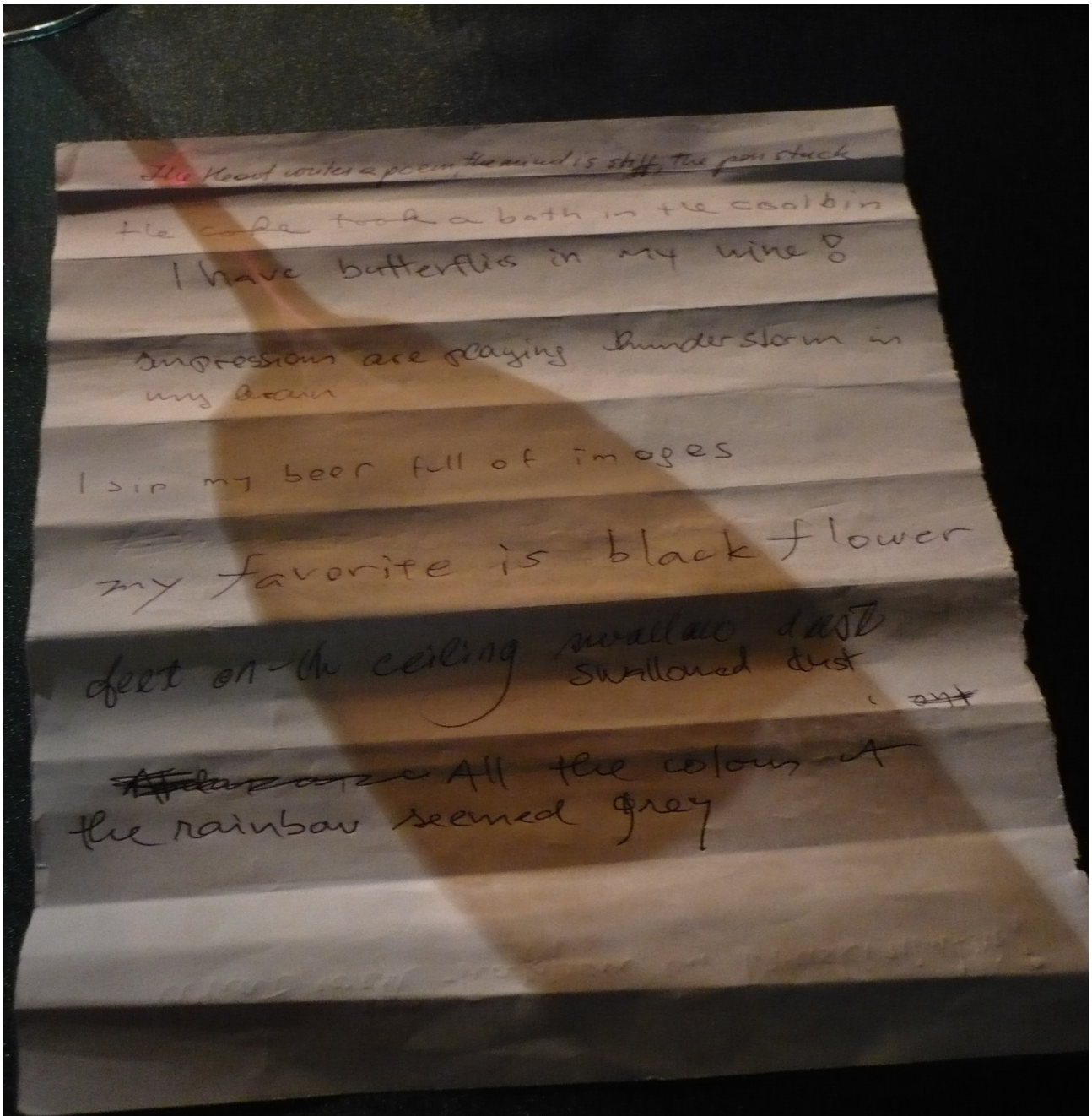


CHRYSANTHEMUM



7 April 2010

Internet-Magazin für moderne Versformen in der Tradition japanischer Kurzlyrik

Internet magazine for modern verse forms in the tradition of Japanese short poetry

INHALT / CONTENTS

HAIKU & TANKA

3

HAIBUN

22

FEATURE – GENDAI HAIJIN

TOSHIO KIMURA

27

FEATURE – KLAUS-DIETER WIRTH

33

HAIKU AUS LETTLAND / HAIKU FROM LATIVA

The Lyrical Gemstone von / by **ADRIAN BRIEDIS-MACOVEI**

& LEONS BRIEDIS

37

Latvian Haiku von / by **JANIS PETERSONS**

46

HAIKU FROM THE DRUSKININKAI POETIC FALL

FESTIVAL /

HAIKU VOM POETISCHEN HERBSTFEST IN

DRUSKININKAI

50

HAIKU & TANKA

summer games:
her shadow wins
first place

Sommerspiele:
ihr Schatten
ist Sieger

cloudless sky:
one firefly
brings a thought

wolkenloser Himmel:
ein Leuchtkäfer
bringt den Gedanken

she writes
her good-bye note...
on his Cadillac

Sie schreibt
ihre Abschiedsnachricht ...
auf seinen Cadillac

Raquel D. Bailey

late September
I watch the treetops
wipe the sky

später September
ich beobachte, wie die Wipfel
den Himmel fegen

Deb Baker

first kiss...
the scent of lime
reaches the stars

erster Kuss...
der Duft von Limetten
erreicht die Sterne

poppies
the earth remembers
its heart of fire

Mohn
die Erde erinnert sich
an ihr Herz aus Feuer

twilight...
his voice
deep purple

Zwielicht...
seine Stimme
tiefviolett

Ludmila Balabanova

one gadwall
away from all the rest . . .
wind in the reeds

eine Schnatterente
abseits von den anderen ...
Wind im Schilf

John Barlow

after sleepless nights
drifting into a dream ...
pale sunrise



Copyright Anne-Dore & Wolfgang Beutke December 2009

Haiku: **Wolfgang Beutke** Foto: **Anne-Dore Beutke**

ablaze
white lilies on the water
dreaming
my way home to a deeper
blue

in Flammen
weiße Lilien auf dem Wasser
träumen
meinen Weg heim in ein tieferes
Blau

Carmella Braniger

Die Fliege
in der Flasche.
Welche Farbe hat ihr Himmel?

Fly
in the bottle.
What color has the sky?

Ralf Bröker

Valentine's Day
--no snail mail
to stop me in my tracks

Valentinstag
--keine Post
reißt mich aus der Spur

fireside mending
the wrong side of the kimono
shimmering orange

Flicken am Kamin
die falsche Seite des Kimono
schimmert orange

Helen Buckingham

no phone call
the weight
of dawn

kein Anruf
das Gewicht
der Morgendämmerung

Aubrie Cox

we drink
at the mountain spring
lips just touching

Wir trinken
an der Bergquelle
sachter Lippenkontakt

Marisa Fazio

Waldrebe.
Eine Amsel holt aus dem Licht
die letzten Beeren.

Clematis.
A blackbird pecking last berries
out of the light.

Volker Friebe

wedding bells
grandpa muttering to himself
at the reception

Hochzeitsglocken
Opa murmelt zu sich selbst
an der Rezeption

C. William Hinderliter

biting down on a seed
family reunion

ich beiße auf ein Samenkorn
Familientreffen

night sky out of touch with her needs

Nachthimmel nicht in Berührung mit ihren Bedürfnissen

Gregory Hopkins

fireflies
all that remains
of the afternoon party

Glühwürmchen
alles was bleibt
von der Nachmittagsparty

contagious!
in the waiting room
the sick child's laughter

ansteckend!
im Warteraum
des kranken Kindes Lachen

Tiffany Hopkins

Ein Sonnenaufgang.
Die flüchtige Begegnung,
in der ich dich fand.

A sunrise.
The passing encounter
in which I found you.

