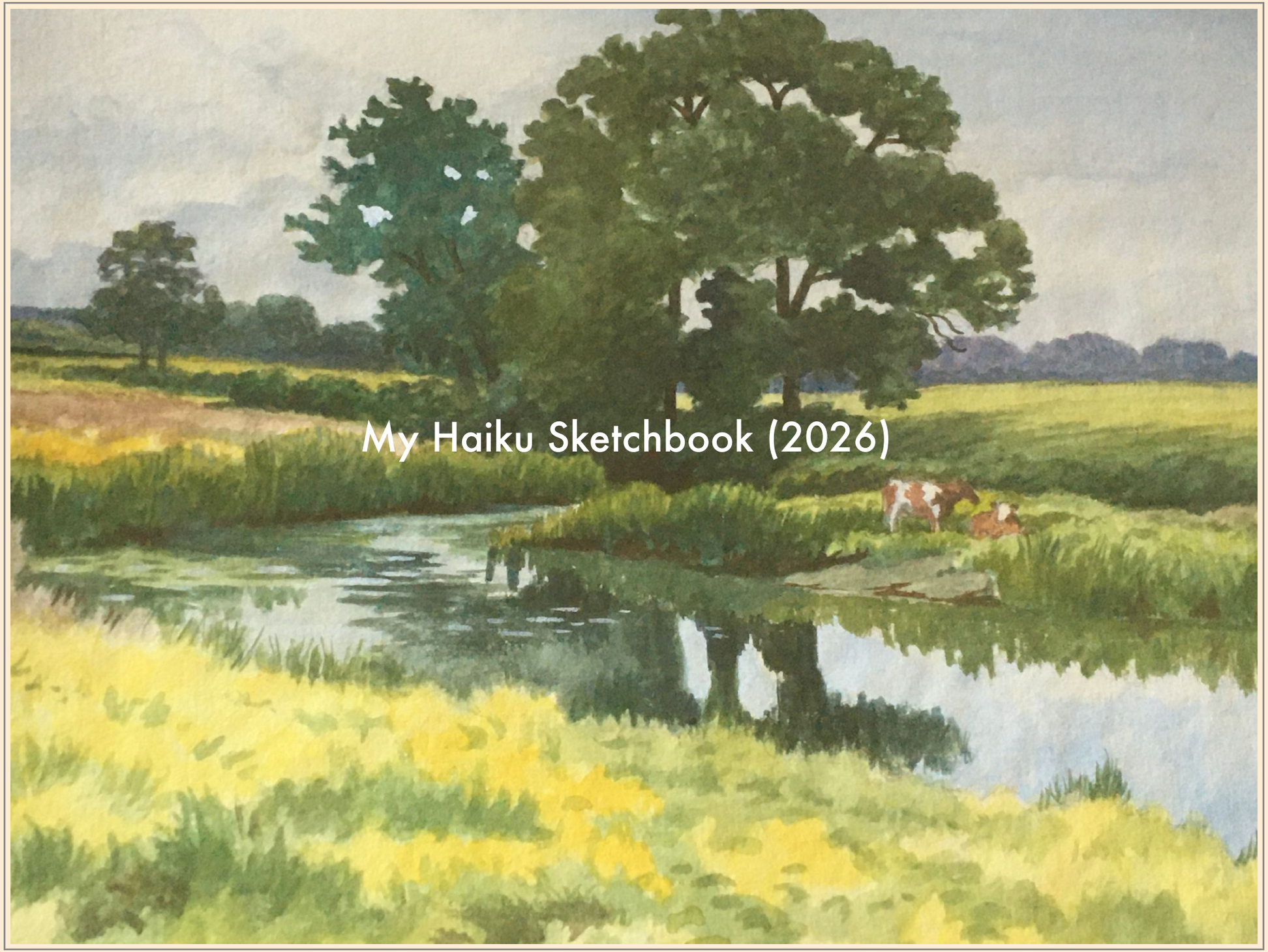


My Haiku Sketchbook (2026)

Welcome to my new (2026) online poetry notebook - it's a working notebook so the poems may be revised and edited over time. Thanks to the editors and publishers of the following journals who continue to publish and support my finished work ...

Wales Haiku Journal
hedgerow: a journal of small poems
The Pan Haiku Review/Bl͞o͞o Outlier Journal
failed haiku – a journal of English Senryu
Presence Haiku Journal
first frost – journal of haiku & senryu
tsuri-dōrō – a small journal of haiku, senryū
Scarlet Dragonfly Journal
民句 folk ku: a journal in honour of Masaoka Shiki
Poetry Pea Journal and Podcast
The Wee Sparrow Poetry Press

My poems have been variously described as ‘transcendental’ – ‘inspiring, interesting, and brilliantly written.’ Like ‘love letters to nature’ – ‘conjuring many layers of loveliness, with the lightness of gently falling leaves’. Such beautiful words to treasure. Thank you!

They are also mostly about birds.

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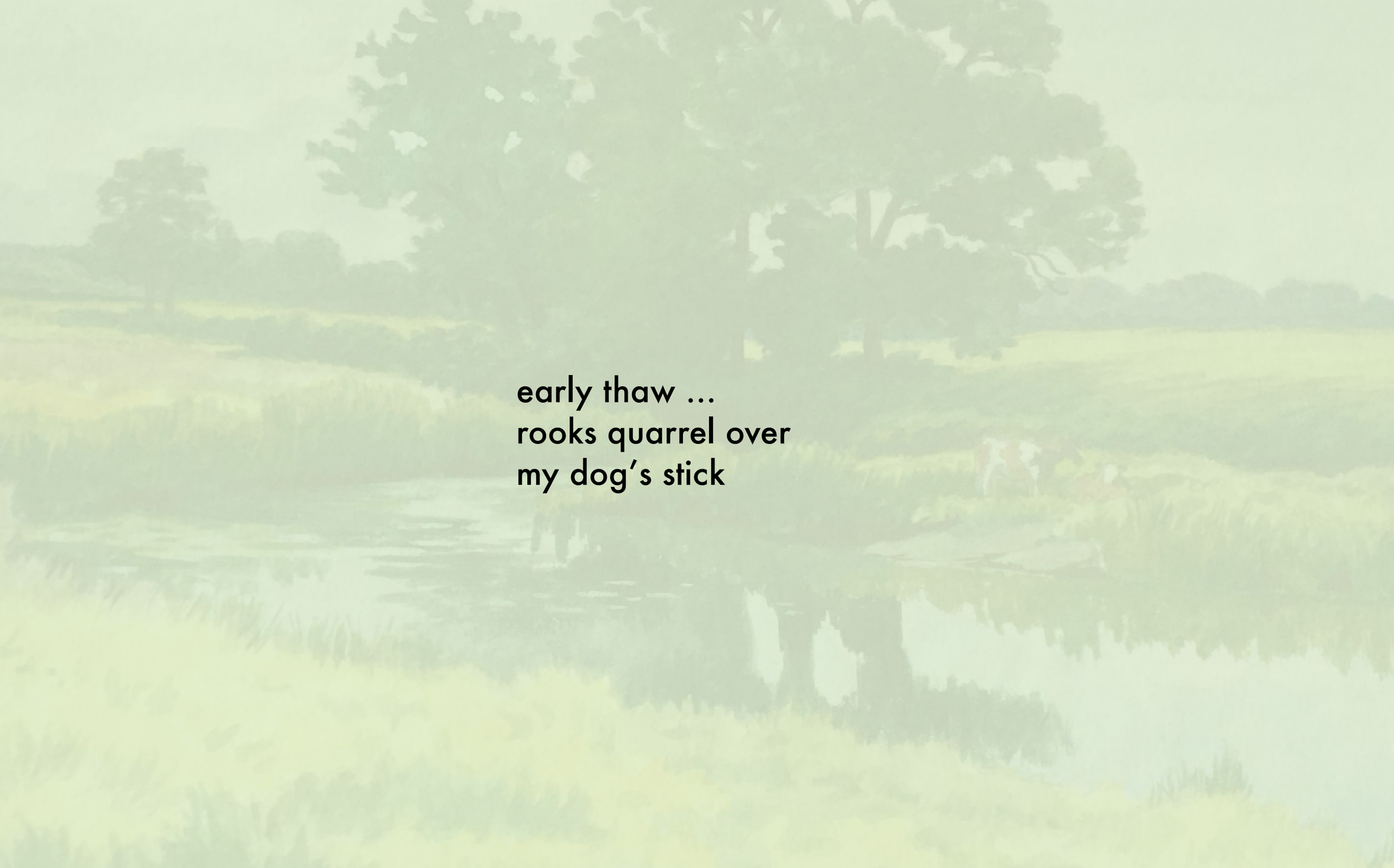
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across the meadow

