

Haiku Dreaming Australia

presents

The Dreaming Collection

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About Haiku Dreaming Australia

Background

Haiku Dreaming Australia (Dreaming) started in 2006 in response to some unwanted effects of the globalization of haiku. I saw the problem this way:

In seeking to join in *world-haiku* many Australians appear to write to satisfy overseas editors, judges and readers. In doing so they risk losing some Australian identity – they write less about the world they actually live in and the people they share it with, in favour of a *haikuland* populated by *worldpersons*. [See Homogenous Haiku]. To redress this trend *Haiku Dreaming Australia* was formed to encourage haiku that are relevant in Australia and to Australians.

About *The Dreaming Collection*

Dreaming's encouragement for Australians to write haiku from an authentic sense of place has taken the form of *The Dreaming Collection*, a topical display of the best *Australian* haiku.

The Dreaming Collection was started in 2006 then continuously reviewed, culled and infused with new haiku until suspended in 2011. To obtain poems for the Collection I reviewed publications, invited submissions and, in 2009, ran an international haiku competition from which the best haiku were acquired for the Collection.

After an initial three months exposure all poems were liable to be culled from the Collection. I did this based on advice I solicited from Australian haiku judges, editors and poets. These culled poems were archived and are available for public scrutiny. (see Appendix, p 258)

The Collection is not an anthology of haiku by Australians, in the lineage of the First Australian Haiku Anthology; that is the purview of the AHS. Nor is it an interpretation of Australia through haiku; it is not meant to be comprehensive.

Subject groupings arose naturally to match the poems used. *Dreaming* is focused on haiku, rather than their authors.

Haiku subjects need not be exclusively Australian but they should at least be commonly experienced here. *The Collection* includes explanatory notes and images to assist readers not familiar with Australia.

Because *The Dreaming Collection* seeks to exemplify I separated haiku from senryu. At the margin the distinction may be arbitrary; I accept this in order to differentiate them when they occur as markedly different poetry.

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The Australian Haiku Society (AHS) has endorsed and supported the *Dreaming* endeavour but all opinions expressed and decisions taken, until this time, are my own. I have vested ownership, and copyright of *Dreaming* as a whole, in AHS.

The Future

I think of this as the first or the 2006-2011 Collection. I hope that AHS will, from time to time, endorse other poets as editors of *Dreaming* so that the Collection remains a topical display of the best of Australian haiku with an accumulation of articles about contemporary concerns.

Aside from its primary role, I have found *The Dreaming Collection* to be valuable when thinking about aesthetics and techniques that are, or might become, applicable to Australian haiku. I believe the *Collection* could emerge as a test bed and locus for such research and study. I elaborate on this prospect in *Dreaming Discoveries*.

I thank all who have made their material, much of it copyright, available to *Dreaming*, especially those named in the list of poets. I thank all who provided help and advice, particularly my talented advisers, Loren Ford and Rob Scott.

John Bird

This article last updated: *February, 2014*

Homogenous Haiku (*haikuland*)

Haiku Communities

We come together in many different groups to share haiku:
friends, region, state, nation, hemisphere, language, world.

Small groups suit me. For many years a weekly ginko with my mother in the Brunswick Valley was my haiku highlight. More recently it's been the local *Cloudcatchers* haiku group of about a dozen poets. Our activities centre on seasonal ginko where we write about things within the immediate range of our senses. We are *fair dinkum*, grounded in the here and now, and products of the same physical and social environments. We sympathetically complete each other's haiku.

These haiku include words like: *Wollumbin, banksia and pademelon*. These make for nice distinctions and let us say much in few words. Our haiku is intimate, rich in connotation.

When we move, as we do, from local to world stage the poet count becomes enormous and we have the thrill of sharing an art with all of them. But what accommodations we must make to do so. Those local bonds are lost. We give up *Bunyip, Bradman, Bondi* and *scones*. We leave behind *Ned Kelly* wearing *Nolan's* black squares, and *Phar Lap* with his huge heart. *Anzac, Uluru, swaggie*.

As I argue elsewhere, kigo (seasonal references) do not and never will provide haiku written in Australia with the richness and depth which that form of allusion brings to haiku in Japan. If we then forego Australian 'keywords' loaded with local connotations then our haiku will be an arid version of what it could be.

The Pandemic

Most Australian haiku poets delight in world haiku-fellowship and seek to make their mark on the international haiku stage. This engagement is as it

should be, but an unintended consequence of writing to satisfy overseas editors and judges is, to my ear, some loss of identity.

Often, I suspect, Australian subjects are consciously avoided and as a result Australian haiku is the poorer, less fun to write, and less relevant to Australian readers than it could be. Words like 'foreign', 'factory' and 'homogenised' come to my mind.

If our haiku refer to *nature* surely the *nature* they address should be that where we live, that which we know and routinely interact with, and not that of a foreign country or some virtual *haikuland*. And I would expect any *humans* in our haiku to be the real people with whom we live, work and love, and not a generic international editor or some abstraction of *worldperson*.

[*Haikuland* n. tacitly agreed homeland for haiku; a construct of old poems; esp *haikai no renga*]

The problem of homogenization of haiku has been recognized by various poets and scholars, including Australians, over recent years. However it continues to grow unabated and in step with the internet.

Our ambition and vanity make us vulnerable to world seductions: *how many haiku published in how many magazines, countries, languages?* So if, as I claim, *haikuland* does exist and it lures poets from their real worlds, then what is to be done?

The Remedy

Nothing drastic – we wish for our haiku poets a real poetic environment, not cultural internment, so overreaction is to be avoided.

An awareness of *haikuland* seems important. As does encouraging all poets' efforts to locate their haiku wherever in the world they write them.

Ginko (nature walks for composing haiku) oblige participants to write about the 'here and now'. This December when we *Cloudcatchers* meet in our villages there will be no haiku about 'chipmunk tracks in a fresh snowfall,' yet most of us will have haiku currently under consideration by editors and judges outside Australia. The local colour in poems written on a ginko does provide an antidote to homogenisation.

One-off promotion of haiku about specific local events would help. An example is the *Australian Haiku Society's* collation and web-publication of haiku about the 2009 bushfires in Victoria.

Inoculating Australia

Various poets have addressed the lack of Australian identity in haiku — Janice M Bostok's 'Gumnut Conversations' in the old *Hobo Poetry Magazine* comes to mind. However such efforts have been fragmented. *Haiku Dreaming* brings the prospect of a co-ordinated and continuous effort to encourage haiku relevant to our nation.

And in Australia's case, *nation* is a sensible level to look to our haiku: a balance between size (a hundred or so poets) and the distinctiveness that results from being an island-continent where isolation has shaped landscape, flora and fauna, and, at least until recently, people. Advocacy of action at a national level is not jingoism, nor is it a rallying call against cultural colonialism. It is simply pragmatic.

At the national level we look to the *Australian Haiku Society* to make the running. Perhaps it could encourage discussion on this subject and promote a haiku response to occasional Australian events, as it did with the the 2009 bushfires in Victoria. Further, it might consider dispensing with state representatives in order to work directly with and encourage small groups likely to focus on their local scene.

My contribution has been to provide a showcase where the best of Australian haiku can be sympathetically displayed and studied:

The Dreaming Collection.

John Bird

Editor, *Haiku Dreaming Australia*

Seasonality Coming Clean on Kigo

Introduction

Haiku Dreaming Australia is closely related to the 'issue' of *kigo*. As the *Dreaming* editor I feel obliged to explain my position, although not necessarily to persuade others to share it. What follows is a summary of my opinion on *kigo*. This was largely shaped by my failed search for '*Australian kigo*'

I have nothing to add to the many excellent writings and public discussions about the use of *kigo* in haiku written in languages other than Japanese. Rather than revisit these well-canvassed arguments I simply state my conclusions based on them. Any elaboration relates to my Australian perspective. The Australian Haiku Society (AHS) has endorsed the *Dreaming* project but the opinions expressed here are my own.

My start point is that, whether I like it or not, *kigo* exist, and have done so for hundreds of years. Further, *kigo* are used by most of the world's haiku poets, including many who write haiku in English. Ignoring *kigo* is not an option. I must make some accommodation with it.

The Easy Part

As a minimum, I want to know which words in the haiku I make might signify a season to informed readers, and might have special connotations beyond Australia. This knowledge makes it less likely I'll write nonsense haiku.

More importantly a working knowledge of common *kigo*, and the facility to quickly check on others, lets me more fully appreciate other poets' haiku, including translations from Japanese.

I satisfy these basic needs with my own *kigo* list – selected translations from Japanese *saijiki*, reduced by me to a minimum. I have a searchable copy on my computer desktop and I carry a one-page hard copy. My list contains, for example, 'spider' but not 'Dolls Festival'.

For more serious reading I use the on-line, searchable resource *The Five Hundred Essential Japanese Season Words* ¹ and William Higginson's *Haiku World* ²

The Tougher Decisions

For clarity, below I assert what are really only the opinions I hold at this stage.

Colonial settlers sought to impose their concept of seasons, in particular four of them as determined by equinoxes and solstices, on Australia. I sympathise with those Australian naturalists who say this is, at best, unhelpful.

In Australia we do not have and are unlikely to ever acquire the equivalent of the Japanese *kigo culture*. That is unique to Japan.

The season which particular Japanese words (*kigo*) signify are based on tradition and are not self-evident. Calendar references (names of months and events such as Easter, Christmas and New Year) indicate the opposite season to those in our hemisphere.

When we use the translation of a Japanese word (*kigo*) to signify a season in Australia the full import of that *kigo* is often lost on Australian readers.

Kigo, in addition to indicating season, carry haiku-enriching associations and connotations but these are based on a tradition we do not share. These associations are not easily apprehended by us; they can trigger associations we never intended. In our hands *kigo* is a crude and inappropriate tool for indicating seasonality. For me 'Australian kigo' is an oxymoron. (I am not interested in whether our poems should be called 'haiku' if they do not contain a kigo.)

Data banks and other reference sources, in which one can research the seasonality of selected words and phrases, in any country, may be useful for research. And perhaps such lists of what-happens-when-in-which-country will eventually be endorsed by world and national haiku bodies, but let's not hold our breath.

However there will never be a '*collection of Australian kigo*', an *Australian*

saijiki to which Australian poets adhere. Even a collection of agreed season words is unlikely. Arrival at this bloody-minded position was liberating for me: it resolved my 'kigo wavering', stopped me wasting time on their futile pursuit, and freed me to seek kigo alternatives. Let's look closer at why I dismiss Australian kigo/season words.

- * I can't imagine separate *saijiki* for Broome, Alice Springs, Melbourne, etc. Perhaps seven regional *saijiki* would be needed to cover our continent.
- * For that matter, how many seasons? Two as in the 'top end'? Four as in Tasmania? Seven as observed by Aborigines in the SW of our country?
- * Botanists tell me that some species of 'wattle', once my favourite candidate as a late-winter kigo, is in bloom somewhere in Australia every day of the year. What season for wattle?
- * Perhaps we could get all Australians to standardise kigo on Canberra, our national capital; pigs might fly.
- * And who may elevate a word to the status of 'Australian kigo'? An Hungarian tourist? The local *cloudcatchers* haiku group? Does AHS have the interest, expertise and clout to arbitrate?
- * Anyhow, would Australians settle for sharing haiku only with those poets who subscribe to our *saijiki*? No, and amen.

Seasonality

The value of locating our haiku within the seasonal cycle is a given, particularly when something in nature familiar to the reader is used to do so, and provided the season is germane to the haiku. How then, without *kigo* or prescribed season words, do we indicate the season?

I suggest that we do not start with 'season' as a haiku subject/objective, not even in a classroom — such may be appropriate in countries with a *kigo culture* but not in Australia.

If the season is integral to a haiku we are making and the context does not convey it, then let us use the name of the season—spring, late summer, winter wind...—rather than a second-hand and artificial symbol for that season.

This naive approach makes misunderstandings unlikely, defeats the lure of *haikuland*, and allows us to stay true to the 'here and now.' We may use season names more often but if seasonality is important then they bear such repetition.

Allusion

Professor Haruo Shirane³ hit the nail on the head when he said haiku should draw on the poet's 'historical, cultural and literary past'. Without the depth such linkages bring to haiku, their three(?) short lines are hard-pressed to qualify as poetry.

In Japanese, *kigo* provide the most powerful form of allusion but in Australia seasonal words will contribute little. However there are many other candidate words for making the connections that Shirane advocates: 'Uluru', 'Dreaming', 'boomerang', 'convict', 'first fleet', 'squatter', 'shearer', 'Anzac', 'Phar Lap' etc. Such words, broadly understood and used within Australia, are there for the finding. Given the chance, some will establish themselves in Australian haiku usage and open up that 'Y axis' for us.

The history of Europeans in Australia is less than 300 years old but fortunately we share this continent with Aborigines, indigenous Australians, with the longest continuous cultural history of any group of people on Earth. They are recognised to have arrived in Australia from 40,000 to 70,000 years ago. Their myths, legends and Dreaming, their affinity with nature, are potential treasure troves of Australian-symbolic keywords.

To give up the allusive power of *kigo* is to surrender something that was never ours. And there are many other ways to draw on our history and culture to enrich our haiku. But that is the subject for a separate discussion.

I conclude: *kigo* is a four-letter word and I will not use it again.

..... John Bird

Last updated: *September, 2009*

Notes

1. *The Five Hundred Essential Japanese Season Words* selected by Kenkichi Yamamoto. Translated by Kris Young Kondo and William J. Higginson. Edited for Renku Home with added information on the seasonal system by William J. Higginson, [<http://renku.home.att.net/500ESWd.html>]
2. Higginson, William J.; *HAIKU WORLD: An International Poetry Almanac*; (Tokyo, New York and London: Kodansha International, 1996)
3. Harua Shirane, 'Beyond the Haiku Moment: Basho, Buson and Modern Haiku Myths,' *Modern Haiku* XXX1:1 (winter-spring 2000), pp48-63.

A failed attempt to identify Australian season words

In 2001, frustrated with trying to apply Japanese kigo to this hemisphere and continent I began researching potential Australian kigo/season words. I carefully reviewed haiku written by Australians and sought suggestions from both haijin and those unfamiliar with haiku. I was surprised to find only a handful of seasonal designators valid for all of Australia; most of these were events in human affairs such as Australia Day, Anzac Day, Melbourne Cup. I abandoned the project in favour of finding seasonal indicators for the region in which I live.

Prospecting for regional season words

I have been writing haiku in this region since 1997. For three years my mother and I held weekly ginko in the Brunswick Valley. See: p. 14

In 2005 a regional haiku group, *Cloudcatchers*, was formed. Its object was not specifically to identify and use regional season words but the group has met four times per year, once in each season, for each of the last four years. Meetings take the form of a ginko with subsequent on-line workshopping of the

best haiku. The members' haiku output is widely published and respected; their attitudes to seasonality, are instructive.

Certain conclusions are unavoidable:

Regional season indicators are available, at least more so than on a national scale. However poets are not interested in formalizing or codifying these indicators of season. *Cloudcatcher* poets write about nature as they experience it there and then; if their haikus context conveys the season then fine; if not, that's usually fine too. They feel no obligation to indicate the season in which they write. If they feel their haiku need an indication of season, or they wish to make the season clear to readers outside their region, then they will probably use the season name ("Spring" etc). They would eschew haiku written as if made in a season other than the current one.

