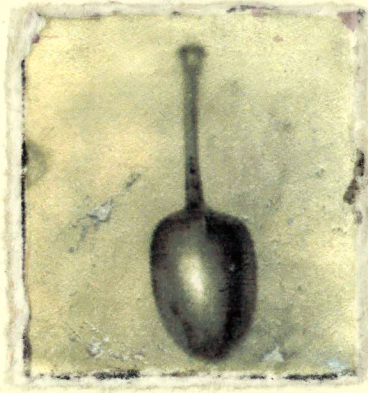


Jane Gibian

LONG SHADOWS  
HAIKU



VAGABOND PRESS  
RARE OBJECTS SERIES



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Famous Reporter, Yellow Moon, Heat.*

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Part I

empty house:  
three seedpods ripen  
on the windowsill

turning the compost heap  
the shovel strikes  
my favourite teaspoon

late morning  
a streetlight flickers  
at the empty roundabout



quiet sunday afternoon  
the unexpected guest  
takes my chair

winter evening alone  
your watch by the bathtub

on the carpet  
after the dinner party  
two grains of rice

dry summer heat  
choosing the ripest peach  
from the blue bowl

easy silence  
taking the bunch of keys  
warm from your hand

in the darkness  
a branch strokes my shoulder  
wheeling out the bins



Part II Viet Nam haiku

spring morning  
painted on the footpath:  
*proposed tree*

sea breeze:  
my shadow hovers  
on the ocean floor

sleeplessness  
an orange moon hangs low  
in the summer sky

sunshower:  
grasshoppers scatter  
before my slow tread

just over there  
both ends  
of the rainbow

heat wave  
scribbly gums glow orange  
in the dusk



## Part II *Viet Nam haiku*

outside the temple  
buying a white bird  
to set free

garbage collector's bell,  
barely wilted roses in each  
pile of rubbish

last sunlight –  
sticky rice and marigolds  
in the buddha's palm

tiny winter apples –  
she hands me dipping salt  
in a scrap of maths homework

just over the  
northly hump  
of the rainbow

cyclo parked in the night,  
one playing card face down  
on the hood



afternoon peak hour  
flashing kotex ads  
at each crossroad

on the street of hairclips  
buckets of pink crabs  
boil in their shells

sidesaddle on the bicycle  
one plastic shoe not quite  
slipping off

crowded streets at dusk  
a single shirt dances  
on the rooftop

at dawn  
each rosebud wrapped  
in damp twists of newspaper

traffic jam:  
revving the bike  
in your white high heels



squashed rat on the road:  
a group of boys  
tug the tail

rowing to the temple  
red dragonflies hover  
on the shallow water

police siren:  
a row of bread sellers  
sprint across the highway

each girl riding  
with a single white flower:  
teenager's funeral

late harvest  
stretching towards the horizon  
terraces of wet rice

long shadows  
the birds in hanging cages  
quiet under coloured cloth



could not explain the  
a number of other things  
the old man had said

the people who had  
the other side of the  
the other side of the

the other side of the  
the other side of the  
the other side of the

26



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