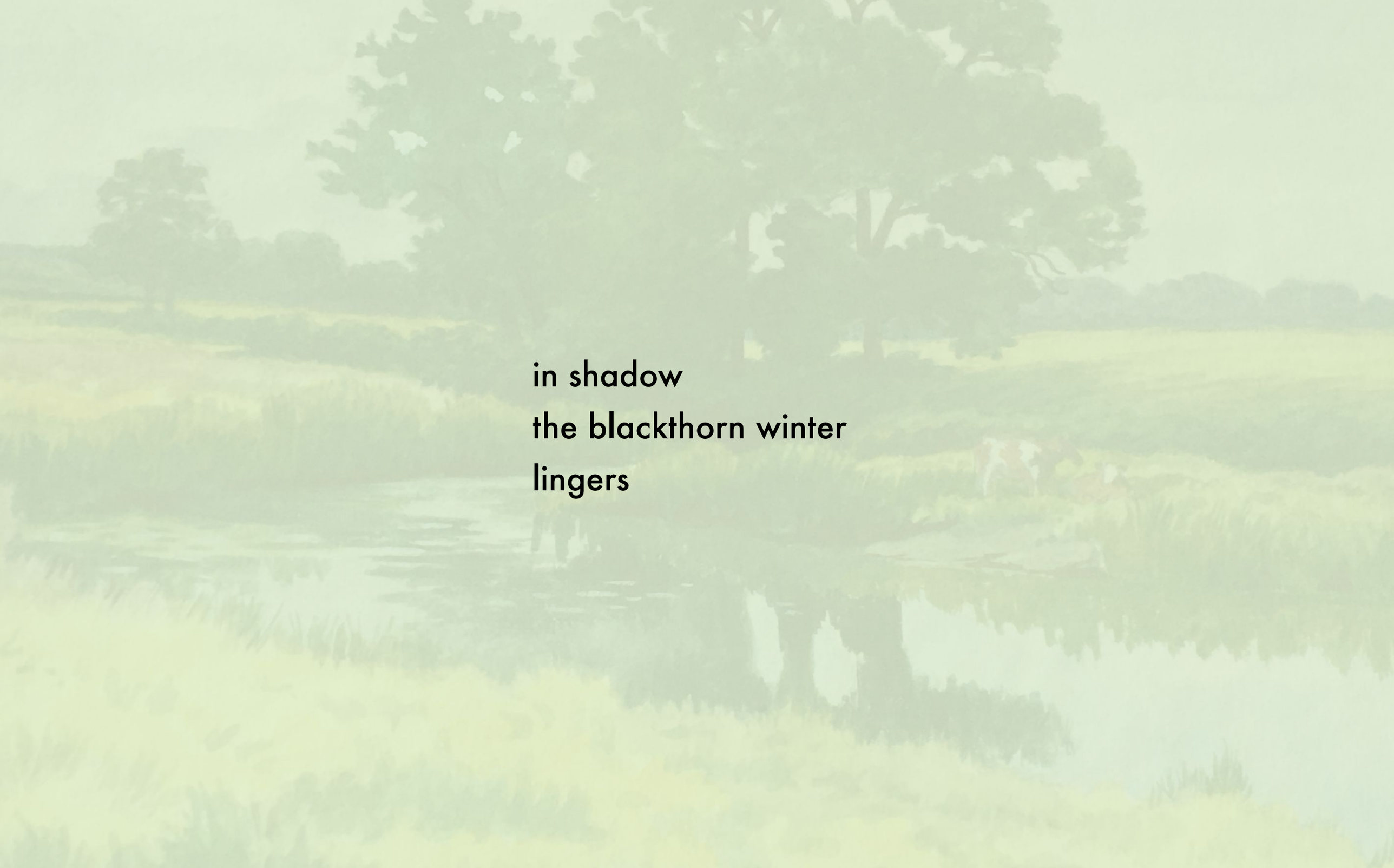
gorse blossom scents the lane a linnet’s song

around every corner blackbirds

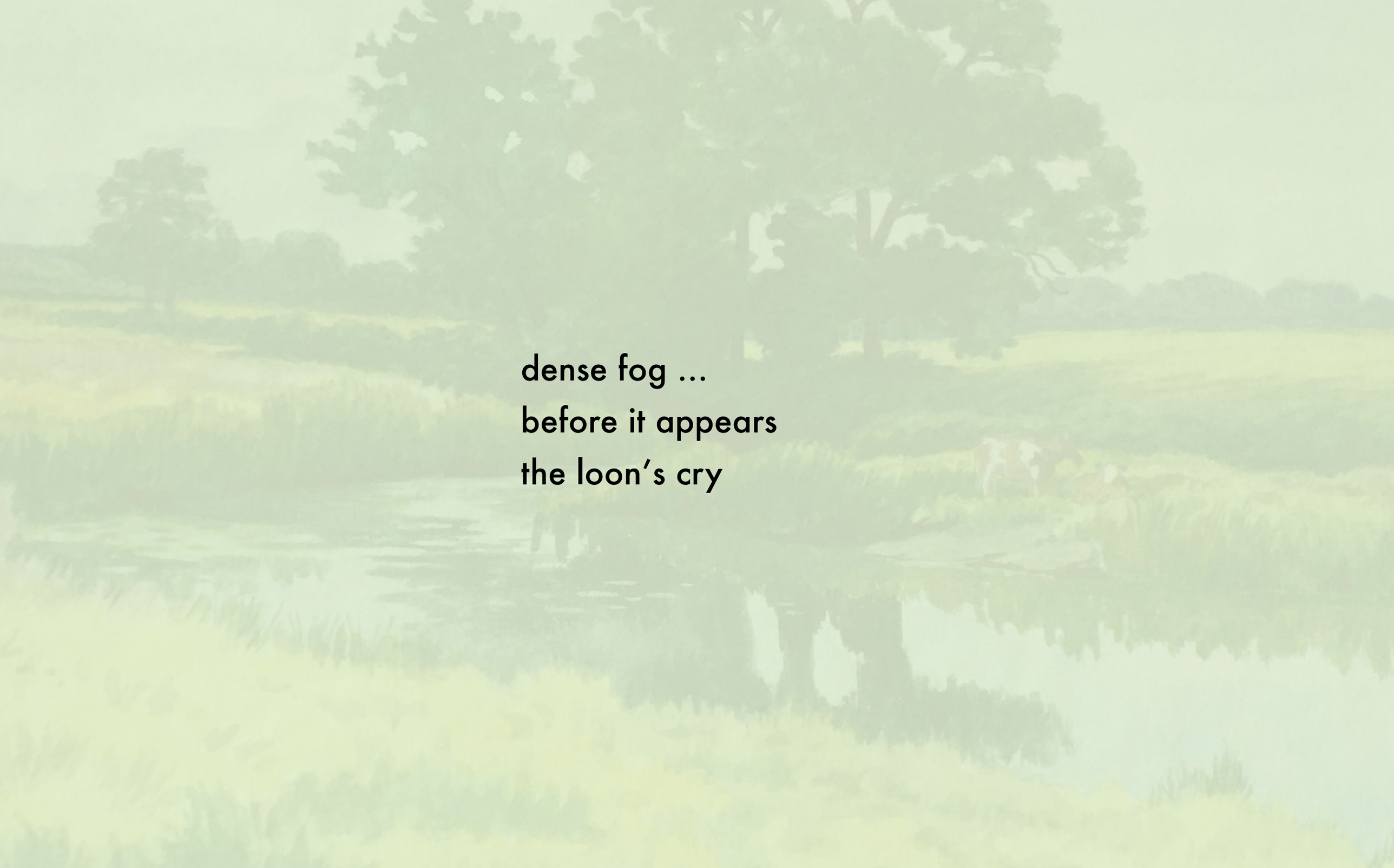
waiting for the postie
a robin on the gate



