



ENES KIŠEVIĆ: AN ECHO'S OF THE ECHO'S ECHO

Before it starts to nose around the paper my pencil likes to be held in the hand for a long time. It does not

like the restless fingers, especially the forefinger which pecks at its head. And instead of defending it, the thumb and the middle finger hold it tight and squeeze it, so this 'woodpecker' keeps on pecking at it – as if the dog who messed in the apartment has to have his nose pushed into its misdeed. That way the forefinger, middle finger and the thumb force the nose of my pencil and stick it into the white of the paper

The pencil halts in the air and wait, every time.

It keeps watching the left hand which pushes the paper under its nose, pressing upon it with the palm. Then, it listens to the crackling of the legs under the desk, each one riding each other, then pattering with the toes on the floor. This pattering makes it nervous and it would preferably, like a harpoon, stab into the knee. And that noisy snout inhaling, sneezing, loud sipping of the tea, it's like somebody scratching its brain. My pencil is the most happy when warmed in the calm breath, without a movement stays awake the whole night, and under it dawns white paper illuminated by the milky sunlight of the sunrise.

And once it imagines there will be no writing at all, all of a sudden it throws itself headlong down into the

whiteness and starts to run, – runs, runs, runs, then stops: nosing around. Raises its head. Listens, is anybody

following it? Then starts to run. In the movement, for a moment it's a dolphin, then a hound and an eagle. Then

stops suddenly. Looks behind itself. Returns quickly and erases the entire track. Starts to return the whiteness,

just like children who build figures in the sand, then pull them down.

Like a breeze scribbling on the water and the clouds.

Oh, how many pictures is the wind carving in the desert, then erasing them, and nobody sees except it. These

pictures are as a matter of fact, the echo of the moment themselves. No matter how these pictures, these haiku of

the wind (in the leaves, sand, water, clouds ...) appear the same, they are different each time, unrepeatable,

because each moment that creates them is unrepeatable. That's why haiku, too, of the only seemingly same picture, is differently written by each haiku poet.

Meaning, if the picture is the echo of the moment, haiku should as a matter of fact be the echo of this echo. And what would the reader of haiku be? An echo of the echo's echo?

Nevertheless I believe, if haiku is correct, a good reader will foresee its very source. A haiku poet listens to the words as to a shaped silence. To shorten the story, I tried to write haiku about the game of creation. At first, I wrote this sonnet:

A game

(to Sara)

To be the wind that's playing with the light
scribble in the desert with its breathing
each moment making a different sight
draw now the snake, then the tiger's wreathing

To turn towards the sky , then with the heart's glow
In one blow with a line from the depth
a flock of white dolphins to draw
while they jump in the blue with Sara

Then run down the starry flash.
to carve the whole greyish desert
under the shine of the Moon's yellow melon -

Afterwards to smooth down the sand.
A picture is the moment. And the picture of a moment.
Just blink – and the shape disappears.

After writing down the sonnet, I wrote the following haiku:

Now a child, then the wind
Making pictures in the sand,
Then erasing them.

After that, while thinking about the light opening my eyes, but opening my eyes
this same light extinguishes the picture of my dream, I wrote down:

Waking up slowly,
but still in my eyes
the light turns off the dream.

My daughter Sara came by and brought this haiku of hers:

A girl
Lighting a candle, the candle
Turns off the darkness.

After Sara's haiku, it would be the best for me to smooth everything I've scribbled here, with the paper's whiteness.

Haiku is like life, indeed – it happens or it does not happen.
And if it does happen, it is far better to live it than write it only.

First published in IRIS haiku magazine, Croatia

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