

Inspired by a walk from the London Metropolitan Archives to The Charterhouse Vol. 2 of 2  
 6 October 2016  
**First Thursday: Haiku on foot**  
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Haiku Anthology

Who took part and contributed haiku:  
 A Aruna Dutt  
 AS Becky Taylor  
 AT Aimee Cliff  
 AU David Renner  
 AW Louise Ellaway  
 AY Marette Hickford  
 AZ Nick Bieber  
 BA Richard Cousins  
 BD Simon Waters  
 BE Sophie Hawkey-Edwards  
 BJ Emily Beckwith  
 C Carol Stevenson  
 F Fran Smitherman  
 KK Emma Barrie  
 N Paul Cook  
 S Karen Oliveira  
 Z Andrew Stuck

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*more haikus to be revealed on the reverse*

Through courts & garden of The Charterhouse  
 AZ  
 To live in silence  
 To build stone walls of quiet  
 Would be cloistered bliss  
 Smooth field now raw meat  
 Clerk's well now sparkling water  
 Detention now shut  
 Bones find homes on bones  
 The storm of London quieting  
 Anchored on one light  
 Gas, tree and lead tall and proud  
 People cowed below cloud  
 Silence remains still  
 AY

Through courts & garden of The Charterhouse  
 BA  
 Dusk fades above us  
 Lattice windows light the space  
 Brothers still awake  
 This ancient courtyard  
 Home to a Tudor Court  
 At the day's end  
 Wealth, charity, tales  
 Evil medieval's 'dire deeds  
 Chart'house history  
 On chill, dark, night streets  
 He walks poets into light  
 The Haiku master  
 Here we stand, chilly  
 Surrounded by history  
 No smoking on site  
 BE

Through courts & garden of The Charterhouse  
 BD  
 Through courts & garden of The Charterhouse  
 C  
 Herded to slaughter: St John's Lane to Smithfield  
 BE  
 St John's order fled  
 We will bleed a river red  
 Our meat is your meal  
 Smell the sweet freshness  
 of all that beef on the hoof  
 Herded to slaughter  
 C  
 Arise all cattle  
 To challenge the status quo  
 No more meat, we say!  
 F  
 Marching to market  
 for 'slopey' slaughtering  
 passing alley drips  
 N  
 Being part of a herd  
 Together until the end  
 Down to St John's Lane  
 S

**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 2016  
 people came together to  
 walk, talk, write and recite haiku  
 Conceived by Andrew Stuck

Herded to slaughter: St John's Lane to Smithfield  
 AW  
 Lumbering blinded  
 By the flanks of my mothers  
 Guiding me homewards  
 Cleaves in mooing chorus  
 Eyes bright white, skin porous sticks  
 Slaughter light ahead  
 AY  
 We're nudging packed tight  
 Our veins are pumping with fear  
 Soon to flow downhill  
 AZ  
 Noisy trampling herd  
 Funnel Down the lane ahead  
 To gravity's gore  
 BA  
 Cattle drive to slaughter  
 Noises, fear, assorted stinks  
 The pain in each steak  
 BD

Herded to slaughter: St John's Lane to Smithfield  
 BE  
 St John's order fled  
 We will bleed a river red  
 Our meat is your meal  
 Smell the sweet freshness  
 of all that beef on the hoof  
 Herded to slaughter  
 C  
 Arise all cattle  
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 Marching to market  
 for 'slopey' slaughtering  
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 Being part of a herd  
 Together until the end  
 Down to St John's Lane  
 S

Herded to slaughter: St John's Lane to Smithfield  
 Unattributed  
 Life's tough for a cow  
 Approaching Smithfield Market  
 To grinning butchers  
Don time-traveller goggles (films on location) to The Charterhouse  
 BD  
 Once nights were deep dark  
 Now film crews blaze light to make  
 Films we watch in dark  
 Artificial night  
 It is very hard to write  
 My page cast in shade  
 C & AY  
 Lightning, cows, anguish  
 Beasts reel to final cut  
 That's a wrap. Tex Mex.  
 KK & AU

Inspired by a walk from the London  
Metropolitan Archives to The  
Charterhouse Vol. 2 of 2  
Time-travelling for National Poetry Day  
6 October 2016  
First Thursday: Haiku on foot  
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Thanks for looking inside

Through courts & garden of The Charterhouse

Clerkenwell Plague Pit  
Carthusian monastery  
Lovely almshouses

C

An ageless courtyard  
Where only leaves and brothers  
Ever wither away

C

From my Charterhouse  
attic. Do I see bright stars  
or Barbican lights?

C

Bright tiny windows  
Who lives in a house like this?  
Silence becomes us

N

Silent monks lived here  
The peace can still be sensed  
In such a cold night

S

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Z Andrew Stuck

Who took part and contributed haiku:

Through courts & garden of The Charterhouse

Will Theresa May  
Hold her court at Charterhouse?  
Brexit's coming home

Unattributed

This is home for me  
Community and supper  
Legacy lover

Unattributed

**Have you read volume 1 of this anthology? If not  
download it from here**

[http://www.museumofwalking.org.uk/  
events-archive/first-thursday-haiku-on-  
foot/](http://www.museumofwalking.org.uk/events-archive/first-thursday-haiku-on-foot/)

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Haiku on the hoof  
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events-archive/first-thursday-haiku-on-  
foot/](http://www.museumofwalking.org.uk/events-archive/first-thursday-haiku-on-foot/)

Oh dear, a blank page  
Did we run out of haiku?  
So it would appear  
How to fill this space  
Why not write one of your own?  
Just 5-7-5

Better idea?  
Something special done on foot  
Co-create with us.

[http://www.museumofwalking.org.uk/co-  
create-with-us/](http://www.museumofwalking.org.uk/co-create-with-us/)