early thaw …
rooks quarrel over
my dog’s stick



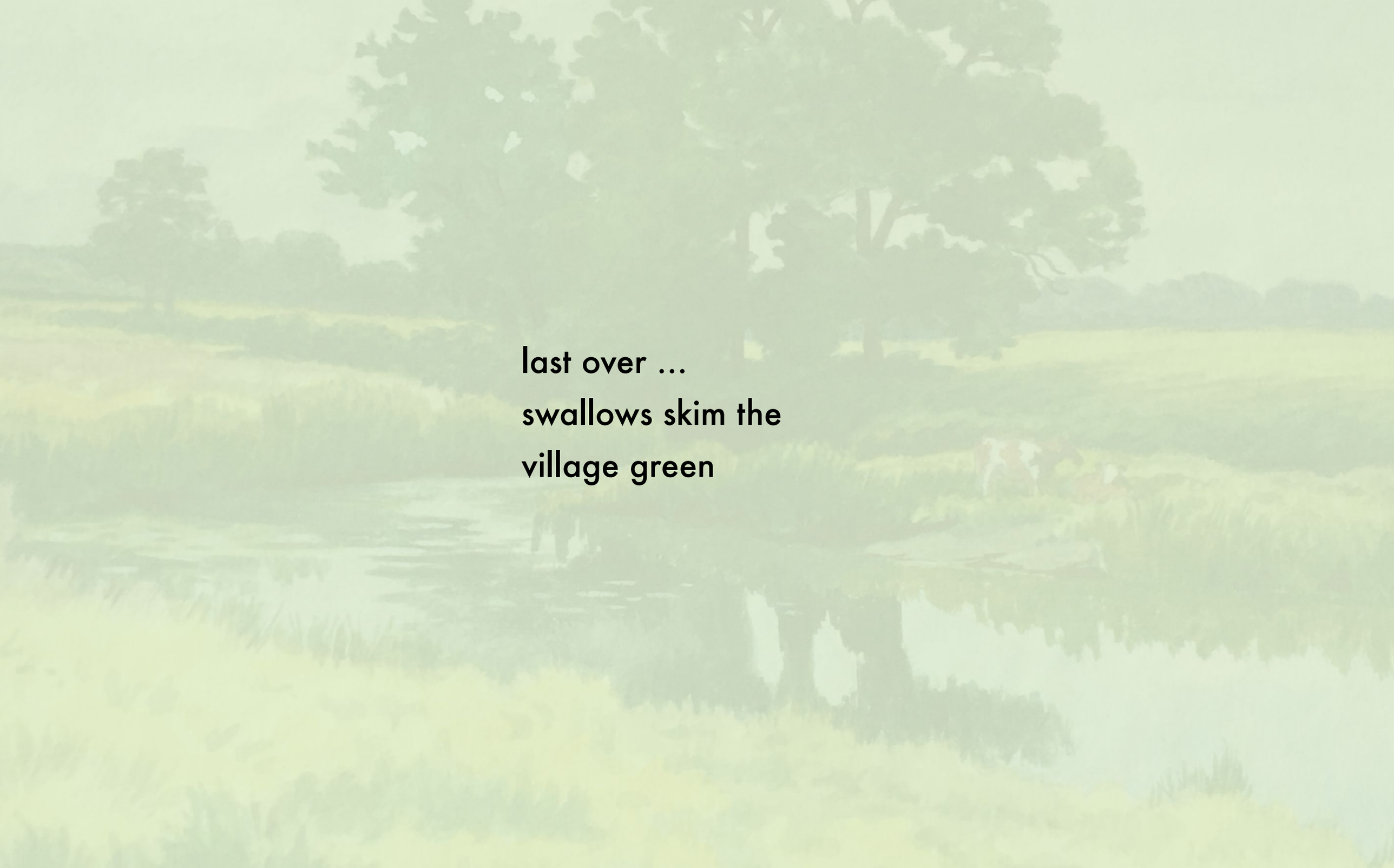
in shadow
the blackthorn winter
lingers



dense fog ...
before it appears
the loon's cry

weaving the a warbler

through willows winter

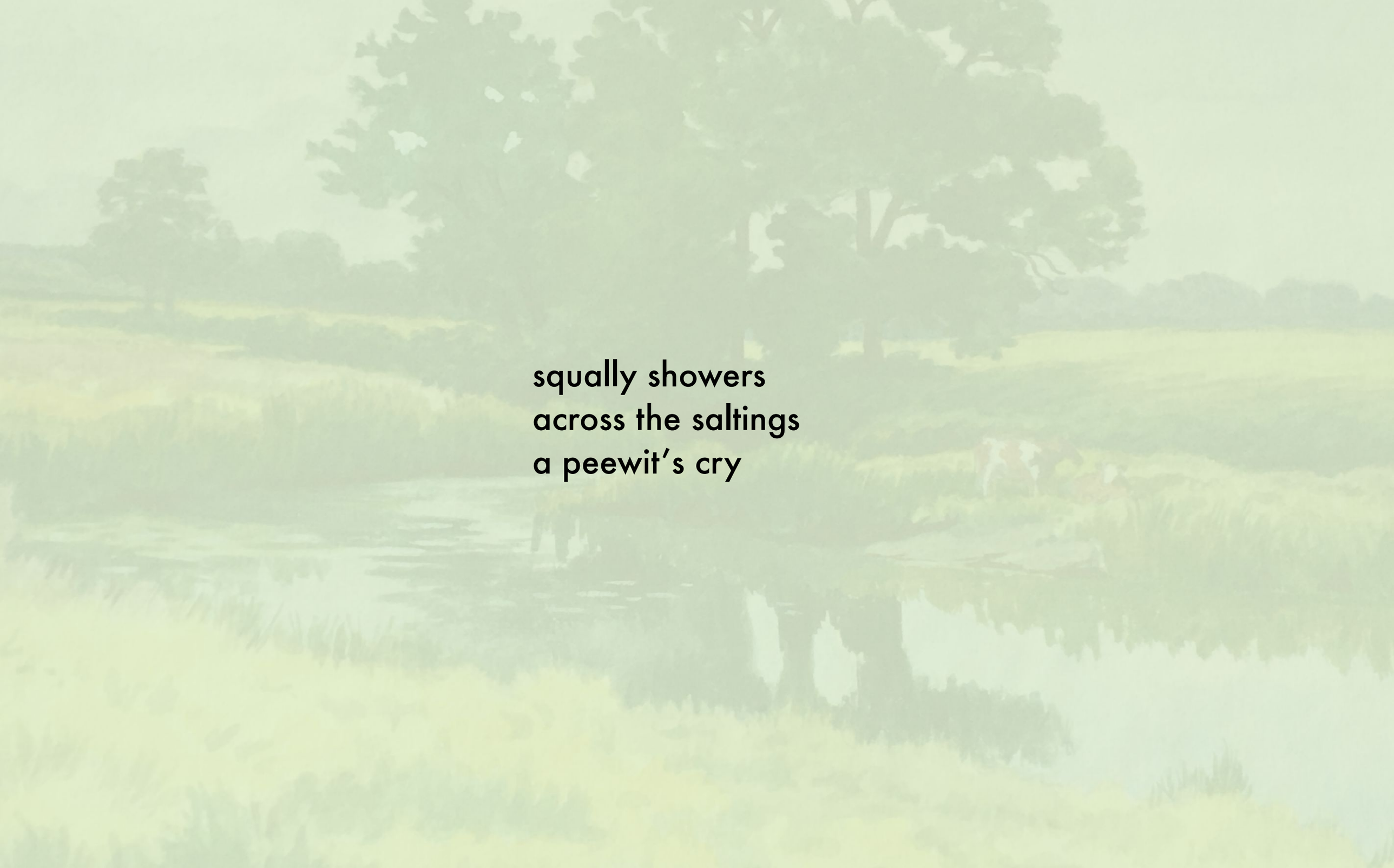


last over …
swallows skim the
village green

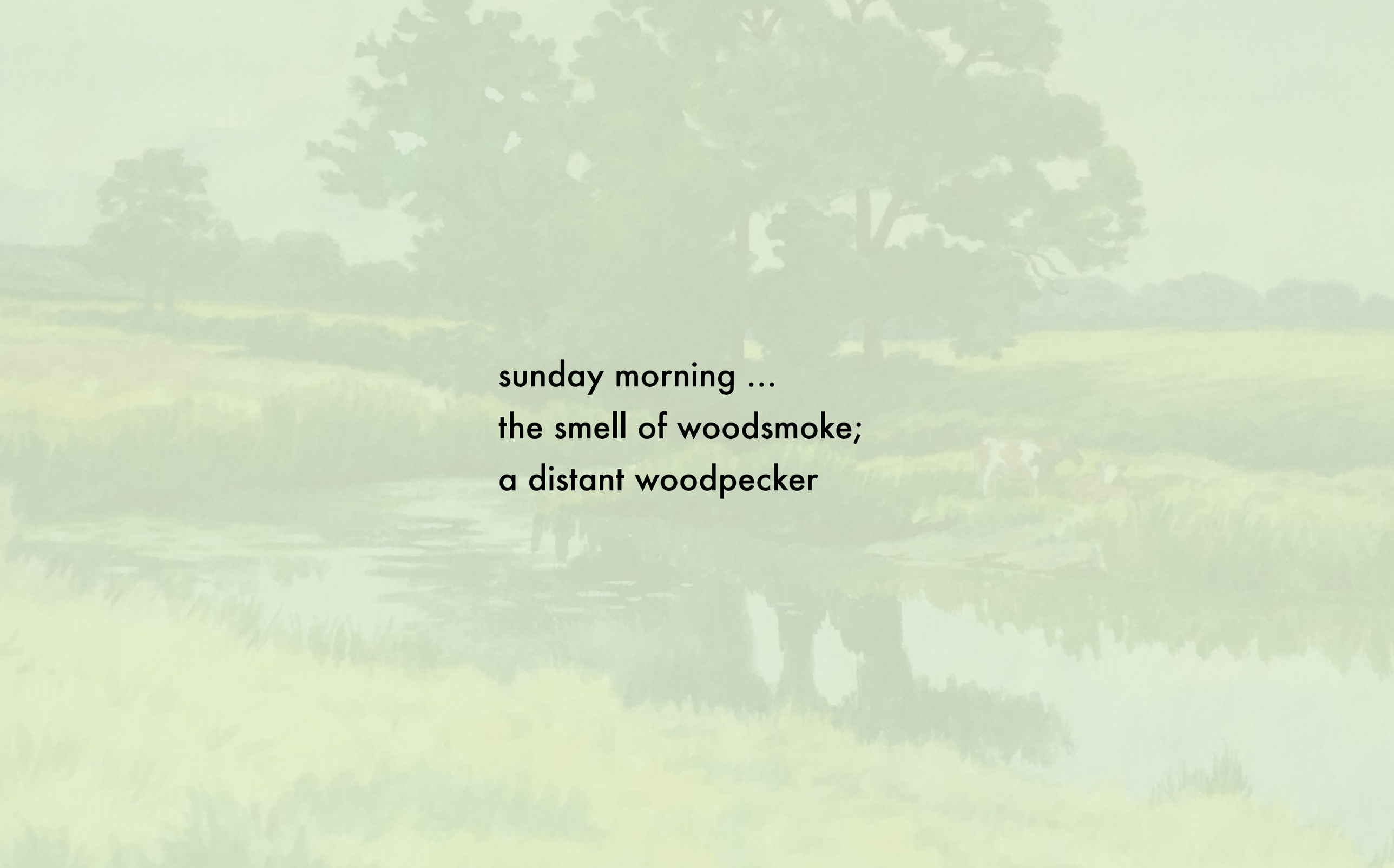
still asleep
you curl into
my space



last light …
yellowhammers
