

haiku
& the act
of listening

late summer 2020





warm up: exquisite corpse

In this exercise, poets wrote one line and passed it to another poet to add to until the poem was complete.



Lets dance!
under the bright fluorescents
in a large crowd



A hot summer storm
hot like a boiling water
ow, mama—it burns

Hello world
I hope you are well
maybe you are sad

he sees her coming
quick peek at the traffic light
the sunset burns

A tree waits alone
No one to hear or listen
The leaves change

forgetting my name
but i still know who i am
just lost it



loosen up, baby
dropping change on the subway
I think you'll be late for work





the door is still open
 waiting for my cat's return
 there he goes, with joy



you think I'll be tempted
 by an extra syllable
 but i follow rules

ji ji ji ji ji
 No one knows where
 the wind blows
 away cherry flowers

blue clouds making shapes
 that one might be a dolphin
 or maybe a boat?



Wind is blowing outside
 A beautiful view
 their hands were empty

almost time for bed
 finding shelter from the rain
 the glow of a lit phone

sparrow sits alone
 under the sycamore tree
 observing the sky



warm up: linked verse

In this exercise, poets took turns appending verses to each other's poems



I don't want to go
but the world calls out to me
my bags are packed
you are free



Crimson horizon
is dark blue
the tide is low
and so are you



Sunflowers and daylilies
bowing and praying

with love through the screen
while they looked into the sky
they wrote poetry



and pixels became language
and the screen became the sky



into the sphere, their words
traveled lightly
together in blue



all around they flew
caught with laughter
and new sound
until music ends



Refreshing and cool
From rose garden
comes the breeze
fatigue and tired



i offer you some water
you offer me a song







β



λ

haiku

While listening to their surroundings,
the poets wrote these poems and took
these photos



μ



ζ



η



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γ



π



≡

i am listening
really trying to listen
roommate, car, AC





My plants hang above me
like guardians they hover
a reminder of
slow green growth
outside of the screen

Jaclyn

Awakening

Forgetting me now you are here

Morning light





The moment comes to pass
The winds break up speckled white
Blue, blue, clear as day

