some breath

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This is a Radish-edition of
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some breath

some breath
floats away — captured
in a bubble

breath becomes vapour
on the pane, a haziness
swiftly evaporating

I breathe
the same air as
those sparrows

fog
and my breath — both
gray

a sigh of wind

a sigh of wind
puts life into some dust
and lets go again

frosty wind
withered blades
turn white

windless morning
motionless the reed
ready to rustle

howling wind
stars flash on and off
between branches

just looking

just looking
who cares who I am --
and when

oh rainbow
not being where I see you
colourful fraud

why go to sleep
on the ceiling of my garden
stars sparkle

yet again a leaf falls
from the crooked apple tree
and again it is now

patiently
my shadow waits till I
finish looking

in the shadow
of the cloud everything loses
its shadow

sparrow starling magpie

sparrow starling magpie
for each the twig has
an intimate balance

summer evening
we still linger outside
the blackbird and I

that bird over there
is a sparrow — but which
I don't know

hi little blackbird
you just came to look
at my feet?

cafeteria
among the customers
a pigeon as well

in the night sky
swans flying over
lit by the village

no other sound

no other sound
the church bell rings out
through the Milky Way

hazy autumn wood
the ticking of drops
on fallen leaves

in the grass
a softly buzzing
cola tin

now that silence falls
the murmuring brook makes
itself finally heard

on the move to somewhere

along the sky
a swarm of dots on the move
to somewhere

apart from the efforts
of the man and his paddle —
the current coxes the boat

your own way
without knowing the map
you choose your track

going together
to where the one has to leave
the other behind

screeching the saw eats
its way through the past —
a pile of sawdust

Colophon

Printed in Footlight type in a Radish-edition (on one sheet of A4 120 grams Seagull) this booklet was multiplied by Dieuwke Meichers and hand-bound in 50 copies during the spring of 1999. Gerda Naarding-Tukkers kindly read through the text and made some suggestions.

Radijs (Radish) is a series in which haiku poets may share their poetry with an intimate circle of friends. The name refers to the famous by Kobayashi Issa, from which haiku the turnip has

The turnip puller	*de knollenrooier*
points the way to me	*wijst mij de weg*
with a turnip	*met een knol*
(transl Blyth)	*(my Dutch)*

been exchanged for a radish — because I consider myself an apprentice both in gardening, editing and in writing poetry.

Wim Lofvers
editor