

haiku 2020

stranded at sunset  
social distant self portrait  
of self isolate

borisovirus  
levels up bog roll supplies  
to the north and wales

forced hermits of the  
world unite you have nothing  
to lose but your brains

milk free shelves muesli  
with coconut milk who now  
will milk the brown cow

heroes fight to save  
the state we also serve who  
planted vegetate

another haiku  
on self isolation will  
keep it to my self

stuck at home ghastly  
tip raise your spirits with a  
seance cheap as well

mass destruction vast  
productive capacity  
not tests scrubs vaccines

babies cockatoos  
online artists are keeping  
me sane close run thing

herd immunity  
was to cull the old and poor  
near culled his own arse

sixteen walls and what  
do you get a second floor  
flat a private let

the first welsh haiku  
by dai ap ku ancient welsh  
don't understand it

we'll meet again? it's  
a relief to get away  
from all you buggers

life style diktats from  
self congratulatory  
germ celebrities

refreshing showers  
and sunny interludes from  
second floor window

surreal stars appear  
o'er bermo church a kite falls  
on a flower bed

norman bites yer legs  
has died at 76  
of covid 19

learn to embroider  
codpiece with runes and phallic  
symbols to do list

malevolent clowns  
of chaos plague the country  
borisovirus

pots and pans bash hands  
clap cheering in doorways tears  
for key workers rock

too many mumbling  
torch songs get a life show love  
to a consonant

fourth plinth of the blind  
one eyed man is boris king  
of the absent bust

poetic licence  
deregulated reader  
misprision rules

somebody outside  
unbearable excitement  
is hammering shit

my stately gardens  
mountain beach estuary  
moated grange lockdown

so just as it was  
going so well forest fires  
threaten chernobyl

tories meet target  
one hundred thousand lies by  
socialist may day

crisp night new moon i  
hobble through empty streets with  
sturdy rollator

a lockdown zombie  
stands far too close at store shelf  
lurches off coughing

trapped on my private  
love island im gorgeous  
pew i so love me

pestilence rides his  
hot air charger his plague dogs  
misrule our sick land

little gurning a  
dangerous thing corrupt clowns  
are running the show

so hot last night my

pisspot was nearly empty  
damn too much detail

been given canoe  
explains man on vacant street  
it scrapes down the road

on the phone our dear  
leader discussed beating up  
a hack not good news

tsch tsch tsch tsch tsch  
tsch tsch tsch tsch tsch tsch tsch  
welsh bardic haiku

if you don't battle  
your demons can you labour  
to be a pilgrim

those not keen to die  
salute you say get out of  
my two metres space

winter summer then  
winter back viral mad march  
is having a laugh

will we be green  
or lust again for v shaped  
growth economics

where are our sea apes  
we gulls are missing our ice  
cream and fish and chips

he walks in empty  
streets tracked by drone he welcomes  
his observant friend

back to work monday  
er I mean wednesday health and  
safety optional

dead parrot i say  
i say i say  
    you then say  
are we a bad joke

small wonders of the  
bermo ufo a mobile  
dummy in the sky

last refuge of the  
scoundrel? patriotism is  
first thing he turns to

pantomime villains  
behind you johnson  
trump bolsonaro

self distancing from  
my remote head two metres  
out of the body

doctor in builders  
mask with filter he 3D  
printed in garage

immigrants welcome  
give unskilled smug autocrats  
zero hours contracts

will coming out of  
lockdown be age of fool's gold  
or new age of green

coasting yelping gulls  
wild wet and free bigger than  
me they are the sea

lonely streets static  
plagues my head bring in your live  
or bring out your dead

