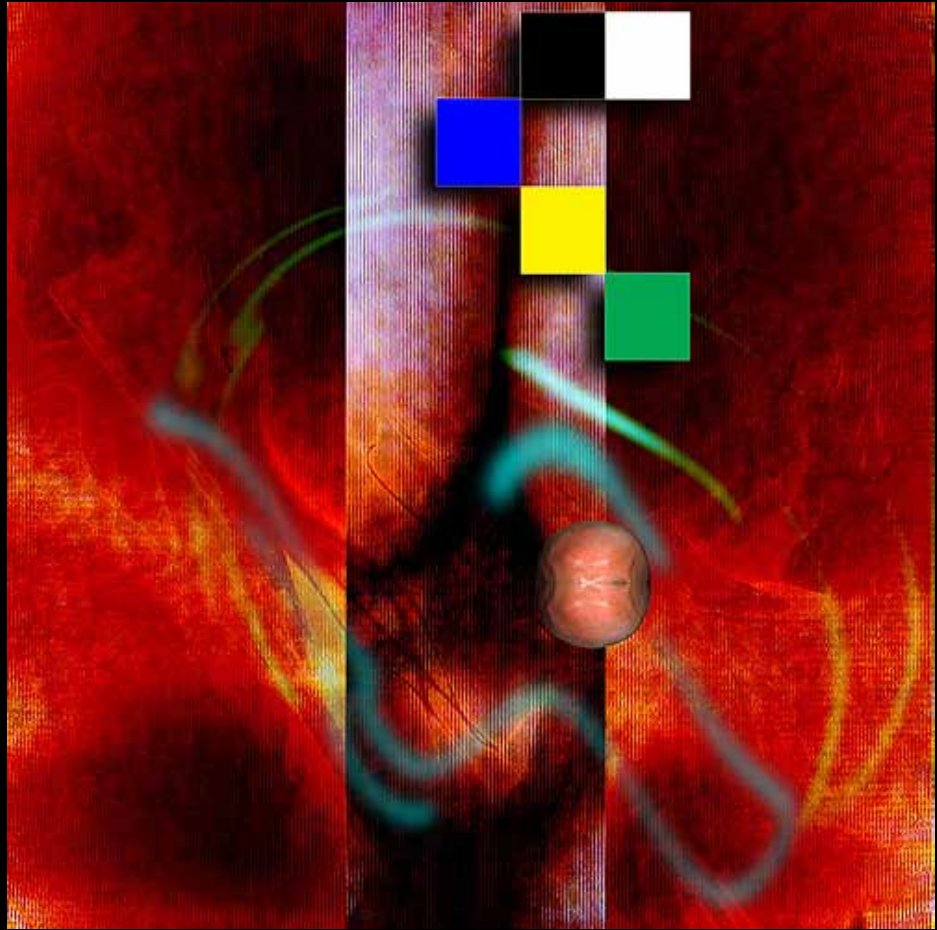




## Pre issue - Single haiku & Sequences

This “demo”-version acts as an example that - along with our words of what kind of haiku we’re looking for - should serve as a visual example.



nitrating cellulose  
and emulsion  
new illnesses in the wind

stairs of liquorice  
falling I become  
a burst of dandelion seeds

all those red apples amongst the blue tit

it's a posture (*and an attitude*) nevertheless a lily grows in a poem

raised voices in urdu door slams thru the wall

enough to make a garden statue weep this summer rain



end of matins  
I decode into genomes  
into petals

all the desolate villages  
this one with the trampoline  
ascends to heaven

cherry blossoms the polka-dot hearse

giallo this restricted area my birthplace

the blur of a planet what opens

2012 hanging judge left with a stiff

Os Sacrum  
this pear on Plato's diaphragm

jazz standards

*(u know, the same the others played)*

does habitual thinking  
resemble a rose?



spell it out in silver snail the journey always home

morning moon  
I think I met the man  
who kills you

from an anatomic atlas  
the cherry boy weaves  
the pinkest fog of all

dust me a tottering tower of once were trees



pulling  
faces  
clouds

**H=K=L=0** each love number sleeps

the nothing I dropped from still

at it again the old celibates nosing in wombs



my spare self  
a vegetarian  
on a meatship

will you remain glass I adapt circular movements

first confession the priest's restless leg

rethink  
my clothes black  
with crows

3/4 of a rhythm and a jump where Jacob's ladder was

quick she's over the hedge big moon



where the ocean was someone spoke my name

spoke

spoke

# Sequences/

---





12 BARS

---

this year proximity defined by my right hand

"of wandering mind" in the rap sheet I'm off

first aid kits piling up the room is healed

a pocket full of rings he invents the future

glasses thick a walls the jam is full of E's

the moon ignores him dying his hair red

a sudden death of worms we have keys that fits most locks

a 24 grams plastic car on a freighter from China the cook has a flu

I'll add this to the moon cold coffee and stale ham

an electric god and the voltage is wrong

there's no home in the homeland 12 bars for John Lee

sundown the rest is done by incense

# NOUVEAU HOUSE

---

sun-dust where the wall was nouveau house

room to room owl

thru stained glass a neighbour's silhouette

raindrops the infinite faces of moon

mid-morning fox by the door bold as brass with a limp

season of slush-pong the factory-farm lane

hedge-gaps a tortoise with spring might push thru

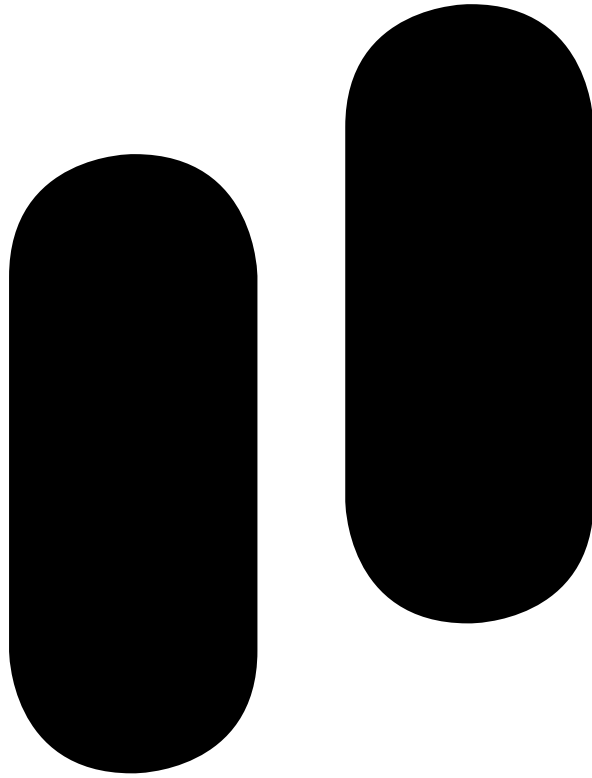
cro-magnons ahead i-phone says turn around

ruched as a brain in a bowl in the fridge last night's noodles

sleepless head...



i cradle a peony washed by the moon





Page: Singles

2. Johannes S. H. Bjerg
3. Alan Summers
4. JSHB
5. AS
6. JSHB
7. Sheila Windsor
8. SW
9. AS
10. JSHB
11. SW
12. AS
13. JSHB
14. SW
15. AS

16. JSHB
17. SW
18. AS
19. JSHB
20. SW
21. P (SW)
22. AS
23. JSHB
24. SW
25. AS
26. JSHB
27. SW
28. AS
29. JSHB
30. SW
31. JSHB

Page: Sequences

- 12 Bars: Johannes S. H. Bjerg  
Nouveau House: Sheila Windsor  
Artwork p. 39: SW