

*My  
(Not Quite)  
Haiku*



**MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER**

My (Not Quite) Haiku  
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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>

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/>

The Book of Ecclesiastes

<https://21ecclesiastesmarshall.blogspot.com>

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 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.

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.