..... *John Bird*

Last updated: *September, 2009*

Designating the Seasons in Australian Haiku

Elsewhere I have argued that neither Japanese kigo, nor any Australian equivalent, is of use for haiku that relate to this continent. However the ability to indicate season is often important and below I briefly examine how this is being done, particularly at the regional level.'

Example of a Region's Season Words

john bird

Region

I live in the NE corner of the state of New South Wales, bounded by the Tweed River to the north, the Richmond River to the south, the Great Dividing Range to the west and the Pacific Ocean to the east. Sub-tropical mountains, river flatlands, a seashore which includes Cape Byron, the most

easterly point of the Australian mainland. This is the traditional home of the Bundjalung Nation whose sacred mountain, Wollumbin, is the extinct volcano within whose caldera we all live. I was born here.

Seasons

This region has the usual four seasons:

Spring -- September, October, November

Summer -- December, January, February

Autumn (Fall) -- March, April, May

Winter -- June, July, August.

Seasonal Words

Words which designate a specific season in this region (not exclusively, of course) include:

Spring: burning cane, dragon lizards, Melbourne Cup, kite flying, lightning [not autumn], hail storm, whales going north

Summer: Australia Day (26th January), beach, cyclone, haze [not spring], falling gum leaves [not autumn], mirage, northerly [not winter], sunbathing, surfing, swimming, cricket

Autumn: Anzac Day (25th April), blues festival (Byron Bay), cassia (yellow flowering shrub), clear sky, tailor (saltwater fish)

Winter: bottlebrush, southerly [not autumn], wattle [early winter], football

Haiku. Examples of haiku that use some of these.

SPRING

eighth month
mangrove blossoms
on the flow

chain lightning—
house too low for the dog
to crawl under

kite festival
the home-made dragon
drags its tail

water dragons
already the babies
living statues

SUMMER

I fill a hole
in the Pacific Ocean
white clouds

rainforest -
a northerly mixes
canopy greens

park cricket
a caterpilla moves
to the next leaf

breakers-
a dolphin pod threads
the pack of surfers

NEW YEAR

first sunrise
the world curves
round wollumbin

a shark
swallows the mullet-
new year

AUTUMN

blues festival
new brothers share
the grass

woodsmoke hangs
in the autumn twilight
a mother calls

Anzac eve-
a currawong watches them
clean the cenotaph

WINTER

bottlebrush
a child counts lorikeets
on his fingers

heaped leaves
the pregnant woman
leans on her rake

crisp morning
the toddler dribbles
a pine cone

glimpse of wattle-
our teenager practices
her look

john bird

Dreaming Discoveries

Background

The Dreaming Collection arose from a desire to mitigate perceived loss of local identity arising from the globalisation of haiku. [see Homogenous Haiku,] While still serving that purpose the Collection has shown potential as a vehicle for discovering and studying aesthetics and techniques applicable to Australian haiku.

Current Considerations

Areas of study include:

- An Australian Seasoning
- Depth and allusion in Australian haiku - keywords
- Definition of English-language haiku

Some tentative areas of interest which might prove worthy of study:

- Migration of Japanese haiku aesthetics
- Literary allusion - *honkadori*
- Australian slang
- Australian poetry of place - *Utamakura*
- An Aborigine haiku path?

Below are brief notes expanding on these headings.

An Australian Seasoning

the fall / of gum leaves / spring

Perhaps one has to live in the southern hemisphere to understand Australians' frustration with *kigo*. We aspire to write haiku that is poetry and most of us see 'nature' or seasonality as basic to it, but we can not sensibly adopt or adapt the Japanese *kigo* system. *An Australian Seasoning* discusses the irrelevance in Australia of Japanese season topics (*kidai*) and season words (*kigo*). It argues that we are unlikely to ever have an Australian equivalent of a *saijiki*, a list of words that designate Australian seasons. It discusses how we might otherwise indicate seasons and how we might reconcile our haiku with that of a world which largely embraces *kigo*.

Depth and allusion in Australian Haiku

The depth and connotations of *kigo* are not, as argued in *An Australian Seasoning* and summarised above, available to Australian haiku poets. Thus we need a system, perhaps one based on keywords, that will allow our small poems the depth and resonance they need to succeed as poetry. Such a system may take many years to evolve but it is in prospect.

Definition of English-language haiku

The *Australian Haiku Society* appointed me to advise on definitions of English-language haiku it might adopt. I concluded that AHS should forgo a definition and, instead, point those who need a definition to what leading haiku editors were currently accepting for publication. An extension of this conclusion is that *The Dreaming Collection* itself is potentially a part of the evolving definition of haiku.

Aesthetics - Migration from the Japanese

Early efforts to identify and foster those Japanese haiku aesthetics which might successfully migrate into English-language haiku seem to have fizzled out. I see little evidence that haiku-in-English has gained identity from the Western literary canon. Increasingly, wit and brevity characterise our haiku-epigrams. For many, haiku is simply what one ends up with after following a list of writing guidelines. Is this acceptable? If not then I suspect any resolution will involve giving haiku a purpose and direction (not definition) at the local rather than the global level.

Literary allusion – honkadori

In recent years I've introduced into *The Dreaming Collection* some haiku that contain allusions to Australian literary classics. They have gone largely unrecognised, or at least unremarked, and, as measured by peer reviews, these haiku have been poorly received. It seems many newcomers to haiku do not have literary backgrounds. Or perhaps this form of allusion simply doesn't resonate with Australians. Some experimentation with more overt *honkadori* may be useful before that device is abandoned.

Australian slang as understatement / concision / disjunction / kakakoto?

I'm from the bush and my ear is tuned to rural slang. In its concision, its laconic understatement and irregular syntax, in its presumption that things left unsaid will nevertheless be understood as "givens", I see parallels with haiku. A particular example is the conversational use of expressions such as "eh" and "eh?" and "but" to act like *kireji*. Linguists may find this is fertile ground for exploration.

Australia and 'The Poetry of Place'

Utamakura is the Japanese use of "poetic words", usually place names, to bring depth to their poetry. Would allusion to *Uluru* or *Hanging Rock* or *inland sea* bring something to our haiku? "Spirit of place" features in our literature, as do "discovery" and "exploration" in white-Australian history and psyche. Places, sacred and otherwise, are at the heart of Aborigine Dreaming and identity. In submissions to *The Dreaming Collection* some authors avoid all place names, perhaps to ensure universal understanding (*Haikuland?*); others insist on them when even sympathetic readers can't grasp their relevance. This probably merits wider study.

An Aborigine haiku path?

Interest is sparked by some Japan-Australia parallels. On one hand there is the rural environment and the influences of Shinto and animism within which haiku evolved in Japan. On the other hand there is the Aborigine Dreaming, culture, oral history, affinity with the land, and a one-world view that integrates people, land, fauna and flora. This is a sensitive area but one where haiku, particularly *The Dreaming Collection* with its haiku-supporting notes and images, might enhance Aborigine expression and appreciation. In the process, haiku would be richly rewarded.

A Blessing

I wish those attracted to these concerns the thrill of the search and an audience for their discoveries.

John Bird

Editor, *Haiku Dreaming Australia*

Haiku Dreaming Australia ~ Last (2011) List of Poets

Gavin Austin	Lorin Ford	Ron Moss	Rob Scott
Roberta Beary	Katherine Gallagher	Jacqui Murray	Janet Selby
Tony Beyer	Beverley George	Agnieszka Niemira	Maureen Sexton
Leonie Bingham	Kevin Gillam	Graham Nunn	Sandra Simpson
Alma E. Bird	Lorraine Haig	John O'Connor	Angela Smith
John Bird	Matt Hetherington	Jan O'Loughlan	Dane Smith
Janice M. Bostok	Jan Iwaszkiewicz	Karen Phillips	Sue Stanford
Neil Bramsen	Judith Johnson	Greg Piko	Bett Angel Stawarz
Dawn Bruce	Bob Jones	Linda Pilarski	Barbara Strang
Timothy K	Jyotimitra	Joanna Preston	Alan Summers
Nathalie Buckland	Doris Kassan	Jack Prewitt	Andre Surridge
Ashley Capes	John Knight	Patricia Prime	Norman Talbot
Marlene Ciampa	Dhugal Lindsay	Vanessa Proctor	Barbara Taylor
Ross Clark	Cynthia Ludlow	Jean Rasey	Charlotte Trevella
Kirsten Cliff	Myron Lysenko	Lyn Reeves	Sunil Uniyal
Carolyn Cordon	Jo McInerney	Max Ryan	Norma Watts
Ken Daley	Peter Macrow	Katherine Samuelowicz	Andrew West
Helen Davison	Allison Millcock	Carla Sari	Quendryth Young
Sharon Dean			

Now the Collection is more stable details of haiku first publications are being added.

The Poems

ed. John Bird

Australians

the first

red dawn -
the aborigine casts
a long shadow

Haiku #056: by Ken Daley

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2007

Aborigine

Aborigines, Indigenous Australians, have the longest continuous cultural history of any group of people on Earth. They are recognised to have arrived in Australia from 40,000 to 70,000 years ago.

There were 500-600 distinct groups of Aborigines speaking about 200 different languages or dialects (at least 50 of which are now extinct).



Aborigine flag

'cast a long shadow' — somebody who was important was said to be 'a big man' and thence, to 'cast a long shadow.'

cave wall
the outline of an empty hand

Haiku # 56: by Jan Iwaszkiewicz
Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2008

**Australia Day
dot by dot she paints
yam dreaming**

Haiku #058: by John Bird

From the sequence *The Long Paddock* first published in *Songs of the Unsung Heroes*, 2002, Australian Workers Heritage Centre.

DREAMING

" 'The Dreaming' or the 'The Aboriginal Dreamtime' is that part of aboriginal culture which explains the origins and culture of the land and its people. Dreamtime is Aboriginal Religion and Culture." From *Christalinks*: [more](#)

Dot painting - the style of painting favoured by many Aborigines.

Yam - the edible tuber of a plant; a staple for many Aboriginal peoples.

Yam Dreaming paintings.

rock face
a red ochre handprint
above graffiti

Haiku # 59: by Lorin Ford

First published: *Simply Haiku Winter 2006*, vol 4 no 4

**boomerang
my fingers read
its journey**

Haiku #311: by Roberta Beary
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

BOOMERANG



Wikipedia: "A boomerang is a curved piece of wood used as a weapon and for sport. Boomerangs come in many shapes and sizes depending on their geographic or tribal origins and intended function. The most recognizable type is the returning boomerang, which is a throwing stick that travels in a elliptical path and returns to its point of origin when thrown correctly. Although non-returning boomerangs (throw sticks or kylies) were used as weapons, returning boomerangs have been used primarily for leisure or recreation."

**Arrernte mother and son
sit with their interpreter—
breeze stirs the dust**

Haiku #063: by John Bird

From the sequence, *The Long Paddock*, first published in *Songs of the Unsung Heroes*, 2002,
Australian Workers Heritage Centre.

Interpreter - 'Stolen Generation' The poem alludes to the "Stolen Generation", the forceful taking by government and religious organizations, of indigenous children from their families. Raised within white institutions and families, they lost their Aboriginal culture and many lost their native language.

Arrernte These Aborigine people live in the desert areas of central Australia near Alice Springs. Their language, Arrernte, is spoken by about 3,000 people.

rock carvings honey ants follow the grooves

Haiku #064: by Vanessa Proctor

Published: *Haiku Hut/Short Stuff* -- February 2004

Sorry Day a breeze stirs the gum's leaves

Haiku #066: by Carolyn Cordan
Published: *The Dreaming Collection* 2007

SORRY DAY

The first National "Sorry Day" was held on 26 May 1998. Sorry Day offered the community the opportunity to be involved in activities to acknowledge the impact of the policies of forcible removal on Australia's Indigenous populations. A huge range of community activities took place across Australia on Sorry Day in 1998.

On Sunday 28th May 2000 more than 250,000 people participated in the Corroboree 2000 Bridge Walk across Sydney Harbour Bridge. The event highlighted the issue of a lack of an apology by the Commonwealth Government to the Stolen Generations.

In 2005 the National Sorry Day Committee renamed Sorry Day as a National Day of Healing for all Australians: 'The Day will focus on the healing needed throughout Australian society if we are to achieve reconciliation' (*Extract from the National Sorry Day Council Archives: Senator Aden Ridgeway*).

The National Day of Healing is an annual event, with marches, speeches and presentations held through the country.

On the 13th of February 2008, the Prime Minister, Kevin Rudd, tabled a motion in parliament apologising to Australia's Indigenous peoples, particularly the Stolen Generations and their families and communities, for laws and policies which had 'inflicted profound grief, suffering and loss on these our fellow Australians.'

[The above is extracted from the [*Australian Government Cultural and Recreational Portal*](#) recommended for further reading.]

**dodging
a march wind
boomerang**

Haiku #274: by Doris Kasson
Published: and First prize 2006 Mainichi Daily News

BOOMERANG



Wikipedia: "A boomerang is a curved piece of wood used as a weapon and for sport. Boomerangs come in many shapes and sizes depending on their geographic or tribal origins and intended function. The most recognizable type is the returning boomerang, which is a throwing stick that travels in a elliptical path and returns to its point of origin when thrown correctly. Although non-returning boomerangs (throw sticks or kylie) were used as weapons, returning boomerangs have been used primarily for leisure or recreation."

the others

**kids reenact
the First Fleet arrival
boat people**

Haiku #340: by Ken Daley

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

**explaining
his ancestry —
far-off laughter**

Haiku #341: by Sandra Simpson

First Published: *Notes from the Gean*, Issue 3, 2009

Port Arthur ruins – a green rosella glides through the bars

Haiku #072: by Nathalie Buckland
First published: *The Dreaming Collection* 2008

Port Arthur

Between 1803 and 1853, about 70,000 convicts were deported to *Van Dieman's Land*, now the island state of *Tasmania*.

About 12,000 of the 'worst criminals' went to the notorious prison of Port Arthur. Its ruins have been preserved.



The green rosella is endemic to Tasmania.



**the surprise
of the irish spelling...
transport list b**

Haiku #322: by Roberta Beary

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

Irish Australians

Irish emigration to Australia began with the transportation of 40,000 Irish convicts. Many were deported for political activity such as participation in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. When convict transportation ceased in 1868 the inflow continued but as 'free settlers.' Today Irish Australians are the third largest ethnic group in Australia, after Australian and English.

**Georgian house -
touching the convict broad arrow
on a step**

Haiku #263: by Judith Johnson

Published: *The Dreaming Collection* 2008

busy road -
sparrows drinking
from a stone horse-trough

Haiku #262: by Judith Johnson

Published: *The Dreaming Collection* 2008

**last rites -
incense dilutes the reek
of irish whiskey**

Haiku #214: by Lorin Ford

Published: *Haiku Harvest*, Spring/Summer online 21/01/2006 and later in the year in the print edition.

