

*My
(Not Quite)
Haiku*



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

My (Not Quite) Haiku
<https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com>
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

*All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways.*

Preface

A collection of 'not quite' haiku inspired by Bart Marshall's "One Hundred Two Haiku" from his book "Verses Regarding True Nature."

Verses Regarding True Nature
<https://versesregardingtruenaturemarshall.blogspot.com>

One Hundred Two Haiku
<https://onehundredtwohaikumarshall.blogspot.com>

More from Wikipedia on Haiku and other poetry genres that originated in Japan. In the 17th century, two masters arose who elevated haikai and gave it a new popularity. They were Matsuo Bashō (1644–1694) and Uejima Onitsura (1661–1738). Haiku was given its current name by the Japanese writer Masaoka Shiki at the end of the 19th century.

Haiku
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Haiku>

A PDF is available at:

My (Not Quite) Haiku
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf>

Translations of Ancient Writings by Bart Marshall

Ashtavakra Gita
<http://theashtavakra.blogspot.com/>

Tao Te Ching
<http://theperennialway-taoteching.blogspot.com/>

Bhagavad Gita
<https://bhagavadgitamarshall.blogspot.com/>

Yoga Sutras
<http://yogasutrasbypatanjali.blogspot.com/>

Dhammapada
<http://buddhasdhammapada.blogspot.com/>

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own. There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never has been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies.

“The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim” is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the

Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: *The Stillness Before Time*, *The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim*, and *Breadcrumbs*. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of *Breadcrumbs*, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll.

Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidentally, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time Website

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/>

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

A PDF is available at:
<http://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf>

Main Blogs

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
<http://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com/>

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
<http://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
<https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com/>

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes From the Unknown
<http://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com/>

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Other Blogs by Michael

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
<https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com/>

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
<https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com/>

Imagination: The Great Usurper
<https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com/>

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
<https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com>

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
<https://mysterymysteryandmoremystery.blogspot.com/>

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
<https://imaginationandmoreimagination.blogspot.com/>

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
<https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com/>

Science, Science & More Science
<https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com>

History, History & More History
<https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com/>

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
<https://evenmorepatterns.blogspot.com/>

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
<https://reincarnationandmorereincarnation.blogspot.com/>

Standouts From “The Return to Wonder” Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
<https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com/>

Of the Human Journey
Along with Got God? And Ten Reflections
<https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com/>

To Be, or Not to Be
<https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com/>

The Mystery of the Mystery
<https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com/>

Who Was the First?
<https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com/>

The Real is Discovering
<https://therealisdetectingseries.blogspot.com/>

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
The Scribe's Guide to the Great Whatthe#\$*!/?
<https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com/>

Definitions

An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

<https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Conversations

A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odd 'n Ends

<https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com/2021/>

Titles, Titles & More Titles

<https://evenmoretitles.blogspot.com/>

Even More

<https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com/>

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time

A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

<https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com/>

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

<https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com/>

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

<https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com/>

The Standard Ripostes

The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

<https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com/>

My (Not Quite) Haiku

<https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com/>

Once Upon a Christmas

<https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com/>

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

<https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com/>

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming

Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young up to Speed

<https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com/>

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

<https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com/>

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Hot coffee on lips and tongue,
steams the glasses, too.
I draw another sip.

A garbage truck roars
down the rutted street,
its wake swirling spring dust.

Strolling down the sidewalk,
an oblivious youth passes a landscaper
intently mowing a strip of lawn.

In my patio, typing away,
a lone dove quietly feeds on seed
scattered maybe an hour ago.

Ninos said I should give him something.
A dilemma, until I finally found something
he didn't already have.

John Williams in my ears.
A soundtrack to the universe
dancing and prancing all about.

On good and moderate days, I agape all things.
On an ill-tempered day, well,
let us not go there.

You want my love?
Then you must share it
with the rest of the mystery.

When was it I stopped crying?
When I saw the universe
for the dream it is.

This moment
is all I could ever imagine
letting go.

Three joggers pass by,
minding the social distancing
marking this modern time.

Drifting down the river of time,
I wonder at its mystery
and the falls ahead.

Can any cloud be more dark
than the stoical cynicism I bear
towards the dream dancing in my mind?

Sometimes I laugh hard and long.
Whether with or at,
I'm not telling.

The mailman cometh.
Netflix, bills, and all sorts of throwaways.
Santa Claus in blue.

The universe is an ever-mutating show of quantum design.
How it came to this, how it continues on,
only fools imagine knowing.

What is there to transcend,
when the moment from which awareness peers,
is every figment you could yearn to be.

A long life.
So many agonies, so many ecstasies.
A new day of the same underway.

At the sink, eyes closed,
I brush well-worn teeth.
What an immensity, that chasm.

Water, transcendent source of life ...
... vapor ... liquid ... solid ... back and forth with such ease.
Too boggling for words.

A lifetime wandering the stage.
A lifetime full of adventures.
Not much longer now.

Love and friendship.
Hate and animosity.
Such tenuous intrigues.

Hands barely working, always painful.
Most everything else in a more gradual decline.
So far.

Adrift in the ether of awareness;
consciousness swirling around and about.
No destination known.

Had I known what I know today,
would have only made for another trail of discovery
in the helter-skelter of dreamtime.

Needs no longer an issue,
I delved into wants, and found them wanting.
And so was born a philosopher.

Walking the sandy beaches,
waves lapping and crashing upon the shoals,
toes feel the sea beckoning me home.

Left alone, I am my own device.
What need for any other?
I am rock, I am island, unto Self.

The flies ... the flies ... the flies ...
whiz about ... anywhere, everywhere ...
the swatter can't keep up.

A world filled with stuff
of every conceivable make and model,
and more to come.

Polarization at every turn.
Imagination ... the combustion of consciousness ...
locked in ceaseless struggle for survival.

Sugar ... sugar ... sugar ... in every form and fancy.
A daily routine for addicts who waddle
from binge to binge.

I imagine,
therefore, I imagine I am.
And the recording plays on and on and on ...

Mother Nature, in all her combustion.
Has not yet hit upon a way to eradicate the human cancer.
She will take another stab at it tomorrow.

When it comes to this Grand Mystery,
why would anybody believe, trust, imagine, accept,
anyone else truly knows any more than they?

All this stuff, piles in every nook and cranny.
Who else would even free want it,
when they already have so much of their own.

An agnostic mind, knowing it knows nothing,
freely wanders, anonymously wanders, serenely wanders,
though the madness of a delusional illusion.

How clouds do wander the sky.
Here and there, so oblivious, so unaware, so unmindful,
of that moment in which all genesis abides.

I putter, therefore I think I am.
But what am I, but awareness locked in a vat of flesh and bones,
witnessing a figment of imagination wandering an illusory matrix
of space and time.

Alone again, naturally.
The world, the cosmos, naught but a mind-body dream.
Just the way I likes it.

An illusory matrix, chock-full of vain dreams of becoming.
But what more can any truly be,
but the way it is, right here, right now.

How tiring, how wearing, some people become.
Some more quickly than others.
Curious how often they show up.

Some daze just grate unmercifully on the nerves.
Nothing goes right, the mind-body is askew.
What a curious thing to be born.

Lying in the darkness between sheets
I patiently await the oblivion,
the little death of this night's slumber.

Older than the stars, younger than the moment,
unborn, undying, I am, I Am,
in the once upon a time.