a post modernist  
haiku on a covid ode  
is wisely ignored

little leo plays  
oblivious plays on in  
ground floor baby world

better a do good  
bleeding heart than a heartless  
bloody selfserver

spring flowers explode  
virus glad gulls scream joyous  
pandemonium

bored out of your skull  
dance craze for mad entrapment  
do the tedium

rare sounds of house work  
in chateau lockdown sing a  
song of vacuum

cut up these haiku  
put words together out of  
order new haiku

prime bigot letter  
save planet recycle fast  
in blue plastic bin

order new haiku  
put together haiku out  
of these cut up words

they don't realise  
these out of this world tourists  
wales still in lockdown

i can't say fairer  
two haiku for the price of  
one haiku offer



sixty days in one  
bedroom flat sixty minutes  
exercise outside

self isolation  
is enacting a haiku  
on social distance

he wrote haiku like  
seasonal observations  
falling off a log

pm should receive  
maternity leave mother  
of all glib liars

they send our peace time  
warriors to battle with  
no body armour

like a dodgy spin  
doctor do your duty to us  
prats in power

so just as it was  
going so well bees are killed  
by asian hornets

home under lockdown  
is everywhere and nowhere  
baby at all times

viral left wing voice

gagged on mainstream media  
pale pink tories rule

wicked watch party  
see old men grumbling online  
thank god it's not me

self isolating  
i live by myself find a  
bastard to live with

follow the science  
a moon ufo shines out of  
a baby's dummy

on an old donor card  
i wrote take it all i dont  
need it anymore

unobserved diktats  
appear from nowhere on back  
of an envelope

lockdown angst how to  
repair your relationships  
dont use gaffa tape

vertical downpour  
of five minute summer storm  
kitchen window view

does my vacated  
melancholy town mean that

community lives

through the keyhole of  
virtual reality  
view a pink full moon

doctors diagnose  
doctor with covid the test  
say he's not got it

can i be sponsored  
for my brains endless limping  
laps around my skull

walls close in slow stars  
drift away entropy in  
a half cock lock down

when the forces sweet  
heart came on the forces threw  
boots at the wireless

hi i'm track and trace  
how do i confirm that clearly  
i'm track and trace hi

eons on his tod  
hand knits a toupee crafted  
from his pubic hair

we send our peacetime  
soldiers out to battle with  
no body armour

praise world class death rates  
the foul fair lord and cummum  
break own lockdown rules

so just as it was  
going so well discover  
a nearby black hole

life's failed parachute  
plummets into the tomb of  
electric exit

frankly dear lord the  
third blast of the trumpet would  
be blessed relief

after VE day  
parents gave me the welfare  
state and NHS

lost bard tradition  
welsh satirical haiku  
wisely abandoned

bad times a bad joke  
my brother and i giggle  
hysterically

war memorial  
ufo another world a  
comin' in the sky

sunset reflects on

four square manhole squatters of  
the apocalypse

well but tracked and traced  
fourteen days more house arrest  
free the sink estate

mellow summer night  
cooling breeze prom walk past the  
flowering palm trees

say i say i'm  
prime joke i don't wish to know that  
kindly leave the stage

viral curve dipped in  
a final act raven barked  
go forth and subtract

talk to myself seek  
signs of intelligent life  
on my inner world

seven dark years in  
lonely flat apprenticeship  
for welsh haiku

who would true valour  
see gainst hobgoblin foul fiend  
to be a doctor

summertime and the  
gulls life was easy bird dole  
the dropped chips were free

rogue tourist driver  
booked outside my house blue light  
flashing cop road bloc

praise mutually  
assured destruction dump the  
poor join our leaders

exhibition made  
of myself old avant bard  
performance artiste

i live below the  
eternal washing machine  
of the spotless load

tremendous job on  
the lungs irradiate with  
sunshine inject bleach  
kept alive by fate's  
honey coated razor blade  
love of the bee sting

he wrote haiku like  
his furrowed brow could work out  
perverse crossword clues

end thuggery says  
man who discussed beating up  
journalist on phone

should the public wear  
the clinical masks that we  
just cant get hold of

you would not believe  
the skies over bermo church  
last saturday night  
sick rhode island red  
chicken votes for its right wing  
against its left win

