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# HAIKUS

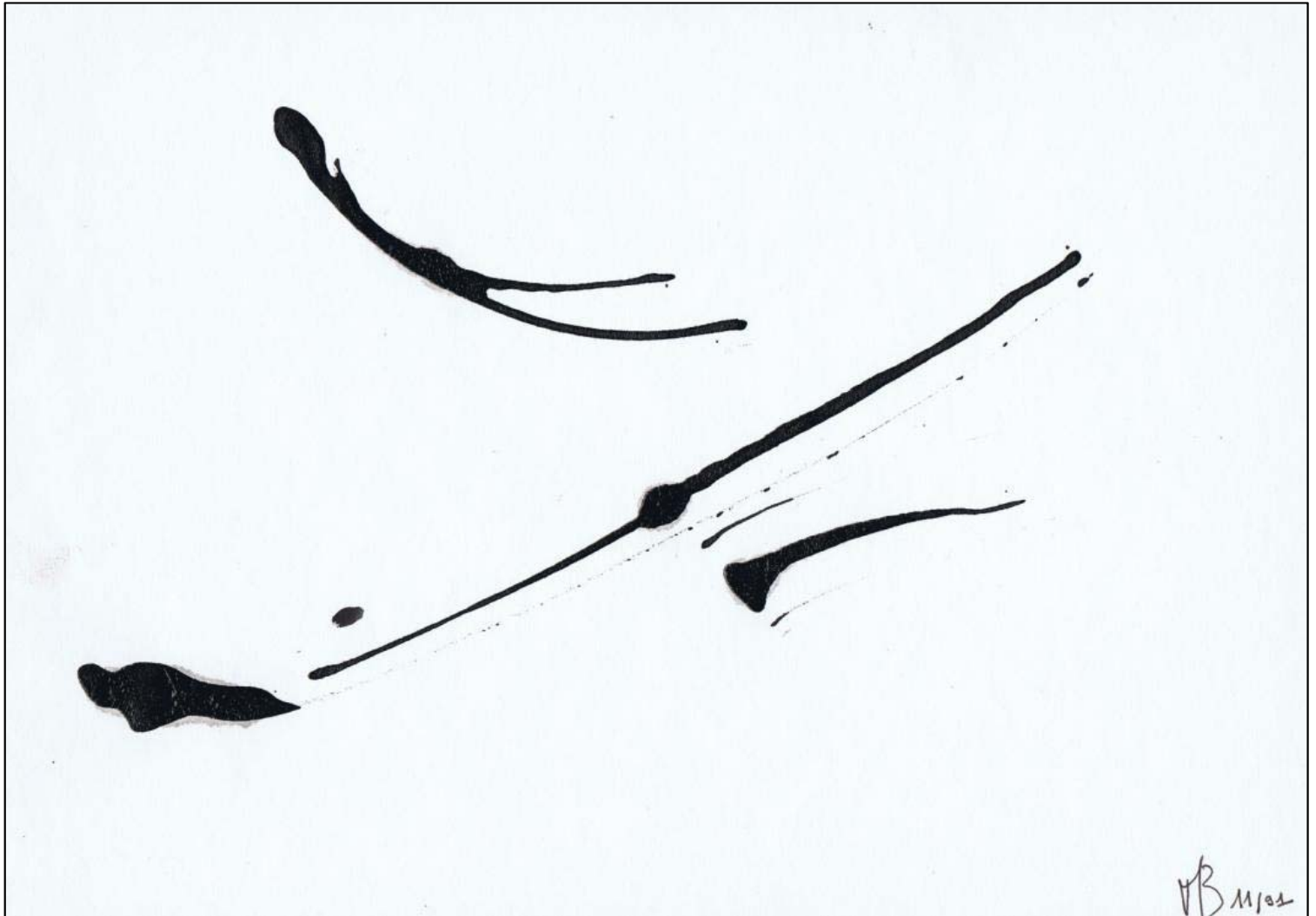
INSTANTS

(English)

Michel Bellaiche

From 2003 to 2009

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FORME 1

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Haikus are instant views, fugitive one moment impressions

They may tell a story, evoke a place, a sound, a smell, a minute, a light.

They are only a passage, only a brief spark.

Some purists, without doubt will not accept those texts as haikus and this for reasons of form or of number of syllable per line. For me they are haikus simply because of their brevity and their fugacity.

Haikus: objects to consume in small dosis. The repetition of the rhythm may easily kill their charm.

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# 1

Sunset,  
The dog  
Biting his tail.

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# 2

Fragile,  
The tang of a tangerine.

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# 3

A stone

leaning on a rock.

Almond trees

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# 4

Shadow  
Elongated.  
Vineyards.

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# 5

Night and day.

Night and day.

The prophet slumbers.



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# 6

Cheap wine gushing.

Throat hurting.

Futility hunters.



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# 7

Who's on the phone?

So far.

Noiseless.

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# 8

There is a bee  
in the dung heap.  
Fearless,  
out of reach.

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# 9

Severe drought.

Mind numbing.

Dusty heat.

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# 10

A bicycle, rusted,  
red still,  
a bit.



OISEAU – MENDIANT – GUERRIER

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# 11

Dead fly.

Grey carpet,

Ancient motel.



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# 12

A black ant  
crawls on my knee.  
South wind.

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# 13

Light

the wind

Curves

Leaves of grass.

Supple.

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# 14

Behind the iron grid  
they lay.  
Plastic flowers.

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15

Tons of rock  
broken  
On the hill side.

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# 16

From the hill top,  
The dream,  
Unbroken.



WHY ME?

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# 17

He sat,  
Deliberately,  
On a rock,  
And looked.

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# 18

Streets in a grid.

A car solitary.

Easter.



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# 19

Sheep in a fold,  
Dogs, bells,  
Shepherd.

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# 20

The wall crumbles,  
The grass sparkles.  
Waiting.

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21

April, the old fig tree. Leaves.

Vineyards

Young wave, green.



**DANCING GIRL**

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Dry pond.

The sad frog lies.

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# 24

Hearth, ashes, rain.

It is a rare season

when the fear does no harm.



RED



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# 25

Being aware  
of the fragility of death.  
As a child,  
excited.

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THAT'S ALL

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