Liliana Kremsner

waxing moon
the yellow daylilies
steeped in shadow

zunehmender Mond
die gelben Taglilien
eingetaucht in Schatten

Catherine Lee

eisige Kälte
die alte Klangschale randvoll
mit Licht

icy coldness
the old sound bowl brimful
with light

Ramona Linke

Chinese silver coin
you handed me
as I left for Canada
lost to the sky --
a full moon

die chinesische Silbermünze
die du mir gabst
als ich nach Kanada aufbrach
verloren an den Himmel --
der volle Mond

Chen-ou Liu

waiting
for the fever to break –
beneath the blankets
all the great ideas I have
melt into a dream

warten,
dass das Fieber fällt –
unter den Decken
verschmelzen all die großen Ideen,
die ich habe, in einen Traum

this stream
will not reach the river
seeking the sea –
the stiffness in my hips
tells me it's time to turn back

dieser Bach
wird den Fluss nicht erreichen,
der zum Meer strebt
meine steifen Hüften
sagen mir, es ist Zeit umzukehren

anniversary
the cracked teapot
full of memories

Jahrestag
die Teekanne mit dem Sprung
voller Erinnerung

dawn smudged fingerprints on an empty glass

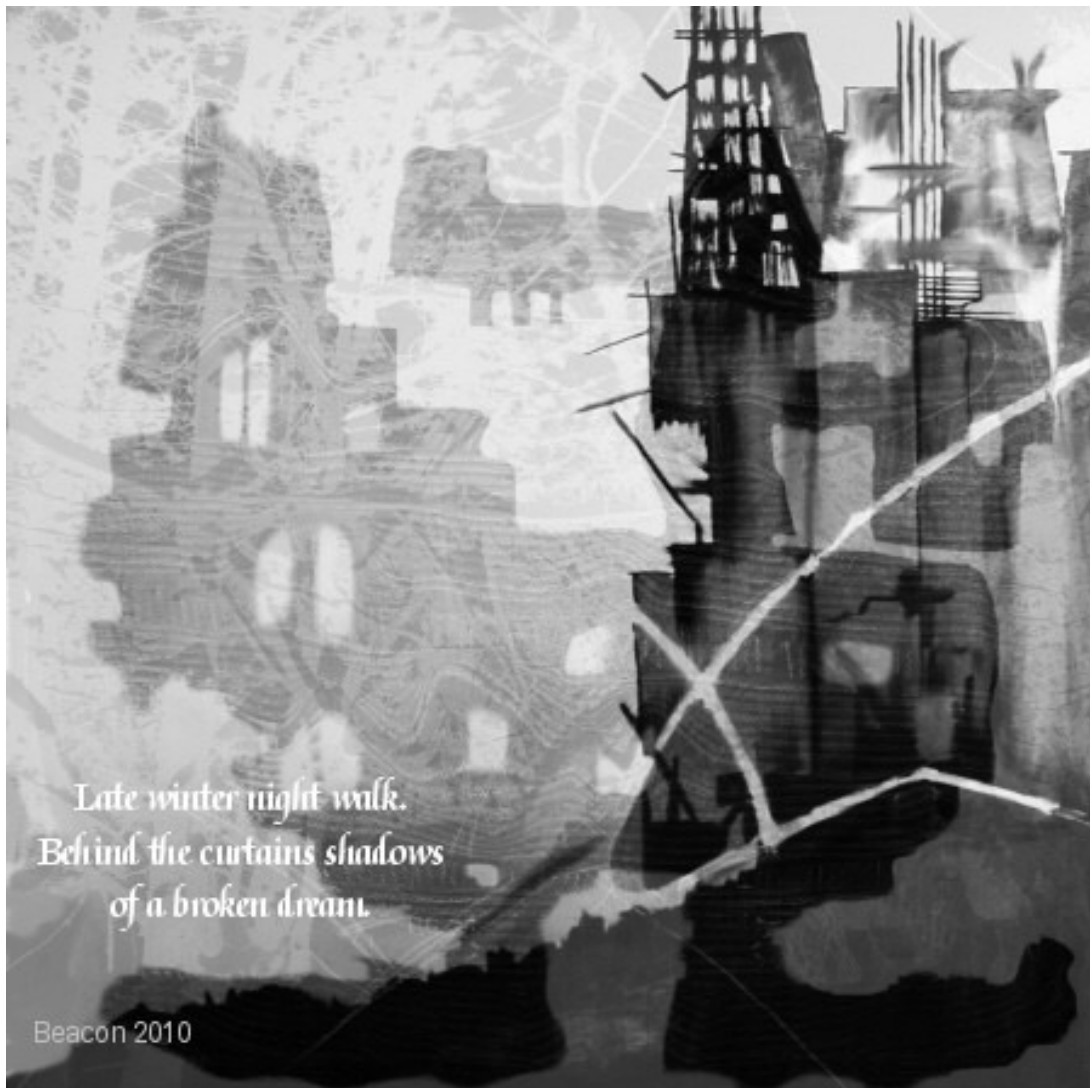
Morgengrauen verschmierte Fingerabdrücke auf einem leeren Glas ...

Bob Lucky

snowman –
a brilliant sunrise
ends his night

Schneemann –
ein brillanter Sonnenaufgang
beendet seine Nacht

Earl Moore



Beate Conrad

It is the white hour
between deep night and soft dawn.
Even the wren stares.

Es ist die weiße Stunde
zwischen tiefer Nacht und sanftem Dämmer.
Sogar der Zaunkönig starrt.

What discus player
threw a tangerine moon on
top of Main Street?

Welcher Diskuswerfer
warf den Mandarinmond auf
die Hauptstraße?

What does this cat think
strumming his tail with such ease
to fugues of Bach?

Was denkt diese Katze,
die mit ihrem Schwanz so locker
zu Bach-Fugen spielt?

Joan McNerney

a link
between the past and future
a falling leaf

verbindet
gestern und heute –
ein gefallenes Blatt

Aju Mukhopadhyay

village outskirts —
a ripple in the pond creases
the moon

am Rande des Dorfes –
ein Kräuseln im Teich zerknautscht
den Mond

Gautam Nadkarni

offshore wind
rain slants
into sun

ablandiger Wind
Regen neigt sich
in die Sonne

darkening cloud sharp splinters of shadow

sich verdunkelnde Wolke scharfe Schattensplitter

surfacing platypus...
the dimensions
of shadow

ein Schnabeltier taucht auf
die Dimensionen
von Schatten

blue shadows
the squirrel's
shrill bark

blaue Schatten
des Eichhörnchens
helles Bellen

long shadows
the fading call
of a jay

lange Schatten
der schwindende Ruf
eines Eichelhäfers

Linda Pilarski

the silver shimmer
inside a broken ornament
deep winter

der silberne Schimmer
in einem gebrochenen Ornament
tiefer Winter

house hunting—
another woman's roses
just clipped

Haussuche--
eben erst die Rosen einer anderen
zurückgeschnitten

Jennifer Gomoll Popolis

Elsternschrei
im zerfledderten Buch
getilgte Namen

magpie's caw
in a tattered book
deleted names

Gabriele Reinhard

sand bar
the seagull soars over
swaying kites

Sandbank
eine Möwe schwebt über
schaukelnde Drachen

Cynthia Rowe

summer's end
the camp site packed
with yellow squares

Sommerende
der Zeltplatz voll von
gelben Stellflächen

September dawn –
resting in the dead rose
a dead bee

Morgenrot im September
in der toten Rose
eine tote Biene

hot sleepless night
yesterday's spider
in the bath again

heiße schlaflose Nacht
die Spinne von gestern
wieder im Bad

David Serjeant

blank date book–
the gray afternoon
turns to white

leeres Terminbuch-
der graue Nachmittag
wird weiß

Adelaide B Shaw

out of the fog---
Mennonite buggies
out of the past

aus dem Nebel ---
der Mennoniten-Einspanner
aus der Vergangenheit

John Soules

ein Netzwerk von Rissen als der Fluss verstummt

a network of fissures as the river falls silent

Schritte im Schnee verloren ihr Gewicht in der Nacht

steps in the snow lost their weight in the night

Helga Stania

Flu shot queue --
the lady in front of me
is missing three teeth.
Why do I think of bowling
at a time like this?

Grippeimpfung –
der Frau vor mir
fehlen drei Zähne.
Warum denke ich an Bowling
gerade jetzt?