Published in *The Dreaming Collection* 2008

Irish Australians

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Landscapes

coastal

beach sunset
a frangipani trodden
into wet sand

Haiku #111: by Sharon Dean
First Published: Yellow Moon, No 19 2006

reef dive
a turtle climbs green water
into the blue

Haiku #112: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *Simply Haiku*, Vol. 6, No. 3, 2008

old dinghy
sinks under waves
of dune grass

Haiku #113: by Lyn Reeves

First Published: *Yellow Moon*

seaside bench —
an old man looks for sand
between his toes

Haiku #115: by Max Ryan
First Published:

walking the breakwall
a stingray
keeping pace

Haiku #313: by Norma Watts

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009



turn of the tide -
the sea taking back
its jellyfish

Haiku #112: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *Simply Haiku*, Vol. 6, No. 3, 2008

**white beach-
the old shipwreck's
rust stains**

Haiku #119: by Lorraine Haig

**I fill a hole
in the Pacific Ocean
white clouds**

Haiku #124: by John Bird

First Published: *Hobo Poetry Magazine*, 1998

back from the beach
unpacking
the summer heat

Haiku #121: by Rob Scott

First Published: *First Australian Haiku Anthology* - 1999

Waterways

**fishing
on the deck
I watch the colours die**

bay shallows
a starfish moves its fingers
over mine

Haiku #226: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *The Heron's Nest*, Volume VIII, Number 1: March, 2006

**fishing harbour—
one wooden post
without a pelican**

Haiku #124: by John Bird

First Published: *Hobo Poetry Magazine*, 1998

yuuyake-o atsumeshi wani-no me-ni oware

**sunset
gathered in its eyes
watched by a croc**

Haiku #363: by Dhugal Lindsay

First Published: *Haiku Dreaming Collection*, 2010

[This haiku was composed in Japanese and translated into English for this Collection.]

in the clear water only their shadows - jellyfish

Haiku #125: by Lyn Reeves

First Published: *paper wasp* and *Walking the Tideline* by Lyn Reeves, Pardalote Press, 2001

still pools
in the rocks - rounded stones
in my pocket

Haiku #359: by Timothy K

sukuu te-no kurage-ya seimeisen fukaku

**picking up a jellyfish...
my lifeline
clear and deep**

Haiku #126: by Dhugal Lindsay

[Editorial note: Dhugal composes his haiku in Japanese and translates them into English when needed.]

winter rain -
the lake creeps
under the fence

Haiku #358: by Beverley George

First Published: *The Heron's Nest*, Vol 11, 2009 - autumn

snapper run -
his red cigarette tip
bobbing on the bay

Haiku #112: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *Simply Haiku*, Vol. 6, No. 3, 2008

underwater observatory
the groper's eye
level with mine

Haiku #128: by Vanessa Proctor
First Published:

Groper

The Eastern blue groper (*Achoerodus viridis*) is a large fish found in the southern, coastal waters of Australia, especially exposed reefs.



There are two species. Eastern blue gropers have been known to grow to 1.2 metres (4 ft) in length and weights of 22 kilograms. The western species is larger, reaching 1.6 m and 40 kg.

The blue groper is a member of the wrasse family and should not be confused with the Queensland gropers (*Epinephelus*).

the lake at sunset
trembling with reflections
of drowned trees

Haiku #278: by Lyn Reeves

First Published: *paper wasp* , 2003

lapping water—
shadows of mangroves
push against the tide

Haiku #131: by Beverley George
First Published:

Mangroves



‘Mangroves are trees and shrubs that grow along sheltered intertidal shores, mainly in tropical and subtropical coastal waterways. Australia has 39 mangrove species, which is more than half the global number.’ – *OzCoast and OzEstuaries* for further reading and images about Australian mangroves.

**billabong -
a dragonfly darts
pose to pose**

Haiku #133: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *Haiku Dreaming Australia* 2006 [*The Whole Body Singing* March 2007]

Billabong

"A billabong ('bill-a-bong') is a body of water, like a large pond."

"A billabong forms when a river changes its course, leaving a section cut off from the new river. When the river floods every wet season, the water in the billabong flows again as it connects up with the main river. Because of this the water stays fresh and supports an abundance of life."



red dawn
the fisherman's hands
gutting the mullet

Haiku #134: by Graham Nunn

city

way up there
between skyscrapers
clouds getting away

Haiku #136: by Jack Prewitt

First Published: Haiku Dreaming Australia, 2006

In the summer heat
of a city breathing out
the smell of brickdust

Haiku #338: by Norman Talbot

First Published: *Where Two Rivers Meet*, Norman Talbot, Nimrod Publications, 1980

hum of the manly ferry
each conversation
in another language

Haiku #356: by Greg Piko

First Published (an earlier version): *Blithe Spirit* 15(2)

corner wind
flares a monk's robes -
skinny legs

Haiku #139: by Alma E Bird
First Published: *Stylus* No2, 2002

**fog—
skyscrapers
all the same height**

Haiku #223: by Katherine Samuelowicz

city street
the briefest touch
of a stranger's hand

vanessa proctor

**amongst the graffiti
a tiny violet
clinging**

janice m bostok

Haiku #145: by Janice M Bostok

First Published: *Amongst The Graffiti*, Janice M. Bostok, 2003

**one egg
rattling in the pot
autumn rain**

sandra simpson

suburban

my neighbour finishes
our dividing fence -
a last wave

Haiku #146: by Max Ryan

suburban loneliness
the incessant spinning
of rotary clothes hoists

Haiku #147: by Janice M Bostok

First Published: *Amongst The Graffiti*, Janice M. Bostok, 2003

Hills Hoist -- a rotary clothes hoist

"It was popularised in Australia by Lance Hill and is a common sight in Australian and New Zealand backyards. It is considered one of Australia's most recognisable icons, and is used frequently by artists as a metaphor for suburbia in Australia." [[Wikipedia](#)]
and see [GNT History](#)



The "Hills Rotary Hoist" become an emblem of Australian enterprise

convalescence
noticing the bark patterns
for the first time

Haiku #148: by Vanessa Proctor

**laundry day -
a magpie on the clothesline
singing down rain**

Haiku #151: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *World Haiku Review - Treetops*, Vol 5, issue 1, 1/09/2005

pushing past me
on the empty street
the wind

school tuckshop —
the drone of bees
at the bubblers

Haiku #154: by Maureen Sexton

for an hour
the moon hangs
with the singlets

Haiku #155: by Ross Clark

path
to the outhouse —
wild roses

Haiku #246: by John O'Connor

rural

winter rain -
the lake creeps
under the fence

Haiku #339: by Quendryth Young
Published: Haiku Reality, 2009 and Ito En 2009.

**stud farm
riderless horses
running...**

Haiku #157: by Sunil Uniyal

wheat field
sound of wind stilled
by rain

Haiku #159: by Janice M Bostok

First Published: *Amongst The Graffiti*, Janice M. Bostok, 200

heat wave -
under the wheat truck
a magpie's eyes

Haiku #160: by Bett Angel-Stawarz

**the calf's fur
licked into curls -
woodstove smoke**

Haiku #195: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *Frogpond*, Winter 2007(Feb)

moves his swag
to the other shoulder—
the long paddock

Swag/Swaggie

A *swag* (Australian slang) is a bedroll carried by a *swaggie*, an itinerant/hobo; and an Australian icon. A swag was also known as a *bluey*, as in "hump the bluey", and as a *matilda*, as in the song Waltzing Matilda..



an old swagman

A National Library of Australia image

The Long Paddock -- a stock route or open road where people too poor to own paddocks, or any cattleman in times of drought, could drive their stock to graze them.

**a fallow field
as yesterday
the kite hovers**

Haiku #260: by Timothy K

**treeless ridge -
the towering trunks
of wind turbines**

Haiku #365: by Lorraine Haig

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2010

rivergum shade
the bushie's laptop
on his swag

Haiku #163: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *maple leaf*, Jack Stamm anthology 2006/2007

rivergum — more fully, a 'river red gum', *Eucalyptus rostrata* or *Eucalyptus camaldulensis*, which mainly grow along rivers and dried-up water courses; a source of strong timber.

bushie — a bushman of sorts; the 'swag' identifies him as a 'swaggie'

roadworks...
a cow watches
a fence post

Haiku #192: by Allison Millcock

**farm sale
a butterfly settles on
the good china**

Haiku #165: by Jo McInerney

the outback

the dead centre—
a disappearing roadtrain
lowers the stars

Haiku #208: by John Bird

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2008

warm day ~
the Tanami shivers
in the long distance

Tanami

the poet's image of the Tanami



[click to enlarge]

The Tanami Desert is Australia's third largest desert and is located north west of Alice Springs, in the Northern Territory.
It is part of the greater central Australian desert region

Some dry facts: 35% of Australia receives so little rainfall it is classified as desert;
70% of the country is classified as arid or semi-arid (less than 500 mm of rain a year);
That makes Australia the driest inhabited continent on Earth. Only Antarctica is drier;
Only 3% of the Australian population live in those dry 70% of the continent.

desert heat -
the blue-tongue lizard
sheds a skin

Haiku #169: by Ron Moss

**saltpan
the deep creases
round his eyes**

Haiku #116: by Jo McInerney
First Published:

Lake Eyre / saltpan

Lake Eyre is an example of a saltpan or shallow salt lake. In the centre of Australia, it is the largest and saltiest lake in the country and the lowest point on the continent (15m below sea level). The surface of salt crust covers 9323 square kilometers. It's normally a dry **saltpan** but a 4m flood occurs about every decade, and it nearly fills four times a century.



The water brings the breeding of thousands, if not millions of pelicans, banded stilts, silver gulls and many other water birds. Pelicans can detect ultrasonic signals from lightning, which explains how they find this inland sea.

**Nullabor sunrise...
ravens devouring the night's
road kill**

Haiku #173: by Jyotimitra

Nullabor



"The Nullarbor Plain is part of the area of flat, almost treeless, arid or semi-arid country immediately north of the Great Australian Bight. It is the world's largest single piece of limestone, and occupies an area of about 200,000 km². It stretches about 1,200 km from east to west between South Australia (SA) and Western Australia (WA)." -- from Wikipedia



"'Crossing the Nullarbor', for many Australians, is a quintessential experience of the 'Australian Outback'. Stickers bought from roadhouses on the highway show 'I have crossed the Nullarbor'"

heat haze
the miles
of boundary fence

Haiku #225: by Lorin Ford

First HPublished: *Frogpond*, May 2006

horned moon—
the fence rider stays
on his side

Haiku #168: by John Bird

From the sequence, *The Fence Rider*, published in *Banjo Paterson Awards*, 2006

stargazing . . .
the camp oven
glows red

Haiku #175: by Ron Moss
First Published:

Camp Oven

The original *camp oven* was a cast iron pot with three short legs and an iron lid. It was used by early settlers and rural workers to cook damper (bread), roasts, stews and a wide range of other dishes. The oven was hung over an open fire or placed in its embers.



yamakaji-no shiroari sora-e hoshizukiyo

**hills ablaze
termites rise into the sky
the Constellations!**

Haiku #364: by Dhugal Lindsay

First Published: *Haiku Dreaming Collection*, 2010

[This haiku was composed in Japanese and translated into English for this Collection.]

**woodfire
flickering in the silence
corralled horses**

Haiku #177: by Alan Summers

AUSTRALIAN FLORA

native

last of winter
the wattles' gold crackles
underfoot

Haiku #294: by Karen Phillips

First Published: *Notes from the Gean* Issue 2, 2009

Wattle

Wattle ([*Acacia pycnantha*](#), [Golden Wattle](#)) is the national floral emblem of Australia.

1 September (the first day of spring) is officially 'National Wattle Day' but in most areas wattle blooms in late winter and is spoken of as 'the barbing of spring'. [Further reading](#)



Acacia ambylgona
'Winter Gold'

Photographer: M Fagg

Image courtesy of and ©
Australian National Botanic
Gardens

More than 900 species of *Acacia* make it the largest genus in the Australian flora.

**billabong
a tremulous light
on the gums**

Haiku #315: by Quendryth Young
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009



Billabong

"A billabong ('bill-a-bong') is a body of water, like a large pond."

"A billabong forms when a river changes its course, leaving a section cut off from the new river. When the river floods every wet season, the water in the billabong flows again as it connects up with the main river. Because of this the water stays fresh and supports an abundance of life."

beach banksia - all the shades of dying

quendryth young

Haiku #181: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *Stylus* July 2006 (as 'seaside banksia') [*The Whole Body Singing* March 2007]

Banksia - shades of dying

Sixty species of Banksia (plant family Proteaceae), native to Australia, are found in all but arid regions. Their showy flower heads range from yellow to red and they start blooming in autumn. During winter the one tree can have flower heads in many stages of dying, down to hairless black cones.



Courtesy of and ©

Association of Societies for Growing Australian Plants (ASGAP)

**sea spray
drifting up the cliff face—
flannel flowers**

Haiku #236: by Beverley George
First Published:



Flannel flower, a common name applied to several herbaceous plants of the Australian genus *Actinotus*. It grows in full sun or semi-shade and in harsh conditions. It is a short-lived perennial, living up to four years in its natural environment. They flower between in spring.

The best known species is the Sydney or Eastern Flannel Flower, *A. helianthi*, which ranges from the far south-east of NSW into south Queensland. They are erect, up to a metre tall, with rather brittle stems and soft silver-grey leaves having a dense covering of pale woolly hairs.

**beginning rain
a soft wind brushes
the casuarinas**

Haiku #323: by Lyn Reeves

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009



The Casuarinaceae family is native to Australia, southeast Asia and islands of the Pacific. Casuarinas are commonly known as 'she oaks', sometimes as 'swamp oaks' because their wood resembles that of oak.

Casuarinas are often called “native or Australian pines” because their foliage bears a similarity to pine needles.

The word 'casuarina' derives from the word 'cassowary' - she oaks are characterised by their fine, textured evergreen foliage, that looks like the feathers on the bird.



Like pine trees, she oaks have little cones full of seeds that attract black cockatoos, finches and rainbow lorikeets. Willie Wagtails, Pee Wees and Butcher birds all favour she oaks for nesting trees. The foliage of she oaks creates a wonderful whistling sound when the wind blows through them..

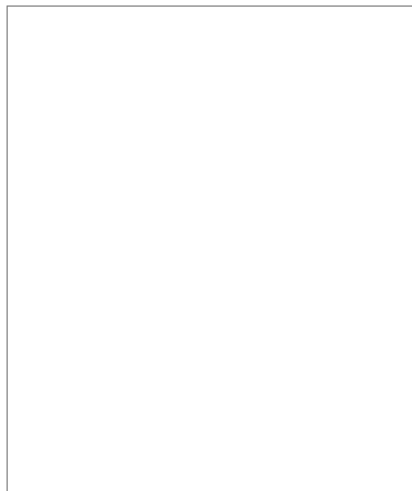
passing traffic -
the flicker of bees
among the grevillea

Haiku #344: by Maureen Sexton

midday sun
the yellow box stump
beaded with sap

Haiku #333: by Rob Scott

First Published: *paper wasp* 11 (2) autumn 2005



Eucalyptus mellidora

Yellow box Bark

lower trunk

naked sky
three Morton Bay Figs
sawn to a log pile

Haiku #272: by Sue Stanford
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection* 2008

Morton Bay Fig (*Ficus macrophylla*)

A large evergreen banyan tree of the Moraceae family that is a native of most of the eastern coast of Australia. Its common name is derived from Moreton Bay in Queensland, Australia. It is best known for its beautiful buttress roots.



Ficus macrophylla is a strangler fig; seed germination usually takes place in the canopy of a host tree and the seedling lives as an epiphyte until its roots establish contact with the ground. It then enlarges and strangles its host, eventually becoming a freestanding tree in its own right. Individuals may reach 60 m (200 ft) in height.

It is widely used as a shade and feature tree in public parks and gardens, and wherever boys like to climb.

changing the clocks
a tinge of pink
on the christmas bush

Haiku #189: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection* 2006; [*The Whole Body Singing* March 2007]

NSW Christmas Bush (*Ceratopetalum gummiferum*)

Ceratopetalum gummiferum is widespread over the east coast of New South Wales, commonly growing in open forests and on sandstone hillsides. [Plants known as "Christmas Bush" in other states are quite different species.]