misunderstood once  
again the times do not owe  
me understanding

two demitasse of  
espresso and one of late  
bottled vintage port

britain is diseased  
is racist broke and bleeding  
get britain stitched up

it gets harder as  
it goes on hopefully it's  
softening you up

i wouldn't bother  
about this one it's up its

self literary

when it falls apart  
presentational bollocks  
is just what you need

wine women song paint  
the town red on the tiles hell  
raiser CAN'T GET OUT

is the glass half full  
or is the glass half empty  
whose glass which fluid

highest death rate in  
europe man who sells frozen  
peas still likes boris

now this watch breaks down  
second hand falls off sick times  
devour the seconds

ridiculed mps  
vote for fascist dance of death  
do the mogg

he was born and bred  
for lockdown destined to be  
one of the entrapped

into the murky  
mass murder drink topples the  
racist slave trader



so much sport that no  
sport is sports news one hand clap  
now sports news is zen

a brexidiot  
an idiot gift wrapped in a  
union joke

just one more bluebird  
over white cliffs of dover  
will reach for shotgun

it comes together  
when times get rough and we learn  
gentle compassion

life's failed parachute  
plummets into the tomb of  
electric exit  
democracy has  
eaten democracy has  
eaten sick voters

come into our arms  
little germs make old men dead  
happy sod hygiene

nasty little pee  
pullses not like cummum's far  
quest for his precious

even during a  
global pandemic protest

all black lives matter

corporate sponsor  
advert late bottled vintage  
port in any storm

elite chicken coop  
rule the roost cock shall perch  
dead centre over black hole

isn't it good is  
it not tory clone clowns  
send in the clone clowns

was that a tossed off  
haiku or are you just pumped  
up not to see me

no more a sucker  
for soft sell address rather  
eat my own heart out

pisspot and water  
bottle followed by full moon  
and holy water

super hero and  
deus ex machina its  
a kind key worker

[APPLAUSE]

borisovirus  
don't stand so close to me he  
lurches off coughing

viral bug online  
fake hologram crowd chases  
footballers around field

the times call for a  
prayer to our lady of the  
dandelion clock

flowers are dying  
in unprotected gardens  
we water parched weeds

cracked potus takes his  
miracle cure for covid  
quack to the stars

inspired by lycra  
viral life coach i now preach  
athleisure for all

so just when it was  
going so well clowns gamble  
on no deal brexit

global pandemic  
cultural wasteland art toys  
are chucked out of pram

lockdown menu juice  
then fish and chips then sticky  
hot toffee pudding

dai ap ku poet  
king of ancient gwynedd now  
lost to history

faux churchillian  
sociopath rules the land  
careless talk costs lives

a covid 19  
healer on youtube would be  
an influenza?

regulator for  
fearful mad cut off people  
online called ofpiste

circuit padded cell  
three bloody months i still preach  
athleisure for all

get covid done and  
stay alert strong advice you  
must breathe for your life

seven day break from  
you hot date to see no one  
about a virus

in skint just piss off

land monied pisspot is king  
he ejaculated

we're riding along  
on the crest of a plague and  
most of us will live

last night cool enough  
for a litre of piss once  
more too much detail

i'm highly trained world  
class i'm track and trace because  
prime clown says i am

foreign key workers  
pay for health care they save lives  
in the nhs

does the death in life  
of these melancholy streets  
mean neighbours will live

covid curve flattens  
world wide it's a different world  
it's a square world

masked right wing machine  
politicians gag whistle  
blowers like rogue germs

polar bear rides  
giraffe's back the phoenix flies  
once upon a walk

all the hard times of  
old england and old wales sing  
very hard times song

across or down a  
crossword puzzle like a line  
by king dai ap ku

old blind cut off her  
carer sick alone she sits  
and can do nothing

life milk from the  
great cash cow of eternity  
it takes a while

is meditation  
when you sit look at your mind  
and nothing is there?

deserted dawn street  
then a harsh throated bark it's  
raven in triumph

today while writing  
a haiku in bed i lost  
my pen in my shirt

mr bradbury

motors on many years he  
cared for bermo cars

patriotism the  
scoundrels last refuge the first  
resort in bother