



Haiku Anthology

Inspired by a walk in Greenwich

4 February 2016

First Thursday: Haiku on foot

Who took part and contributed haiku:  
 A Aruna Dutt  
 B Tim Stevenson  
 C Carol Stevenson  
 D Johnson Tam-Lit  
 F Fran Smitherman  
 G Geoff Herschell  
 H Janey Jones  
 I Liz Wrigley  
 L Rachel Gomme

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*more haikus to be revealed on the  
 reverse*

		<u>Foot tunnel</u>	
		Two polished handrails One brass, one steel, on white tiles Lead under water	
	L	Greenwich Tunnel up Electronic ghost girl speaks Her voice carrying	
	G, L, A	<u>Riverside</u>	
	B	Is that your girlfriend? Said the fellow to his mate People are watching	
		<u>Foot tunnel</u>	
		It's a long way down Through subtle museum smells Are we nearly there yet?	F
		Spiralling deep down To see what's at the bottom It's quicker back up	G
		Down, down, down, down, down, Bright dank dirty odorous Cycle amble sprint	H
		How many people, ride bikes through tunnels at night flashing lights and song	I
		<u>Foot tunnel</u>	
		Old brown iron steps A modern glass-doored swift lift White tunnel between	A
		No cycling, busking poets to be kept secret no composing here	B
		Notice to poets Please do not obstruct the lift Cyclists need it clear	C
		Descend to the right Cycle Run, Pause, Ride in Lift Rising to the top	D

Cutty Sark

Cutty Sark renewed  
 Just like my Grandfather's axe  
 Same identity

Diff'rent ships in time  
 Endeavour frozen in ice  
 Cutty Sark concrete

Cutty Sark is big  
 I see silvery rigging  
 I like how it looks

Straight lines made of rope  
 Holding sails taught in the wind  
 Made Cutty Sark sprint

Cutty Sark

Captive all my life  
 Th majestic Cutty Sark  
 It's my cup of tea

Waves have gone away  
 Are their faces still salty?  
 Figureheads seem sad

A ship in the night  
 Spotlit on indigo sky  
 Still going nowhere

First Thursday: Haiku on foot

What's it all about?

In celebration of creativity on foot

To contribute to  
 National Poetry Day  
 6 October 2016

On the First Thursday  
 of every month between  
 February to October  
 people came together to  
 walk, talk, write and recite haiku

B

C

F

G

H

I

L



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**4 February 2016**

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*Thanks for looking inside*

Riverside

Chill wind on water  
Reflections on the ripples  
Cold, gold and silver

C

Trading memories,  
A diner gave us a wave  
Through Nandos' window

F

Going home from school  
A housebound new friend waved too -  
I'm glad I met her!

F

I hear an aircraft  
Feel the breeze off the water  
See the lights shining

G

Riverside

We're watching them eat  
They're watching us haikuing  
Will there be a fight?

G

Oh, piri chicken  
No I'm not looking at you  
I'm writing haiku

H

Three dine together  
Seven watch them: and they write  
Strange experience

I

Cutting thorns on rose  
Was an old man with a beard  
Sleeping beauty lost?

I

Riverside

Chill air on cheekbones  
Lapping of water on pier  
Tide comes up river

L

Nando's inspectors  
Take official-looking notes  
Makes diners nervous

D

Ferry Pontoon  
Through 'No Entry' sign  
Rules do not apply to us  
For we are poets

F

Boat-borne commuters  
Bobbing on crowded pontoon  
Blockaded by poets

B

C

Ferry Pontoon

No entry said sign  
To the waiting commuters  
No way out this way

D

Welcome to Greenwich!  
Go careful on the pontoon!!  
Did you come by boat?

F

The tide is flowing  
Canary Wharf is glowing  
The wind is blowing

G

Caution trip hazard  
Ropes, ramps, chains and barriers  
Danger all around

G

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*reverse*

A great laser lights  
observatory on hill  
White silent domes watch

D

Lights flash on tower  
Barge bobbing on the water  
Speeding boat goes past

G

I'm sat on the steps  
On which many monarchs climbed  
Naval history

G

A green laser light  
Buildings, small people, lone star  
Time standing still, twice

H

Black water glisten  
Floor rocking under my feet  
The wake, then the calm

L

Oh come sail with me  
The cold night sky will charm you  
Let's peer, pier, appear

H

Royal Steps  
Statue ducks under  
sharp-edged green laser that split  
the towers and sky

B

Tornado Clipper  
Trapped between bright city lights  
And wrought iron rails

C