
over memories.

9. on their paper wings  
the poets fly and collect  
the pollen of sun.

10. under walnut tree,  
time is stealthily watching  
the autumn; peeled lives.

11. third generation's  
very first meeting with me:  
like you, one year old.

12. boomerang return  
at the original nest  
after a long life.

13. the light turns silent  
accomplice to the old age;  
but I'm still living.

14. buds of the spirit –  
with a tenacious patience  
the passing winter.

15. carrying up dreams,  
New Year's customs officer –  
the tenacity.



16. whisper of snowflakes  
in the ear drum of time:  
year is changing.

17. sun is ripening  
in the sandals' granary  
small seeds of the sand.

18. hesitating whites,  
screened from sky through branches:  
when shall we, all, melt?

19. yellow leaves falling –  
the life received in advance  
of payment with time.

20. see the growing day  
through the eye of a sunrise –  
time in carousel.

21. engraved on the trunk  
of sagacity, the word –  
bridle on our time.

22. very last thought,  
panorama of a life  
drop on retina.

23. the same old passage,  
only the hurried walkers  
changing all the time.

24. seeds are in the air  
between furrow and beaks:  
harvest or fodder?

25. house of arch-fathers  
the same oxeye daisies  
other grandchildren.

## Chapter 2.

### Serenity

26. stars mounting in dream –  
master jeweler of the night,  
the serenity.

27. angelic thunder –  
cranes sound the gong of the Sky  
feeding the silence.

28. lightened in April  
teardrops of petals fall  
in my lonesome soul.

29. white – red, wife – husband  
binary March amulet  
in the hearts – murmur.

30. on the night's sky  
the thought – a sleeping peacock  
courting the silence.

31. offspring of the sun,  
my darling son's cheerfulness  
spreads away the fog.

32. like a boomerang,  
flight over clouds to Tokyo  
incites homesickness.

33. genetic comfort -  
a filial happiness  
healing the wrinkles.

34. dubitative rain  
running after its own self  
with head in the clouds.

35. just the pollen feels  
the solitude of flowers  
carried on the wings.

36. laughter of my son  
sweeps away in the mid-night  
the hoot of an owl.

37. let's be from now on  
like the nacre on a pearl  
always together.

38. ABC sipping  
from the parents' filament –  
spring of DNA.

39. versed for the verses  
he traverses all the times –  
versatile poet.

40. night sky tastes of must –  
migratory horizons  
in age's autumn.

41. flying through the storms,  
the ripe conifer cone dreams  
of strong roots, not wings.

42. under peace's vault  
we feel in our house  
more and more at home.

43. at the mother's breast  
the sufferings of children  
melt like a snowball.

44. there is no earthquake  
strong enough to demolish  
a house of the souls.



45. delicate temper,  
behind a translucent face,  
woven of hard threads.

46. ancestors' genomes  
internet in the past tense  
using veins and roots.

47. from white tenderness  
great characters are rising:  
the power of love.

48. white bunch of flowers  
is hiding seeds of silence  
in many colours.

49. learning from flowers  
beautiful serenity  
right inside myself.

50. floating on the time,  
the muses of museums  
call for a genius.

51. global wanderers,  
the Bashō's diaspora –  
ever lyrical.

52. retrospectively,  
let the heritage of grain  
ripen by your eyes!

53. through wrinkles of time  
with the ego in angle  
carrying three wishes.

54. we can feel the warmth  
of a friendly piece of wood  
without burning it.

55. in Hibiya Park  
the soul of Romania:  
Romulus, Remus.

56. lonesome collections –  
invaluable lines  
from the mind's wallet.

57. unvanquished spirit –  
at the zenith of a life  
even the wind bows.

## Chapter 3.

### Faithfulness

58. invisible hand  
soothingly guiding myself -  
mother in the Skies.

59. on the believers  
the bell of Resurrection  
snowing with light rays.

60. crane in a tailspin -  
profound faith of its parents  
ascending current.

61. word oscillating  
between itself and the sound –  
resonant prayer.

62. exiling reason  
from the land of magic words –  
the incantation.

63. lightning – extinguished  
by belief, life saved again:  
Annunciation!

64. rose bud of silence –  
soul's reconciliation  
arising from spring.

65. Easter night prayer –  
immersed in ourselves for  
immortality.

66. the profound prayer –  
clock's needle for the syringe  
of a living hope.

67. silent in the night,  
incense fragrances become  
temple bells' clappers.

68. Almighty Father  
from far beyond our world  
a flicker of hope.

69. getting a post card  
from ancestors in heaven –  
glittering sun beams.

70. a sacred moment  
at the border of silence:  
Christ is risen!

71. from merciful Sky  
candour smoothly descending  
on penitent face.

72. the spring of the Light,  
in the intimate temple:  
green shoots of our hope.



73. peace of the spirits:  
the hope of resurrection  
when buds are silent.

74. spiritual pollen  
in hive of eternity,  
from the life's flower.

75. looking in yourself,  
discover the Universe –  
infinity's drop.

76. the autumn is back –  
shivering spirits sheltered  
in Holy Temple.

77. on sacred mountains,  
hardly breathing, the summer –  
a soft-hearted monk.

78. scintillating mind  
on the immaculate soul –  
monk in hermitage.