the spider moved
you looked into my eyes
and it started to shiver

Marta



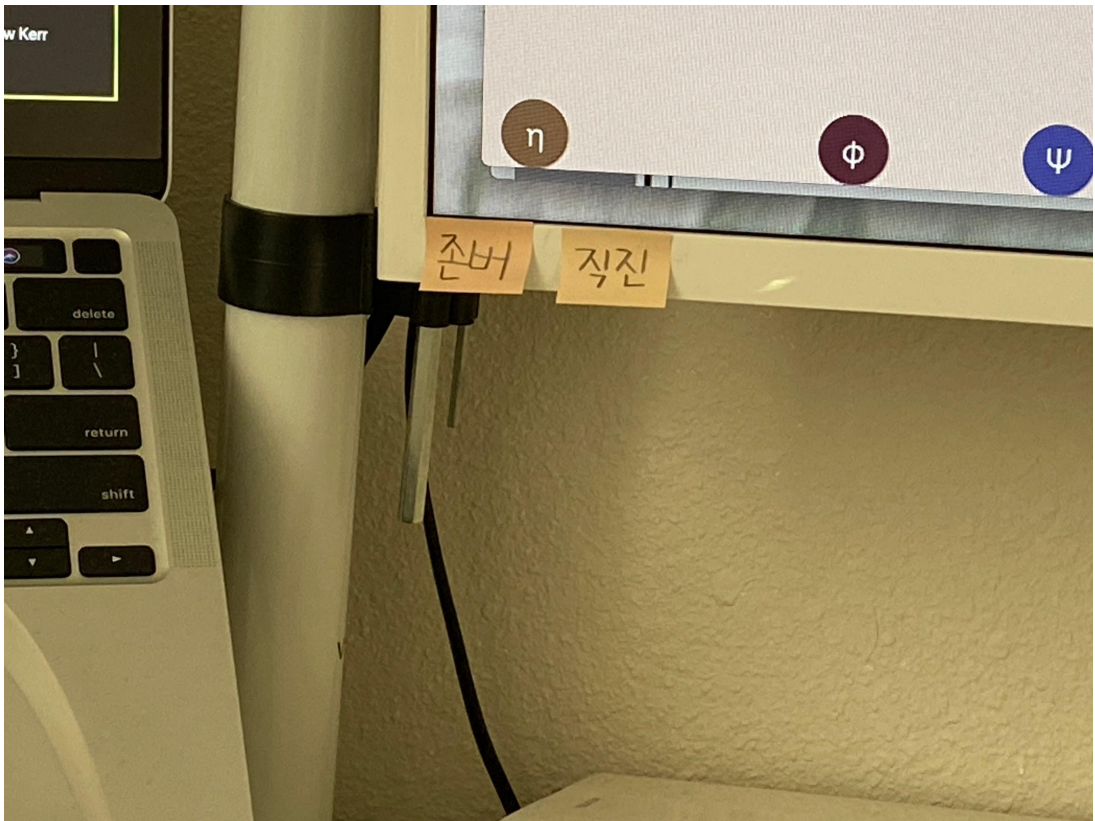


five brass keys hanging
reminders of distant days
guarded secrets sleep

Teresa

Water rushing through
the arteries of this house
pulses in each sink.

Every device
has its own hummingbird sun
blinking on and off.

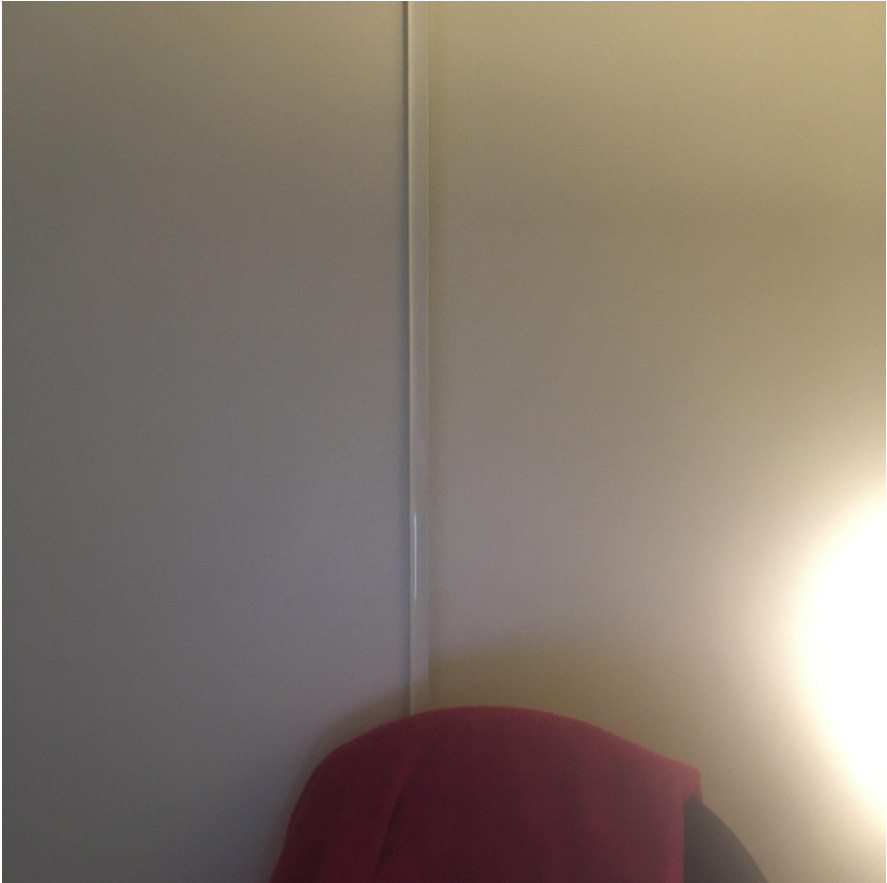


존버 - it means to
“stick the fuck to it”!
stick to it, my dying plants

존버, my tired & sickly heart
there is yet
so much to be done.

cars are rumbling
outside, but silence inside
it calms and comforts

Jennifer





the wind and cars go,
my couch welcomes all of me
natural light cascades

Audrey

Hot San Francisco
An awful, dreadful heatwave
I need a cold drink

Adam





Early morning steam
hunger calls before the steam
dumplings 8 to 8

Seden

the passage of time
like the shooting stars above
a late summer night