About the end of October (spring), when clocks are reset for daylight-saving time, the first flush of pink appears. By the end of December the plant puts on a great display of red 'flowers'.

Ceratopetalum gummiferum



Photo by Jeff Howesby
Image courtesy andu © ASGAP

Association of Societies for Growing Australian Plants (ASGAP)

the others

winter park
the metal nametags
of dormant plants

Haiku #188: by Lyn Reeves
First Published: *Famous Reporter*

**morning light
a few mangoes have
dropped**

Haiku #343: by Rob Scott

First Published: *Hermitage II*:2 Spring-Summer, 2005

**silent dawn
the oak's trunk glistens
with cicada shells**

Haiku #344: by Carla Sari

First Published: *Modern Haiku*, Vol XXX, No. 2 Summer, 1999

**bare frangipani
a rake against
the fence**

Haiku #243: by Alma E Bird

blackberry season
a soft blue haze
on the hills

Haiku #277: by Lyn Reeves
First Published: *Yellow Moon* 2004

stubble fields
an old cane cutter
rubs his chin

Haiku #353: by Lorin Ford
First Published: *Paper Wasp*, Spring 2008

BIRDS

native

from deep shade
a currawong calls
in slow motion

janice m
bostok

Haiku #335: by Janice M Bostok

First Published: *Amongst The Graffiti*, , Janice M. Bostok, 2003



The **Pied Currawong** is a large, mostly black bird, with a bright yellow eye. Small patches of white are confined to the under tail, the tips and bases of the tail feathers and a small patch towards the tip of each wing (visible in flight). It is found throughout eastern Australia except for Tasmania.

Two other species of currawong are found in Australia. The Grey Currawong, lives in Australia's south, while the Black Currawong is restricted to Tasmania. Both of these species differ from the Pied Currawong in lacking white on the rump

The Pied Currawong prefers forests and woodlands, and has become well adapted to suburban areas. It calls in flight with a bell-like call.

**yellowing fields
hovering not hovering
the nankeen kestrels**

Haiku #002: by Alan Summers

First Published: *sundog haiku journal: an australian year*, Sunfast Press, 1997

The Nankeen Kestrel is a small, common, Australian bird of prey.



roadkill-
my windscreen fills
with eagle

Haiku #324: by Nathalie Buckland
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

summer heat
a lorikeet sips nectar
from the flame tree

Haiku #003: by Vanessa Proctor
First Published:



Rainbow Lorikeet

Photos: K Vang and W Dabrowka
/ Bird Explorers © K Vang and W Dabrowka

Image courtesy of the Australian Museum



Illawarra Flame Tree

(*Brachychiton acerifolius*), is a large tree native to subtropical regions on the east coast of Australia. Along with other members of the *Brachychiton* genus, it is commonly referred to as a Kurrajong.

telling the story
in a chainsaw voice –
lyrebird

Haiku #354: by Lorin Ford
First Published: *Stylus* , July 2009

Lyrebird



The lyrebird is native to Australia and is noted for its ability to mimic other birds and man-made sounds.

They have a fantastic tail display, like a peacock.

They are ground-dwellers that forage for insects and spiders. They grow up to one metre.

**the thump-thump
of the wonga-wonga pigeon
echoes in my head**

janice m bostok

Haiku #011: by Janice M Bostok

First Published: *A Splash Of Sunlight*, Janice M. Bostok, 1998

Named after the Onga water pump due to a similarity between the pump's sound and the pigeon's monotonous call.

**traffic snarl-
galahs on a phone line
upside down**

Haiku #012: by John Bird
First Published:



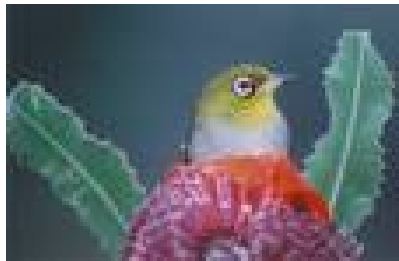
The 'Galah' or 'Rose-breasted cockatoo' (*Eolophus roseicapilla*)

the spring in a wattle spray Silvereyes

Haiku #270: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *Yellow Moon* 20, Dec 2006

Silvereyes (*Zosterops lateralis*)



a Silvereye on a Firewood Banksia

"The Silvereye is a small (9.5cm - 12cm) bird with a conspicuous ring of white feathers around the eye, and belongs to a group of birds collectively known as white-eyes." More pictures and information -- [Australian Museum Fact Sheet](#)

Wattle

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1 September (the first day of spring) is officially 'National Wattle Day' but in most areas wattle blooms in late winter and is spoken of as 'the barbing of spring'. [Further reading](#)



**Acacia
amblygona
'Winter
Gold'**

Photographer:
M Fagg

Image
courtesy of

More than 900 species of Acacia make it the largest genus in the Australian flora.

nest-building -
a magpie sings
with its mouth full

Haiku #296: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *The Heron's Nest* X No.4 December 2008

bellbirds –
half a dozen stubbies
clinking in the creek

Haiku #3: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *paper wasp* , vol 15, no 3, Winter 2009,

Bellbird

The Bellbird, or more correctly, the Bell Miner, is a honeyeater noted for its bell-like musical call.



Bell Miner on a branch

Photo: K Vang and W Dabrowka /
Bird Explorers

© K Vang and W Dabrowka / Bird
Explorers

by the shed
three brolgas
line dancing

Haiku #349: by Ross Clark
First Published: *later*

Brolga (*Grus rubicunda*)

A large silver-grey crane noted for its elaborate dance.



Photo: M Seyfort/Nature Focus
Image courtesy of and © Australian Museum

Line dancing? a Bird Explorers picture



**jagged wingtips
the smooth flight
of a black cockatoo**

Haiku #312: by Sharon Dean

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009



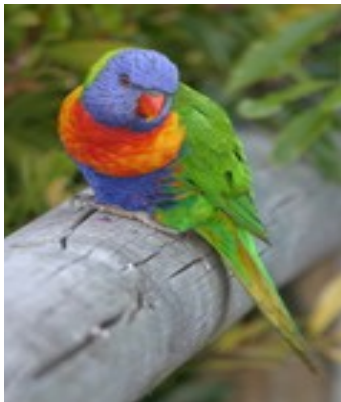
The Red-tailed Black Cockatoo (*Calyptorhynchus banksii*) is a large cockatoo native to Australia

**summer...
three lorikeets queue
in the shade of a pole**

Haiku #351: by Helen Davison

First Published: *paper wasp* 15 (4) spring 2009

Lorikeet



Rainbow Lorikeet

Photos: K Vang and W
Dabrowka
/ Bird Explorers

© K Vang and W
Dabrowka



Images courtesy of the Australian Museum

others

**first frost
the birds that stay
the birds that go**

Haiku #358: by Beverley George

First Published: *The Heron's Nest*, Vol 11, 2009 - autumn

rainy afternoon
an ibis
slots into a row of ibises

Haiku #224: by Katherine Samuelowicz

**breathing the silence
before the catbird calls
first light**

Haiku #010: by Jean Rasey

First Published:

Catbird

The Green Catbird is a large, stout green bird, spotted white, with a dusky crown, nape and face and a white bill. The eye is red. Juveniles are duller in colour.



<http://birdsinyard.net>

storm birds
crying
into the thunder

Haiku #013: by Jacqui Murray

verandah railing
a magpie stares down
the dog

Haiku #355: by Greg Piko

First Published: *The Heron's Nest* March 2009

**migrating ibis
a child's black kite
breaks free**

Haiku #328: by Jan Iwaszkiewicz

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

**bare twigs -
the flurry of a swamphen's
mating dance**

Haiku #016: by Nathalie Buckland
First Published: *Stylus Poetry Journal*, 2006

dusk...
a butcher bird eyes
the dog
the dog's dinner

Haiku #327: by Vanessa Proctor

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

**early shadows:
crows ride a windmill
back to the trough**

Haiku #209: by John Bird

a pelican
skims the waves
sunday paper

Haiku #264: by Greg Piko

**jacana
a drop of water
rolls back and forth**

Haiku #297: by Greg Piko

First Published: *paper wasp*, 15(2), Autumn 2009

Jacana



Comb-crested Jacana, also known as the Lotusbird

Comb-crested Jacanas are found in Australia's tropical and subtropical freshwater wetlands, including lagoons, billabongs, swamps, etc providing there is adequate floating vegetation.

<http://birdsinyards.net/species/Irediparra-gallinacea>

ANIMALS

native

holiday crowds-
a wombat ambles
through the snowgums

Haiku #317: by Neil Bramsen
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*



Wombats are stout, sturdy marsupials. They grow to about 1.3 metres in length, and can weigh up to 36 kg. They have a large, blunt head with small eyes and ears, and a short, muscular neck. Their sharp claws and stubby, powerful legs make them great diggers.

**summer twilight
kangaroos boxing
on the golf course**

Haiku #040: by Vanessa Proctor



**on the patio
possum footprints
in apricot juice**

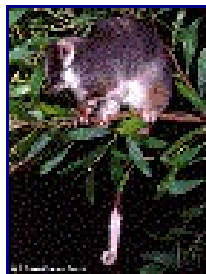
Haiku #345: by Lyn Reeves

First Published: *Presence* No 24, 2004

Possum

"Almost exclusively tree-dwelling, in forests, woodlands, rainforests, dense scrub and suburban gardens. Nest in spherical nests (dreys) in tree hollows, undergrowth or tree forks. Mainly leaf-eaters but may eat flowers and fruits. Has adapted to living in urban environments, often foraging in gardens." -- from Australian Museum Fact Sheet: [Ring-tailed Possum](#), recommended for further reading.

click to enlarge



*Image courtesy of
Australian Museum*

Ring-tailed Possum

Photo: GB Baker/Nature
Focus
© Australian Museum

water dragon
on a head-high post—
the pulse in its neck

Haiku #049: by John Bird

First Published: *Aleksandar Nejgebauer Haiku Club, Yugoslavia* - 2000 competition

Water Dragon



The Australian Water Dragon grows to almost four feet, has a large head, jowl and a spiny crest.

It runs like a dinosaur. Sunning or catching insects, it is motionless while waiting.

It hibernates in winter, and re-emerges in spring.

**sunrise
a dandelion droops
from the wallaby's mouth**

Haiku #045: by Nathalie Buckland
First Published: *Stylus Poetry Journal*, 2006

Wallaby

A member of the Macropodidae family. Most genera resemble small kangaroos.

Red-knecked Wallaby



*Image Courtesy of and ©
Southernson Photos of Australia*

*on the wallaby (track) is colloquial for 'on the move',
often applied to seasonal workers or swaggies.*

lifting mist
the bunyip dissolves
into tree fern

Haiku #052: by John Bird

First Published: *Stylus Issue 24*, January 2007

Bunyip

The *Bunyip* was one of the magical beasts in Aborigines' Dreamtime stories. It lived in swamps and billabongs, had a terrifying bellow, and devoured invaders of its territory.



--a space made available if anyone ever gets a photograph of one--

European settlers, attributed strange sounds of the Australian bush to many mythical beasts, including the *bunyip*. However the settlers' *bunyips* were more benign – herbaceous, shaggy animals. Some attribute the *bunyip* to crocodile sightings, some to fugitive swaggies who hid in swamps and emerged, covered with weeds, after the law had passed. The booming cry of the Australasian Bittern was often attributed to a *bunyip*.

hum of blowflies
blood from the kangaroo's ear
yet to dry

Haiku #290: by Kevin Gillam
First Published: *the Gean Tree*, 2009

**evening hush
a kangaroo
hops the ridgeline**

Haiku #287: by Linda Pilarski
First Published:



The Kangaroo moves by hopping on its powerful hind legs. It uses its thick long tail to balance its body while hopping. A kangaroo can hop at up to 60kmh (40mph). It can also leap over obstacles up to 3m (10ft) high.

Because of the unusual shape of its legs and its bulky tail, a kangaroo can't walk or move backwards very easily.

The kangaroo usually rests in the shade during the day and comes out to eat in the late afternoon and night when it is much cooler.

It eats mostly grass.

It needs very little water to survive. It can survive without drinking for months.

A kangaroo carries its baby in its pouch. The baby is born really tiny and crawls into its mother's pouch. The baby lives in its mother's pouch till it is quite large. Even when it is quite large it still drinks milk from a teat in its mother's pouch. It sometimes jumps into its mother's pouch head first when frightened. The kangaroo fights by attacking its opponents with its front paws (which have sharp claws) or by kicking them with its powerful hind legs.

lingering twilight
a water dragon's tail
dangles in the pool

Haiku #346: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *The Heron's Nest* Vol X, No3 September 2008

Water Dragon



The Australian Water Dragon grows to almost four feet, has a large head, jowl and a spiny crest.

It runs like a dinosaur. Sunning or catching insects, it is motionless while waiting.

It hibernates in winter, and re-emerges in spring.

lingering sunset –
a flying fox stretches
one wing

Haiku #054: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *Wollumbin Haiku Workshop* June 2007

Flying Fox

The commonest fruit bat in Australia, Asia and Africa is the *Pteropus* genus which has a foxlike head and feeds on fruit and blossom.



Headed Flying Fox
(Fruit Bat)

Photographer: Grahame
McConnell

Image courtesy and ©
Australian Geographic

Dogs

**the farmer calls
his kelpie home . . .
flame trees darken**

Haiku #301: by Sharon Dean

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

kelpie



The Australian Working Kelpie is a sheep dog capable of tirelessly working in blistering heat, freezing cold and over great distances for days on end,
a good kelpie is said to be worth many men, particularly in mountain conditions or over vast areas.

Flame Tree



Illawarra Flame Tree

(*Brachychiton acerifolius*), is a large tree native to subtropical regions on the east coast of Australia. Along with other members of the *Brachychiton* genus, it is commonly referred to as a Kurrajong.

**spring morning
dog and I exchange
silly grins**

Haiku #020: by John Bird

First Published: *New Zealand Poetry Society* 2002 Anthology

old queenslander its verandah posts stained by dogs

Haiku #021: by Janice M Bostok
First Published:

Queenslander

Queenslander (or Old Queenslander) architecture is a style common throughout Queensland. Buildings are identifiable by large verandahs and large double doors which open onto these verandahs. They are typically raised on stumps firstly to elevate the houses for ventilation and secondly to protect them from floodwaters, as well as termites and other pests. Most Queenslanders were typically built of wood but with corrugated iron roofs.



notes and image from Wikipedia

They are popular with cane farmers and are commonly seen in a mown area surrounded by cane.

The taipan is a highly venomous and aggressive snake that often makes its home in canefields (until they are fired prior to harvesting).

the old dog
at the school gate...
winter rain

Haiku #310: by Vanessa Proctor
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

**sings "old shep" -
not a dry eye left
in the pub**

Haiku #023: by Jack Prewitt
First Published:

Old Shep

A lament written by Red Foley about a faithful sheep dog. It was famously recorded by Walter Brennan and Elvis Presley and, in Australia, by Tex Morton.