Richard Stevenson

Frühling!
Die Katze leckt sich
die Sonne aus dem Fell

Spring!
The cat sleeks
the sun from its skin

Joachim Thiede

Intercity Express:
the clickety-clack
of computer keys

Intercity Express:
das Klicken und Klacken
von Computertasten

Würzburg Hauptbahnhof
Sonntag um halb sechs warten
nur der Mond und ich

Würzburg train station
5:30 Sunday morning
only the moon and I

In der Pfütze
des Nachtregens spiegelt sich
der alte Wachturm

in a puddle
of last night`s rain
old guard tower

ancient Quedlinburg
linden leaves
ringed with gold and rust

altes Quedlinburg
Lindenblätter, die Ränder
aus Gold und Rost

half-timbered buildings
half restored –
October sun

Fachwerkhäuser
zur Hälfte erneuert –
Oktobersonne

Beim Wachturm
ein Mädchen im Wohnwagen –
Zuckerrüben gestapelt

at the guard tower
a lady in an RV –
sugar beets in piles

frosty morning
slowly, slowly a veteran
scales the Reichstag steps

Morgenfrost
langsam, langsam erklimmt ein Veteran
die Stufen des Reichstages

Charles Trumbull



Beate Conrad

summer resort
the metallic shine
of still waters

Sommerfrische
der metallische Schein
von stillem Wasser

clinical death
it ends with a real one--
balmy breeze

der klinische Tod
endet mit dem wirklichen --
Balsambrise

Zinovy Vayman

new year
the black snake's
green belly

neues Jahr
der schwarzen Schlange
grüner Bauch

nursing home
her son croons
a lullaby

Pflegeheim
ihr Sohn summt
ein Wiegenlied

harvest –
a tractor mows down
the colour

Ernte –
ein Traktor mäht
die Farbe nieder

Quendryth Young

Notes:

All haiku by Volker Friebel, Liliana Kremsner, Gabriele Reinhard and Joachim Thiede have been translated from German into English by the Chrysanthemum Editorial Team.

The English versions of the poems by Ralf Bröker, Ramona Linke and Helga Stania are translations of the authors. Some of the German versions by Charles Trumbull are translations of the author.

All other poems are translated from English into German by the Chrysanthemum Editorial Team.



Haibun

Childhood Memories

She tells me an anecdote of her childhood: her mother brought her ice creams from Moscow that would have been very difficult to find in Ukraine. The attraction of these ice creams was that there was a plastic coloured stick with a small fish shape on the top that appeared once the ice cream was finished?

I have a memory of a similar ice cream, but it's a memory in black and white.
Lots of my childhood's memories are in black and white.
Most of my seventies are in black and white.

I can see myself seated on the floor in the living-room playing with plastic soldiers and tanks while outside the big window I see the true dark tanks passing. This was the Cold War and neighbouring Yugoslavia filled my town and childhood with soldiers .

Our first television was in black and white too?

forgotten toy box--
my brother and I
bump heads

Andrea Cecon

Hinterher an der Haltestelle

Wir sind zu fünft in London. Ein befreundetes Paar, meine Kinder und ich treiben an diesem ungewöhnlich sonnigen, ja, warmen Oktobermorgen durch die Geschäftsstraßen. Und obwohl die Zeitungen von Wirtschaftskrise schreiben, hasten die Menschen voll bepackt mit Plastiktüten zwischen all den Kaufhäusern und Cafés in diese und jene Richtung. Immer wieder stoße ich gegen ihre Kanten, rieche teures Parfüm aus nächster Näher, sage zweimal "Excuse me" und lass es dann. Denn niemand spricht auf diesen Boulevards.

Da, den Bus wollen wir nehmen! Ein alter Bus, einer mit offenem Plateau am Ende! Einer von denen, auf die man aufspringen kann!

Ich springe ...

"Hast Du sie noch alle?", herrscht mein Freund mich an. Nicht nur, dass ich beinahe allein davon gefahren wäre, weil ja keiner hinterher rennen könne bei diesem Trubel. Seine Frau nicht, meine Tochter auch nicht. Und ob ich mir mal überlegt hätte, dass mein Sohn mit seinen acht Jahren wohl nichts Besseres zu tun haben könnte, als seinem Vater hinterher zu springen. Gott sei Dank sei der Junge zu langsam gewesen, er habe ihn festhalten können. Ich hätte mal sehen müssen, wie entsetzt er mir hinterher geschaut habe. Und sie hätten mich nur eingeholt, weil die nächste Haltestelle keine hundert Meter weiter liege und der Bus noch immer warten müsse.

"Entschuldigung", sage ich. Und nach einer Weile: "Ich weiß nicht, was da in mich gefahren ist."

Hier kam ich zur Welt.

Hier starb mein Vater.

Jetzt trenne ich die Nabelschnur ...

Ralf Bröker

After That

There are five of us in London: an acquainted couple, my children, and I drifting down the shopping streets on this unusually sunny well, hot October morning.

Though papers tell about the economic crisis, people are hastening between department stores and cafes, in this and that direction, packed with plastic bags. Again and again I am running into them, smelling expensive perfume, apologizing on and on, yet in the end I stop doing so.

'Cause nobody speaks a word on these boulevards.

Gosh, this bus is the one we wanted to ride on! An old bus, one of these with an open platform! One, you can jump on!

I jump on ...

"Are you out of your tiny little mind?" my friend barks at me. Apart from this I had left everybody in the dust for nobody had been able to follow me in this hustle. Nor his wife, neither my daughter. And whether I had'nt thought of my son, who might not have anything else to do but jump after his father. Thank God the boy had been too slow, and they could hold him back. I should have seen how appalled the kid was while looking at me. And they could only catch up with me because the next bus stop was only a hundred metres away, and the bus had to wait there anyway.

"Excuse me", I say. And after a while: "I don't know, what's got into me."

here I was born

here my father died

now I've cut the umbilical cord

Ralf Bröker

Zerfall

Das Medikament hat die Form einer kleinen schmalen rosa Bohne. Man darf es nur aufgelöst einnehmen. Ich benutze dazu ein Schnapsgläschen, fülle es halb mit lauwarmen Wasser und werfe die Tablette hinein.

Jedesmal beobachte ich gespannt, was passiert. Minutenlang geschieht gar nichts. Ein winziges Bläschen an der Wasseroberfläche ist unbeweglich. Es dauert lange, bis kaum wahrnehmbare Nebelschleier aufsteigen. Unmerklich verdichten sie sich. Nun sind auch kleine Luftperlen beigemischt. Allmählich entsteht am Boden des Gläschens Bewegung. Die Tablette bekommt Schlagseite wie ein Schiff. Die nun aufwärts gewandte Längsfläche platzt langsam auf, ein weiß-grauer Stoff hebt sich wolkig empor, beginnt schon in der Aufwärtsbewegung zu zerfallen. Das Wasser trübt sich. Das Pinnchen schwenkend, versuche ich, die Mischung in einem Zug auszutrinken. Doch einige Reste haben sich am Boden festgesetzt. Ich muß Wasser nachfüllen und umrühren, um sie einnehmen zu können, damit – entsprechend der Anweisung im Beipackzettel – nichts übrig bleibt.

Beim Hinunterschlucken hoffe ich, dass der eine Zerfallsprozess den anderen aufhebt.

Aus dem Kühlwasserturm
des Atomkraftwerkes
quillt weißer Dampf.

Hans Lesener

Decay

The medicine is formed like a small pink bean. It must be properly dissolved in water in order to take it.

For this purpose I use a jigger. I fill it half way with lukewarm water and throw the tablet in.

Every time I watch curiously. For minutes nothing happens. A tiny bubble sits still at the water surface. It takes quite a while until almost invisible mists rise, getting denser little by little. Now the mixture produces small bubbles. Gradually some motion develops on the bottom of the glass. And then the pill heels like a ship. Its upward

showing long-side surface gives way. Finally, a light grayish matter ascends and dissolves by clouding the water.

I turn the shot glass and try to down the mixture in one gulp. But some of the solvent is stuck at the bottom. I refill, stir, and swallow again — according to the medical directions — no remains.

In doing so, I hope that one decay stops the other.

Nuclear power plant:

From the cooling tower

welling up white steam.

Hans Lesener

translated from German into English by Beate M. Conrad



Feature – Toshio KIMURA (木村聡雄)

Toward the Other World

Auf eine andere Welt zu

talking about
the future, o lily,
my absence

im Gespräch über
die Zukunft, o Lilie,
meine Abwesenheit

未来について語れば百合よ我が不在

my tail lost
in exchange for
a line of verse

As we had evolved and lost our tails, instead we got our culture like poetry. There will be an analogy between the tail and one-line verse like haiku in Japanese.

mein Schwanz verloren
im Tausch für
eine Verszeile

Nachdem wir uns entwickelt hatten und unser Schwänze verloren haben, entwickelten wir unsere Kultur und Poesie. Da gibt es eine Analogie zwischen einem Schwanz und einem einzeiligen Vers wie das Haiku in Japanisch.

