



# A YWS Haiku Collection

May 2022





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## EDITOR'S NOTE

The magic of a haiku is that it manages to capture a breath of a moment in the space of just 17 syllables. It is finite and maybe perfectly so. And here we have endeavored to capture a breath of May into one compact haiku collection.

Following last year's successful gathering of haiku-poems during the month of May envisioned and led by Liminality, this year on Young Writers Society we organized a new May Haiku Collection to follow in its footsteps. Users were challenged to share one haiku about any topic they liked and one haiku that had something to do with themselves. The haiku poems are arranged with the topical one first, and the self-themed poem second.

Each author was confined by the same parameters and yet had the freedom to pursue any subject they wanted. The variety of perspectives and imagery and word-choice within this collection are a bouquet portraying only a snapshot of our creative garden of a community in the Young Writers Society.

Thank you to all who contributed to the collection and thank *you* for reading!

alliyah

spring is relative;  
perennially forever,  
simply a second.

i have argued with  
my seasonal allergies,  
and i sadly lost.

By mothbroth

our counted breaths, and  
measured footstep are cardboard  
boxes, duty attic

how does a tiny  
fish feel in ruthless currents?  
well, you get me now

By rida

whimsy dandelions

waltzing in the summer breeze

soon grew old and grey

rising from the ash

a young phoenix is reborn

sky awaits my flight

By Hkumar

Layered green tree-tops  
under the hot sun, a branch  
shows dried yellow blooms.

A cloud-watcher, I  
am unbothered by white sun  
glaring at trees but not sky.

By Liminality

Into tapestry

a great misfortune. a cup

falls forward and spills

I broke my backpack  
on the stairs. pencils and my  
life on the concrete

By Corvid

I swallow silver  
and wear water in my hair,  
ice beneath my feet.

the ground seems closer  
when she is sad. she has not  
yet learned to love dirt.

By Plume

Rain falls instill peace

Lull of night destined to pass

Contest of wonder

Birds fly all around

Empty bed of hope and bliss

Gamble of lovers

By QueenMadrose

Below the window  
lies a dove that mistook it  
for gloomy dusk skies.

face ego-death and  
get in the robot, Shinji!  
You have doomed us all.

By Starve

the day hatches warm,  
sunbeams reach as newborn wings  
morning stretches new.

tangled roots stirring  
through river water; become  
a fish, learn to swim.

By alliyah

the doorbell has rung

won't answer, like no one's home

I'm an introvert

the role of a nurse

to care for mind, body, soul

trust and persevere

By clarevelyn13

Lawyers of nature  
protect the environment  
from rebel people.

Living on the edge,  
falling between leaflets and  
scratching my ankle

By Buranko

Quietens ashes

As shattered seeds sink softly

Through the endless sea

But I must stay strong  
Like a feather pulled apart  
Strand by strand by strand

By Moonglade

steam rises from it

one more question solved again

ascend or descend

watcher of the smokes

find me in the heavy smog

i am always there

By Kelisot



A breath and a word;  
a little thought to carry  
into tomorrow