

Short Distance



Long Journey







HAIKU STYLE VERSE

Composed by

JEB BARTON



Dedicated
to my teacher, Ray Hill,
and my brother, Thommy Barton

No. 20

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Single file,

Bamboo hats

Walking into spring fog.



Meeting place.

Lovers departed.

Tea cups awry.



A lantern hurries into the darkness.

A horse is dying.

Snow continues to fall.



Drought—

Even the wind

Searches for water.



The hands of the bricklayer

Awaiting their turn

To hold the kitten.



Setting nine birds free

At Doi Suthep Temple—

What flies away?



Summer tide.

No trace

Of the lovers' long day.



Before dawn,
Wood chopping far away.
But only for a moment—
Deep winter.



Husband-wife-fighting.

A fly withdraws

Into a crack.



The hesitation

In hesitation.



A golden shining Buddha.

Tick, tick

Tick, tick—

Tick, touch

Blindman's stick



Summer's end.

A lovers' meeting place,

Now used by a torn-up photograph.



Dragonfly—

Suddenly blown off course

Thinking about what?



Children throwing rocks

At a tree.

A withered leaf falls.



The apple tree flower

Has no expression.

The bee has no expression.

A spring evening.



Wooden cow bells

Wandering to water.

Dry grasses listening.



Midnight rain.

I stumble over a bicycle

That has no handle bars.



Fresh snow.

Only the mailman's trail.

He looks drunk.



Sudden summer rain.

Villagers scurrying.

Upside down box—

Two tiny feet sticking out.



Vacant cafe.

A summer moon

Finds the only cup.



Snow storm.

Huddled alone on a bare branch

A single sparrow.



Magnificent butterfly!

Caught—

Eaten.

A spring morning.



In this world

Of so many lives —

Do the waters count the fisherman?



A spring breeze

Hurries some goats

Toward a mountain village.



Bone cold winter fog.

Cradled by his master —

A dying dog.



An outdoor play.

The monster ranting and raving.

A butterfly lands on his sleeve.



Cups,

Chairs,

Minds—

Emptied.



Deep jungle village.

A tethered rooster, crowing,

A deaf and dumb girl, smiling.



Leafless branches

Scratching

At the winter sky.



Thieves attack the tent next door.

I incorporated the sounds
into my dreams.



One thousand lives.

One thousand rocks in the river.



Dark doorway.

A tiny sunlit hand

Waving.



Snowy forest.

The sound of my axe.

How can I continue?



Empty mailbox.

Suddenly a hawk

Flies from a bush.



Rainstorm.

The park is deserted.

—Except for one child.



My trap is finally ready.

But when the rains started

The rat chose a new path.



Emerald green

Rice terraces.

Sudden cries of a dog

Being beaten.



Icy morning fog.

Screaming crows

—Unseen.



Middle of the street.

Middle of traffic.

A contorted dog—

Flea biting.



Black and white

In the cold room.

The winter moon.



Late summer.

A merchant barking,

Rearranging, rearranging—

No one stopping.



Without any wind

How can I determine

The center of the flower?



Lost calf.

Bewildered breath

Pleading with the fog.



Long shadows.

Handmade plow

Resting.



Starting out later

I follow my brother's footsteps

In the snow.



At Sukhothai,

A defaced Buddha—

Intolerance . . . impermanence.



Sudden fall gust.

Bamboos rattle—

Golden kites go flying.



Left beside a stream,

Two tea cups.

One tipped over . . .



Standing perfectly still
Tangled in barbed wire—
The look on the horse's face.



Old village merchant,
Hot summer bartering—
Cool pretending.



Winter is beginning.

Why is my cherry tree budding?

Unexpectedly—a friend dies.



At Borobudur Temple,
Rain pelting my umbrella.
—Thoughts striking my mind.



The tyranny of perfection.

The tyranny of imperfection.



Late summer.

Only a light rain.

But no one in the village stirs.



I was just there yesterday,

But now this news.

Raindrops smearing the ink.



The sound
Of kitchen chores.
The fluttering
Of the window curtain.



Fighting furiously

To turn over,

The fly stops to rests.



Perfect Buddha image

—No thoughts.

Broken Buddha image.

—Many thoughts.



Beside a stream,
A ripped-up photograph.



A summer shadow crosses a rose.

Who is certain

How far away the sun is?



So hot—

Even my shadow

Searches for shade.



The first chop.

Soft snow falls

From the branches.



Spring fog.

The sound

Of one hoe.



Short distance.

Long journey.







1. 1997 – Sulawesi, Indonesia
2. 1997 – Thailand
3. 1991 – Oregon
4. 1997 – Burma
5. 1996 – Oregon
6. 1971 – Thailand
7. 1996 – Oregon
8. 1971 – Montana
9. 1995 – Washington
10. 1996 – Utah
11. 1997 – Thailand
12. 1997 – Thailand
13. 1969 – Virginia
14. 1997 – Burma
15. 1972 – Oregon
16. 1997 – Thailand
17. 1996 – Oregon
18. 1967 – Washington DC
19. 1997 – Sulawesi, Indonesia
20. 1997 – Ko Samui, Thailand
21. 1995 – Oregon
22. 1969 – Virginia
23. 1996 – Oregon
24. 1977 – Himalayas, India
25. 1996 – Oregon
26. 1996 – Bali, Indonesia
27. 1997 – Thailand
28. 1997 – Thailand
29. 1996 – Oregon
30. 1989 – Tanzania, Africa
31. 1993 – Chile
32. 1997 – Burma
33. 1978 – Oregon
34. 1979 – Oregon
35. 1968 – Washington DC
36. 1972 – Oregon
37. 1997 – Sulawesi, Indonesia
38. 1971 – Montana
39. 1997 – Burma
40. 1969 – Cape Cod
41. 1997 – Ko Samui, Thailand
42. 1996 – Oregon
43. 1996 – Oregon
44. 1997 – Burma
45. 1969 – Cape Cod
46. 1997 – Thailand
47. 1997 – Thailand
48. 1997 – Thailand
49. 1972 – Oregon
50. 1996 – Bali, Indonesia
51. 1996 – Oregon
52. 1997 – Java, Indonesia
53. 1997 – Bali, Indonesia
54. 1978 – Andes, Peru
55. 1989 – Kenya, Africa
56. 1997 – Ko Samui, Thailand
57. 1969 – Virginia
58. 1997 – Thailand
59. 1997 – Thailand
60. 1996 – Oregon
61. 1997 – Burma
62. 1969 – Cape Cod
63. 1996 – Bali, Indonesia
64. 1996 – Oregon



This book of Haiku StyleVerse has been designed by Jeb Barton and handcrafted by the artistic team of Desaineko, Ubud, Bali, Indonesia. It is made completely of natural materials. Bamboo and raffia are used for the binding while heavy recycled paper, topped with the aromatic root “akar wangi” compliments the cover. The verse is printed on hand-torn bamboo paper.