"When I was a lad
And Old Shep was a pup
Over hills and... "

cold moon
the panel beater's dog
howls at a hubcap

Haiku #019: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *Stylus*, July 2006. Also in her collection, *A Wattle Seedpod*, 2008

**old ute
a bow legged Blue
master of the tray**

Haiku #025: by Jacqui Murray
First Published:

Ute

"Ute" is an abbreviation of "utility vehicle", as used in expressions such as "the holden ute". ('Holden' is an Australian make of vehicle.) It is a light truck with an open body and low sides and a tailboard. It is similar to, but smaller than, what is known as a "pickup" in some countries.



the first Holden Ute
a dog on board

**dust storm
the red kelpie
blending in**

vanessa proctor

Haiku #026: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *paper wasp Jack Stamm Award anthology May 2007*

kelpie



The Australian Working Kelpie as a sheep dog is capable of tirelessly working in blistering heat, freezing cold and over great distances for days on end, a good kelpie is said to be worth many men, particularly in mountain conditions or over vast areas.

barking dogs – the swaggie's progress through town

Haiku #027: by John Bird

First Published: *Yellow Moon* Vol15, 2004

Swag/Swaggie

A *swag* (Australian slang) is a bedroll carried by a *swaggie*, an itinerant/hobo; and an Australian icon. A swag was also known as a *bluey*, as in "hump the bluey", and as a *matilda*, as in the song [Waltzing Matilda](#). See entry in [Wikipedia](#).



an old swagman

a National Library of Australia image

The Long Paddock -- a stock route or open road where people too poor to own paddocks, or any cattleman in times of drought, could drive their stock to graze them.

**Sunday morning
a dog sniffs the base
of the goal-post**

Haiku #308: by Barbara Strang
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

sheep

SHEEP

**frosty shadows—
a shorn sheep clatters
down the ramp**

Haiku #029: by John Bird

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection* 2008

Sheep

At the time when its economy depended heavily on the export sales of merino wool, Australia was said to "live off the sheep's back".

Sheep are shorn in late spring, in a shearing shed.



**solitary gum -
a hundred merinos
crowd each other's shade**

Haiku #321: by Katherine Gallagher
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

one lane bridge
a stray sheep
has right of way

Haiku #234: by Tony Beyer

First Published: *the taste of nashi, New Zealand Haiku*, by Windrift, Lower Hutt, New Zealand, 2008

late spring
lambs play
in the slaughter yard

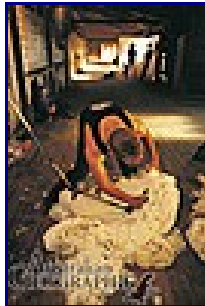
Haiku #032: by Graham Nunn

shearer at work
the sheep's world
upside down

Haiku #268: by Carla Sari
First Published:

Shearer

Shearers were the
"characters" of the wool
industry and shaped much of
Australia's 'bush' legacy.



photograph:
click to enlarge

*Image courtesy of ©
Australian Geographic*

The great shearer's strike of 1891-94 laid the foundations for the labour movement in Australia.

Shearers were hard men who worked intensely during the short shearing season (late winter), often under atrocious conditions. When the last shed was "cut out" (all the sheep shorn in the last shearing shed for the season) shearers were paid with a single cheque (check) for their season's work. Many shearers did not make it past the nearest town that had a pub; they stayed there until they had "cut out the cheque" (spent all their pay).

a woolly back
clamped between long legs
- *click go the cameras*

Haiku #267: by Carla Sari

**rough floorboards
resting shearers share
their silence**

Haiku #266: by Carla Sari

a dingo howls—
the orphaned lamb's
rough tongue

Haiku #035: by Alma E Bird
First Published:

Dingo

A wolf-like, yellowish-brown, wild dog, native to Australia.



Image Courtesy of [Photos of Australia](http://PhotosofAustralia.com) copyright © southernson.com All Rights Reserved

dawn sky
steam from the lamb's
throat

Haiku #203: by Graham Nunn

**sheep country -
passing clouds graze
the hilltop**

Haiku #038: by Lorin Ford

First Published: Shiki Monthly Kukai June 2005 (first place); Shiki Salon Annual Haiku Awards, Free format section, 2005 (first place)

abandoned farm—
tufts of wool snagged
on barbed wire

Haiku #039: by John Bird

others

**full moon
a bloated toad
belly up**

Haiku #350: by Helen Davison

First Published: *paper wasp* 15 (4) spring 2009

Cane Toad



Cane Toads are opportunistic predators and will eat whatever mouth-size prey they can capture.

Although Cane Toads are native to Central and South America, these voracious toads have been introduced to other places around the World, such as to Australia, in ill-considered attempts to control crop pests.

These huge toads can afford to be rather calm and nonchalant as they hop across the grass because they are quite poisonous.

The large bulge behind the eye is a poison gland. [from ['The firefly Forest'](#)]

**bush trail
a line of termites
moving trees**

Haiku #357: by Vanessa Proctor
First Published: *Famous Reporter*, June 2004

Termites



'Northern Australia is a big country shaped by a small insect: the termite.
In many places the very look of northern savannas owes much to the mounds built by colonies of this insect.
North Australian savannas have one of the most diverse range of termite mounds in the world:
from the enormous buttressed “cathedrals” of spinifex termites, to the remarkably aligned “magnetic” mounds and
miniature cities of columns built by various *Amitermes* species.'

from EnviroNorth

snow gum belt
the brumby mare nudges
her foal to stand

Haiku #318: by Gavin Austin

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

spring sunshine
the python oozes
onto my roof

Haiku #348: by Nathalie Buckland

First Published: *Notes from the Gean*, Issue 3, 2009

empty field
a rabbit
a rabbit

Haiku #348: by Nathalie Buckland

First Published: *Notes from the Gean*, Issue 3, 2009

cane toad
on the rainy highway -
nearly home

Haiku #361: by Max Ryan

First Published: *Haiku Dreaming Australia* 2010

Cane Toad



Cane Toads are opportunistic predators and will eat whatever mouth-size prey they can capture. Although Cane Toads are native to Central and South America, these voracious toads have been introduced to other places around the World, such as to Australia, in ill-considered attempts to control crop pests.

These huge toads can afford to be rather calm and nonchalant as they hop across the grass because they are quite poisonous.

The large bulge behind the eye is a poison gland. [from ['The firefly Forest'](#)]

summer rain
a treefrog's feet
on the window

Haiku #050: by Alma E Bird
First Published:



Australian Red-eyed Tree Frog (*Litoria chloris*)

Celebrations

anzac

**anzac eve—
a crow watches old men
clean the cenotaph**

Haiku #074: by John Bird

From the sequence *Anzac*, published *Famous Reporter* ~ 2004

Entry for: **Anzac**

"ANZAC Day - 25 April - [autumn] is probably Australia's most important national occasion. It marks the anniversary of the first major military action fought by Australian and New Zealand forces during the First World War. ANZAC stands for Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. The soldiers in those forces quickly became known as ANZACs, and the pride they soon took in that name endures to this day."

"Australians recognise 25 April as an occasion of national commemoration. Commemorative services are held at dawn, the time of the original landing, across the nation. Later in the day ex-servicemen and women meet and join in marches through the major cities and many smaller centres. Commemorative ceremonies are held at war memorials around the country. It is a day when Australians reflect on the many different meanings of war."

-- from the Australian War Memorial webpage: [The Anzac Day Tradition](#)

**waiting for dawn
the bugler's breath
rising**

Haiku #075: by Ross Clark

As part of the dawn memorial services held on Anzac Day, a bugler sounds the last post at the break of dawn.

**sandy feet
the drag of family medals
on his tee shirt**

Haiku #256: by Beverley George
First Published:

Ex-servicemen traditionally wear their medals on Anzac Day.
Medals of a deceased ex-serviceman may be worn by a relative.

Anzac dawn
the bronze wall
chills my hand

Haiku #337: by Quendryth Young
First Published: *Kokako 9*, October 2008

**Anzac Day
a baby's cry fills
our minute's silence**

**Anzacs —
the glint of pennies
spinning**

Haiku #285: by Ken Daley
First Published:

Two-up

Two-up was played extensively by Australia's soldiers during World War I and games, to which a blind eye was cast, became a regular part of ANZAC Day celebrations for returned soldiers.

In Two-up a designated 'Spinner' throws two coins, traditionally pennies, into the air. Players gamble on how the coins will fall.

**Anzac sunrise
the old bugler's lips
quiver**

Haiku #309: by Bett Angel-Stawarz
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

**sprigs of rosemary
something about the tea urn
makes me cry**

others

kangaruu ikki-ni kawa-o kozokotosh

**a kangaroo
clears the creek in one big leap
New Year's Eve**

Haiku #196: by Dhugal Lindsay

[Ed: the Japanese is reproduced here because initially, Dhugal makes his haiku in that language.]

nishikihebi hebi-o nomikomu kozokotoshi

**the carpet python
has swallowed up another snake
New Year's Eve**

Haiku # : by Dhugal Lindsay

on the bluff
the burnt-out remains
of last year

Haiku #330: by Barbara Taylor
First Published: *riverbed*, April 2009

**Good Friday -
the pelicans corner
a school of mullet**

Haiku # : Alma E.Bird

**new year
sweeping up
the Christmas beetles**

Haiku #290: by Vanessa Proctor

First Published: *Haiku Hut/Short Stuff*, February 2004

Christmas beetle is a name commonly applied to the [Australian](#) beetle genus *Anoplognathus*. They are known as Christmas beetles because they are abundant in both urban and rural areas close to [Christmas](#). -From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia



**Remembrance Day
Grandpa in white singlet
with medals**

Haiku #290: by Kevin Gillam
First Published: *the Gean Tree*, 2009

The singlet is a casual article of clothing, sometimes under-clothing.



Relationships

family

**pregnant again...
the fluttering of moths
against the window**

Haiku # : by Janice Bostok

2 year old
the sun
through his ears

Haiku #215: by Peter Macrow

**sunshine -
my child finds the blue
in a crow's feather**

Haiku #286: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *Kokako* 7 September 2007; [*The Whole Body Singing* October 2007]

the bare branches
alive with cockatoos
she has her good days

Haiku #290: by Greg Piko

First Published: *Modern Haiku*, Vol 40.1 (winter-spring 2009)

the rusted hooks
in Dad's tackle box -
spring tide

Haiku #261: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *The Heron's Nest*, March 2007

About their

homes

gentle swell...
a pregnant woman
floats by

Haiku #092: by Alma E Bird

slab hut – Sporting Globe pages fill the gaps

Haiku #102: by Jack Prewitt

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2008

Entry for: **Slab Hut / Sporting Globe**

Typical bush huts had vertical slab walls. Slabs were pit-sawn, or split with sledge and wedges and then smoothed with an adze.



The slabs were often cut from green timber that shrank, or were milling offcuts. The gaps between slabs were often packed with newspaper such as the **Sporting Globe** (1922-) a twice-weekly publication printed in Melbourne on pink paper and covering horse racing and football. It was a working man's paper.

veranda bed
corrugated sky
nailhole stars

Haiku #104: by Ross Clark

realtor's window-
bare branches subdivide
the gold coast

Haiku #217: by Cynthia Ludlow

nursing home
he asks what lies beyond
the next roof

Haiku #109: by Alma E Bird

sport

padding up –
all seagulls face
the city end

Haiku #083: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *Presence* #33 September 2008

CRICKET



How to briefly explain the sport of 'cricket' to anybody who hasn't grown up playing it in the backyard or street? [WikipediA](#) makes a good effort but it isn't brief.

Referring to this haiku:

- * **padding up** – the next batsman due to play is putting protective pads on his legs; or, the batsman does not play at the ball but uses his padded legs to protect his wicket. (well, something like that)
- * **seagulls** – flocks of seagulls often settle and feed on the huge oval-shaped playing arena while a game is in progress; when there is a wind they all face into it – here the wind is from the direction of the city.

**galahs
on the sight screen
the batsman appeals**

Haiku #305: by Tony Beyer
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

CRICKET



How to briefly explain the sport of 'cricket' to anybody who hasn't grown up playing it in the backyard or street? [WikipediA](#) makes a good effort but it isn't brief.

Referring to this haiku:

A SIGHT SCREEN is the large, usually white, screen placed at both ends of the ground so that the batsman can clearly see the ball as it is delivered by the bowler.

GALAH - the common, noisy, pink and white Australian parrot; they often move in large flocks.

**beach cricket –
bluebottles linger
in afternoon shadows**

Haiku #303: by Neil Bramsen

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

Referring to this haiku:

Cricket is often played by friends and family on the beach at low tide.

dusk, a surfboard
comes in to the beach
alone

Haiku #239: by John Knight

**hills hoist —
a leg of his karate suit
kicks in the breeze**

Haiku #087: by Sharon Dean

First Published: *Yellow Moon*, No 17, 2005

HILLSHOIST -- a rotary clothes line.

"It was popularised in Australia by Lance Hill and is a common sight in Australian and New Zealand backyards. It is considered one of Australia's most recognisable icons, and is used frequently by artists as a metaphor for suburbia in Australia." [[Wikipedia](#)]
and see [GNT History](#)



The "Hills Rotary Hoist" become an emblem of Australian enterprise.

**floodlit field
a cane toad
crouched in goal**

Haiku #088: by Nathalie Buckland

First Published: *Paper Wasp (Jack Stamm Anthology)*, 2005



Cane Toads are opportunistic predators and will eat whatever mouth-size prey they can capture.

Although Cane Toads are native to Central and South America, these voracious toads have been introduced to other places around the World, such as to Australia, in ill-considered attempts to control crop pests. These huge toads can afford to be rather calm and nonchalant as they hop across the grass because they are quite poisonous. The large bulge behind the eye is a poison gland. [from '[The firefly Forest](#)']



[Ed: probably soccer goal posts, such as these]

**conversion -
the sun
falls between goalposts**

Haiku #233: by Andre Surridge
First Published:



olympic dream -
the slap of trainers
on a bush track

Haiku #326: by Dane Smith

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

**hot pavement
a swimmer's footprint
evaporating**

Haiku #325: by Angela Smith

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

night match the scrum leaves behind its steam

Haiku #320: by Andre Surridge
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009



a rugby scrum, night game

afternoon heat
the race caller's voice
keeps rising

Haiku #316: by Jan O'Loughlin

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

ninth tee—
a kookaburra laughs
in my backswing

Haiku #091: by John Bird

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2007

Kookaburra (an Australian bird)

"The chuckling voice that gives this species its English name is a common and familiar sound throughout the bird's range. The loud 'koo-koo-koo-koo-koo-kaa-kaa-kaa' is often sung in a chorus with other individuals." -- from Australian Museum Fact Sheet: [Laughing Kookaburra](#).



Kookaburra

Photo: G Threlfo/Nature
Focus © Australian
Museum

*Image courtesy of
[Australian Museum](#)*

fish story
a cormorant spreads its wings
w i d e r

Haiku #092: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *Stylus Poetry Journal*, April 2006

pubs

lying on its side
near the tavern
Southern Cross

Haiku #093: by Ross Clark
First Published: *[later]*

Southern Cross

A star constellation prominent in the southern hemisphere. It appears on the Australian Flag.



**Port Fairy wharf
a trail of fish scales
leads to the pub**

Haiku #094: by Vanessa Proctor

Port Fairy is on the coast of Victoria. Initially it was a whaling station, then a significant port and fishing harbour. In recent years it has become noted for its cultural festivals.

beer garden table
the blurred edges
of many circles

Haiku #095: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *paper wasp* Vol. 11 no 4 Spring 2005

**parked utes -
kelpie ears point
to the pub**

Haiku #026: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *paper wasp Jack Stamm Award anthology May 2007*



kelpie

The Australian Working Kelpie as a sheep dog is capable of tirelessly working in blistering heat, freezing cold and over great distances for days on end, a good kelpie is said to be worth many men, particularly in mountain conditions or over vast areas.

outback pub
the aftertaste
of bulldust

Haiku#099 by: Jack Prewitt

First published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2008

Bulldust

1. Fine talcum powder-like red dust, found in outback Australian tracks. When wet it forms a sticky and gelatinous bog that defeats most cars.