喪失の尾とひきかえに詩の一行

my tail:
the organ to sense seasons
---cut off

It is a hypothesis of parallelism:
In ancient times our ancestor apes with tails lived in nature feeling
seasons (classical haiku), but today we humans without tails (being cut
off) living in cities became less aware of seasons (modern haiku).

Mein Schwanz:
das Organ um Jahreszeiten wahrzunehmen
--abgeschnitten

Es ist eine Hypothese von Parallelismus: In früheren Zeiten lebten unsere Affen-Vorfahren
mit ihren Schwänzen in der Natur, Jahreszeiten (klassisches Haiku) fühlend und
wahrnehmend. Aber heutzutage leben wir Menschen ohne Schwanz (er wurde abgeschnitten)
in Städten weniger sensitiv in Bezug auf Jahreszeiten (modernes Haiku).

季節読む器官としての尻尾切断

from here
toward the other world --
an umbrella

von hier
bis zur anderen Welt –
ein Regenschirm

こっちからあっちのほうへ蝙蝠傘

as parts
of a bicycle:
thighs

als Teile
eines Fahrrads:
Schenkel

自転車の部分となりて腿だろう

toad:
dolled up in a tiara
taken my home

die Kröte
mit einer Tiara in Schale geworfen
hat mein Haus besetzt

ひきがえるティアラでかざりつれかえる

walking around the forest
with every step of mine
the forest walks

beim Durchstreifen des Walds
geht mit jedem meiner Schritte
der Wald mit

森を歩く 一歩すなわち森は歩く

napping for some seconds --
found myself tangled
in vines

Sekundenschlaf –
fand mich wieder verwickelt
in Reben

うたたね幾秒 葡萄の蔓に巻きつかれ

undoing my sweater
in the dark of my room
stars born

beim Ausziehen meines Pullovers
in der Dunkelheit des Raums
werden Sterne geboren

セーター脱ぐ部屋の暗がり星生まる

describing
visions in my head:
a sur-sketch

beschreibe
Visionen in meinem Kopf:
eine Über-Skizze

幻をただあるがまま超写生

the bottom of the grail --
misreading
never dries up

der Bodensatz des Grals –
Fehlinterpretation
trocknet niemals aus

聖杯の底乾くことない誤読

to the dungeon!
right under the tube track

ins Verließ!
direkt unter dem U-Bahn-Gleis

地下鉄軌道直下型ダンジョンへ

spirit of verse
not descended to me --- hunting
for the rest of the night!

Geist des Verses
nicht auf mich herabgekommen --- jagend
für den Rest der Nacht!

詩靈おり来たらず狩りとせよ残夜

even resentment
hanging in Jupiter:
color of dark gray

sogar Groll
hängt im Jupiter:
dunkelgrau die Farbe

木星にかかる鬱憤さえもにび色

awaken with
Parzival
as my shield

aufwachen mit
Parzival
als mein Schild

『パルチファル』一卷盾として寝覚む



Toshio KIMURA (木村聡雄)

Born in Tokyo, Japan in 1956.

Began to write haiku when he was at Meiji Gakuin University, Tokyo (MA in literature).

Haiku collections: *Là-bas* 『彼方』 (Japanese); *Phantasm of Flowers* (English).

His haiku have also appeared in *HAIKU: Anthologie du poème court japonais* (nrf/Gallimard, France) and other anthologies.

Criticism: 'A Brief History of Modern Japanese Haiku' (English), *The Haiku Universe for the 21st Century*, etc.

Director of Haiku International Association.

Head of International Affairs Section (02-08) of Modern Haiku Association.

Member of Japan PEN club; World Haiku Association.

Former Fellow at University of London.

Professor of English at Nihon University.

Toshio KIMURA wurde 1956 in Tokio geboren. Mit dem Verfassen von Haiku begann er an der Meiji Gakuin Universität, Tokio, wo er ein Studium japanischer Literatur absolvierte. Kimura hat bislang zwei Haikusammlungen veröffentlicht: *Là-bas* (in Japanisch) und *Phantasm of Flowers* (in Englisch); und außerdem einige Artikel über das „gendai haiku“ (das moderne, zeitgenössische Haiku). Zurzeit unterrichtet er als Englischprofessor an der Nihon Universität in Tokio.

Aus dem Japanischen ins Englische übertragen von Toshio Kimura. Deutsche Übersetzung: Gerd Börner, Dietmar Tauchner, Klaus-Dieter Wirth

Translated from Japanese into English by Toshio Kimura; German translations by Gerd Börner, Dietmar Tauchner and Klaus-Dieter Wirth



FEATURE

KLAUS-DIETER WIRTH

Klaus-Dieter Wirth, geboren 1940 in Neuss, Deutschland; wohnhaft in Viersen (Niederrhein) und Burg, einem Weindorf an der Mosel.

Neuphilologe im Ruhestand (Englisch, Französisch, Spanisch), Lehrtätigkeit an Gymnasien und der Universität Düsseldorf.

Erster Kontakt mit dem Haiku bereits 1967.

Aktives Mitglied in mehreren internationalen Haiku-Gesellschaften und Internet – Foren (J, USA, CAN, GB, F, NL/B, D) mit zahlreichen Veröffentlichungen in den diesbezüglichen Zeitschriften und Anthologien.

Klaus-Dieter Wirth, born at Neuss in 1940, Germany; living at Viersen (Lower Rhine District) and at Burg, a village of winegrowers on the river Moselle.

Retired teacher of modern languages (English, French, Spanish) at grammar schools and the university of Düsseldorf.

First contact with the haiku already in 1967.

Active member of several international haiku societies and forums on the Internet (J, USA, CAN, GB, F, NL/B, D) with numerous publications in their corresponding magazines and anthologies.

Mein Haiku-Credo

Mein generelles Anliegen geht dahin, diesem Genre gegenüber gänzlich offen zu sein zur Mehrung seines Ansehens auf internationaler Ebene. Haiku-Welt ist überall! So fühle ich mich grundsätzlich keinerlei Ansicht und keinem Trend verpflichtet: weder einem strengen Traditionalismus noch dem Glauben an eine zen-buddhistische Durchdringung noch der *Shasei*-Theorie im Sinne einer realistischen Skizze nach der Natur oder der Vorstellung eines bloßen Schnappschusses, der Kultivierung eines zweifelhaften Telegrammstils, dem krampfhaften Streben nach Originalität, nach dem Experiment oder der dogmatischen Anwendung irgendeiner verschlüsselten Kontrastierung usw.

Meiner Meinung nach hängt der dem Haiku eigene Charme letztlich gerade von seinen poetischen Qualitäten ab, dem ausgewogenen Sprachgebrauch, von Rhythmus, Klang, Bildlichkeit, mehrschichtiger Bedeutung, dem Einklang von Form und Inhalt, von seiner Suggestivkraft und der Art des Erstaunens, die ein Kind zeigt, wenn es zum ersten Mal auf die Phänomene unserer Umwelt stößt.

My Haiku Credo

My general concern is to keep an open mind to the genre just for the benefit of its further reputation and promotion on an international scale. Haiku's world is everywhere! So I do on principle not feel obliged to any special view or trend: neither to strict traditionalism, nor to believing in the spirit of Zen Buddhism, to the *shasei* theory as a realistic sketch from nature, nor to the idea of a mere snapshot or to the cultivation of some dubious telegram style, to a forced striving for originality, for experimenting, nor to the dogmatic application of some cryptic juxtaposition etc.