turn to gold



squally showers
across the saltings
a peewit's cry



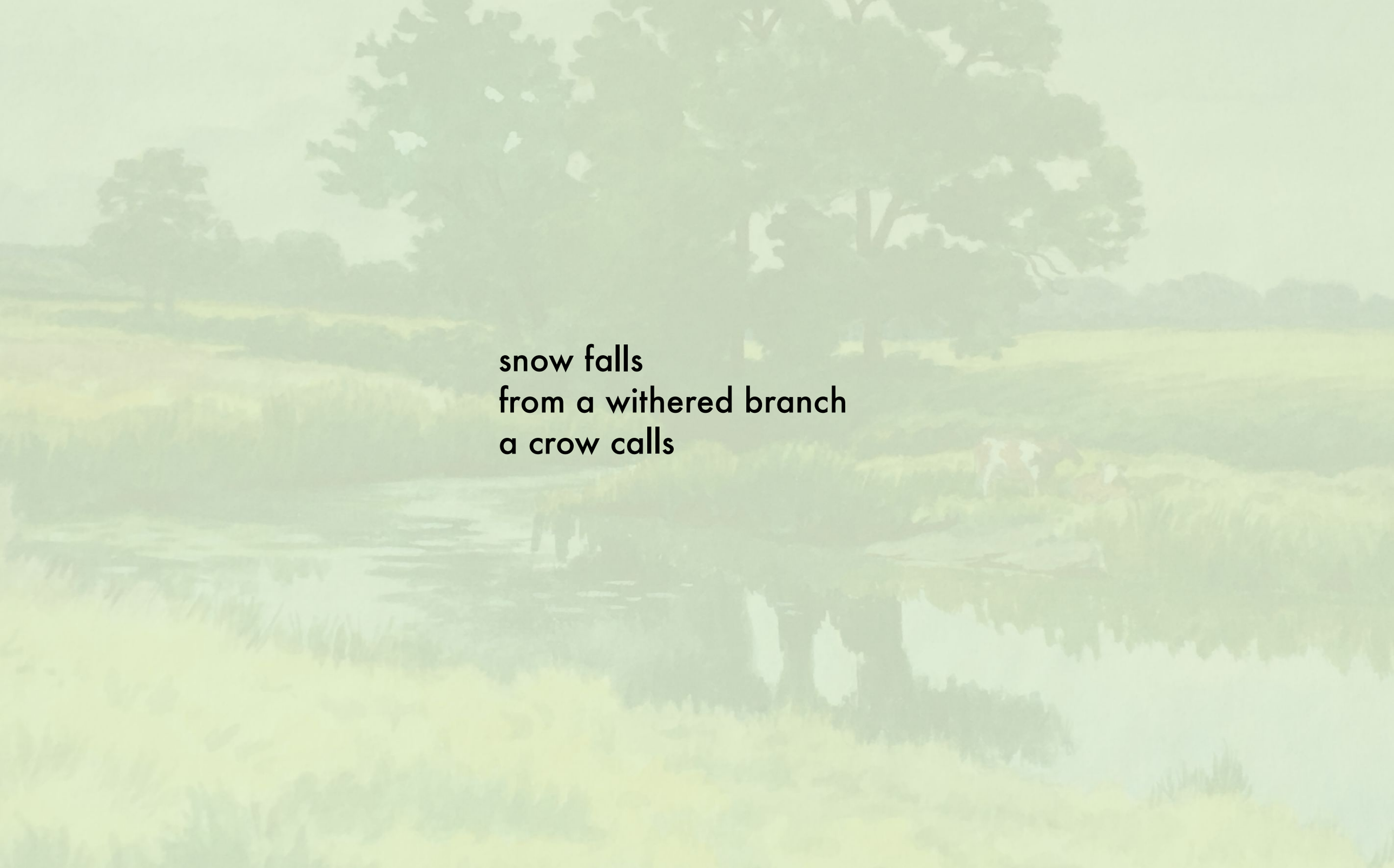
sunday morning …
the smell of woodsmoke;
a distant woodpecker

A Cracking Read

Mum had lots of books: I discovered the
North Pole, messed about on the river,
travelled to the Centre of the Earth,
followed Alice down the rabbit hole and
walked with Richard Jefferies up
Liddington Hill – countless times …