79. the prouder we grow,  
at the moment of Judgement  
the deeper we fall.

80. way to endlessness  
synoptic, thin waterline:  
peace of the spirit.

81. slender gentle soul  
in the grandeur and candour –  
quantum universe.

82. never-ending soul,  
leaf carried up to the Sky  
counting the stairs.

83. Ripen the magic  
under the wink of patience  
immortality.

84. comfort of the heart  
the high Sky uplifting –  
without any lift.

85. summer or winter,  
water, earth or air –  
a single Master.

## Chapter 4.

### Nature

86. sea's silky headdress  
foamy hem-stitched by the wind -  
the calm shallowness.

87. flight of sunshine swarms  
from beehive door of the sea -  
morning on the beach.

88. strong fragrance's arm  
above the linden tree's crown  
knocks at my window.

89. sky calligraphers  
under the victory's sign –  
the grey, ancient cranes.

90. sacred eruptions –  
the mountain washing its teeth  
with lava and clouds.

91. with no horizon,  
a snowdrop with the bowed head  
I look, but can't see.

92. like holy icons,  
the virgin cherry blossoms  
in the spring's temple.

93. immaculate thrills  
revealed under the night's slab –  
ant hill of the stars.

94. dumb and blind darkness  
on the Braille file of the sky  
reading from the stars.

95. fire fly hurried  
to the celestial wrap –  
the lightening's slipstream.

96. I'm a lotus seed.  
from sludge through water  
growing to bring you flowers.

97. smouldering magma –  
Fuji constructs its temples  
over millennia.

98. malign marriage,  
contrasted wife and husband –  
snow on magnolias.

99. oneiric whirlpool  
with all fragrant branches –  
waltz of linden trees.

100. leaving the brainwave,  
some words disguised in petals  
fall into verses.



101. harmless cat; its claws  
of icicles under snow –  
winter is stretching.

102. in the first sunrise  
the Earth remains unchanged,  
only the Moon cries.

103. un-harvested fruits  
like an idea, autumn  
gone under the snow.

104. swarming in round dance  
the bees and linden flowers –  
droning fragrances.

105. weeping September  
respectful of the autumn  
with a lukewarm bow.

106. surprised, is crying  
silence's magnolia –  
teardrops of snow.

107. tulip's tympanum  
charitable silences –  
butterflies' water.

108. bird footprints on snow:  
in celestial language –  
white book of winter.

109. stunted branches  
feeding the pistils to birth  
new generations.

110. delicate instants  
fall from the life's corolla –  
petals on the lake.

111. slipstream of the day  
light flight to the rainbow – drops  
dreaming of sun ray.

112. reverberation  
of millennial drumbeat  
at the Meiji shrine.

113. from only one stalk  
a tandem with no equal  
of twinning flowers.

114. the strength of being  
with emptiness below us –  
flower on a cliff.

115. stronger sedative  
than the open poppy field –  
trill of a black bird.

116. suddenly lonesome  
the spring is fastening  
its coat of flowers.

## Chapter 5.

### Shadows

117. white as the deep night  
on the negative of life  
coming with the scythe.

118. in the old dough troughs  
alibi of starvation:  
the unleavened bread.

119. white of oblivion,  
on my feelings the white frost –  
the stones are cracking.

120. from the white planet  
which hunted my dreams, he wrote  
my blue existence.

121. today I'm cloudy.  
every drop of rain – a shell  
splinter in my soul.

122. carcass of the night  
by rays pierced in the morning  
after carousal.

123. on lacquered branches  
the frost is biting on buds –  
unborn grandchildren.

124. knocks on the window  
with fingers of icicles –  
old time huddled up.

125. entire life's flint  
hit with the memories' knife  
smell of the pension.

126. rented from the sky,  
snow bank phantoms fall asleep  
with the moon switched on.

127. un-cried teardrops,  
limpid springs of hope seeping  
into the earth's depths.

128. clouds are descending;  
two days in a row – the time  
through the sadness sieve.

129. quill pen on he waves  
yearning for lyrical south –  
lost compass needle.

130. shorter and shorter  
hiding among the wrinkles  
the rest of my life.

131. foul tufts are falling  
from the clouds to inundate  
the torrid wrinkles.



132. the time – wherever,  
satellite of the spirit  
bandaging the pains.

133. infested torrent  
through the ego's undergrounds  
stirring nightmares.

134. wind is getting drunk;  
paternally, the oak tree  
mourns for broken branch.

135. aestival whirlpool –  
a bluish dream in daylight  
towards nowhere.

136. the final season –  
anthropophagus twilight  
swallows our years.

137. when song is silent,  
violin bow is bowing  
to the loneliness.

138. after the disputes,  
artesian intentions  
erupt from feelings.

139. from so far away,  
do you hear the temptation  
fluttering in black?

140. fight with ourselves –  
no ally defending us,  
just autumn of life.

141. magnitude of quake –  
contempt of contemplation  
smouldered underground.

142. miserable clouds  
dripping in our spirits –  
accomplice to mud.

143. a poisonous snake,  
the irreversible word  
kills the harmony.

144. hollow of the mind  
a palace or a prison?  
on brow just wrinkles.

145. vital, secret piths  
secreted by the years  
in woodworm channels.

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**Mr. Radu Șerban says, the  
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*Tousen Nishiike,  
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