



**AWAY**



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Limited Edition

Number 56 of 70



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British Haiku Society  
Members' Anthology 1997

YAWA

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Members' Anthology 1997**

## Previous Anthologies:-

- 1992    Sea    (Out of print)
- 1993    Fire    (Out of print)
- 1994    Hill
- 1995    Sky
- 1996    Home

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Hub Editions for British Haiku Society  
Longholm    East Bank    Wingland  
Sutton Bridge    SPALDING  
Lincolnshire PE12 9YS



Fifty-six members of the British Haiku Society responded to the annual invitation to contribute to an anthology which is circulated to contributors only. The purpose of the anthology is to encourage members to show something of what they stand for...

1992 Sea (and to too)

1991 Fire (and to too)

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Had Editions for British Haiku Society

Longdon East Bank Wingfield

Sutton Bridge SPALDING

Lincolnshire PE12 9YS

news

from the old hometown

first autumn leaf

ai li (London)

red-light district  
prostitute  
a polyglot

Francis Attard (Malta)

on the train  
overtaking cars  
even in the fast lane

Annie Bachini (London)

laughing on the grass bank  
sherbet ice cream and the sea breeze  
in your hair.

John Barlow (Liverpool)

retirement homes—  
lone woman in grey  
perambulating

Norman Barraclough (High Wycombe)

the breeze quickens  
catching our sails in a gust—  
boat leaps forward

F Matthew Blaine (Delaware)



the constellations  
unidentifiable:  
crickets & dodos

Colin Blundell (Wingland)

in the souk,  
noisy polyglot haggling  
—I long for Safeways

Charles Brien (Poynton)

desolate moorland  
stone circle in evening sun,  
skylark still singing

Brian Cater (Cirencester)

a small hotel:  
scarce room for my shadow  
to unpack

David Cobb (Shalford)

too quickly fades  
the sound of beloved presence—  
tracks in the snow

Keith J Coleman (Halifax)

a presence in these pines  
of sunlight—smells  
she'd have recognised

Geoffrey Daniel (Cobham)

You  
getting smaller and smaller  
waving

Roberta Davis (London)

He catches her  
round the waist and drags her  
into the dance

Patricia Dawson (Sydenham)



My poppy flowers  
weeds—you did not wait to see  
as scarlet beauties.

Pearl E Dell (Croydon)

not to be yourself  
but bear's shadow we take  
with us that is us

Francis Gallagher (Bellshill)

a frog jumps  
—I dig more carefully  
around the lilac

Katherine Gallagher (London)

Such silence:  
floating far into the air  
dandelion seeds.

Humberto Gatica (Swansea)

packing to leave—  
the lights of the city  
go out one by one

Caroline Gourlay (Knighton)

Spring—are you seeing  
blossoms ruffled by the wind  
in a stranger's land

Pamela D Hewitt (Oldbury)

farewells said  
I turn homeward  
in spring rain

byron jackson (St Ives)

The first thistle  
I see off the London train  
—so spick and span

Allan Jarrett (London)



Clutter of toiletries  
dusty  
even when she was here

Ken Jones (Aberystwyth)

intoxicated  
snow and car drift  
across the white line

Jean Jorgensen (Alberta)

tidying the grave  
thinking  
of nothing exactly

Leo Lavery (Lisburn)

Summer morning  
an airmail letter comes—  
full of tears

Bruce Leeming (Edinburgh)

this long trek homeward...  
the lanes lined with cow parsley  
white beneath the moon

Martin Lucas (Lancaster)

Left as a gift:  
his carving mallet—  
finger-grooved handle.

John McDonald (Edinburgh)

atween the pages  
o the auld buik o Whitman  
a fowr leaf claver

Stewart McGavin (Strachur)

booby traps in homes  
wired yellow plastic warning  
Croats wait and hope

Maureen Mann (North Yate)



high in the rockies  
packed with the tent  
a welsh ladybird

Matt Morden (Carmarthen)

A white birch  
like a white bone  
points north

Mokuo Nagayama (Okayama)

the cultured tourist  
able to ask a question  
lost by the answer

Matthew Paul (Kingston-on-Thames)

fairground music  
tilting into sleep  
                    soft rain  
on a brown-patched field

Jesse Peel    (Birmingham)

right out  
to the height of the Spring sea  
white wave-tops

Dick Pettit (Skipton)

Sky reflected  
pale in a thousand windows  
magpies' backs shine blue

David Platt (Killearn)

across the border  
their shadows  
await them

Stuart Quine (Sheffield)

Eating the cherries for  
tomorrow's journey...  
Is it really time to leave?