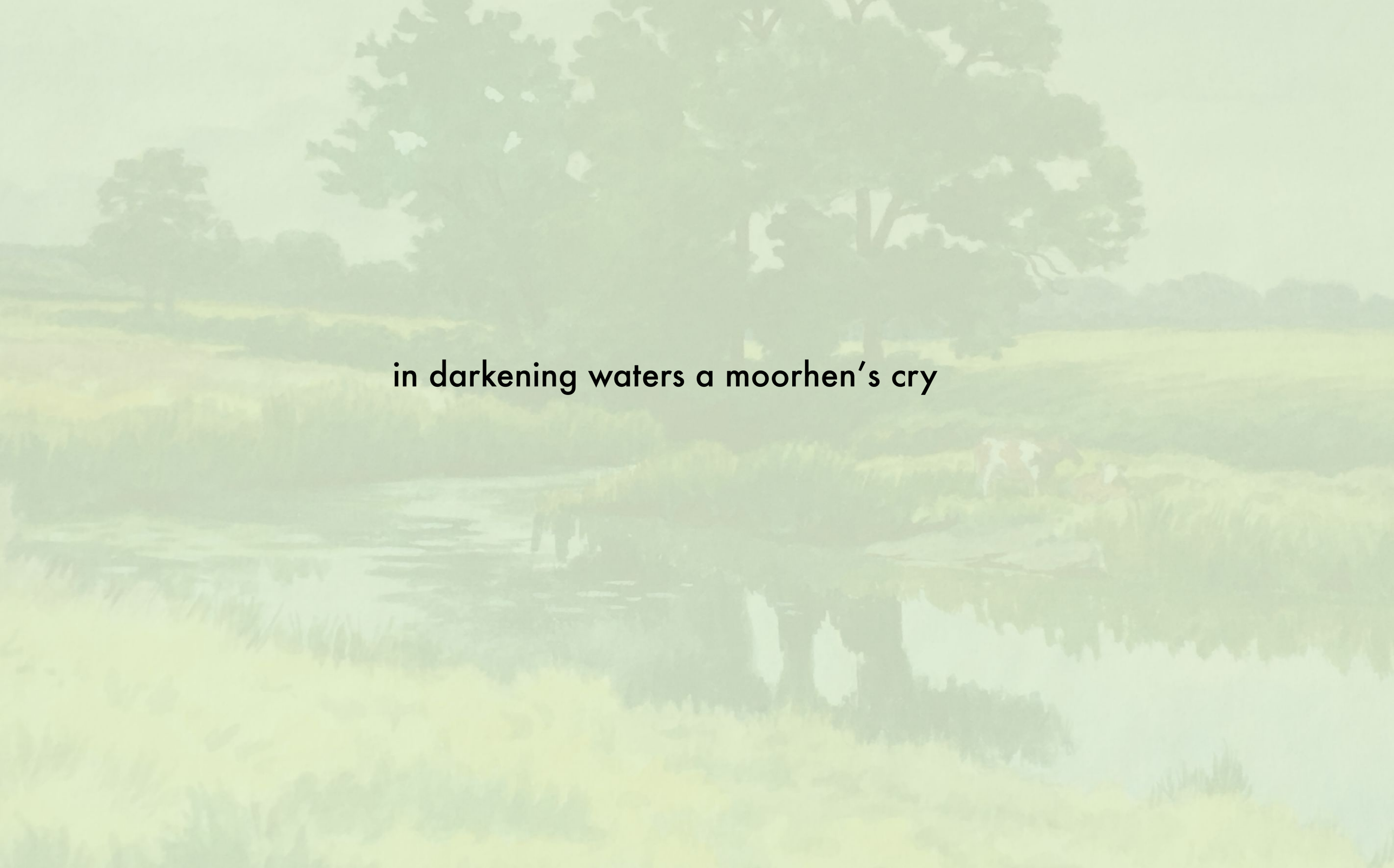
dusting my children's bookshelves

the adventures we had

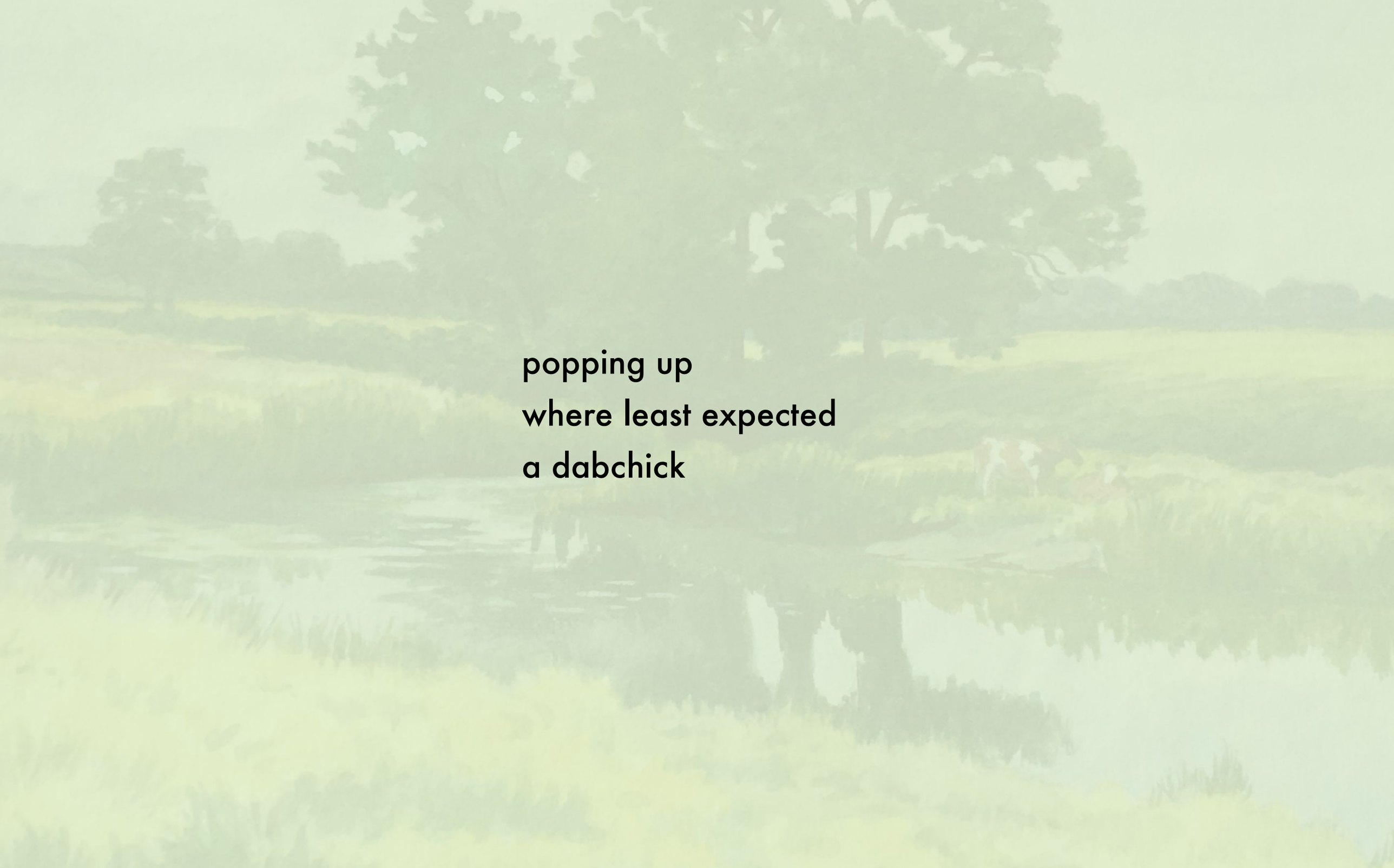


snow falls
from a withered branch
a crow calls

on-shore breeze the heron's ruffled feathers



in darkening waters a moorhen's cry



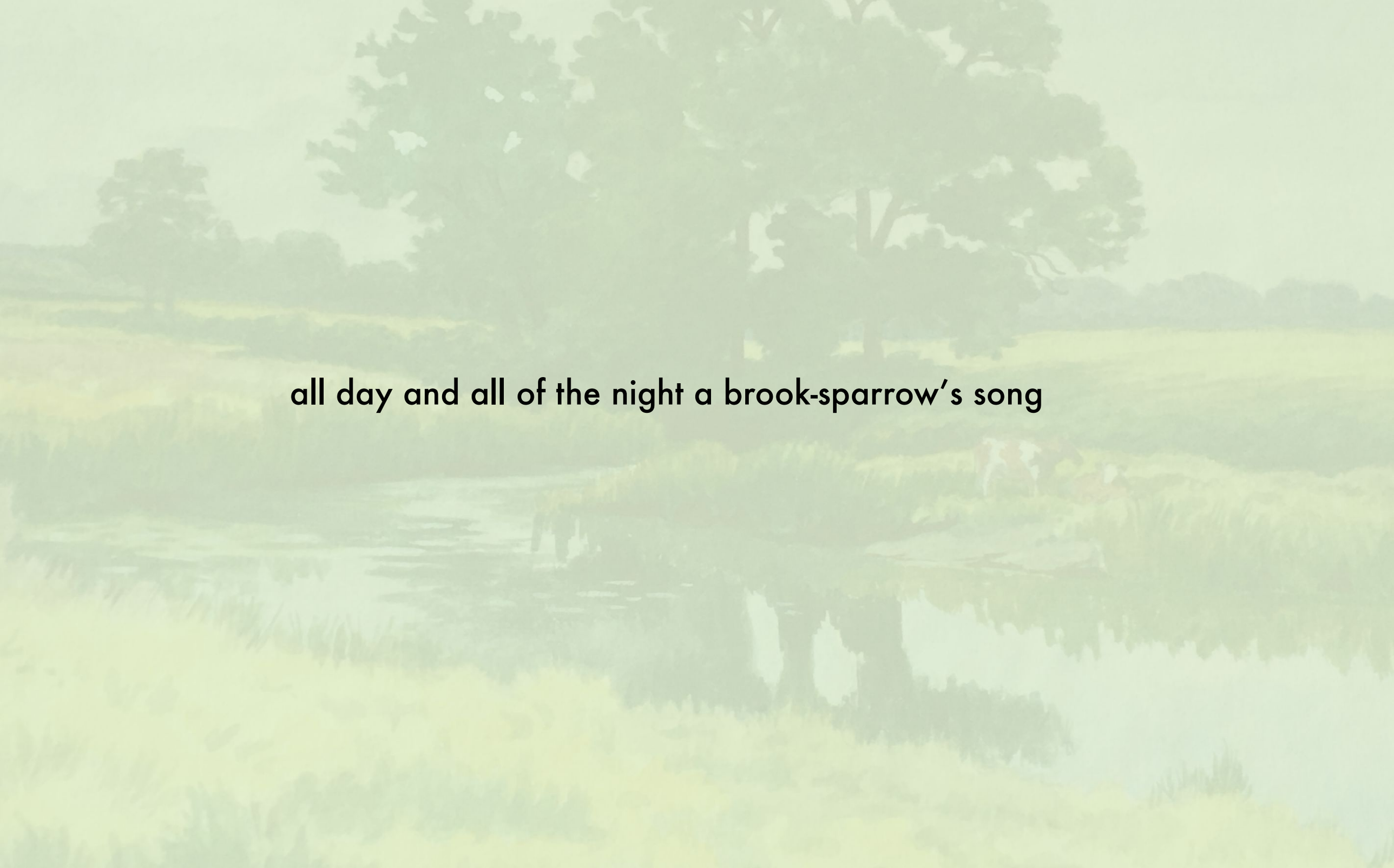
popping up
where least expected
a dabchick