When dry it is deceptively difficult and dangerous to drive on; it clogs air filters, and invades the human body, especially the throat.

2. In Australian slang: *Nonsense; blatantly false statements.*
[Synonym: *Bullshit*]

Hard Yards

fire

record heat
a soon-to-be-mum
backs into a wave

Haiku #332: by Ron Moss

First Published: *Final Words Haiku Competition*, 2009

total fire ban
a rat's nest
in the unlit bonfire

Haiku #274: by Nathalie Buckland

**Christmas barbecue
the smell of bushland
burning**

Haiku #274: by Vanessa Proctor

**a splash of yellow
standing
against the firestorm**

Haiku #274: by Ashley Capes

First Published: *HaikuOz Bushfire Tribute*, 11 Feb 09 <http://www.haikuo.org/>

**red moon
the calligraphy
of charred trees**

Haiku #275: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *Simply Haiku* vol. 4 no.1,(USA) Spring 2006

bushfire ash
the naked shapes
of rock

Haiku #280: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *Yellow Moon* No 18 Winter 2006; [*The Whole Body Singing* October 2007]

out of black silence
the wobble
of a burnt lamb

Haiku #: by Dawn Bruce

First Published: *HaikuOz Bushfire Tribute*, 11 Feb 09 <http://www.haikuoz.org/>

days later -
still the smell
of burnt things

Haiku #283: by Matt Hetherington

First Published: *HaikuOz Bushfire Tribute*, 11 Feb 09 <http://www.haikuoz.org/>

tent city ...
a girl's smile from inside
the fireman's jacket

Haiku #284: by Leonie Bingham

First Published: *HaikuOz Bushfire Tribute*, 11 Feb 09 <http://www.haikuoz.org/>

drought

summer heat
the bush turkey pauses
in my shadow

Haiku #306: by Kirsten Cliff

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

dairy farm -
in the dry paddock
two cars for sale

Haiku #163: by Myron Lysenko

two years of drought
another pause
in the conversation

Haiku #265: by Greg Piko

red dust road
a cattle truck reaches
the vanishing point

Haiku #269: by Lorin Ford

First Published: *Paper Wasp (Jack Stamm Awards)*, 2006

forty in the shade
the rainwater tank
rings hollow

Haiku #259: by Joanna Preston

**water restrictions —
sharing the shower
with ants**

Haiku #307: by Lorraine Haig

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

**lingering drought
cracks in the walls
widening**

Haiku #336: by Vanessa Proctor

rippling over
the stony creek bed ~
heat waves

Haiku #342: by Bob Jones

First Published: *Famous Reporter* No 37, 2008

parched paddock
a butcherbird clasps
the barbed wire

Haiku #3: by Quendryth Young

First Published: *Presence* #40, 2009

**drought
the last bullet
shines**

Haiku #178: by Ian Iwaszkiewicz

SENRYU

ethnicities

foot on knee,
spear in ground
a penny stamp

Haiku #290: by Ken Daley

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

**didgeridoo
an emerging cicada
shakes-a-leg**

Haiku #065: by Lorin Ford

Published: *a maple leaf*, the 8th *paper wasp* Jack Stamm anthology, 2006

DIDGERIDOO

The didgeridoo (or didjeridu) is a wind instrument of the Indigenous Australians of northern Australia. It is sometimes described as a natural wooden trumpet or "drone pipe". Musicologists classify it as an aerophone.



[click image to enlarge](#)

There are numerous names for this instrument among the Aboriginal people. Yirdaki, also sometimes spelt yidaki, refers to the specific type of instrument made and used by the Yolngu people of north-east Arnhem Land. "Didgeridoo" is considered to be an onomatopoeic word of Western invention.

Further reading: [iDIDJ Australia](#) and [Wikipedia](#)

in deep shade
of the catholic church
a protestant's dog

Haiku #216: by Jack Prewitt

style

**that distant ridge
I'll never climb...
autumn rain**

Haiku #204: by Lyn Reeves
First Published: *Yellow Moon*

desert sky ... wishing I knew more about everything

Haiku #176: by Vanessa Proctor

**first blossoms -
a commodore cruising
to a stereo's throb**

Haiku #250: by Bett Angel-Stawarz

**rejection letter -
the willy-wagtail
flicks its tail**

Haiku #254: by Maureen Sexton

**Archibald Prize –
the private schoolgirls
smell of pencil shavings**

Haiku #273: by Sue Stanford
First Published: *The Dreaming Collection* 2008

Entry for: Archibald Prize

"The Archibald Prize is regarded as the most important portraiture prize, and is the most prominent of all arts prizes, in Australia. It was first awarded in 1921 after a bequest from J F Archibald, the editor of The Bulletin who died in 1919. It is administered by the Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales and awarded for 'the best portrait, preferentially of some man or woman distinguished in Art, Letters, Science or Politics...' " — [Wikipedia](#)

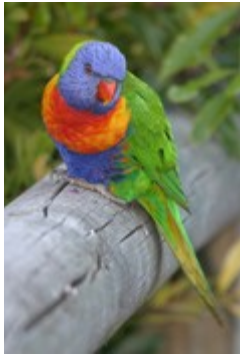
**garage sale -
a Rolls Royce
with a roof rack**

Haiku #255: by Maureen Sexton

lorikeet chatter
she ups the volume
on the talk show

Haiku #210: by Alma E Bird

Lorikeet



Rainbow Lorikeet

Photos: K Vang and W Dabrowka
/ Bird Explorers © K Vang and W Dabrowka

Image courtesy of the [Australian Museum](#)

further reading: [Birds in Backyards fact sheet](#)

**easter monday
fresh flowers
on the roadside**

Haiku #253: by Ashley Capes

quirks

sitting by the brisbane river
listening
to your muddy confessions

Haiku #231: by Agnieszka Niemira

**internet:
the pleasure of googling
old enemies**

Haiku #293: by Karen Phillips

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

dissolved
in damp garden weeds
junk mail

Haiku #319: by Patricia Prime

First Published: *The Dreaming Collection*, 2009

**monsoons-
a row of mold-speckled shoes
at the entrance**

Haiku #329: by Barbara Taylor

First Published: *Haiku World Shiki*, July 2009

diversions

**bitter monday
he feeds his team scarf
to the office shredder**

Haiku #290: by Jack Prewitt

**powerlines -
starlings and sports shoes
rest abut**

Haiku #290: by Marlene Ciampo

**firecrackers—
kissed by a stranger
under the bridge**

Haiku #331: by Barbara Taylor
First Published: *asahi haiku*, January 2009

[Editor: the context suggests a festive celebration such as New Year, and a location such as under the Sydney Harbour Bridge, a vantage point for watching fireworks.]

tall poppies

**St Kilda Esplanade
the chihuahua's master
walking tall**

ku #247: by Lorin Ford

First Published: an earlier version was published *Shamrock Haiku Journal* #7, Sept 08, before this version was published on *Haiku Dreaming Australia*

head first
in the garbage bin
sacred ibis

Haiku #240: by John Knight

Appendix

REGISTER OF ALL HAIKU ACCEPTED for HAIKU DREAMING AUSTRALIA

each haiku is allocated a unique number when it is accepted for Dreaming

1 ARCHIVED

at the billabong an emu scoops water into its throat

Janice M Bostok

2006-2008

2

yellowing fields
hovering not hovering
the nankeen kestrels

Alan Summers

2007-

3

summer heat
a lorikeet sips nectar
from the flame tree

Vanessa Proctor

2006-

4 ARCHIVED

'mo-poke' 'mo-poke'
sad night owl
I alone have heard

Jean Rasey

2007-2008

5 ARCHIVED

white cockatoos
crown the pine trees –
autumn nuts

Allison Millcock

2007-2008

6 ARCHIVED

first light —
eye to dreaming eye
with a kookaburra

Lorin Ford

2007-2008

7 ARCHIVED May 2010

kookaburras ...
dawn brings laughter
to our bedroom

Beverley George *2008-2010*

8 **ARCHIVED**

on the fence post
a docile tawny frogmouth
held fast by daylight

Janice M Bostok *2006-2009*

9A **ARCHIVED**

misty dawn
a whipbird hidden
in the scrub

Bea Holmes *2007-2008*

10

**breathing the silence
before the catbird calls
first light**

Jean Rasey *2007-*

11

**the thump-thump
of the wonga-wonga pigeon
echoes in my head**

Janice M Bostok *2006-*

12

**traffic snarl
galahs on the phone line
upside down**

John Bird *2006-*

13

**storm birds
crying
into the thunder**

Jacqui Murray *2007-*

14A **ARCHIVED**

winter drizzle
a king parrot dripping
in the grey gum

John Bird *2006-2008*

15 **ARCHIVED**

steamy forest
a brush turkey kicks
litter off his nest

John Bird

2006-2008

16

**bare twigs...
flurry of the swamp hens'
mating dance**

Nathalie Buckland

2007-

17 ARCHIVED

**bush Christmas
a Kookaburra eats snake
outside my tent**

Carla Sari

2008-2009

18

**black cockatoos –
the distant rumble
of Harleys**

Maureen Sexton

2008-

19

**cold moon
the panel beater's dog
howls at a hubcap**

Sharon Dean

2007-

20

**spring morning
dog and I exchange
silly grins**

John Bird

2006-

21

**old queenslander
its verandah posts
stained by dogs**

Janice M Bostok

2006-

22 ARCHIVED

**summer lightning—
house too low for the dog
to crawl under**

John Bird

2006-2008

23 ARCHIVED

**sings "old shep" –
not a dry eye left
in the pub**

Jack Prewitt

2007-2008

24 **ARCHIVED**
memorial park –
the dog owner waves
his plastic bag

Alma E Bird

2006-2009

25
old ute
a bow legged Blue
master of the tray

Jacqui Murray

2007-

26
dust storm
the red kelpie
blending in

Vanessa Proctor

2007-

27
barking dogs –
the swaggie's progress
through town

John Bird

2006-

28 **ARCHIVED**
village disco
two hairy terriers
on the dance floor

Sharon Dean

2006-2009

29
frosty shadows—
a shorn sheep clatters
down the ramp

John Bird

2006-

30 **ARCHIVED**
dry lichen
on the rocks —
dusty sheep

Allison Millcock

2007-2009

31 **ARCHIVED** July 08
sheep bones
along the creek bed—
a murder of crows

John Bird

2006-2007

32
late spring
lambs play
in the slaughter yard

Graham Nunn

2007-

33 **ARCHIVED Sep 08**
cutting out the cheque—
the publican's smile wide
as a holding pen

John Bird

2006-2008

34 **ARCHIVED May 10**
thunder
lambs press against
their mothers' bellies

Sue Stanford

2007-

35
a dingo howls—
the orphaned lamb's
rough tongue

Alma E Bird

2006-

36 **ARCHIVED July 08**
sheep huddle
on the last knoll...
bleating

John Bird

2006-2007

37 **ARCHIVED Dec 08**
wool a pound a pound –
he removes the back seat
from his chevvy

Cynthia Ludlow

2006-2008

38
sheep country –
passing clouds graze
the hilltop

Lorin Ford

2007-

39
abandoned farm—
tufts of wool snagged
on barbed wire

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|------------------|
| 40 | <i>John Bird</i> | <i>2006-</i> |
| <p>summer twilight
 kangaroos boxing
 on the golf course</p> | | |
| | <i>Vanessa Proctor</i> | <i>2006-</i> |
| 41 | ARCHIVED Nov 08 | |
| <p>this koala
 busy thinking not moving
 gum tree buddha</p> | | |
| | <i>Ross Clark</i> | <i>2007-2008</i> |
| 42 | ARCHIVED | |
| <p>moonlit lovers—
 a ringtail possum
 chews their apple</p> | | |
| | <i>John Bird</i> | <i>2007-2008</i> |
| 43 | ARCHIVED | |
| <p>overgrown lawn
 the wallaby's coat
 backlit by sunset</p> | | |
| | <i>Nathalie Buckland</i> | <i>2007-2009</i> |
| 44 | ARCHIVED Sep 09 | |
| <p>swirling earth slowly settles over the disappearing echidna</p> | | |
| | <i>Janice M Bostok</i> | <i>2008-2009</i> |
| 45 | | |
| <p>sunrise
 a dandelion droops
 from the wallaby's mouth</p> | | |
| | <i>Nathalie Buckland</i> | <i>2007-</i> |
| 46 | | |
| <p>pregnant again...
 the fluttering of moths
 against the window</p> | | |
| | <i>Janice M Bostok</i> | <i>2006-</i> |
| 47 | ARCHIVED Dec 08 | |
| <p>palomino mare
 pregnant...
 heat of morning</p> | | |
| | <i>Alan Summers</i> | <i>2007-2008</i> |
| 48 | ARCHIVED Nov 08 | |

riverside picnic—
crossing from sand to grass
the taipan lengthens

John Bird

2006-2008

49

water dragon
on a head-high post—
the pulse in its neck

John Bird

2007-

50

summer rain
a treefrog's feet
white on the window

Alma E Bird

2006-

51 **ARCHIVED** Dec 08

drowned bandicoot
I bury you
in the hole you dug

Quendryth Young

2007-2008

52

lifting mist...
the bunyip dissolves
into fern tree

John Bird

2006-2008

53 **ARCHIVED** Sep 08

climbing the bush track,
a bulldog ant going down;
the spring morning

Norman Stokes

2006-2008

54

lingering sunset –
a flying fox stretches
one wing

Quendryth Young

2007-

55 **ARCHIVED** Sep 08

light horseman—
an emu plume
in his slouch hat

John Bird

2007-2008

56A

raw dawn -
the aborigine casts
a long shadow

Ken Daley

2006-

57 ARCHIVED July 08

rock waterhole
they sit around an elder
to hear her story

john bird

2006-2008

58

Australia Day
dot by dot she paints
yam dreaming

john bird

2006-

59

rock face
a red ochre handprint
above graffiti

lorin ford

2007-

60 ARCHIVED Sep 09

sacred site –
lantana overruns
the melaleuca

quendryth young

2007-2009

61 ARCHIVED

new moon --
old men dance
by firelight

john bird

2006-2008

62 ARCHIVED

red centre—
the hub of uluru
at sunset

alma e bird

2006-2007

63

Arrernte mother and son
sit with their interpreter—
breeze stirs the dust

john bird

2006-

64
rock carvings honey ants follow the grooves
 vanessa proctor 2007-

65
Didgeridoo
an emerging cicada
shakes-a-leg
 lorin ford 2007-

66
Sorry Day
the breeze touches
every gum leaf
 carolyn cordon 2007-

67 ARCHIVED Aug 08
first fleet
the reek of convicts
at the heads
 John Bird 2006-2008

68 ARCHIVED July 08
no inland sea—
Oxley turns east
to an ocean
 Beverley George & John Bird 2007-2008

69 ARCHIVED July 08
Cedar Cutters' Plains—
four axemen feel the bite
of Koori spears
 Beverley George & John Bird 2007-2008

70A ARCHIVED Dec 08
smoothing adze—
no splinters for the bums
on St Thomas' pews
 Beverley George & John Bird 2007-2008

