



Neal Whitman

BLYTH'S SPIRIT

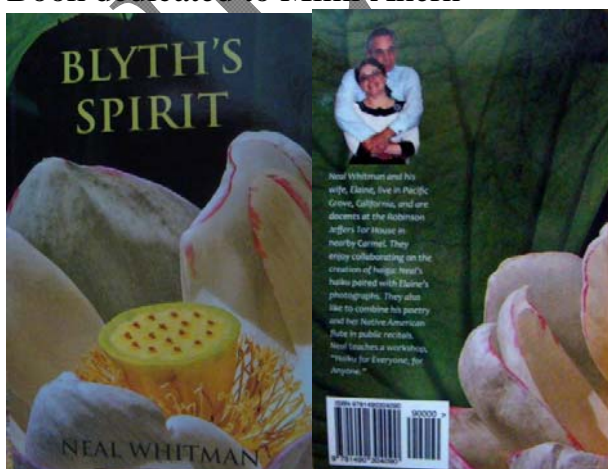
Haibun and Haiku

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Book dedicated to Mimi Ahern



FIELD AND MOUNTAIN HAIBUN IF SOMEONE ASKS

You know the look– the look you get when someone asks, “So, what do you do?” and you answer, “I’m a poet.” I get it. For most, poetry is a secret code impossible to crack. When I add that, “I used to be a teacher–I’m retired now,” they give a look of relief. They relax a bit and ask the inevitable: “So, have you been published?” “Yes,” I say, “in journals.” Next they want to know how much I get paid. “Well,” I explain, “I do get a free copy of the journal.” What I do not admit is that some editors rely on their poets to buy their own copies–in fact, they depend on it.

silence in blue hills
speaks to me in secret ways
I reply in verse

POLJE I PLANINA – HAIBUN AKO NETKO PITA

Poznat vam je pogled–onaj pogled koji vam netko uputi pitajući: „Pa, čime se bavite?” a vi odgovorite, „ja sam pjesnik.” Shvaćam. Za većinu, poezija je tajna zaporka koju je nemoguće razotkriti. Kada još dodam, „nekada sam bio učitelj–sada sam u mirovini,” moj slušatelj se malo opusti. Zatim me neodgodivo upita: „Pa, jeste li ponešto i objavili?” „Da,” kažem, „u časopisima.” Slijedeće žele znati koliko zarađujem. „Dakle,” objašnjavam, „dobivam besplatan primjerak časopisa.” Ono što ne priznam je da neki urednici računaju na to da ću čak i kupiti časopis koji je objavio moje djelo, zapravo, neki od njih ovise o tomu.

tišina plavih brjegova
priča mi u tajnosti
odgovaram joj stihom

the lotus flower
reflecting in the pool
solitary swan

cvijet lotosa
odražava se u vodi
labud samac

*

rose hip tea
the bloom has died
but soothes the heart

čaj od šipka
cvat je umro
a smiruje srce

*

a young house sparrow
sits in the empty bird bath—
early morning rain

mladi vrabac
sjedi u praznoj kupki za ptice—
ranojutarnja kiša

*

spring afternoon
weeping willow
but celebrating life

proljetno popodne
tužna vrba
ipak slavi život

*

a quiet time
as the afternoon fades
reaching for a match

tiho vrijeme
dok poslijepodne blijedi
posežem za šibicama

*

sundown–
tobacco ash stamped
into the sand

zalazak sunca–
pepeo duhana ugažen
u pijesak

*

my tea cup
still too hot to hold
the shortest day

moja šalica čaja
još prevruća za držanje
najkraći dan

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