To my mind, the genuine charm of the haiku depends in the end on its very poetical qualities, its harmony of linguistic usage, rhythm, sound, imagery, multi-layered meaning, unison of form and content, its suggestive power and that sort of astonishment shown by a child at his first contact with the phenomena of our surroundings.

| | |
|---|---|
| krächzende Krähen das Wehen des Vorfrühlings geschwärzt und zerkratzt | early spring breeze blackened and scratched by cawing crows |
| Lastwagenkonvoi – eine Elster rudert hart zur Nothaltebucht | convoy of lorries a magpie flapping hard to the emergency bay |
| gleich mit dem Schuß die Empörung der Krähen lang anhaltend | with the shot sharp the long lasting outrage of the crows |

| | |
|---|--|
| | |
| die leeren Augen des blinden Seemanns voller Salzwind | the empty eyes of the blind sailor filled with salty wind |
| gischende Brandung Basaltformationen ein Jahr der Quallen | spraying breakers basalt formations a year of jellyfish |
| Schatten von Wäsche wellen im Wasser – lautlos eine Gondel, schwarz | shadows of washing waving in the water – still a black gondola |
| beim Absenken des Sargs der Sprung eines Eichhörnchens von Baum zu Baum | with the coffin going down the leap of a squirrel from tree to tree |
| auf einem Rollbild in der Raumnische Bambus windbewegt | scroll painting in a niche of the room bamboo in the wind |
| unbekümmert auf dem Standbild des Staatsmanns eine Lachmöwe | unconcerned on the statue of the statesman a laughing gull |
| fünf junge Frauen ganz entzückt um das Kleinkind – der Aufschrei des Wagens | five young ladies thrilled to bits round the baby – the pram's plaintive cry |
| der alte Clown zieht sein Lächeln nach ein letztes Mal | the old clown redoing his smile for the last time |
| | |

The Lyrical Gemstone (Haiku in Latvian Poetry)

Leons Briedis & Adrian Briedis–Macovei

Latvia is a small North–Eastern– European country at the coast of the Baltic Sea. The Latvians, now about 1.3 million strong, are one of the Indo–European peoples with an ancient origin. We speak a language pertaining to the Indo– European family, and, more particularly, its Baltic branch. In the old days, five peoples spoke Baltic languages, but now only two of them have survived: we, the Latvians, and our neighbours, the Lithuanians. Although the present–day territory of Latvia has always been part of a territory coveted and chosen for military expansion by other peoples, like the Germans, the Russians, the Swedes and the Poles, the Latvians have survived through the long centuries not only as a people, but also, remarkably, the Latvian language and the vast cultural heritage has been preserved. The brightest manifestations of the latter are found in the oral culture, in the folk songs we call the Dainas, as well as in some legends and myths. Latvia gained its first national independence in 1920, but it was incorporated into the USSR already in 1940. Therefore the real upheaval started only after 1991 as the country regained its independence, and, indeed, after joining the EU community as a full member.

Language, culture, and above all, poetry has always occupied a prominent and meaningful place in our Latvian consciousness. We, the Latvians, are essentially a lyrical people, therefore, notwithstanding our dramatic and sometimes tragic fate, we have always been open to the manifestations of culture coming from other peoples, including the Japanese. Since ancient times we have been aware that in order to survive in this world, to preserve and enhance our mentality, we must absorb the cultural experience of other peoples: the European ones nearby, and also the seemingly distant Eastern peoples. Obviously, that is the reason why the Japanese culture occupies such a special place in our cultural consciousness.

While the Kodziki Chronicle dated 712 is considered the oldest example of the Japanese literature, the first book in Latvian was released some 8 centuries later, in 1525. Since then, and for the following three centuries while Latvia remained under German domination, Latvian literature existed mainly in such a form as written by German authors who had learned the Latvian language, and whose works were guided by religious and didactic spirit. For academic purposes, the beginning of the contemporary Latvian literature is considered to be the renaissance that took place in the middle of the 19th century, more precisely in 1856, as the first Latvian author's poetry book, „Dziesmiņas” (“The Little Songs”) by Juris Alunāns saw the light. In other words, Latvian original literature exists just 150 years, however, the period has been extraordinarily dynamic and extensive since we wished to catch up with other European peoples who had gradually amassed their legacy over several centuries. As a result, we can say that the Latvians, alongside the neighbours the Estonians and the Lithuanians are fully synchronized with the major global and cultural processes where the Japanese culture and

poetry plays a prominent role.

Relatively, one may speak of two stages in the absorption of the Japanese culture by Latvian culture and poetry. Both have gained momentum thanks to some radiant personalities who operated in the sphere of Latvian Culture.

In 1921, soon after the independent Latvia was proclaimed, Arveds Švābe published his Latvian translation of “Japanese Poetry”, becoming the first person in the Latvian history to introduce the Japanese tanka and haiku. Alongside the tanka, the book represented nine Japanese authors who wrote haiku: Jamasaki Sokan, Arakida Moritake, Nishijama Soin, Jasuhara Teishitsu, Matsuo Bashō, Hatori Ransetsu, Naito Yoso, Kakami Shiko and Yokoi Yayu.

Professor Arveds Švābe (1888 – 1959) is one of the fathers of the Latvian history, a renowned historian who established the Institute of Latvian History in 1936 and vice-chaired it after 1939. The compass of his activities is rather wide: he was a historian, compiler of an encyclopedia, a folklore explorer, a writer, a poet, a translator, incidentally, from Chinese and Japanese, the languages acquired by Arveds Švābe during the First World War (as a refugee he went to the far East and worked as a mail servant on the Vladivostok – Harbin railroad).

Let me quote two tanka by Arveds Švābe from his book „Gong-Gong”:

The bamboo shadows
Cut my window pane
Like swords in a duel;
The gong sounds and the music plays
And a motley kimono slips from a geisha
and
Indian sea...
The roses of jelly-fish afloat
Pink and blue;
The crowd of Paris by night
Is where I meet my jelly-fish.

The second stage of absorption of the Japanese culture in Latvia started in the 1980s. It is connected with the personality of Guna Eglīte (1943 – 2008), a great master of the Japanese language and a prominent translator. She translated into Latvian the works of many distinguished Japanese prose writers (Kobo Abe, Kendzaburo Oue, Jasunari Kavabata, Jukio Misima etc.) and, especially, the classical Japanese poetry: tanka and haiku released in three Latvian volumes: „The Glow-Worm’s Light” (1997), „Shadow and Light” (2006) and „Living With a Haiku Poet” (2007). Thanks to her enthusiasm, it is possible to learn Japanese as an optional subject at the Latvian University. And, for some time, even a specialized Japanese school is run in the city of Riga. These activities, undoubtedly, have aroused in Latvia a great interest in Japan, its culture and, last but not least, in Japanese poetry, tanka and

haiku.

If Latvia were revisited as it was in the twenties and thirties of the previous century, at least by perusing the pages of some Latvian poets of the day, the streets of Riga seemed to be crowded by samurais, bonzais and geishas, tea houses and Japanese gardens which shot up at every corner, while the city parks abounded in chrysanthemums, azaleas and sakura. It was fashionable at that time to introduce Japanese, and also other Oriental (Chinese, Indian, even Indonesian, Philippine and Polynesian) motifs into Latvian poetry. Alongside the aesthetic content, the motifs also revealed the ideological orientation toward the primeval beauty, unostentatious ways, purity and chastity characteristic of the Oriental cultures and juxtaposed to the overwhelming urbanization and other calamities and cataclysms caused by human activity that were experienced by Europe at that time.

I already mentioned Arveds Švābe's poetry book in tanka format. Tanka were written by many Latvian poets, however, the book by Arveds Švābe still remains the one and only consistent tanka book in Latvian poetry. Ironically, haiku is a rarer and more modern phenomenon in Latvian poetry. While it is true that no Latvian poet missed the opportunity to write a haiku in his lifetime, yet largely they are called "three-liners" or just "short poems". Māris Čaklais (1940 – 2003) was the first poet to have the nerve to call his seven three-liners haiku. In 1980 he wrote his haiku cycle „Bandavas haikas” (The haiku of Bandava. Bandava is a village in Courland, Western Latvia). Some examples:

Rain in the estate park

The rain has awakened
voices least expected.
The Sun is going to silence them.

Kuldīga (a Courland town)

A pigeon leads the way like a pilot
through the triumphal arch of waybread.
Are there so many folks who need healing?

Another Latvian poet, Juris Kronbergs (1946), is true to a similar lyrical line in his haiku cycle "The Documents of Night" („Nakts dokumenti”), e.g.:

summer nights
are as dark as winter days
and I become like them

the colours go to bed at night
those gray and black ones
the (bottle of) Indian ink is empty

by night the lake is
like a black meadow
full of sleepless flowers

Among other Latvian poets who have written haiku, I wish to mention Jānis Rokpelnis (1945), Pēteris Brūvers (1957) and Guntars Godiņš (1957). However, for them haiku has not meant a prevalent format, rather one more chance of self-expression under an alternative aesthetic angle. Thus their haiku (like those of Māris Čaklais and Juris Kronbergs) do not comply with the classical, conventional haiku rules.

