

Haiku Anthology
Inspired by a walk in the Barbican
3 March 2016
First Thursday: Haiku on foot



more haikus to be revealed on the reverse

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Who took part and contributed haiku:
 A Aruna Dutt
 F Fran Smitherman
 M Gen Herga
 N Paul Cook
 Z Andrew Stuck

Paper boat
 Viking funeral
 Amongst brutal terraces?
 Earth, wind but no fire
 We are sailing here
 Maggie May or may not float
 Ken and Barbie can?
 Paper boat making
 No high sea on which to sail
 Just a shallow pool

N
 N
 Z
 F
 N

Walking exercises
 Best pair together
 Moving forward nice and fast
 Walking three legged
 In step together
 Walking backwards and forwards
 Nice and easy to do
 A three legged race?
 No, a 3-legged wobble
 Weaving drunkenly
 Never vanquish'd be
 Until three legs come against
 Shakespeare Tower door

N
 A
 A
 F
 N

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

A
 F
 N
 N

Views from the bridge

Asynchronous lights
 The traffic snaking along
 Bridge view high and nice

The pulsing traffic
 Falls away from consciousness
 Before cool darkness

Fading voice below
 Standard, read all about it
 Freely given news

Roman Cripplegate
 Brutalist architecture
 Hide in cosy pub

Views from the bridge

Simple people stare
 But tower blocks, terrace blocks
 Barbican complex

Tall vertical lights
 Shimmering, the distant view
 Unseen in daylight

N
 Z

Mendelssohn's Tree

Tree trapped in a cage
 Mendelssohn's inspiration
 And our muse today

In 1990
 Trees falling to bankers then
 Tower 42

Mendelssohn sat here?
 On the Barbican High Walk
 Maybe somewhere else

M
 N
 Z

N
 A
 A
 F
 N

First Thursday: Haiku on foot

3 March 2016

Inspired by a walk in the Barbican

Haiku Anthology



Thanks for looking inside

Sheltering from the wind behind pillars

All aligned neatly
Six pillars in a straight line
Classic photograph

A

In a dark alcove -
a good spot for haiku
But lacking broad views

F

Walkways in the sky
Where viciously winds attack
Yet we come in fleece

N

Six poets shelter
Behind six concrete pillars
To write their haiku

Z

Frobisher West and its stairwell

Sitting on a stair
Much like sitting on a chair
Private property

A

Six snug in a lift
Pitter patter going down
Got lost and tired

A

Here we are beside
The didgeridoo stairwell -
Our time's running out

F

Up from the basement
Glowing in our exertion
We climbed together

F

Frobisher West and its stairwell

'Are you lost?' he says
We ride the lift in silence
He is rather confused

M

This humming stairwell
Vibrating like a boiler
Deeper and deeper

M

This ere Frobisher lift
No access to level one
Or the hall backstage

M

Lost! Ribbon needed
Minotaur Frobisher Boom
A stair well escape

N

Frobisher West and its stairwell

A Cold War bunker?
How diminished I feel now
Stranger than we thought

Z

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