Boxing Day
in the conservatory
Miss Scarlett

sunflecks on the forest floor mountain finches

thro’ a crack in the sky lark song

wintry showers
a flurry of buntings
along the beach

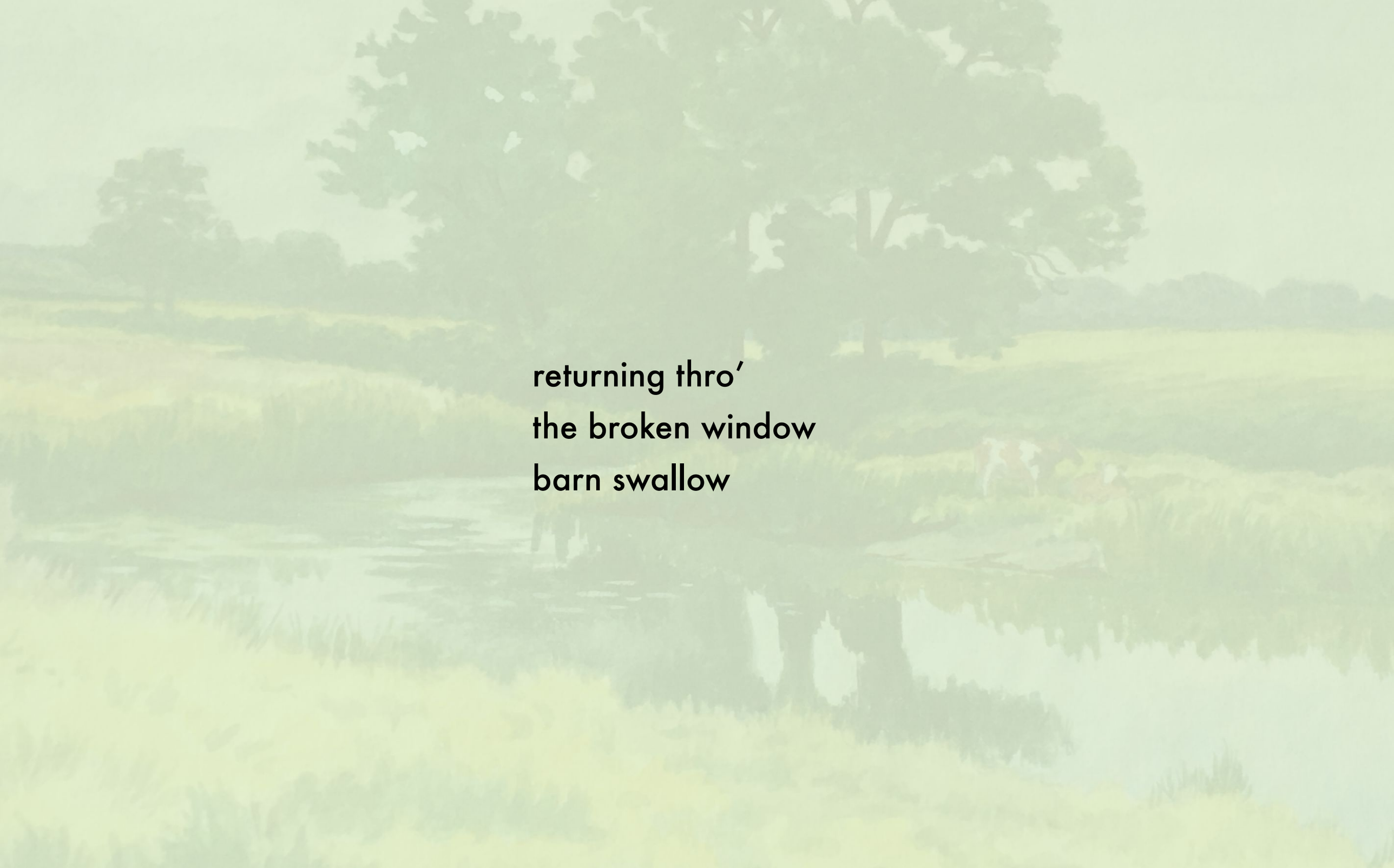


all day and all of the night a brook-sparrow's song

alfresco dining a robin song

unloading the shopping a robin helps

empty house
the jackdaws move
... next door

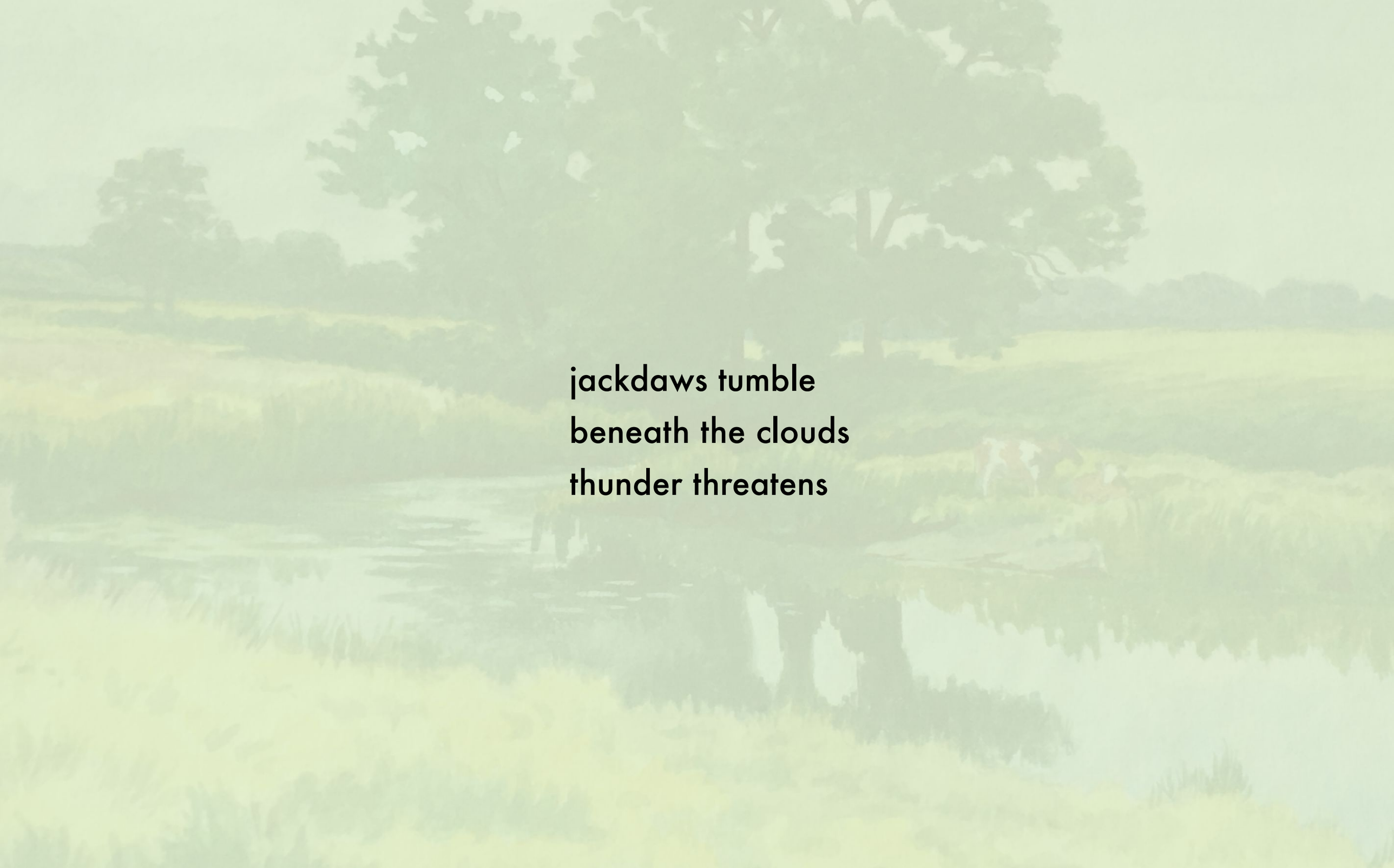


returning thro'
the broken window
barn swallow

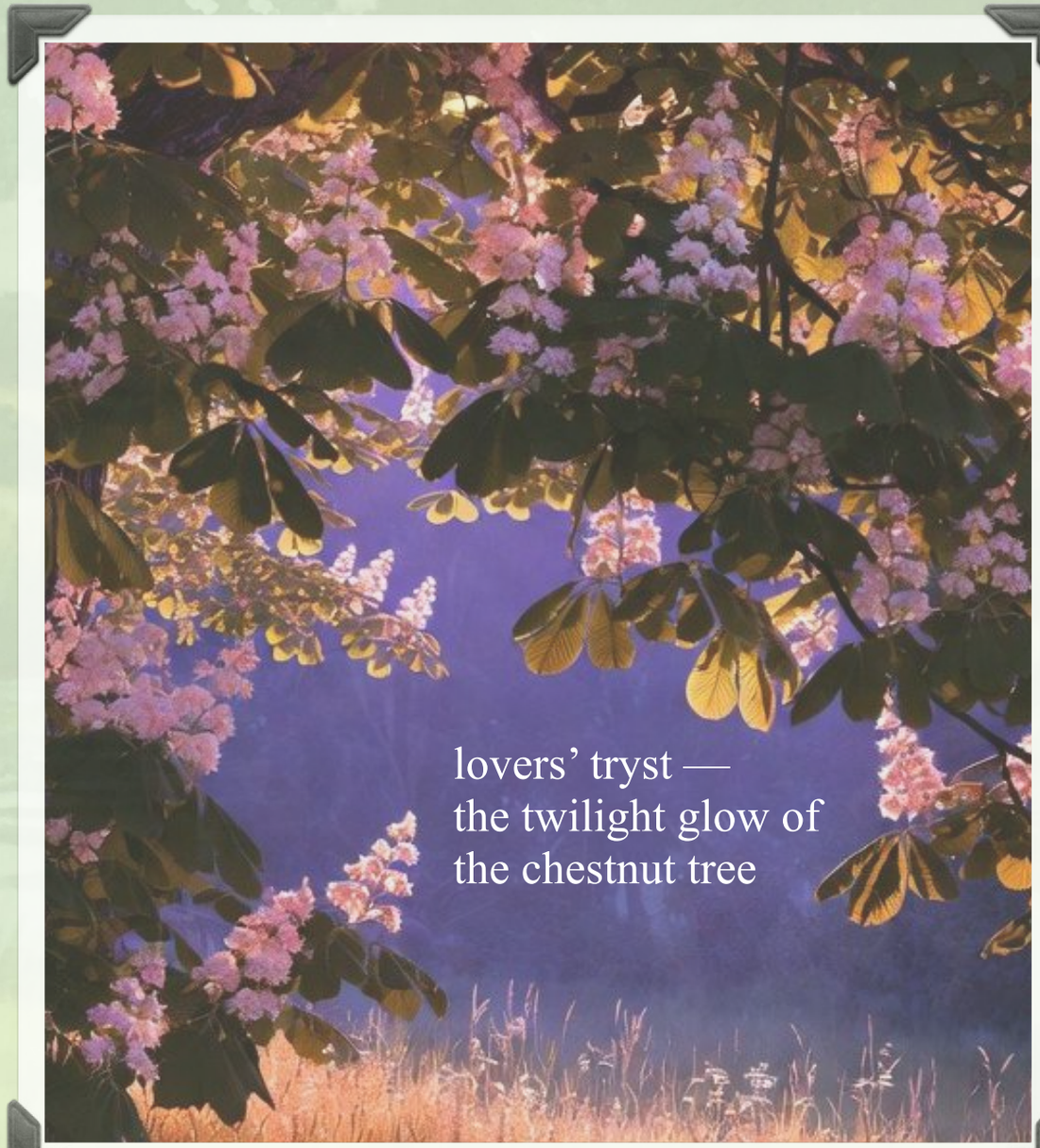
still morning
the woodpecker sounds out
a new branch

