

A zine anthology of haiku inspired by a walk in the City of London: In search of 'Truth'

National Poetry Day 3 October, 2019



Haiku Encounter

The **Museum of Walking** is a family run business that develops walking productions with a *creative twist*.

Our events often include a mix of drawing, bricolage and learning, with our focus on making them creative using walking as the art form.

Participants come and explore an area, meet others, to learn something new together.

The 'art is in taking part' which we call '**walking creatively**'.

Haiku on Foot

A light-hearted participatory creative writing walkshop (walking workshop) to compose, recite and publish haiku while discovering intriguing things about the City of London.

In celebration of creativity on foot!

If you enjoy this zine please join a future walkshop and spread the word to family, friends and colleagues.

museumofwalking.org.uk
[@museumofwalking](https://twitter.com/museumofwalking) #haikuonfoot
 #hiddengardenhaiku

more haikus to be revealed on the reverse

Who took part and contributed haiku:

A Hannah Reeves

B Lesley Forsdyke

C Douglas Guest

D Beth Lucas

E Suzy Hamilton

F David Hearle

Z Andrew Stuck

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Outside Cannon Street station

Cannon Street Autumn
 Searching 'Truth' in the City
 It feels different here
 [ALL]

Beside the London Stone

Lonely lump of rock
 Calling out to passersby
 Will you touch me please?
 [A]

The Stone of London's
 Lonely home in Cannon Street
 What is your hist'ry
 [B]

City corner put
 Bankers looking down at us
 From framed portraits
 [Z]

Approached by a man
 Long wool coat, and an ear piece
 A Prescottt recruit
 [Z]

Change Alley Drain pipes

Banks are now all pubs
 People rushing by the drains
 But we stop and stare
 [B]

Oh! The London Stone
 History based on hearsay
 Truth imposed on rock
 [Z]

Rothschild's Bank

Money versus Faith
 Old history versus new world
 Collision of cultural icons
 [B]

Looked at me as scum
 A historic protected,
 trespasser not wanted
 Beautiful all the same though
 [E]

Oh! The London Stone
 Bled from banked billions
 Parades itself to us
 [C]

Truth or Fantasy?
 We ponder as we stand here
 The London Stone knows
 [D]

It's cold sitting here,
 Those Romans left me outside
 Oh Joy, I'm warm now
 [F]

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Thanks for looking inside

Change Alley Drain pipes

Drain pipes are listed
I do need a good tailor
My God! My waist size
[C]

A first one for me,
The only listed drainpipes
'Oooh whatever next'

In memory of Frankie Howard
[F]

Foreign Exchange - Reuters & Lincoln

Give me cold hard facts
Not passions or opinions
Just what happened, where
[A]

What news is the truth?
And who can we believe in?
But 'Truth' never dies
[B]

Reuters and Donald
Dispute what is 'Truth'
Fake news oh fake news
[C]

this is the inside - switch me around to reveal my outside

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Who took part and contributed haiku:

War memorial in front to Royal Exchange

In truth, we forget
Many before us were brave
They had little choice
[D]

Bank of England - 3 poets one line each

Can you bank on her
Based on sinking sands of gold
'Ratner' you than me
[F,B,D]

Two Thousand and Eight
Who knew how deep we'd feel it
Austerity bites
[A, E, C]

Look up and around
What is being exchanged here?
Symbols everywhere
[D]

Twelve pop up balloons
For the inflation and truth
Twelve pop up balloons
[E]

Honest, local life insurance
Marine society
Trousers coloured pink and blue
[E]

News is new just once,
An industry built on news
Maybe it's all 'olds'
[F]

Why not put it there!
Out of the way of new builds
It's just a ruin
[Z]

Whose 'Truth' shall we tell?
Do we side with Facebook or
Trust politicians?
[Z]

Why a journalist?
Commemorated right here
Amongst City liars
[Z]