

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]

PeaceKnits 100 Haiku

for April 2015

Community Art Event
① Boab Book Cottage Garden

In the end we all depend on creatures we have made

E: boni_maywald@yahoo.com.au

BoniM © Boab © 2015

List of haiku

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
Life Play
Living Poems: Parts 1 & 2
Said in Friendship
Loved Ones Lost in War
Strapping Ad
Bike Lesson
Bespoked
Go Gently...
Life Meditations: # 1 – 4
Slumber-In-Somme Header + Triptych I-III
15 Homefront haiku
NoMoPhobes
6 haiku: On Reading A(lice) Walker
1 Giant Washcloth – 2 haiku
Knit Sampler – 2 haiku

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
Longer Living Ledger
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.

Knit Sampler – 2 haiku

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.

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.

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.

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

Freedom sans wage slavery

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

To bless means to...

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

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.

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.

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.

Left in Muddy Trenches

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

NoMoPhobes

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Fe/Male Preserves?

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

Slow Moorings

Passenger ships' in-
decent haste to push our men
and nurses off to war?

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.

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.

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”.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.