PeaceKnits 100 Haiku

for April 2015

Community Art Event

Boab Book Cottage Garden

In the end we all depend on creatures we have made

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BoniM @ Boab @ 2015

List of haiku

PeaceKnits: How to... Wander and write...

So She Knits

Freedom sans wage slavery

Fragments of the Dead

Why haiku?

Creative Life - 2 haiku

On Life, Art & Politics

RUFREE?

Were you there when...

Naked truth

RIP Sacred Kingfisher

All things great & small@KidCare

Shadowing Woolf

Unbridled

Hapi Hapi Tok...

Bagarap Empires...

Locus in Parentis

Parenting Life

2001 Boab Book Odyssey

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Life-Patter

For giving

Love the Cold-Blooded

Folding Cranes

I knit because I am: Parts 1-3

T-therapy

Sum of Us

Still Bones sans Smile

All in the one boat...

No Saints, Please

By the Pricking of Thumbs

Contrary Notions: Parts 1 – 3

Creative Life - 2 haiku

Blood red and ice white, purl and plain together: thanks for our warm-blood souls.

Whatever we're dealt, go with it – go with the flow: and keep it simple.

PeaceKnits: How to ...

bring back together weave warp'n'weft those sent to war - those left behind?

Wander and write...

small haiku chapbooks to ponder and draw on while breaking rules in art.

So She Knits

Eye far horizons. Knit & weave distractions - take thought away from hurt.

Freedom sans wage slavery

Post wage sand-drawing: tongue no longer tied; hand and mind not now mangled.

Fragments of the Dead

You need to dig deep to bury your father – search: match puzzle pieces.

Why haiku?

Short shrift poems help un-knot binding ties that keep us from finding peace.

On Life, Art & Politics

Art-full politics; sell-out within compromise: (p)arty discipline.

RUFREE?

Welcome mental snaps. Seek liberating freedom: sweet "lose your mind" time.

Were you there when...

boats were turned away; when lives were lost at sea: our nation look'd aside?

Naked Truth

See otherwise: close all eyes to hear truth disclos'd, sans emperor's clothes.

R.I.P. Sacred Kingfisher

One, so precious, life held in our sight for what seem'd just fleeting moments.

All things great & small@KidCare

It makes us smile to see you make joyful noises and new world child-shapes.

Shadowing Woolf

Like Virginia: Re-think life in poetry condense, synthesise.

Unbridled

Go outside your self to be a barefoot poet - out of your own way.

Hapi Hapi Tok...

'bout tings yu wanna do. Yu gotta hav wan drim emi kamap tru.

Bagarap Empires...

lie rusted in the sun - while infinite oceans pool up all our tears.

Locus in Parentis

Wedded then bedded.
We bore equals, yet diff'rent.
Tensions reared in love.

Parenting Life

We birth'd you both, loved you with non-binding diff'rence, for all your dear lives.

2001 Boab Book Odyssey

From twenty 0 1 we collect works to shape and share ideas that count.

Longer Living Ledger

To be or not to... ev'ry day in ev'ry way... be ... calm and fitter.

Life-Patter

Each day: Walk, read, play. Shed, sort, be *pian - issim* o - pen to others.

For giving

All that I am, all that I have - been and may be - doled out in *haiku*.

Love the Cold-Blooded

Cold-toed, jump in to bed: with leggy love-in, we warm our hearts and hands.

Folding Cranes

Sadako died in fifty five, just twelve years old: one thousand cranes down.

I knit because I am: Part 1

Row on serried row, forge on into the future, knitting at the ready.

I knit because I am: Part 2

Knit with others, for the injured: needle them to weave in health and warmth.

I knit because I am: Part 3

Knit, fast or slow, with mind-full ease: care less of ends than peace-full means.

T-therapy

There is no trouble that can't be halved by sharing a good cuppa tea.

Sum of Us

Flesh pots all – we are who we are; just fluid sums: bodies bagged in skin.

Still Bones sans Smile

Before death we're still living in our face: smiles and mannerisms make us.

All in the one boat ...

Live life sans frontieres: hold no one beyond the pale, our paling fences.

No Saints, Please

We're all found wanting. We all have capacity, for good as well as bad.

By the Pricking of Thumbs

Let's prick and share our human-hood: globe's end if we limit hope, love.

Contrary Notions: Part 1

Love one another? No, to be loved, it seems, keep young and beautiful.

Contrary Notions: Part 2

For one another: they put life on hold: on the 'line, self as other.

Contrary Notions: Part 3

Cash'n'carry mode: allow yourself to care, be lov'd; be honest; still.

Deal with Publisher Failure

So, I didn't make a final cut *haiku* print. Given short shrift, grow.

Less is More

Where to draw the line between *haiku* and truism; and does it matter?

On Personal Side Track # 24

Two dozen years in public service – did that mean more, or less, achieved?

Tongue Ties

Many thousand tongues tied in public service work: impartial to truth.

Don't Trifle with Peace

No pettifogging pomes allowed; no custardy quibbles in joke books.

True Happiness?

Happy are the poor: who mourn or show mercy - and still proceed in peace.

Migrants All

We are, all of us, displaced; either now, before or tomorrow: *one globe*.

Past Tense / Future Wars

When did our *Now* start? Past tensions feed our future, through rivers of time.

Amazing Disgrace

Cheap t-shirts? So we buy. And feed more slav'ry in our world than ever.

Refuge

Safe soul space gives soft landing for us (wayward and prickly beings) all.

Peace haiku #1

Pass on peace. Though if peace is not return'd, save time, move on to others.

Peace haiku #2

The challenge remains: build on moments of peace to make lives different.

Hard Love

Our army chief said: The standard you walk past is the standard you accept.