Naturally, the range of haiku written by Latvian poets is rather wide: from notably lyrical, philosophical, meditative, dramatic and even tragic haiku to ironical, humorous and often even frivolous haiku, thus reassuring of the tremendous denotative, stylistic and melodic capacity of this incredibly condensed form of poetry:

My bitter irony,
my sweet paradox –
two spices to season a word,

as Guntars Godiņš said in his haiku.

See how a very popular haiku by Jānis Rokpelnis explores the precarious balance of aesthetic taste and common sense, shocking and challenging:

the stars gone bottomless,
the firmament – all diamond asses
timidly twinkling!

Juris Kronbergs is particularly amazed by this type of haiku. He even ascribes his ironical three-liners to a special genre “haikuckoo”, e.g.:

the cuckoo gets boozed,
the squirrel steals from a hazelnut tree
the hedgehog batters the fox.

three musketeers: d'Artagnan,
Jean Cocteau
and l'art nouveau

Year 2000 was a crucial point in the history of Latvian haiku when the painter Jānis Anmanis published his haiku book, soon followed by two more. Jānis Anmanis (1944) has written some 1000 haiku altogether, adding a coloured picture to illustrate each to complement the aural perception, which is so important to haiku, with the visual one.

Although the haiku of Jānis Anmanis are quite close to the classical requirements of the haiku art, he mostly calls them triplets or “Trioles”. See some of his haiku examples:

The bridge of infinity
Sinks in the cloud – capped sky
It's the road

In a white cupola
Seven candles flicker
The flame's so red

The wind loves you
Strongly and tenderly
It's me

Forgive me
That I didn't come then
I was dreaming

Another author which I would like to mention is Irina Morskaya. For her haiku are a magnificent reservoir of poetic energy, a possibility to express the depths of human emotions and to explain the world that surrounds us in a very short way. Especially metaphors help to achieve such frankness of soul. “To achieve more melody and beauty I always try to endow my poems with a pithy rhythm. For me form is not so important as the depth of thoughts. Haiku is like some underground smouldering that may rapidly ignite our feelings turning a little flame into the apotheosis of combustion. I got my inspiration from music, from communication with nature or from meeting with strong, talented individuals.”

Horizon between
earth and sky.
Unfulfilled meeting.

The sea in the sink.
A bird in the nest.
The homeless vagabond.

Fallen yellow leaves.
Gather the past
Summer.

Bewitched autumn forest.
You recognize
A flattered sorrow.

The hustle of days.
Volatile thoughts.
Inspirituality.

From the newest generation of Latvian poets the one who practises the haiku style more professionally is Adrian Briedis–Macovei (1982). In his haiku he convincingly and suggestively combines the traditions of Japanese haiku, the Latvian–Romanian mentality and European philosophical and meditative approach. His style is sensitive, sometimes naive and romantic but he always uses the free writing form, the play of words and meanings with a logical and ironical approach that gives his haiku colourful originality and beautiful novelty. As he is not following the classical Japanese haiku writing form, he names his haiku form: “Shorts – the three–liners”:

you can write haiku
only there
where sun sleeps upside down

florid hill
falling from the top
like a small star

civilization is going down
and down
on the American roller coaster

in the features of the wind
hides
a paper dragon

in my last dream
I was a tree
stability

European culture can be symbolized by a triangle like a pyramid, that is extroverted – from the soul to the universe whereas I would symbolize Japanese culture by a triangle upside down, –

introverted – from the universe to the soul which can be discovered in their haiku. The sides of this triangle symbolize the past, present and future – time and eternity. Both European and Japanese culture and mentality meet in this triangle and form the simplicity and at the same time the endlessly illustrious features of the haiku. This is one of the most important aspects that we like about haiku and we are trying to combine these two different haiku dimensions, which makes us even better poets as you can notice that in the “shorts“ of Latvian poet Leons Briedis (1949):

To the very horizon
Ships are dead waiting:
Wave holidays.

To live: means improvise –
Not touching the piano keys
With the fingertips.

Once we all fell out
of God's wide sleeve
Crumbs on this world's daily table.

The reason is just a visitor
Who leaves us
At the very beginning of the feast.

I drop pearls to the pigs
Feeding them up
As prophets.

Thanks to the initiatives of translator Guna Eglīte the interest towards Japanese poetry has grown to such an extent in Latvia that it gave rise to the so-called “Haiku Amateur Club” established by some 20 – 30 people pertaining to diverse professions and various ages, not poets by profession. They organize poetry parties and conferences on a regular basis, they have a website where they publish their works, and they have also published their poetry in several compilations. Unlike us, poets, or the only professional haiku writer Jānis Anmanis, they rigorously stick to the classical and conventional rules of haiku writing: not only as to the number of syllables, the season word “kigo” etc., but also, in a way, converting poem writing from an aesthetic pass-time into a religious cult where form resembles a Procrustean Bed in some kind. Obviously they missed the message given by Arveds Švābe, who, in 1921, strongly warned the readers, and especially the writers of this attitude. Therefore, if I may say so, something like an undeclared and uncompromising war is being waged between the Haiku amateur Club and other haiku writers. However, I am not so worried as I may sound

for at the same time they stimulate us, the poets, to be more obedient to the haiku laws. And Japanese culture and poetry will be the winners after all. Latvian mentality is a fertile soil for the perception of the Japanese haiku and tanka, and for their rendering into Latvian. Therefore I really see great possibilities for the Latvian haiku in future.

Unlike the classical Japanese poetry, Latvian folk songs are based on the tonal versification system: usually they are trochee four-liners of eight metrical feet without rhymes with a characteristic logical rhythm, and, like in Japanese poetry, the logical rhythm is based on the arrangement of words in lines according to the number of syllables, e.g.:

Aiz avota saule lēca,
Zelta starus kaisīdama;
Grūtdienīša asariņas
Krīt Dievam klēpītī.

Translated literally:

Behind the spring the sun rose,
Scattering the golden rays.
The tears of an orphan
Fall into the lap of God.

No doubt this can hardly be compared to the Japanese haiku, however, some kind of typological similarity may still exist between the two. Delving deeper into the folk song quoted above, it is not hard to feel its determinate quality, the level of generalization. It is like a peculiar “lyrical theorem”, expressed in elliptical language, concise and laconic. It is somewhat difficult to speak of a plot, maybe one could call it a plotlike situation, which one might make out, somewhere, somehow “behind the picture” such as glimpsing only one half of a metaphor – the one lying on the ground – “the golden rays of the sun”, and the other half “the orphan’s tears falling into God’s lap”, leads us to some metaphysical space. Of course, my example should not be generalized and applied to any Latvian folksong, but at the same time we are talking about a characteristic facet of the Latvian folksong. It shows a special kind of lyricism, in its essence based on the metaphor, where inspiration is caused to flow into the concept. In short, it is a special metaphysical lyricism that is characteristic of the Daina.

I shall not dare to deliver a judgment about its relationship with the poetry of Japanese haiku, however the closeness of the two spheres – the cosmic and the material sphere – is apparent. Anyhow the juxtaposition of the two spheres makes us aware of their interaction, and, one of these days, Latvian folk songs and Japanese haiku will be in harmony with everything that exists, some sort of human progress towards “satori”, a poetry that is essentially philosophic. Therefore the most poetically successful Latvian haiku, based on the impressionist “stream of consciousness” do not only sound fresh and vivid but can also rightfully be considered as manifestations of contemporary and even modern life, of human soul and perception of the universe. Apparently, this is exactly that view of the world

expressed by modern poetical means, in modern language and using modern imagery according to modern experience that the American poet Ezra Pound meant, seeking and finding it in an extraordinary medium – in Japanese haiku, and we agree to his poetical view thinking of those haiku already created and still to be created in Latvian. Only Japanese haiku are capable of such simple, natural, direct and explicit “thinking” and “verbal expression”. Therefore we can speak of “a permanent contemporaneity” of this Japanese poetical form which is as topical in Latvian poetry as it is in the poetry of any other people in the world.

Haiku in Latvia

Janis Petersons

First haiku in Latvia appeared in 1986, when the Japanese teacher and translator Guna Eglite published “The Shadow of Grass, the Shadow of Dragonfly” (Zāles ēna, spāres ēna).

I read it until late at night. The next morning, sitting in a tram on my way to TV, where I was working as a journalist, I created my first haiku:

“On a dewy morning
Raspberry bushes cracked .
A Russian picking the fruit ...”