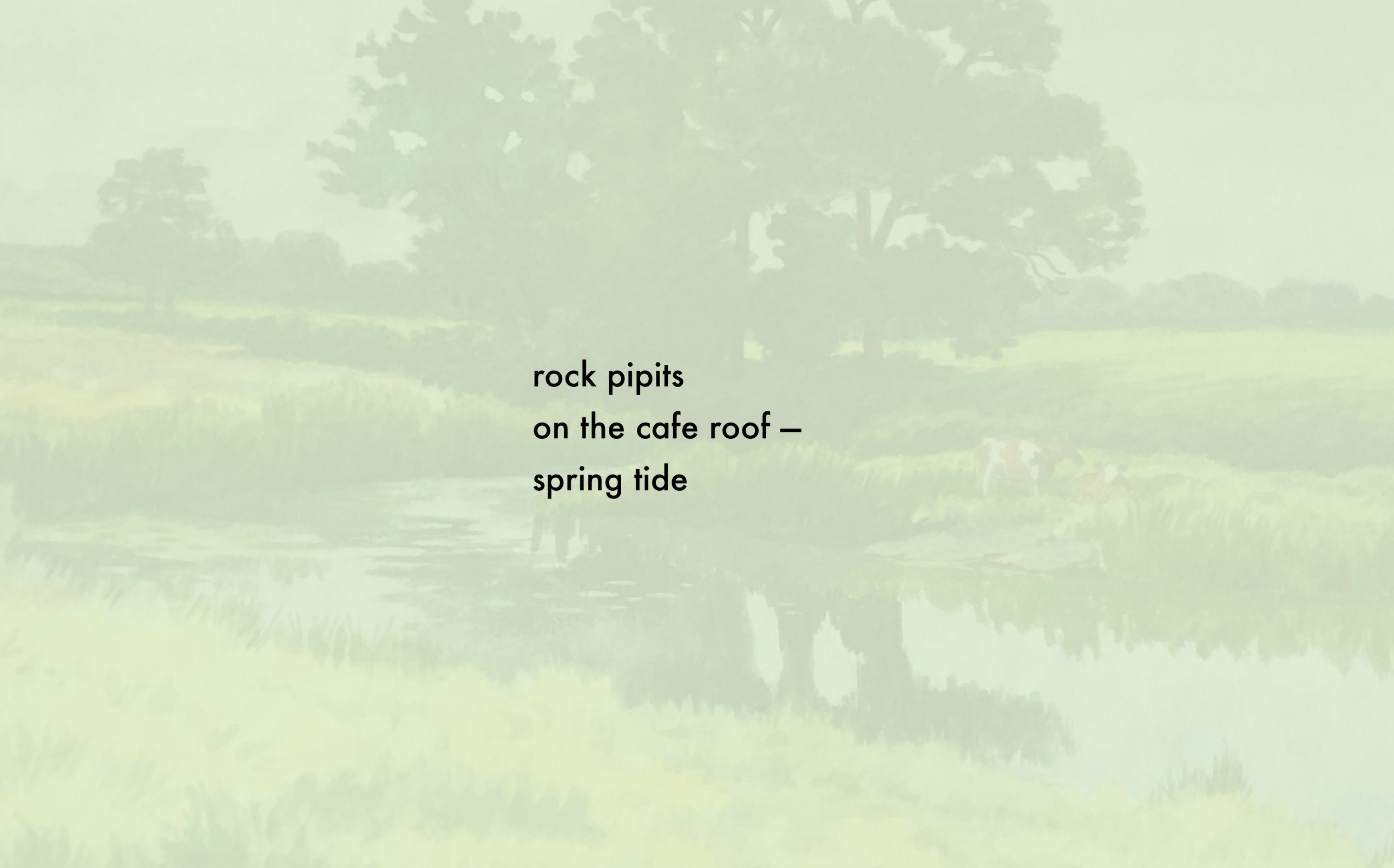


pink contrails the calls of wild geese

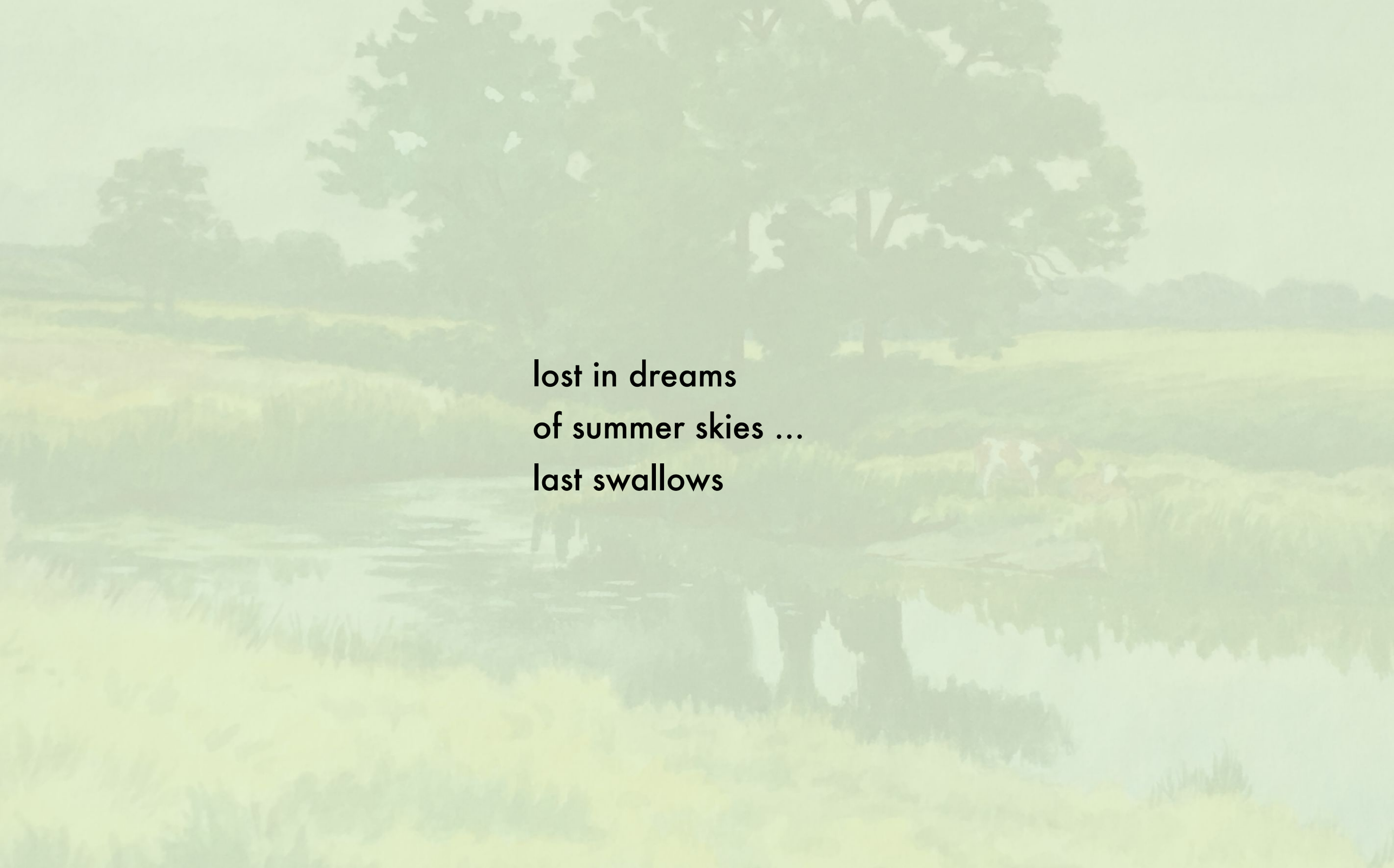


jackdaws tumble
beneath the clouds
thunder threatens

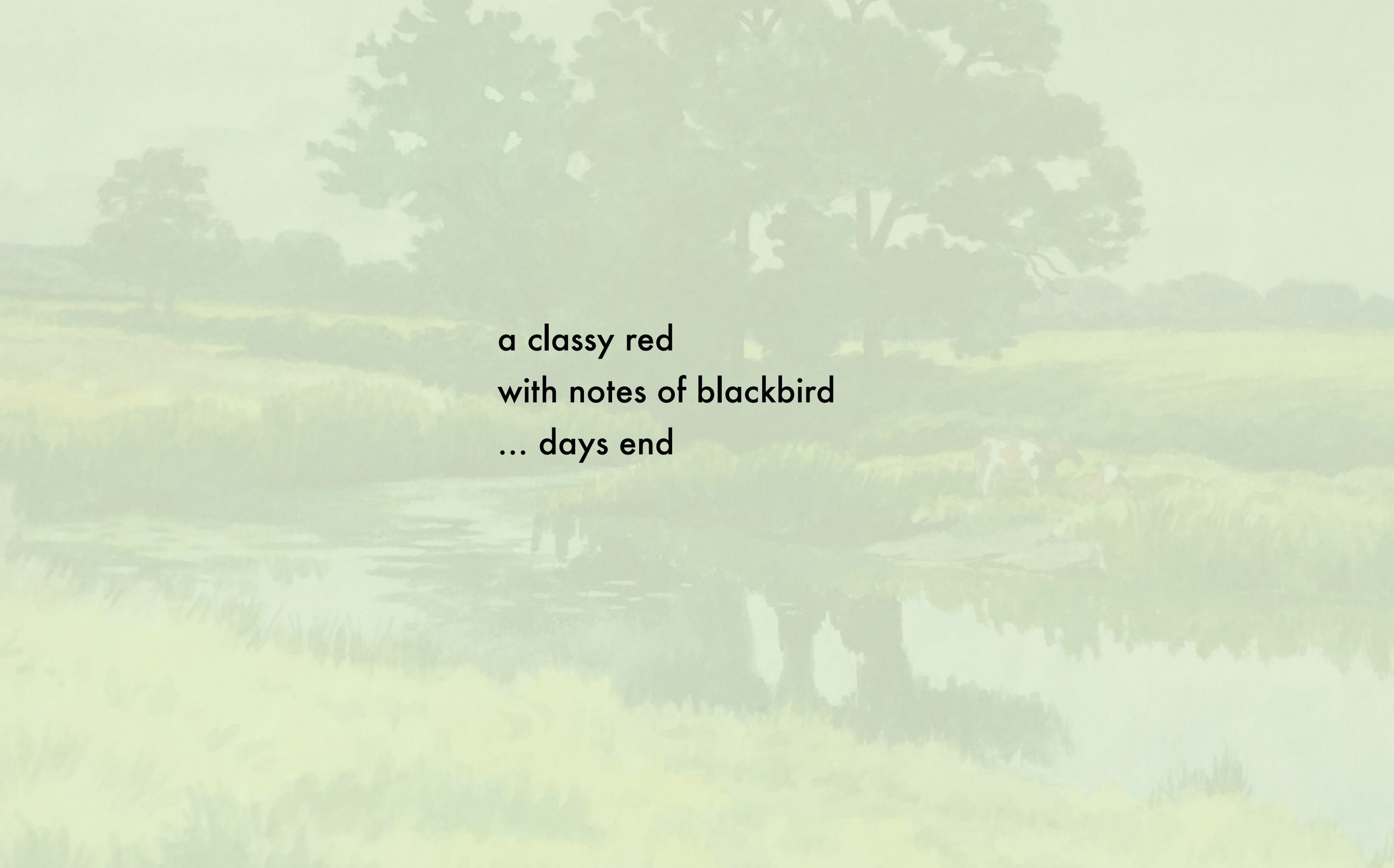

lovers’ tryst —
the twilight glow of
the chestnut tree



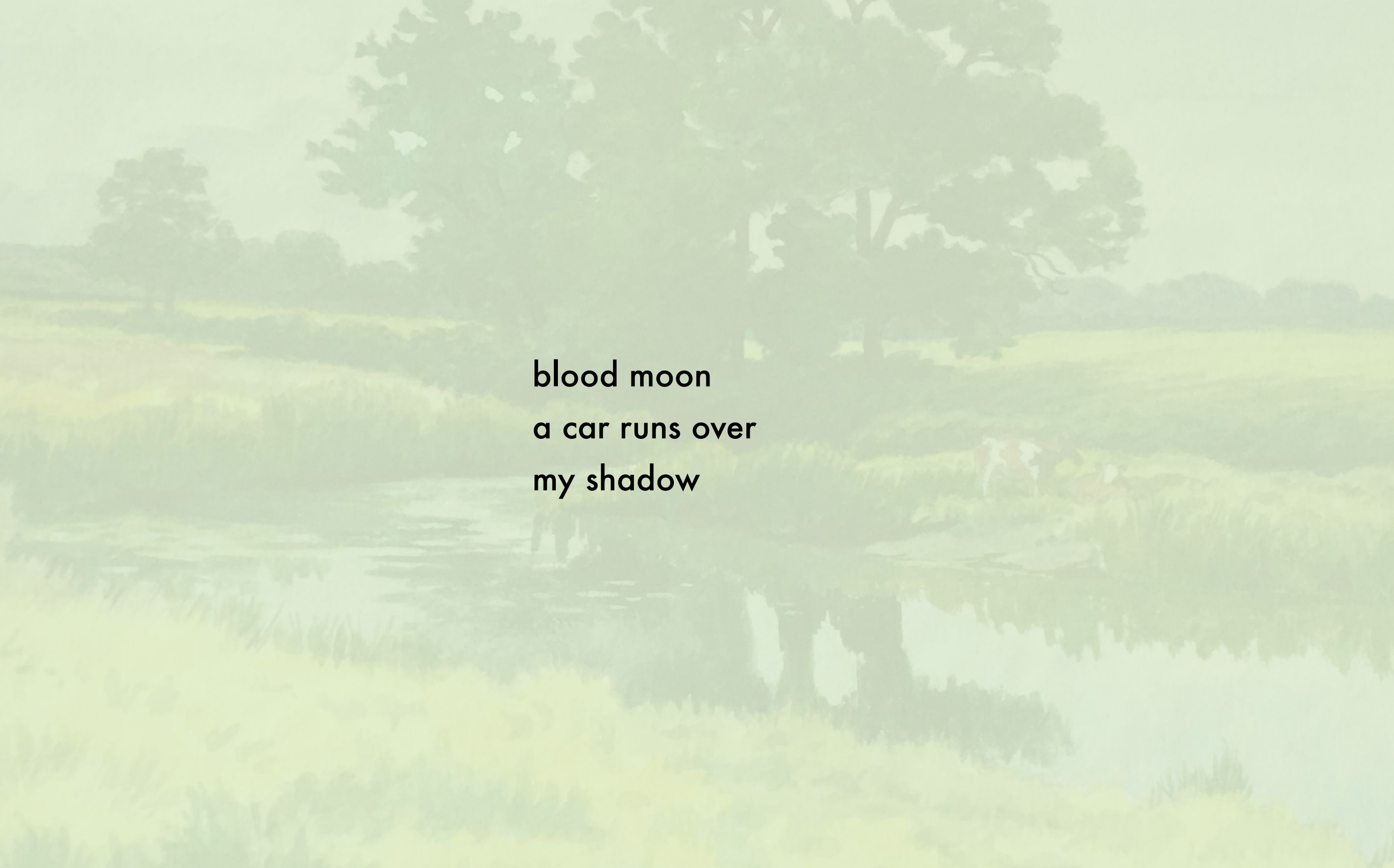
rock pipits
on the cafe roof —
spring tide



lost in dreams
of summer skies …
last swallows



a classy red
