

PAIL IN HAND

25 Haiku

Angelee Deodhar

**2000
Chandigarh**



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Preface

Spanning just five years, this selection of twenty-five haiku represents a few hundred published around the world in English-language haiku magazines and anthologies during the same time frame. Arranged chronologically by date of publication, the poems exhibit a broader range of subject matter and treatment than is found in most haiku poet's first collections, and bring a new voice and a new continent into the growing community of poets writing haiku in English.

It has been a privilege to help Dr. Deodhar develop this small sampling of her work as haiku becomes more self-consciously global in the year 2000. I commend these poems to the reader, and wish her well as she continues on her haiku journey with all of us into the twenty-first century.

William J. Higginson
Santa Fe, New Mexico, USA
July 2000

acres of darkness
outside, inside
then a firefly

the moving train
blurs the landscape
or is it the tears

sharing an umbrella
your wet left shoulder
my right one

faded
like the house she lives in
the wedding photo

from the shadows
ceaseless as song of cicadas
sex-show sex-show

pail in hand
I trace the muddy path
of childhood mushrooms

early winter dusk
the only sound
wind through the pines

new year's resolution
a clean attic
with newborn kittens

using his towel
for my face—fragrance
of his after-shave

closed night club
only the neon lights
dancing

in the old photo
sepia
snow

crunching underfoot
the breakfast cereal
sounds of autumn

in the temple
the silence of bells
whisper of rain

dawn
droplets from bamboo leaves
sprinkle my face

an I.V. line
anchors me to the monitor
thoughts still wander

in the twilight
against dusky bougainvillea
the white wall whiter

on Good Friday
white roses on the altar
fragrance of her hair

rain filled day
asleep at my feet
this warm dog

a light breeze
the moon in the birdbath
shivers

his saffron robes
pale before
the nasturtiums

soft predawn
wind chimes move gently
new year's day

snow flurry
at the turn of a wrist
a paper weight winter

water-worn
boulder so smooth
against callused feet

in the attic
I pack away grandma's clothes
the fragrance of lavender

fading into the tan
of her shoulder
a tattooed butterfly

The author is grateful to the editors of the following magazines, where some of these poems have previously appeared, often in earlier versions:

Albatross (Romania), **Frogpond** (USA),

Haiku Headlines (USA), **Hobo Poetry Magazine** (Australia),

Modern Haiku (USA), **New Hope International** (UK),

Poets Fantasy (USA), **Point Judith Light** (USA),

Potpourri (USA), **Sea Oats International** (USA),
Still (UK).

Two of these poems appear in **Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac**, by William J. Higginson (Tokyo: Kodansha International, 1996).

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