71 ARCHIVED July 08
two prisoners,
shovelling laurel leaves;
early spring.
 Norman Stokes 2007-2007

72
Port Arthur ruins —

**a green rosella glides
between the bars**

Nathalie Buckland

2007-

73 **ARCHIVED**

Lone Pine
a seagull crying

Jan Iwaszkiewicz

2008-2009

74 **ARCHIVED**

anzac park
a plover on one leg
faces the wind

John Bird

2006-2008

75

**waiting for dawn
the bugler's breath
rising**

Ross Clark

2006-

76

anzac eve—
a crow watches old men
clean the cenotaph

John Bird

2006-2008

77

**Anzac Day
so many steps
forward**

Myron Lysenko

2007-2008

78

**Anzac Day
a baby's cry fills
our minute's silence**

Beverley George

2006-

79 **ARCHIVED Mar 09**

long hymn—
an old digger
sits down

Beverley George

2006-2009

80 **ARCHIVED**

small town Anzac Day

Pony Club riders
dismount at the shrine
Quendryth Young 2007-2008

81
sprigs of rosemary
something about the tea urn
makes me cry
Beverley George 2006-

82 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**
war memorial
he rolls
a smoke
Vanessa Proctor 2006-2009

83
padding up –
all seagulls face
the city end
Quendryth Young 2007-

84 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**
park cricket—
a caterpillar moves
to the next leaf
Alma E Bird 2007-2009

85 **ARCHIVED**
"Up there Cazaley..."
endlessly blue
above the G
John Bird 2006-2008

86 **ARCHIVED**
bush tennis
the plop of balls
on antbed
John Bird 2006-2008

87
hills hoist —
a leg of his karate suit
kicks in the breeze
Sharon Dean 2007-

88A

**floodlit field
a cane toad crosses
the goal mouth**

Nathalie Buckland

2007-

89 **ARCHIVED**
frosty morning
an old man boxes
his shadow

Vanessa Proctor

2007-2008

90 **ARCHIVED**
june 21—
kangaroos boxing
in twilight

Sharon Dean

2007-2008

91
**ninth tee—
a kookaburra laughs
in my backswing**

John Bird

2006-

92
fish story
a cormorant spreads its wings
w i d e r

Lorin Ford

2008-

93
lying on its side
near the tavern
Southern Cross

Ross Clark

2007-

94
**Port Fairy wharf
a trail of fish scales
leads to the pub**

Vanessa Proctor

2007-

95
**beer garden table
the blurred edges
of many circles**

Lorin Ford

2007-

96 **ARCHIVED**

cutting out the cheque ~
at closing time their classer
feels the barmaid's hair

John Bird

2006-2009

97 **ARCHIVED Dec 08**

dry winter
a geranium wilts
in the pub window

Lorin Ford

2007-

98 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

summer haze
dried beer foam
in my empty glass

Rob Scott

2007-2009

99

**outback pub
the aftertaste
of bulldust**

John Bird

2007-

100A

gentle sea swell—
the pregnant woman
eases in

Alma E Bird

2007-

101 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

monsoon—
their bark gunyah
left to recycle

Ken Daley

2007-2009

102A

slab hut
faded sporting globes
fill the cracks

Jack Prewitt

2006-

103 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

hippy shack —
he opens an umbrella
over the stereo

Max Ryan

2006-2009

104

**veranda bed
corrugated sky
nailhole stars**

Ross Clark

2007-

105. **ARCHIVED Jan 09**

a taipan relocates
from burning cane
to a Queenslander

Damian Balassone

2007-2008

106 **ARCHIVED 2008**

plane landing blurred red tiles blue pools

Bea Holmes

2008-2008

107 **ARCHIVED Mar 09**

Sunday office block
homeless man in the doorway
smiles in his sleep

Lyn Reeves

2006-2009

108 **ARCHIVED May 2010**

penthouse-
she looks down
on birds

Cynthia Ludlow

2007-

109A

**nursing home
he asks what lies beyond
the next roof**

Alma E Bird

2006-

110

**parked utes –
kelpie ears point
to the pub**

Lorin Ford

2007-

111

**beach sunset
a frangipani trodden
into wet sand**

Sharon Dean

2007-

112

**reef dive
a turtle climbs green water
into the blue**

Lorin Ford 2007-

113
old dinghy
sinks under waves
of dune grass

Lyn Reeves 2007-

114 **ARCHIVED**
after the storm
an empty bottle
on the tideline

Alma E Bird 2006-2008

115
seaside bench —
an old man looks for sand
between his toes

Max Ryan 2006-

116 **ARCHIVED**
on Bondi
touching her breasts
my shadow

Ross Clark 2007-

117 **ARCHIVED**
ebb-tide
the beached jellyfish
quivers

Lorin Ford 2007-2009

118 **ARCHIVED**
sea of clouds—
a wave brings surfers
to their feet

Alma E Bird 2006-2008

119
white beach—
the old shipwreck's
rust stains

Lorraine Haig 2007-

120 **ARCHIVED**
I fill a hole
in the Pacific Ocean
white clouds

John Bird

2006-2008

121

**back from the beach
unpacking
the summer heat**

Rob Scott

2007-

122 ARCHIVED

**breathing with the rock pool
slowly
the crabs come out**

Lyn Reeves

2006-

124

**fishing harbour—
one wooden post
without a pelican**

John Bird

2006-

125

in the clear water only their shadows – jellyfish

Lyn Reeves

2006-

126

**sukuu te-no kurage-ya seimeisen fukaku
picking up a jellyfish...
my lifeline
clear and deep**

Dhugal Lindsay

2007-

127 ARCHIVED

**lone fisherman
casts out
on a lake of mist**

Lyn Reeves

2006-2008

128

**underwater observatory
the grouper's eye
level with mine**

Vanessa Proctor

2006-

129 ARCHIVED

**an owl hoots
floating in the pond
Alpha Centauri**

Carla Sari

2006-2008

130 **ARCHIVED**

peak hour traffic
beneath the harbour bridge
a humpback slaps its tail

Vanessa Proctor

2007-

131

**lapping water—
shadows of mangroves
push against the tide**

Beverley George

2007-

132 **ARCHIVED** **Jan 09**

flood tide
mangroves walk into deeper water

Jan Iwaszkiewicz

2008-2009

133

**billabong –
a dragonfly darts
pose to pose**

Quendryth Young

2007-

134

**red dawn
the fisherman's hands
gutting the mullet**

Graham Nunn

2007-

135 **ARCHIVED** **Mar 09**

convict-hewn sandstone
weather-smoothed edges

Nathalie Buckland

2008-

136

**way up there
between skyscrapers
clouds getting away**

Jack Prewitt

2007-

137 **ARCHIVED** **Mar 09**

city hall courtyard—
sleek and fat, this breed
of pigeon

Lorin Ford

2007-

138 **ARCHIVED** **Sep 09**

fog bound city
the blackbird's feet and beak
bright yellow

Lyn Reeves

2007-2009

139A
city corner wind
flares a monk's robes
skinny legs

Alma E Bird

2006-

140 **DELETED** 2007
jazz trumpet—
for a moment I pass
to the other side

Jack Prewitt

2007-2008

141 **ARCHIVED**
underground platform
a cool wind
precedes the train

Lyn Reeves

2007-2009

142 **ARCHIVED**
train late
pale faces stare
into the tunnel

Bea Holmes

2007-2008

143 **ARCHIVED**
city lights
caught in the river –
Birrarung Marr

Lerys Byrnes

2007-2008

144
city street
the briefest touch
of a stranger's hand

Vanessa Proctor

2006-

145
amongst the graffiti
a tiny violet
clinging

Janice M Bostok

2006-

146
my neighbour finishes

**our dividing fence –
a last wave**

Max Ryan

2006-

147

**suburban loneliness
the incessant spinning
of rotary clothes hoists**

Janice M Bostok

2006-

148

**convalescence
noticing the bark patterns
for the first time**

Vanessa Proctor

2006-

149 ARCHIVED Mar 09

**crusty streetkid
leaning over someone's fence
to smell the roses**

Lyn Reeves

2006-2009

150 ARCHIVED Sep 09

**autumn dusk
terracotta rooftops
sink into smoke**

John Bird

2006-2009

151

**laundry day –
a magpie on the clothesline
singing down rain**

Lorin Ford

2007-

152 ARCHIVED Dec 08

**framed heads—
faces in the street
drifting past**

Ken Daley

2007-2008

153 ARCHIVED Dec 08

**a funnel web spider
on the garden path—
my bare feet**

Nathalie Buckland

2007-2008

154

**school tuckshop —
the drone of bees**

at the bubblers
Maureen Sexton 2007-

155
for an hour
the moon hangs
with the singlets
Ross Clark 2007-

156 **ARCHIVED May 2010**
by its silence
wedge-tailed eagle shadow-
warns the valley
Janice M Bostok 2006-

157
stud farm ~
riderless horses
running for themselves
Sunil Uniyal 2007-

158 **ARCHIVED May 2010**
hailstorm over –
half their tomato crop
intact
Alma E Bird 2006-2008

159
wheat field
sound of wind stilled
by rain
Janice M Bostok 2006-

160
heat wave –
under the wheat truck
a magpie's eyes
Bett Angel-Stawarz 2007-

161 **ARCHIVED**
flat dry land
every now and then
a farm house
Bett Angel-Stawarz 2007-2008

162
moves his swag
to the other shoulder—
the long paddock

163	<i>John Bird</i>	<i>2006-</i>
dairy farm – in the dry paddock two cars for sale	<i>Myron Lysenko</i>	<i>2007-</i>
164		
rivergum shade the bushie's laptop on his swag	<i>Quendryth Young</i>	<i>2007-</i>
165		
farm sale a butterfly settles on the good china	<i>Jo McInerney</i>	<i>2008-</i>
166 ARCHIVED		
thirty-year flood – a flotilla of pelicans on Lake Eyre	<i>Lesley Dewar</i>	<i>2008-2008</i>
167		
saltpan the deep creases round his eyes	<i>Jo McInerney</i>	<i>2008-</i>
168		
horned moon— the fence rider stays on his side	<i>John Bird</i>	<i>2006-</i>
169		
desert heat – the blue-tongue lizard sheds a skin	<i>Ron Moss</i>	<i>2007-</i>
170 ARCHIVED		
red earth in an old shower cap ~ Uluru sunset	<i>Jodie Hawthorne</i>	<i>2008-2008</i>

171 **ARCHIVED Jul 09**
gidgea trees on gibber plains
where the dead men lie
John Bird 2006-2009

172 **ARCHIVED Dec 08**
hillside flash
of sun on a tin roof—
gold rush ghost town
Sue Stanford 2007-2008

173
**Nullabor sunrise...
ravens devouring last night's
road kill**
Jyotimitra 2008-

174 **ARCHIVED**
deep grains
in the rodeo fence —
the set of his jaw
Allison Millcock 2008-2008

175
**stargazing . . .
the camp oven
glows red**
Ron Moss 2007-

176
desert sky ... wishing I knew more about everything
Vanessa Proctor 2006-

177
**woodfire
flickering in the silence
corralled horses**
Alan Summers 2007-

178
**drought
the last bullet
shines**
Ian Iwaszkiewicz 2008-

179. **ARCHIVED May 2010**
waratah in bloom —

our postman whistles
the toréador song
Max Ryan 2006-2010

180 **ARCHIVED Dec 08**
on a forked gum,
where the cow rubs her face,
bruised spring bark
Norman Stokes 2007-2008

181
**beach banksia –
all the shades
of dying**
Quendryth Young 2007-

182 **ARCHIVED Jan 09**
a ghost gum
outlined
with light from the east
Sue Stanford 2007-2009

183
**teen clusters
in the council park
golden wattle**
Bea Holmes 2008-

184 **ARCHIVED Apr 09**
leptospermum
blossoming with lemon-scented
finches
Jean Rasey 2007-2009

185 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**
tea-tree blossom –
the thud of a pick
into frozen ground
Ron Moss 2007-2009

186 **ARCHIVED Apr 09**
swollen river –
bluegum blossom
lightly in her hand
Ron Moss 2007-2009

187 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**
night shift over

the poinciana's
warm glow

Graham Nunn 2007-2009

188
winter park
the metal nametags
of dormant plants

Lyn Reeves 2006-

189
changing the clocks
a tinge of pink
on the christmas bush

Quendryth Young 2007-

190 **ARCHIVED May 10**

oppressive night
sound of a frog hopping
across the tin roof

Nathalie Buckland 2007-2010

191 **ARCHIVED Jan 09**

not sacred Fuji
but Mt Wellington pure white
in late autumn snow

Peter Macrow 2007-2008

192
roadworks...
a cow watches
a post

Allison Millcock 2008-

193 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

behind the fence
of the former zoo
wildflowers

Peter Macrow 2007-2009

194 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

paddock gate open
a line-up of galahs
on the fence wire

Lorin Ford 2007-2009

195
the calf's fur

licked into curls –
woodstove smoke

Lorin Ford

2007-

196

kangaroo ikki-ni kawa-o kozokotosh

a kangaroo
clears the creek in one big leap
New Year's Eve

Dhugal Lindsay

2007-

197 **ARCHIVED**

nishikihebi hebi-o nomikomu kozokotoshi
the carpet python
has swallowed up another snake
New Year's Eve

Dhugal Lindsay

2007-2008

198 **ARCHIVED**

a bush Christmas –
kangaroos thud past
our hammocks

Lesley Dewar

2007-2009

199

hanasugi-no usagi-o dakeba myaku uteri
blossoms almost gone
the rabbit i hold close
quickens its pulse

Dhugal Lindsay

2007-

200

small town —
no fence around
the cemetery

Myron Lysenko

2007-

201

dawn shadows—
a crow rides the windmill
back to the trough

John Bird

2006-

202 **ARCHIVED Dec 08**

curtains
limp in the twilight —
the cocky pants

Allison Millcock

203

dawn sky
steam from the lamb's
throat

Graham Nunn

204

that distant ridge
I'll never climb...
autumn rain

Lyn Reeves

205

country town
a railway station
without tracks

Myron Lysenko

2007-

206

pushing past me
on the empty street
the wind

Judith EP Johnson

Jan 09

207 **ARCHIVED**

winter rain
on the mudflats
an ibis with hunched shoulders

Alma E Bird

2006-2009

208

the dead centre—
a disappearing roadtrain
lowers the stars

John Bird

2006-

209

rotting fence post
the big flood's mark
still there

Janice M Bostok

2006-

Unsorted Senryu 210-221

210

**lorikeet chatter
she ups the volume
on the talk show**

Alma E Bird

2006-

211 **ARCHIVED** Jan 09

**australia day
a koori man videos
the bowlers**

Nathalie Buckland

2007-2009

212 **ARCHIVED** Apr 09

**at the milkbar
showing school mates
his first Akubra**

Jacqui Murray

2007-2009

213 **ARCHIVED**

**pig dog asleep
in the plumber's truck –
happy hour**

John Bird

2006-2008

214

**last rites –
incense dilutes the reek
of irish whiskey**

Lorin Ford

2007-

215

**2 year old
the sun
through his ears**

Peter Macrow

2007-

216

**in deep shade
of the catholic church
a protestant dog**

Jack Prewitt

2007-

217

**realtor's window—
bare branches subdivide
the gold coast**

Cynthia Ludlow

????

