

## Daiku

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Like traditional haiku, my haiku too are devoted to Nature and (often) contain a “season word”. But as they naturally also reflect how I perceive the natural world, I call them “daiku”: Dani (my first name) plus haiku. In the beginning, my daiku consisted of 6 - 7 - 5 syllables, thus using one more syllable than traditional haiku. Now I don’t stick to the syllable count anymore. Many times my daiku just feels right the way it is, even though it may be a few syllables short or may have a few more syllables than traditional haiku. In addition, I use lowercase letters only and no punctuation at all. The reason is that we are all connected through the web of life and that life itself is a constant flow. My daiku depict just one moment of this endless web and the never-stopping flow of life. Some of my daiku are accompanied by a photo of the nonhuman creature celebrated in that daiku. The photos are unmanipulated and focus on the nonhuman creature in their natural environment. My hope is to portray the beauty of the natural world in my words and photos, and to show how invaluable Nature and her inhabitants truly are.

\* \* \*

one rainy day in spring  
in an old cemetery  
a curious deer



an eager white squirrel  
ambitious in his mission  
so busy in spring



\* \* \*

traveling on a  
wet country road  
vineyard snail



silent abbey  
singing birds  
and a leaf blower

\* \* \*

decaying stump  
crumbling bark  
pregnant lizard

\* \* \*

through the woods  
free ride on my finger  
tiny black fly

\* \* \*

tiny bug  
floundering in my drink  
rescued by a spoon

\* \* \*

sticky skin  
thin blade of golden straw  
black bug freed

\* \* \*

thank you kind trees  
for your shade  
in this unbearable heat

\* \* \*

cow with white spots and horns  
on a sunny afternoon  
caressing her girl

\* \* \*

wasp on my faucet  
drinking and  
cleaning herself

free concert last night  
as I fell asleep  
thank you little crickets

\* \* \*

leaves rustling  
raindrops glistening  
evening sun

\* \* \*

thunder at night  
swish of wind  
trickling rain

\* \* \*

down from the gutter  
on her own thread  
white crab spider

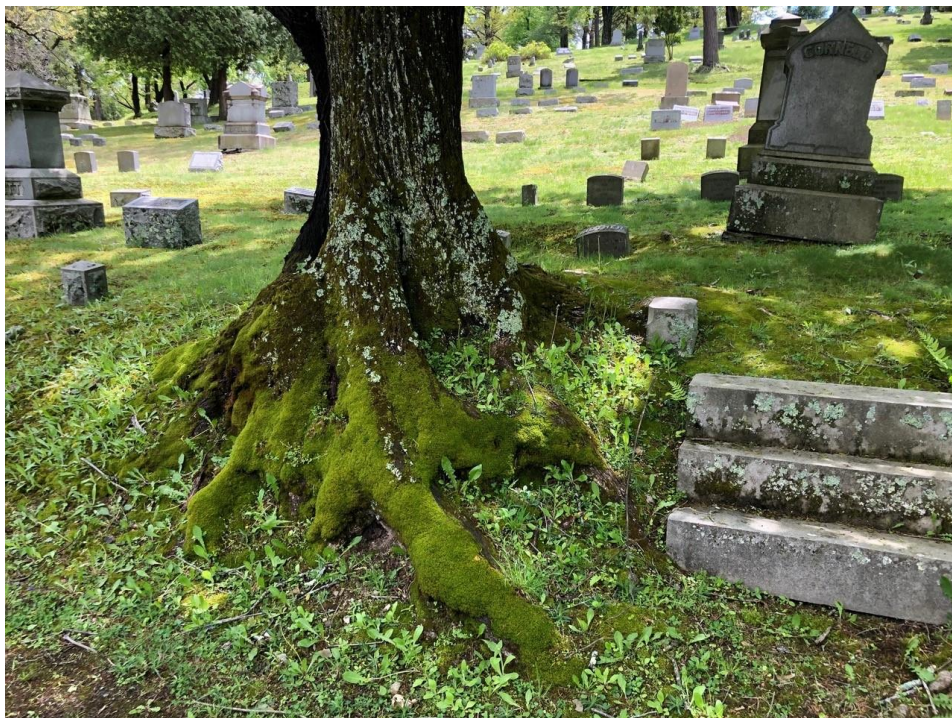


spider's web  
almost invisible  
patiently waiting



\* \* \*

moss on tree roots  
next to stone steps  
in a cemetery



crunching under my boots  
footprints all over the snow  
smaller than my own

\* \* \*

blades of grass  
crack under the weight  
of fallen snow

\* \* \*