I think there are all haiku qualities in it -- the season, the the picture of nature, and the Latvians fate in the third line. I was told to never show it to anybody...I wrote four more haiku, then stopped. The Eglite’s haiku book was sold out in a short time.

About me. I am an engineer of chemistry by education, after some years I became an economist, TV journalist, then a management consultant, and now I am living in retirement. My languages are Latvian, Russian and English.

The second haiku translation “The Light of Glow-Worm” came out in 1997.

I met Guna Eglite, she suggested me to write 100 haiku. It was a very strange idea for me, I never thought to become a poet, though somewhat reluctantly I started to try so. Then I showed the outcome to a famous professional poet who said that it was interesting. As a result I published my haiku collection “65 Springs” (65 pavasari) in a peculiar form -- each haiku on an individual business card with a simple graphical representation in miniature. Only 100 copies were made. I promoted it as a tool of relaxation for businessmen. It was expensive, but sold well without any problems. That's how I became a "Haiku Poet".

In 2002, the Latvian public Internet site Delphy organized a haiku composing competition. It aroused great interest with more than 1000 three-line verses, although most of them were no real haiku after all.

The sponsor of the competition was one of the oldest and very solid publishing houses “Valters&Rapa”. I did some more organizing work attracting other amateurs to the business of writing haiku.

As a result “Lietus lase” (The Drop of Rain) was published. In 2002, it was awarded the third best poetry book in Latvia, beating many professional poets. And a hot discussion began- who has the right

to name verses in Latvian as “haiku”, or real haiku can be written only by Japanese. The discussion addressed for instance the difference between Japanese “mores” and Latvian syllables and other problems. But the readers preferred haiku dealing with other poetry shown by the number of sold copies. The haiku locks were opened.

My friend, businessman Raivo Sabulis, sponsored a third Latvian haiku book “Tiksanas” (The Meeting) in 2006.

In April 2007 I created a haiku blog “Haiku Ekspo”, “indans.blogs.lv”.

I didn't count on more than 20–50 old haiku lovers for communication.. But after the 1000th visitor I realized that the deal had turned out to be more serious. The number of visitors increased like an avalanche. Today the blog has more than 500000 visits, about 25000 visitors, more than 100 haiku writers which is very much for only about 1.2 millions of Latvians....

Latvians are reading the haiku blog not only in England and USA, but in Portugal, Saudi Arabia, Taiwan etc.

Now I am some sort of servant of the blog trying to get new haiku twice a week, following the seasons. The blog has become a club of haiku lovers with vivid discussion. And all haiku are written in Latvian.

For those who do like books more than a computer I'm glad to announce that my fourth haiku book "Taka" (The Path) has just been printed.

Before finishing I shouldn't miss to say that the poet who encouraged me to publish my first haiku book, was Leons Briedis.....

Latvian Haiku presented by Janis Petersons

A frozen window.
The TV set
Keeps silent too...

A pink sunbeam
In dark blue ice.
Evening in March.

How seriously
A braided girl
Speaks to an ant!

Old stone wall in sun.
A tiny lizard on it.
Tranquility.

My car takes a rest.
A sleeping kitten
On the bonnet..

Rust on the rails.
My childhood trains
Don't go there anymore.

Autumn thoughts
Like swallows on a wire
Before flying away.....

Janis Petersons

A tired man.
In a roadside ditch
Lies his shadow.

The candle burned out
The smoke vanished,
In an empty room

My mind is perturbed
By the calm thought of a snail
Sliding by.

Raivo Sabulis

Only seashells
Left alone on the seaside
Chattering.

Mika Angela

A silent garden
In the midday sun.
Dew in the shade of trees.

Maija Zaca

A morning like a cat
Who laps fog's milk.
Milfoil blossoms.

Ligita Mezkalne

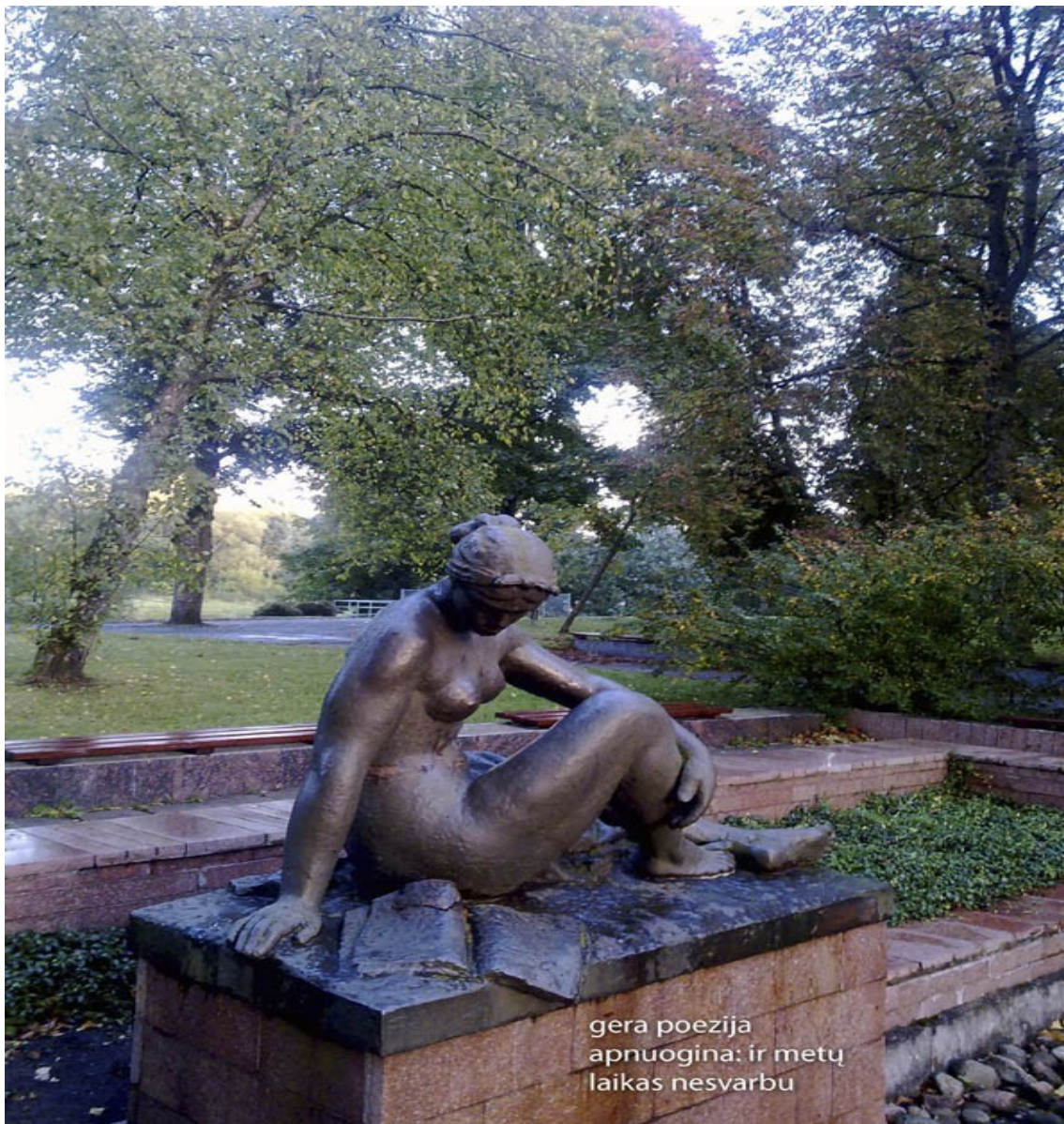
Translated from Latvian by Guna Eglite, Indra Upmina, Janis Petersons



Map Of Vilnius
Eine Landkarte von Vilnius

Haiku written during the 5th WHA Congress and the XX. Druskininkai Poetic Fall Festival in Lithuania, October '09

Haiku – verfasst anlässlich des 5ten WHA-Kongresses und des XX. Druskininkai Poetischen Herbstes in Litauen, Oktober '09



gera poezija
apnuogina: ir metu
laikas nesvarbu

good poetry
denudes: and the season
is not important

gute Dichtung
legt frei: und die Jahreszeit
ist nicht wichtig

Dainius Dirgėla

Fra fæstningens tårn
ses ahornenes kroner
gule i toppen

From the high fortress
one sees the crowns of the maples
yellow at the tops

von der hohen Festung
sieht man die Ahornkrone
gelb an den Spitzen

Oppe på volden
diskuterer et ungt par
afgrund under dem

On the wall's edge
sits a young couple chatting
under them the gulf

am Rande der Mauer
sitzt plaudernd ein junges Paar
unter ihnen der Abgrund

Hanne Hansen

down the spiral of
the sky entrails: controversial
Hegel's theory

die Spirale hinab
in die Gedärme des Himmels: strittig
Hegels Theorie

Dainius Dirgėla



dangaus vidurių
spirale žemyn: ne
pagal Hegelį

big city
beauty in her eyes
Vilnius

pilsėta
skaistums viņas acīs
Viļņa

große Stadt
Schönheit in ihren Augen
Vilnius

an oak
watches over me
my parents

ozols
pieskata mani
mani vecāki

eine Eiche
wacht über mich
meine Eltern

Adrian Briedis–Marcovei

Baltas drugys
aptvaro penklinėj –
smuiko melodija.