Geoff Richman (London)



Old turf banks  
and those who dug them  
—disappearing

Deirdre Roberts (Aberdeen)

derelict building  
a door high up  
opening  
nowhere

Helen Robinson (Liverpool)

sudden burst of sound  
above me  
the bright balloon shrinks

Ruth Robinson (Chelmsford)

sun lights  
the half open drawer—  
all the socks in pairs

Susan Rowley (Ilford)

Helen Robinson (Liverpool)

your going  
left no shadow  
by moonlight

Michael Rubinstein (Benington)

crouched

by the fast-flowing transparent stream

we fall silent

Fred Schofield (Leeds)

Alarm clock's loud bell  
reaching out to silence it  
across your empty space

Sue Schraer (Mill Hill)

hollowed steps  
of Canterbury Cathedral ...  
the pilgrims' knees

Sharon Lee Shafii (Prospect)



night in a strange port  
reflecting on her photo  
neon lights

John Shimmin (Porthmadog)

In Grandfather's shop  
a stranger sells Baby clothes.  
All the clocks are gone.

Eric Speight (Bournemouth)

coming back  
a freshly cut carnation bud  
on the pavement outside

Alan J Summers (Bristol)

talk turns to modern  
art—long-silent listener  
launches diatribe

Maurice Tasnier (Western-super-mare)

first day outward bound  
blindly staring at the wake—  
nostalgia dragging

Brian D Thompson (Cambridge)

Home thoughts from LA—  
homesickness Browning version,  
but the month was June

Brian Wells (Southsea)

children's voices  
in the distance  
their perfect French

Maggie West. (Bognor Regis)

in a blue sky  
a faint first quarter moon  
and the setting sun

Frank Williams (Barking)

