

**First Thursday: Haiku on foot**  
**5 May 2016**  
**Inspired by a walk from KingsCross tube station to Old St Pancras Churchyard**

**Haiku Anthology**



*Who took part and contributed haiku:*  
 A Aruna Dutt  
 BB Panda Parker  
 CC Michael Evans  
 DD Wynter Cusamano  
 O Adriana Fanigliulo  
 S Karen Oliveira  
 T Gina Cusamano  
 U Nilufa Varjee  
 X Becki Nevin  
 Z Andrew Stuck  
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*more haikus to be revealed on the reverse*

Wobbly pontoon  
 Slanting wobbly bridge  
 Worried about falling in  
 Soon terra firma  
 The poets are coming  
 with hooves of thunder stomping  
 full of haiku rain  
Mirrors in gas holder circular park  
 Round mirrored green park  
 Lovely use of gas works  
 Patterned shiny roof  
 Sheaths of me in steel  
 Captured by the evening light  
 Friends forever near

BB  
 A  
 T  
 A

Canal side observing people seated  
 A girl with a hat  
 Many bicycles she sees  
 Ducks eating right now  
 Kisses in the sky  
 Friendly faces smile up high  
 Stories to be told  
 The canal ripples  
 In the early evening light  
 I feel calm, content.  
 Alone in leather  
 Older man knees tightly clenched  
 Pours sauce on sushi

Z  
 X  
 T  
 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  
 people came together to  
 walk, talk, write and recite haiku

Conceived by Andrew Stuck

A  
 BB  
 DD  
 S  
 X

View south from St Pancras Square

Clock in the distance  
 Terraced steps in front of me  
 Chilly wind through me  
 East to West above  
 Me against the shimmering  
 Dappled light beyond  
 Rippling all around  
 In the distance I can see  
 Water splashing me  
 Gentrification  
 Swallowed the city centre  
 Only for new kings  
 Long mirror pulsing  
 A birdcage, rooftop, steeple  
 Trees, fast paced people

View south from St Pancras Square

Michael stood with pad  
 Thoughtfully writing haiku.  
 His first time? we asked.

Green wall along York Way

Road in the middle  
 Sandwiched between two walls  
 Our writing threesome

Fuschia trumpet sings  
 alive on a wall of green  
 Whispers in my ears

A/O/S  
 DD/T/U

A small cratered earth  
 Knotted roots, churned earth and moss  
 Gossamer silk thread

Z  
 Z  
 Z  
 A/O/S  
 DD/T/U  
 X/CC/BB

Green wall along York Way

Who waters this wall?  
 Twice my height flowering pink  
 Spraying up or down?

Green wall reflected  
 Not mirrored but hoarding.  
 Poor reproduction

Canal side observing people seated

Ziggurat seats for  
 skinny-jeaned hipster chavster  
 Ignore lover ducks

Round the bend a boat  
 A gathering of daises  
 Taste of freedom

Z  
 Z  
 Z  
 CC/U  
 O

T  
S  
S  
DD  
O  
DD

Mirrors in gas holder circular park

Stillness taking over  
Mindful reflection of times  
Quick stolen moments  
Floating, other two  
Two ducks rushed over my head  
This is the city  
Sunset light as frame  
Capture me sliding by them  
These mirror columns  
Staircase to heaven  
Walking amongst daffodils  
Surrounded by boats  
Sitting down with glee  
I am a soldier in space  
Space in my thoughts

X  
X  
X  
X  
X

Mirrors in gas holder circular park

Water, stone and glass  
Lazy languid fingers on  
Golden sunlight strokes  
Each pillar offers  
a different self. Many  
alternative me's  
Laser cut stars shine.  
Palladium of  
a thousand glimmering dreams.  
Earth bottomed, metal  
sided bowl full of evening  
sky. Box buildings stark  
All the world's a stage  
Amphitheatre. She said:  
A metal girdered

DD  
DD  
Z  
Z  
Z

Mirrors in gas holder circular park

White like a paper cup  
Lonely polar bears are there  
Polar ice poles gone  
Down staring at me  
Looking up is what I would see  
Down is what I see  
Looking up, Looking down  
Ominously waiting  
Suspended above our heads  
Five large concrete blocks  
Distant on blue sky  
Veers from the diameter  
A small aeroplane

A  
Z  
Z  
X  
Z

Looking up, Looking down

One free writing hand  
Lucky finds lying in box  
One blue plastic hand  
In the churchyard-blue hand bricolage  
Two standing, two not  
All four of them are women  
Taking notes? What for?  
What is she thinking?  
Twenty feet above her head  
Expectantly peering  
Faces up, then down.  
One sitting, red bag and boots  
There are four of them

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*Thanks for looking inside*



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In the churchyard-blue hand bricolage

Among the blue gloves

I'm the single left-handed

But we all will die

Advocate of women

Sovereign of her nature

Feathers in the sky

In a circle, we

gather. A congregation

Pen scratching paper

First Thursday, blue gloved

participants assembled

in an old church yard

In the churchyard-blue hand bricolage

White Slazenger sock

Empty pink pistachio bag

Large grey granite stone

Get your shovels girls

We're shifting the lot tonight

Come get your blue glove

An old sock travelled

in an open pizza box.

Someone's memories

Born a suffragette

More like a sovereign

She loves her feathers

A

BB

O

DD