A white butterfly
against the fence staves –
a violin melody.

Ein weißer Schmetterling
gegen die Zaunlatten –
Geigenmelodie.

Lietuvės žuvys
skiemenis lanksto pirštais
rudens ežere.

Lithuanian fish
in an autumn lake
fingering syllables.

Litauischer Fisch
in einem Herbstsee
Silben abtasten.

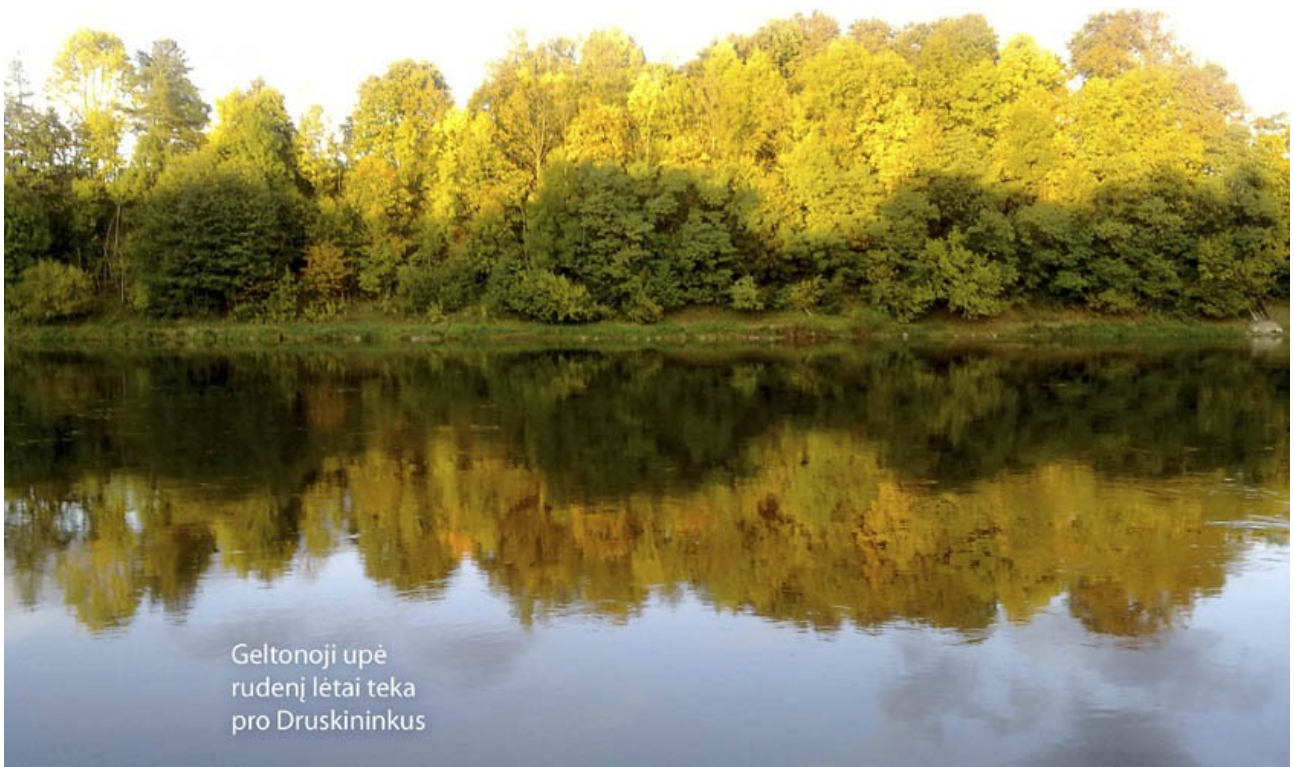
Kornelijus Platelis

the feast is over...
everyone is heading home
accompanied by the wind

Das Fest ist vorüber ...
alle eilen heim
begleitet vom Wind

šventė baigėsi...
visi kas sau į namus
kartu su vėju

Arturas Silanskas



Geltonoji upė
rudenį lėtai teka
pro Druskininkus

the yellow river
flows slowly in autumn
through Druskininkai

der gelbe Fluss
fließt langsam im Herbst
durch Druskininkai

Dainius Dirgėla

oktobarska hladnoca –
pesnici iz ceog sveta
zagrevaju salu

October's cold –
poets from all over the world
warm up the hall

Oktoberkälte –
Dichter aus der ganzen Welt
erwärmen den Saal

sladak ukus
gorke kafe –
sunce u Viljnusu

sweet taste
of bitter coffee –
the sun in Vilnius

süßer Geschmack
von bitteren Kaffee –
die Sonne in Vilnius

nova zemlja za mene –
cilibar i fotografije
za secanja

a new country for me –
amber and pictures
for the memories

ein neues Land für mich –
Bernstein und Bilder
zur Erinnerung

Dragan J. Ristic

sentado na cama
luar nos meus pés nús –
Outono em Druskininkai.

sitting on the bed
moonshine on my bare feet –
Autumn in Druskininkai.

Im Bett sitzend
Mondschein auf meinen bloßen Füßen –
Herbst in Druskininkai.

o arco-íris
nas folhas do castanheiro –
Outono em Druskininkai.

the rainbow
on the chestnut tree's leaves–
Autumn in Druskininkai.

der Regenbogen
auf den Blättern der Kastanie –
Herbst in Druskininkai

David Rodrigues

ecco d'un tratto
una mappa di Vilnius
mi porta il vento

there, all of a sudden
the wind brings me
a map of Vilnius

da, ganz plötzlich
bringt mir der Wind
eine Landkarte von Vilnius

Vilnius deserta
sulla pista ciclabile
vento d'autunno

Vilnius nearly empty
on the cycle track
autumn wind

Vilnius fast leer
auf dem Fahrradweg
Herbstwind

guance di rosa
la venditrice d'ambra
guarda la pioggia

cheeks of rose
the amber seller
looks at the rain

Wangen rosenrot
die Bernsteinverkäuferin
schaut in den Regen

Pietro Tartamella



Sankt Katharina
mit ihren goldenen Argumenten
die Königin der Vernunft

Rob Flipse

single room
beside the bed a Bible
in three languages

Einzelzimmer
neben dem Bett eine Bibel
in drei Sprachen

bad weather
I'm waiting for the sun
or her smile

schlechtes Wetter
ich warte auf die Sonne
oder ihr Lächeln

Petar Tchouhov

Storks in Vilnius
chewing the rue flower
forget their deliveries

Störche in Vilnius
kauen die Rautenblume
vergessen ihre Lieferung

Witnessing a miracle
at the Gates of Dawn –
radiant Madonna

ein Wunder bezeugen
an den "Gates of Dawn" –
glänzende Madonna

A statue of Frank Zappa
replaces Lenin
singing revolution

Franz Zappa-Statue
ersetzt Lenin
von Revolution singend

Doc Drumheller

All other poems are translated from English into German by the Chrysanthemum Editorial Team.



Copyright © 2010

Chrysanthemum Haiku Journal. All rights revert to the authors upon publication.

Copyright © 2010

Chrysanthemum Haiku Journal. Alle Rechte bei den jeweiligen Autoren.

Copyright © Cover: Christine Raiger

www.chrysanthemum-haiku.net

Dietmar Tauchner, Herausgeber/Managing Editor:
email: chrysanthemum@gmx.at

Team:

GERD BÖRNER
DIETMAR TAUCHNER
KLAUS-DIETER WIRTH

Copyright © Cover: Christine Raiger