

Ameraikū

William Eaton

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It is quite some time now that the haiku has made its way across the Pacific, and many an American, adult and school child, has tried their hand at imitating the form and sensibility of these Japanese poems. Meanwhile, you might say, I have, intermittently, been exploring what an American armed with English might do to the haiku. A few enchantillons, let's call them:

She Had It All

She had it all—the
phone, the tattoo, the Diet
Coke, the cigarette

Traits disunions

Balmy winter — ros-
y cheeks, shorts, smiling — species
eliminated

On Human Agency

The taxi driver
without a fare drives slowly
and with a fare fast

William Eaton is an essayist, aphorist, poet and the Editor of the intellectual journal [Zeteo](#). A collection of his essays, [Surviving the Twenty-First Century](#), was published in 2015 by Serving House Books, and a second volume—Art, Sex, Politics—is due out in 2017. Readers of these haikus might also be interested in [Translating Dickinson](#), [Poetry as Conversation](#) or [This is my poem for Terminal B](#).

You could fry an egg on the sidewalk

A woman says half
the women in New York — no
panties. Sticky hot.

Partial arts

Partial arts—learning
to fight without hurting and
hurt without fighting

Toilet Training

We admire his turds,
my son and I. I would show
him mine, but refrain.

Buildings in London

something taken from
the world and turned into stone
buildings in London

Christmas haiku composed after walking across Midtown Manhattan from my dentist's office to the United Nations

December, New York
To inspire such honking
What did Jesus do?

Haiku written a day after long considering a tiny bit of a plant that clung to my finger while I was taking a shower

non-cancerous spots
the bike lane blocked by cars—ghosts

play with our beliefs

Time Waits for No Haiku

First frost. School girls with
knit reindeer ears. And my son
has given up straws.

The Great Laurel

The Great Laurel
bends to its scattered petals.
The rain will not stop.

Afterword: Shortly after I wrote the post-shower haiku a colleague sent me a news story about “chimeras”—organisms that are composed of two genetically distinct types of cells. *Science Times* writer Carl Zimmer told of a woman who discovered that her eggs did not all carry the same genes, and thus one of her three children was not genetically related to the other two (or perhaps only on the father’s side). More than half of all mothers of boys may have neurons—and thus reactions?—that, genetically, belong to their sons.

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