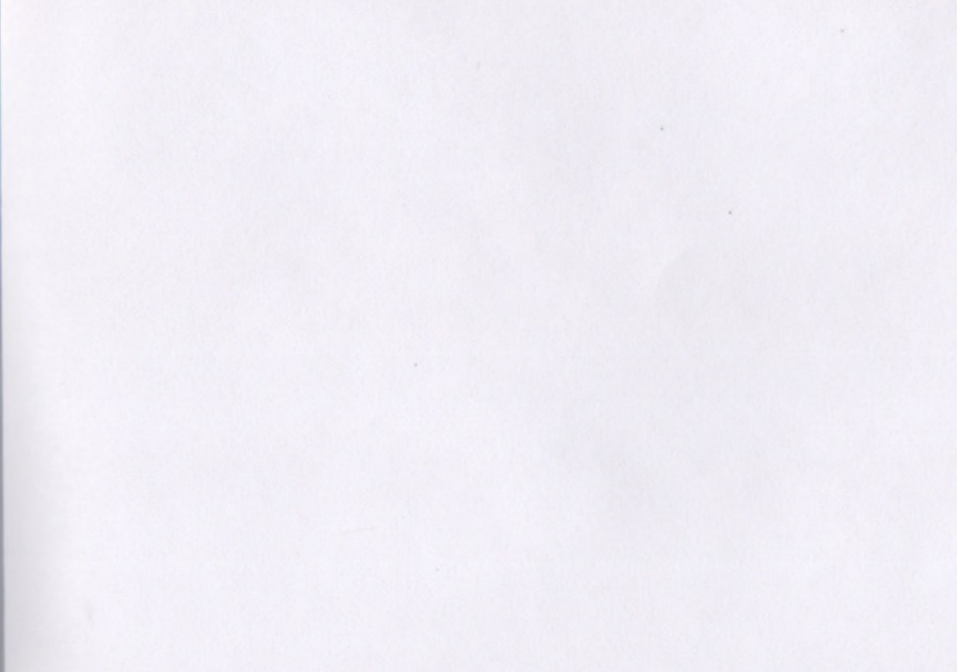


House moving—  
forgot to bring the moon  
back with me

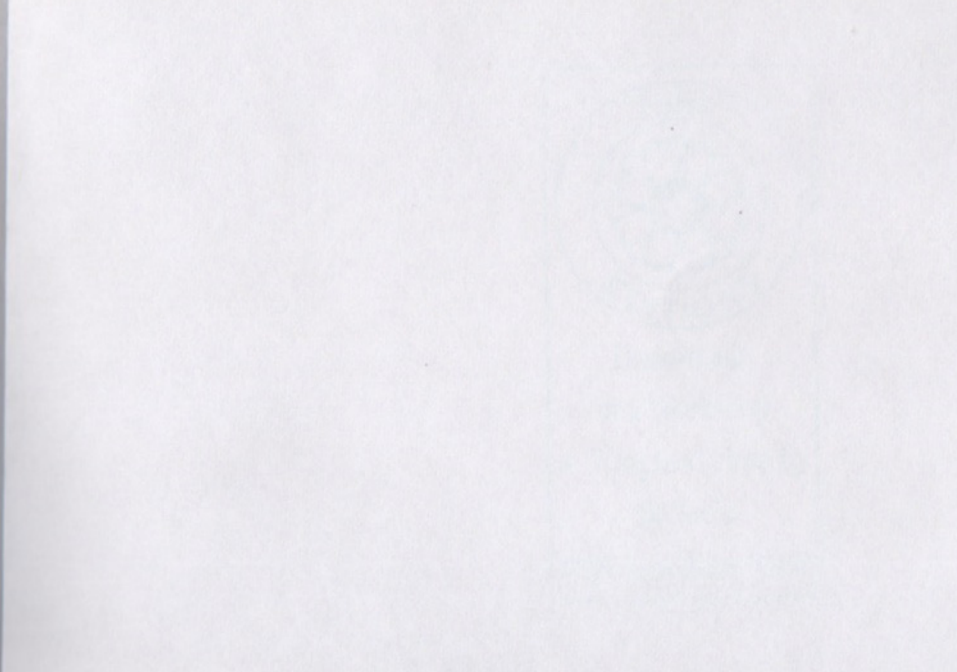
Bill Wyatt (Bexhill-on-Sea)

pressing her mother's ring  
into her daughter's hand  
wedding morning

Grace Yamamoto (Windsor)



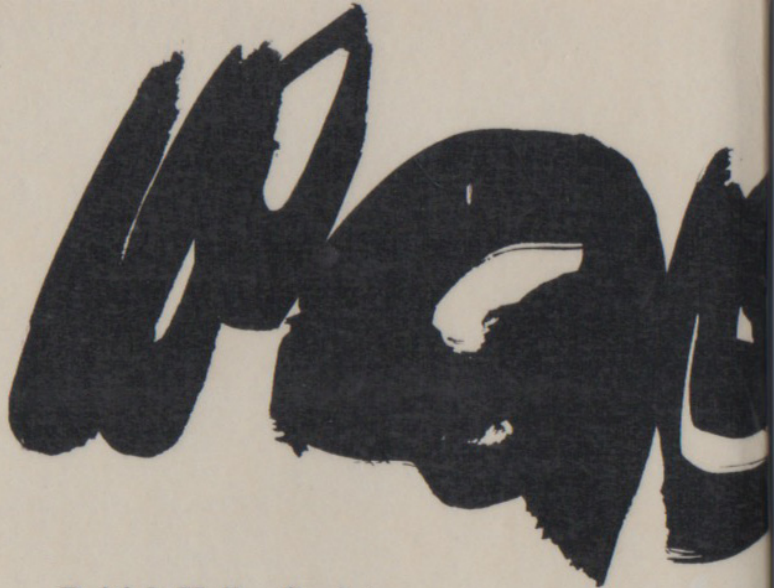








Hand-made  
in a Workshop  
in Wingland close by  
Belloc's  
Walk round the Wash



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