218 **ARCHIVED Sep 08**

cancer clinic
we park between
two limos

John Bird

2006-2008

219 **ARCHIVED Mar09**

rival castles—
so young to own
the sand

Beverley George

2006-2009

220 **ARCHIVED Mar 09**

literary lunch
the men send
apologies

Nathalie Buckland

2007-2009

221 **ARCHIVED**

caged chickens
stacked in a truck
sunset

Max Ryan

2007-2007

222 **ARCHIVED Apr 09**

one by one
we add warmth
to train handrails

Katherine Samuelowicz

2008-2009

223

Katherine Samuelowicz

Aug 08-

fog
skyscrapers
all the same height

224

Katherine Samuelowicz

Aug 08-

rainy afternoon
an ibis
slots into a row of ibises

225

Lorin Ford

Aug 08-

heat haze
the miles
of boundary fence

226 *Lorin Ford* *Aug 08-*
bay shallows
a starfish moves its fingers
over mine

227 **ARCHIVED** *Janice M Bostok* *Aug 08-Dec 09*
striding ahead of the 4-wheel drive emu

228 **ARCHIVED** *Janice M Bostok* *Aug 08-Dec 09*
in flight
without touching
swamp harriers exchange
their prey

229 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**
Flood marks
high in the ti-tree –
how deep this path!
 Janet Selby *Aug 08-Sep 09*

230
cave wall
the outline of an empty hand
 Jan Iwaszkiewicz *Aug 08-*

231
sitting by the brisbane river
listening
to your muddy confessions
 Agnieszka Niemira *Aug 08-*

232 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**
outback hospital
sheets drying
on bushes
 Andre Surridge (NZ) *Aug 08-Jul 09*

233
conversion -
the sun
falls between goalposts

Andre Surridge (NZ) Aug 08-

234
one lane bridge
a stray sheep
has right of way

Tony Beyer (NZ) Aug 08-

235 **ARCHIVED Dec 09**

anzac day
the memorial fountain
peters out

Sandra Simpson (NZ) Aug 08-Dec 09

236
sea spray
drifting up the cliff face—
flannel flowers

Beverley George Dec 08-

237
one egg
rattling in the pot
autumn rain

Sandra Simpson (NZ) Aug 08-

238 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

end of the road
as our tempers cool
a bellbird

Sandra Simpson (NZ) Aug 08-Sep 09

239
dusk, a surfboard
comes in to the beach
alone

John Knight Aug 08-

240
head first
in the garbage bin
sacred ibis

John Knight Aug 08-

241
old windmill gap-toothed

John Knight Aug 08-

242

turn of the tide –
the sea taking back
its jellyfish

Lorin Ford

Aug 08-

243

bare frangipani
a rake against
the fence

Alma E Bird

Sep 08-

244 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

good friday –
four pelicans corner
a school of mullet

Alma E Bird

Sep 08-Sep 09

245 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

outside toilet
I scoop a frog
from the bowl

Nathalie Buckland

Sep 08-Sep 09

246

path
to the outhouse –
wild roses

John O'Connor (NZ)

Sep 08-

247

St Kilda Esplanade
the chihuahua's master
walking tall

Lorin Ford

Sep 08-

248 **ARCHIVED Apr 09**

local poet
briefly back from Tibet
her modest laugh

Peter Macrow

Sep 08-Apr 09

249 **ARCHIVED May 2010**

early autumn
a black-clad windsurfer
glides across the bay

Peter Macrow

Sep 08-May 10

250

**spring fever
the commodore cruising
to a stereo's throb**

Bett Angel-Stawarz

Sep 08-

251 **ARCHIVED May 2010**

traffic pause -
a whipbird echoes
through stillness

Katherine Gallagher

Oct 08-

252 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

suburban street –
only the untended patch
has autumn berries

Katherine Gallagher

Oct 08-Sep 09

253

**easter monday
fresh flowers
on the roadside**

Ashley Capes

Oct 08-

254

**rejection letter –
the willy-wagtail
flicks its tail**

Maureen Sexton

Oct 08-

255 **ARCHIVED Dec 09**

garage sale –
a Rolls Royce
with a roof rack

Maureen Sexton

Oct 08-Dec 09

256

**sandy feet
the drag of family medals
on his tee shirt**

Beverley George

Nov 08-

257 **ARCHIVED Apr 09**

In a blue night sky,
Coming from behind black trees,
Fruit bats blot the moon.

Dick Sanders

Nov 08-Apr 09

258 **ARCHIVED Sep 09**

How gently the bee
Takes the nectar that it needs,
In its yellow socks.

Dick Sanders

Nov 08-Sep 09

259

**forty in the shade
the rainwater tank
rings hollow**

Joanna Preston

Dec 08-

260

**a fallow field
as yesterday
the kite hovers**

Timothy K

Nov 08-

261

**the rusted hooks
in Dad's tackle box –
spring tide**

Lorin Ford

Dec 08-

262

**busy road –
sparrows drinking
from a stone horse trough**

Judith Johnson

Dec 08-

263

**Georgian house –
touching the convict broad arrow
on a step**

Judith Johnson

Dec 08-

264

**a pelican
skims the waves
sunday paper**

Greg Piko

Jan 09-

265

two years of drought
another pause
in the conversation

Greg Piko

Jan 09-

266

rough floorboards
resting shearers share
their silence

Carla Sari

Jan 09-

267

a woolly back
clamped between long legs
- click go the cameras

Carla Sari

Jan 09-

268

shearer at work
the sheep's world
upside down

Carla Sari

Jan 09-

269

red dust road
a cattle truck reaches
the vanishing point

Lorin Ford

Jan 09-

270

the spring
in a wattle spray
Silvereyes

Lorin Ford

Jan 09-

271

total fire ban
a rat's nest
in the unlit bonfire

Nathalie Buckland

Jan 09-

272

naked sky
three Morton Bay Figs
sawn to a log pile

Sue Stanford

Jan 09-

273

*Archibald prize -
the private schoolgirls
smell of pencil shavings*
Sue Stanford *Jan 09-*

274
*dodging
a march wind
boomerang*
Doris Kasson *Feb 09-*

275
*red moon
the calligraphy
of charred trees*
Lorin Ford *Mar 09-*

276
*Christmas barbecue
the smell of bushland
burning*
Vanessa Proctor *Mar 09-*

277
*blackberry season
a soft blue haze
on the hills*
Lyn Reeves *Mar 09-*

278
*the lake at sunset
trembling with reflections
of drowned trees*
Lyn Reeves *Mar 09-*

279
*empty field
a rabbit
a rabbit*
Charlotte Trevella *2008-*

280
*bushfire ash
the naked shapes
of rock*
Quendryth Young *Mar 09-*

281
out of black silence
the wobble
of a burnt lamb
Dawn Bruce *Mar 09-*

282
a splash of yellow
standing
against the firestorm
Ashley Capes *Mar 09-*

283
days later –
still the smell
of burnt things
Matt Hetherington *Mar 09-*

284
tent-city ...
a girl's smile from inside
the fireman's jacket
Leonie Bingham *Mar 09-*

285
Anzacs –
the glint of pennies
spinning
Ken Daley *Apr 09-*

286
sunshine –
my child finds the blue
in a crow's feather
Quendryth Young *Apr 09-*

287
evening hush
a kangaroo
hops the ridgeline
Linda Pilarski *May 09-*

288. **ARCHIVED May 2010**
on a gentle day
the tanami shivers
in the long distance
Andrew West *Jul 09 –*

289 **ARCHIVED**

on a power line
several galahs tumble
summer evening

Andrew West

Jul 09 – Dec 09

290

powerlines –
starlings and sports shoes
rest abut

Marlene Ciampo

Jul 09 –

291

foot on knee,
spear in ground
a penny stamp

Ken Daley

Sep 09 –

292

bitter monday
he feeds his team scarf
to the office shredder

Jack Prewitt

Sep 09 –

293

internet:
the pleasure of googling
old enemies

Karen Phillips

Sep 09 –

294

last of winter
the wattles' gold crackles
underfoot

Karen Phillips

Oct 09 –

295

new year
sweeping up
the Christmas beetles

Vanessa Proctor

Sep 09 –

296

nest-building –
a magpie sings
with its mouth full

Quendryth Young

Sep 09 –

297

jacana
a drop of water
rolls back and forth

Greg Piko

Sep 09 –

298

the bare branches
alive with cockatoos
she has her good days

Greg Piko

Sep 09 –

299

hum of blowflies
blood from the kangaroo's ear
yet to dry

Kevin Gillam

Sep 09 –

300

Remembrance Day
Grandpa in white singlet
with medals

Kevin Gillam

Sep 09 –

===== 300+ =====

301

the farmer calls
his kelpie home . . .
flame trees darken

Sharon Dean

Sep 09 –

302 **ARCHIVED May 2010**

rainbow's end—
the crabbing child
empties her pot

Helen Buckingham

Sep 09 –

303

beach cricket –
bluebottles linger
in afternoon shadows

Neil Bramsen

Sep 09 –

304 **ARCHIVED May 2010**

Diving its head
deep into the moon –
a black swan

Eduard Tara

Sep 09-

305

galahs
on the sight screen
the batsman appeals

Tony Beyer

Sep 09-

306

summer heat
the bush turkey pauses
in my shadow

Kirsten Cliff

Sep 09-

307

water restrictions —
sharing the shower
with ants

Lorraine Haig

Sep 09-

308

Sunday morning
a dog sniffs the base
of the goal-post

Barbara Strang

Sep 09-

309

Anzac sunrise
the old bugler's lips
quiver

Bett Angel-Stawarz

Sep 09-

310

the old dog
at the school gate ...
winter rain

Vanessa Proctor

Sep 09-

311

boomerang
my fingers read
its journey

Roberta Beary

Sep 09-

312

jagged wingtips
the smooth flight
of a black cockatoo

Sharon Dean

Sep 09-

313

walking the breakwall
a stingray
keeping pace

Norma Watts

Sep 09-

314. **ARCHIVED May 2010**

ocean breeze...
abalone shells tremble
beneath the bedroom nets

Helen Buckingham

Sep 09-

315

billabong ...
a tremulous light
on the gums

Quendryth Young Sep 09-

316

afternoon heat
the race caller's voice
keeps rising

Jan O'Loughlin

Sep 09-

317

holiday crowds--
a wombat ambles
through the snowgums

Neil Bramsen

Sep 09-

318

snow gum belt
the brumby mare nudges
her foal to stand

Gavin Austin

Sep 09-

319

dissolved
in damp garden weeds
junk mail

Patricia Prime

Sep 09-

320

night match the scrum leaves behind its steam
Andre Surridge *Sep 09-*

321
solitary gum –
a hundred merinos
crowd each other's shade
Katherine Gallagher *Sep 09-*

322
the surprise
of the irish spelling...
transport list b
Roberta Beary *Sep 09-*

323
beginning rain
a soft wind brushes
the casuarinas
Lyn Reeves *Sep 09-*

324
roadkill–
my windscreen fills
with eagle
Nathalie Buckland *Sep 09-*

325
hot pavement
a swimmer's footprint
evaporating
Angela Smith *Sep 09-*

326
olympic dream –
the slap of trainers
on a bush track
Dane Smith *Sep 09-*

327
dusk ...
a butcher bird eyes
the dog
the dog's dinner
Vanessa Proctor *Sep 09-*

328
migrating ibis
a child's black kite

breaks free

Jan Iwaszkiewicz

Sep 09-

329

monsoons—

a row of mold-speckled shoes

at the entrance

Barbara Taylor

Sep 09-

330

on the bluff

the burnt-out remains

of last year

Barbara Taylor

Sep 09-

331

firecrackers--

kissed by a stranger

under the bridge

Barbara Taylor

Sep 09-

332

record heat

a soon-to-be-mum

backs into a wave

Ron Moss

Sep 09-

333

midday sun

the yellow box stump

beaded with sap

Rob Scott

Dec 09-

334

passing traffic -

the flicker of bees

among grevillea

Maureen Sexton

Dec 09-

335

from deep shade

a currawong calls

Dec 09-

in slow motion

Janice M Bostok

336

lingering drought

cracks in the walls

widening

Vanessa Proctor

Dec 09-

337

Anzac dawn

the bronze wall

chills my hand

Quendryth Young

Dec 09-

Kokako, 2009

338

In the summer heat

of a city breathing out

the smell of brickdust

Norman Talbot

Dec 09-

Where Two Rivers Meet, Norman Talbot, Nimrod Publications, 1980

339

winter rain –

the lake creeps

under the fence

Quendryth Young

Dec 09-

Haiku Reality 2009 and Ito En 2009

340

kids reenact

the First Fleet arrival

boat people

Ken Daley

Dec 09-

341

explaining

his ancestry —

far-off laughter

Sandra Simpson

Dec 09-

(Notes from the Gean Issue 3, 2009) to Dreaming?

342

rippling over
the stony creek bed ~
heat waves

Bob Jones

Dec 09-

Famous Reporter No 37, 2008

343

morning light
a few mangoes have
dropped

Rob Scott

Dec 09-

344

silent dawn
the oak's trunk glistens
with cicada shells

Carla Sari

Dec 09-

345

on the patio
possum footprints
in apricot juice

Lyn Reeves

Dec 09-

Presence #24, 2004

346

lingering twilight
a water dragon's tail
dangles in the pool

Quendryth Young

Dec 09-

The Heron's Nest, Vol X, No3 September 2008

347

bellbirds –
half a dozen stubbies
clinking in the creek

Lorin Ford

Dec 09-

paper wasp, Winter 2009, vol 15, no 3

348

spring sunshine
the python oozes
onto my roof

Nathalie Buckland Dec 09-

Notes from the Gean Issue 3, 2009

349

by the shed
three brolgas
line dancing

Ross Clark Dec 09-

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350

full moon
a bloated cane toad
belly up

Helen Davison Mar 2010-

paper wasp, Spring 2009, vol 15, no 4

351

summer...
three lorikeets queue
in the shade of a pole

Helen Davison Mar 2010-

paper wasp, Spring 2009, vol 15, no 4

352

fishing
on the deck
I watch the colours die

Ian Iwaszkiewicz May 2010-

353

**stubble fields
an old cane cutter
rubs his chin**

Lorin Ford

May 2010

Spring 08 Paper Wasp

354

**telling the story
in a chainsaw voice –
lyrebird**

Lorin Ford

May 2010

Stylus, July 09

355

verandah railing
a magpie stares down
the dog

Greg Piko

May 2010

The Heron's Nest, March 2009

356

hum of the manly ferry
each conversation
in another language

Greg Piko

May 2010

Blithe Spirit 15(2) (an earlier version)

357

**bush trail
a line of termites
moving trees**

Lyn Reeves

May 2010

FR June 2004

358

**first frost
the birds that stay
the birds that go**

Beverley George

May 2010

The Heron's Nest Vol 11, 2009 – autumn

359

still pools
in the rocks – rounded stones
in my pocket

Timothy K

Jan 2009 (renumbered May 2010)

360

**parched paddock
a butcherbird clasps
the barbed wire**

Quendryth Young May 2010

Presence #40 2009

361

cane toad
on the rainy highway –
nearly home

Max Ryan

May 2010

Haiku Dreaming Australia 2010

362

warm day ~
the Tanami shivers
in the long distance

Andrew West

May 2010

Haiku Dreaming Australia 2009

363

yuuyake-o atsumeshi wani-no me-ni oware

sunset
gathered in its eyes
watched by a croc

Dhugal Lindsay

June 2010

364

yamakaji-no shiroari sora-e hoshizukiyo

hills ablaze
termites rise into the sky
the Constellations!

Dhugal Lindsay June 2010

365
treeless ridge –
the towering trunks
of wind turbines

Lorraine Haig June 2010