



Haiku Anthology

Inspired by a walk in the gardens of the  
Horniman Museum, London  
4 August 2016

First Thursday: Haiku on foot  
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Who took part and contributed haiku:

C Carol Stevenson

I Liz Wrigley

S Karen Oliveira

Z Andrew Stuck

AC Shirley Mulhern

AD Patrick Mulhern

AF Jess Conway

AG Bella

NN Bronwyn Wolfe

OO Giles Robiette

PP Cherry Potts

TT Kwaku Amaning

UU Rose Ades

VV Michelle Conway

XX Nadia Mohammed

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more haikus to be revealed on the reverse

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

Observing participants

Cherry has a cat  
Her shoulder will dislocate  
If it gets too fat

A Dr Seuss hat  
Striped, but walking a dog; strange  
Haiku fantasy

Turquoise jacket  
Why? Blue eyes to match her top  
Curious but fun

Youthful spirit  
dancing together they will  
luminous smile

Observing participants

A teacher on hols  
Taking time out to haiku  
Writes calming poems

Sprightly eyes alive  
In blue, cares for daughters and  
Enjoying living

Shelagh melds with calm  
tranquil as the hidden wood  
away from the rush

Counting syllables  
under an Indian bean  
Just right seventeen

Observing participants

All red heart and feet  
Blue of Feathers over stripes  
Yellow on a bike

Seasonal signifiers  
Short sharp showers clean  
Fragile new leaves and baby lambs  
Nibbling daffodils

Dawn chorus, hope, wet smells  
Formula One of seasons  
Fragile speed of change

All I was is gone  
fruits, leaves, colour and scent  
Will summer come back?

XX

Cold breeze whistling and warning  
Brown tired leaves, falling  
Winter shortens days

TT

Today is Autumn  
where have Spring and Summer gone?  
I'll wait till next week.

QQ

Leaves scuttle across the earth  
Flee the drawing night  
Brambles ripe to pick

PP

Garden-tiger bright  
the Cornflower sky  
Not a cloud in sight

Seasonal signifiers

Blackberry crumble  
Robin notes, melancholy  
Fading light this eve

Warm summer has come  
Cream over ripe raspberries  
The talk of cricket

Hard snow, frozen ground  
Trudge glumly from there to here  
Hope the bus is warm

Sand castle, sea gulls  
Children run and scream about  
Ice cream melting fast

OO

NN

AD

AB

VV

C

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*more haikus to be revealed on the reverse*

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Oh dear, a blank page  
Did we run out of haiku?  
So it would appear

kinetic music sculpture  
Wind whistles, leaves whisper  
'Melittudes' of wordless songs  
Nature's Prophecies  
Musical pipe scales  
Usher an un-nameable  
Feeling of late year  
Unattributed

XX

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*Thanks for looking inside*

Views from the bandstand terrace

A tinge of light green  
Planes rumble overhead  
and the city wakes  
C / AG / UU  
A city spiked sky  
The view from Horniman Hill  
Leaves budding on trees  
C / UU  
A green windy dusk  
with tangerine beams of light  
spires command the sky  
I / AF / VV  
Red as Christmas lights  
Towers on the horizon  
Sun setting skyline  
S / OO / NN / TT

Views from the bandstand terrace

Red glow on low clouds  
Wake up to find the darkness  
Three o'clock again  
S / OO / NN / TT  
Shafts of light breaking  
misty cityscape, dusk falls  
orange, bubbled cloud  
AB / AC / XX  
Ziggurat flats rise  
Clouds holding a setting sun  
Silent bandstand waits  
AB / AC / XX  
Copper beaten down  
Western winds turn clouds gold  
Steely grey buildings  
AD / PP / QQ

Views from the bandstand terrace

A sun ray rapture  
Lasts moments, lasting pleasure  
Warm evening's haiku  
Z  
Kinetic music sculpture  
With the blowing breeze  
The running of the stream and  
The hum of new life  
C  
Echoes on my hands  
Wind in leaves add harmonies  
Tubular wind-bells.  
I  
Magic sounds and people  
Leaves dancing all around us  
Insects commuting back home  
S

Kinetic music sculpture

Angry car, tired bus  
horn, alarm, brake, motorbike  
Conversation stops  
OO  
Blackcap knocks his stones  
Wren ticks his territory  
Dawn chorus too soon  
PP  
Magpie ratcheting  
Leaves crackle as they burn  
Smoke wafting at dusk  
QQ  
Morning's coalesce  
Of sounds that blur my senses  
I ask "who are you?"  
TT