

**The snow falling
tells me to stop thinking...**

haikai from

ILLUSIONS IN THREE PARTS

by

Okami

Journal of a Twelvemonth, 1998

The Northern Lights:
the old dog shakes himself.

A damson falling
brings leaves and wasps
down to earth.

After the Sauna
night-breeze on our nipples.
The Northern Lights.

Friendless and magnificent
above McDonald's:
the Harvest Moon.

Pond beneath a moonless sky:
Start and finish of everything.

Every year the leaves
are deported by the wind
to the camps of rot.

Its last blood-red leaves gone
how stiff the creeper
on the graveyard wall.

Hoar-frost on the hair
upon the hot chests of the
magic-mushroom gatherers.

In my autumn groin
mist and rain and river
are indistinguishable.

Dead tree slanting athwart the stream:
Ivy-stems entwine my life.

After the storm, apples pass
from wasps to slugs to me.

Another robin in my mousetrap:
few of us fail to give humanity
a bad name.

Superhuman sound:
a rat gnawing the steel grille
with snow-white teeth.

Wagtail on the roof:
the wise man combs his beard
with a fork.

Seeming to do little
the fossil has survived
a hundred million years.

Full winter moon – is it
a coalescing of coldness ?

A winter morning:
the soap is crenellated
by the teeth of rats.

Snowflakes dancing down
on the men who are digging
another mass grave.

December foghorn:
yet another beckoning
from beyond the grave.

The weather forecast.
Millennia of wind and rain
- and now people shave.

Snail-trails in frost:
'A painter should study
the stains on walls.'

The crotch of a winter birch
love, like the Unicorn
is conceived here.

The skin of the wino
is a beautiful silk palace for lice.

Locked ward
and sunless winter day:
Home is where the mind is.

Neat path. Neat lawn.
Neat visitors.
Neat concentration-camp.

The moon in a veil
as if it had coldly evolved an ego.

Frost Kings were crowned
again last night: my garden
is bedecked with lace.

Digging: a fine red worm.
Wisdom: to see everything
as from the grave.

Thinking about my death
I enthusiastically clean out
the septic tank.

Dogshit on pavements:
the unconscious calligraphy
of prisoners.

Rotting leaves
lie on each other lovingly
in hecatombs.

Morning. My erection
does not belie regret
at my father's.

The day in silence.
At night the telephone rings.
It's a wrong number.

Winter solitude: gorse-bush
flowering in a muddy field.

Red sky at morning:
the blood of global greed
has reached the very clouds.

Between life and death
I am always hoping to climb
Out of myself.

Winter sunlight:
trying to pull my shadow
out of the shade...

Water on the knee...
Water on the brain...and now
Water on the moon!

With my dog: a cold wet day
is an oceanic experience.

Our lives intertwined,
Oscar and I check up on
each other's fæces.

Community of luxury:
I drink the wine
while Oscar chews the cork.

Quiet rain. My dog expresses
so much silently – why must we
make so much noise ?

Every night, before
we go to bed – a brief
strip-show for my dog.

Ice on a puddle:
the brittle transience of wisdom.

Richly-ploughed field:
its beauty makes me weep
for the earth's flaying.

April in Ireland.
A field of mud. A black calf
licks a beige bull's balls.

Zen of orgasm:
the not-having is sexier
than the having.

'Soul' is integrity.
Thus few humans – but all
animals – have souls.

A haiku: so what ?
So many haikai–
So what ?

Headless chicken –
creatures just as maimed
are masters of the world.

Fighting for comfort
in front of a screen:
The American Dream.

Security camera
shows me my Other
going the other way.

Bluebottle in confessional –
not proclaiming its sins
but dying to escape.

A puddle:
It took me fifty years to realise
how shallow people are.

Moon –those who walked over you
are half in darkness
half in blinding light.

Full moon naked
above the naked tree
O for a naked mind!

A piss before bed
looking up at the night's bright
navel in the sky.

The silence between wars:
The science that is false.

Visiting the psychiatrist:
like intimacy with a fridge.

Disliking people
I enjoy the cheerful caw-
cawing of the rooks.

Milky Way.
Stretching to infinity
the spaces between people.

Hunchback woman
with long wattle wistfully
appraises my long beard.

Our comfort: measure
of our disrespect for many creatures,
many things.

Amphisbæna:
making love is not an act
- but an animal.

"Aggressive Begging" -
a hundred times more gentle than
aggressive wealth.

Pulling June nettles
it is I who am living
in the wrong context.

In my summer garden
my only feeling:
how much longer.

Check-out. Capitalism:
the religion to end
all religions.

<i>Miru tokoro.</i>	Places to see.
<i>Kita michi wa</i>	The road I came
<i>Hakkiri chigairu.</i>	Is clearly different.

The joy of breakfast.
The best Java coffee-beans
pass through a cat.

Summer-night party -
the vomit on the grass re-
flects the Milky Way.

Renewing themselves
in spite of all they know
they gulp down the stars.

Suburban evening:
the full moon in a frog's eye
squashed by a jogger.

Autumnal thicket:
shitting on fresh-fallen leaves
- 'natural painting'.

Cutlery quickly
slips from his leprous fingers:
evening in the Fall.

Cobwebs in fog.
I can't tell my end from my beginning.

December mud:
from it the old potter will
create his last pot.
Dying: no longer
missing the boat in the dark
night of the soul.

Non-haiku postscript:

The Internet:
the greatest triumph
of form over content ?

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POST-POSTSCRIPT

Stormy winter night;
in between the isobars
last breaths of the old.

A winter morning:
the soap is crenellated
by the teeth of rats.

Snowflakes dancing down
on the men who are digging
another mass grave.

The summer dahlias...
The autumn chrysanthemums...
The world full of bombs.

Disliking people
I enjoy the cheerful caw-
cawing of the rooks.

Puma in the zoo-
bleak world of her cage - and Spring
is worse frustration...

Feeding my ulcer -
there is no other meaning
to my existence.

Sixty-two years old!
Shall I now start going out
to dance with the moon ?

My rural dwelling:
anywhere I choose to piss
resplendent with plants.

A piss before bed
looking up at the night's bright
navel in the sky.

Every bedtime
I look forward to dying
even with my dog.

A snakeskin dangling
in a cobwebby window -
another poem.

Butchery-counter:
I am reminded of dying
red camellia flowers.

Relentless blue skies:
the smug sameness of
hundreds of *haikai*.

My mother: her grave
and the neglected churchyard
sprayed with Paraquat.

Fantastic offer -
Western Values
(happiness not included).

Amphisbæna:
making love is not an act
- but an animal.

Sa vieille maison;
le loup-garou derrière
arrosant une Pensée.

*Orchids! The most liberating
admission: that you don't
really like sex.

**The name of these flowers derives from the Greek for 'testicle',
which their bulbs resemble. Similarly, the Mexican Nahuatl origin of the
word corrupted by the Spaniards to Avocado ('pear') meant 'scrotum'.*

**ON READING YET ANOTHER COLLECTION
OF HAIKU POEMS (2004)**

Floods in October.
I don't ever want to read
another haiku.