Transformers

The suff'ring you step over is suff'ring you add to – so stop and help.

Slow Read

Through holiday rest find that best idea: away from work and bis-ness.

Free Radical Love

That "Love thy neighbour" thing, he meant it. Transform'd life is in ev'rything.

Self-Treachery...

just means: to defer one hair on the head of your thinking to others.

Towards Freedom

Live by building on moments of joy; mix doubt with clarity and hope.

Simply Live

Be yourself. Nothing takes away your childhood. Smell of mint brings it back.

Life Play

Unlike work, play is what makes life worth living. So go outside and play.

Living Poems: Part 1

haiku patterns life: seventeen syllables, three lines - draw in nature.

Living Poems: Part 2

haiku writing's like catching fish: not mine to keep, they just come through me.

Said in Friendship

You skinny frog, you: don't be beaten, don't give up! Here we stand, by you.

Loved Ones Lost in War

Your life was like a red, red rose – faded, wasted scent; blood shipp'd offshore.

Strapping Ad

Back-strap weaver needs black-strap molasses for strong, true and simple task.

Bike Lesson

Tandem bike lesson: both work to synchronise round life, trees and edges.

Bespoked

Betrothed and high on life's tandem bike: not easy to steer, brake or guide.

Go Gently ...

Find our gentle self.

And give others time and space to claim their own calm.

Life Meditation #1

Life's infinity, an unceasing meditation: all ways – walk, love, play.

Life Meditation #2

I'm helpless, so I pray. Can't help myself out of this bad habit.

Life Meditation #3

Life comes ev'ry day in our face, to challenge us: distract us not from love.

Life Meditation #4

Eat, breathe, sleep - beyond mere existing - eke outside self to sink in shared dreams.

Slumber-in-Somme Header

Left like cut-off kites, in ground surrounded swirls of blooded barb'd wire ends.

Slumber-in-Somme Triptych

I. From blue gum heat to ice-ground graves buried souls left in furrowed holes.

Slumber-in-Somme Triptych

II. Frayed at the edges.
Aimed, framed at the heart, from the start, to grave's end.

Slumber-in-Somme Triptych

III. KnitArt or WordArt? What came first? The knitting or the verse? Do we care?

15 Homefront haiku

Love. Not a word for casual use. The life-scarred use the word with care.

[Inspired by Temple's Quinella]

Family Values?

Family? Not sure it still has value – except to say "you are loved".

Homefront Comforts

Sunlight – in my lap – as comforting as a cat – curled up, warm, asleep.

Returned to Senders in 1919

I could see that mouth, my grandfather's mouth – bloodless, distant from our touch.

Fe/Male Preserves?

Bringing in firewood – a male preserve? Men make fires women put them out?

Slow Moorings

Passenger ships' indecent haste to push our men and nurses off to war?

Slow Mournings

Her mournings, drowned in drinking – long hot cups of tea, towards ev'ning soup.

More Broken Promises

War-weary women left to read mourning pages without widow weeds.

Post-war Kinder-garten

Post-modern morning dads trundle little lumberjacks to 'Care in child-seats.

Cross-Generation Compulsion

On the train again, north-bound, drawn as a magnet by their childlike ch/arms.

1915-2015 Homefront Cottage

Sub-divided then, rust-red tin roof now, with fallen weatherboards.

Could we?

Our desert rats learned to wash in petrol tins and shave themselves in tea.

Value-Add Tax Dollars

How might governments value-add by moving from war stance to keep peace?

A Stitch in Time

Discarded bottles not pick'd up, may smash faces or cut achilles' flesh.

Left in Muddy Trenches

Now scattered to dust though first knitted together in their mother's womb.

NoMoPhobes

Now ev'rything's recorded; nothing's re-membered: No-Mobile-Phobia.

6 haiku: On Reading A Walker

Writers perfect the art of doing nothing so imaginably!

Hid behind mountains of misinformation, fear snacks on endless waste.

Hopi nation elders say: We are the ones we have been waiting for – act now.

Love is all around in sea, sky, earth: abundant. So love thy enemy.

Haiku chapbook & sampler * Short shrift poems

If "romance" means a "wisdom tale", then all of life's a stage for caring.

To bless means to ...

help those who lack love or peace; *helped* are those living at peace *sans* fav'rites.

1 Giant Washcloth - 2 haiku

_To knit is to calm tangled nerves and frayed ends in to one useful peace.

Conflicts in target communities ripple out to affect us all.

<u>Knit Sampler – 2 haiku</u>

Peace knits ties that bind. Weave our words with peace into short shrift poetry.

Knit on the buses, knit in the street, knit with heart knit for hands and feet.

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Deal with Publisher Failure Less is More On Personal Side track #24 Tongue Ties Don't Trifle with Peace True Happiness? Migrants All Past Tense / Future Wars

Amazing Disgrace

Refuge

Peace haiku: # 1 & 2

Hard Love Transformers Slow Read

Free Radical Love Self-Treachery... Towards Freedom Simply Live

Simply Live Life Play

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Slumber-In-Somme Header + Triptych I-III

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NoMoPhobes

6 haiku: On Reading A(lice) Walker

1 Giant Washcloth – 2 haiku Knit Sampler – 2 haiku

The Song of the Knitter

Knitted on the steamboat,
Knitted in the street,
Knitted by the fireside,
Knitted in the sleet.
Knitted in Australia
Where the wattle grows,
To send to you in France, dear,
Just to warm your toes.

Knitted by the seaside,
Knitted in the train,
Knitted in the sunshine,
Knitted in the rain.
Knitted here and knitted there
With the glad refrain,
"May our 'boys' who wear them
Sail safe to us again!"

[Author Unknown]