with notes of blackbird
... days end



blood moon

a car runs over

my shadow

longest day a quail calls time



tangled in the wind-chimes goldfinch song

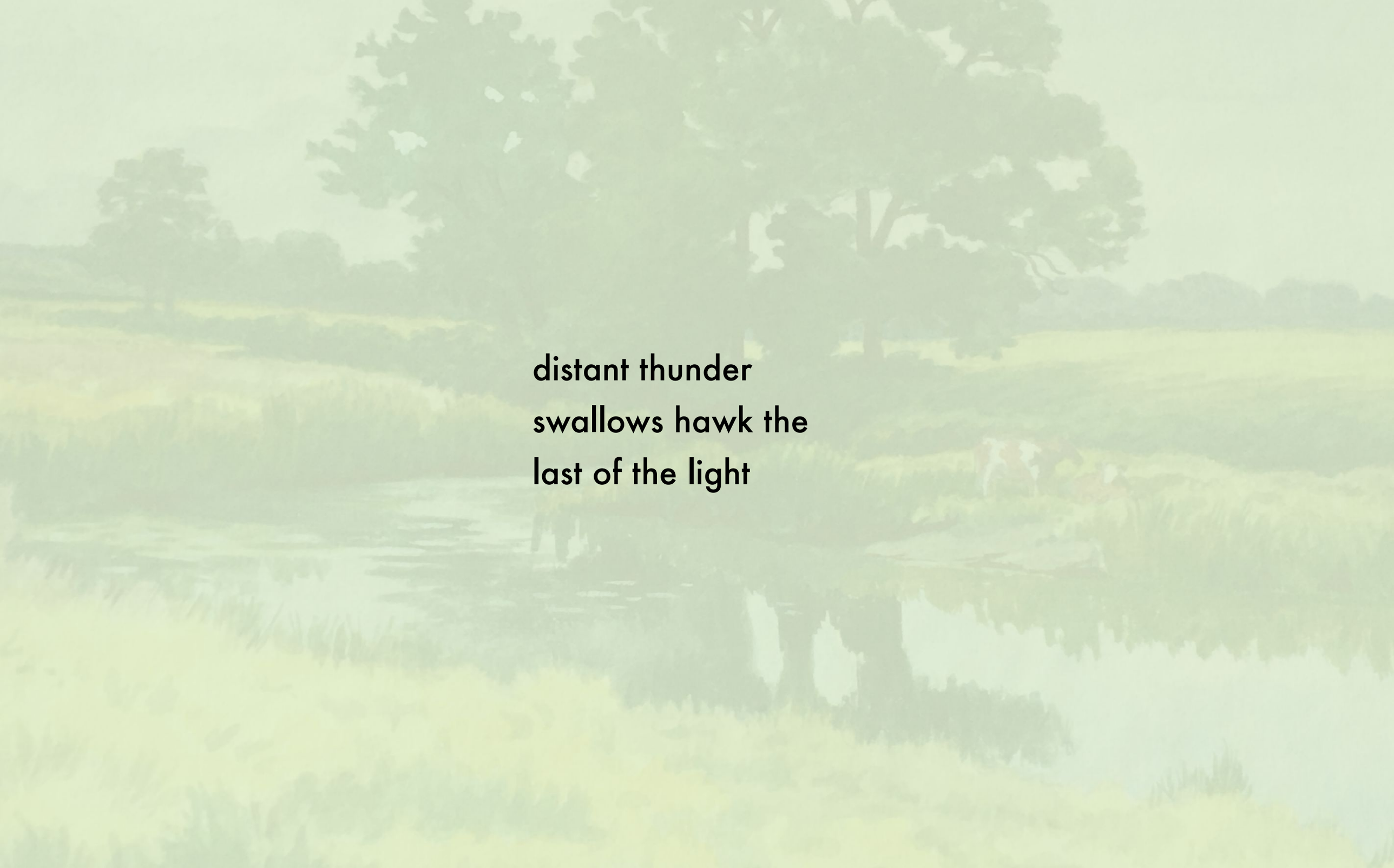
all the fun of the fair starling chatter



last leaves blow
across the lawn
starling chatter

in darkening skies a flash of dunlin

high noon ...
the wing clap of
a woodpigeon



distant thunder
swallows hawk the
last of the light

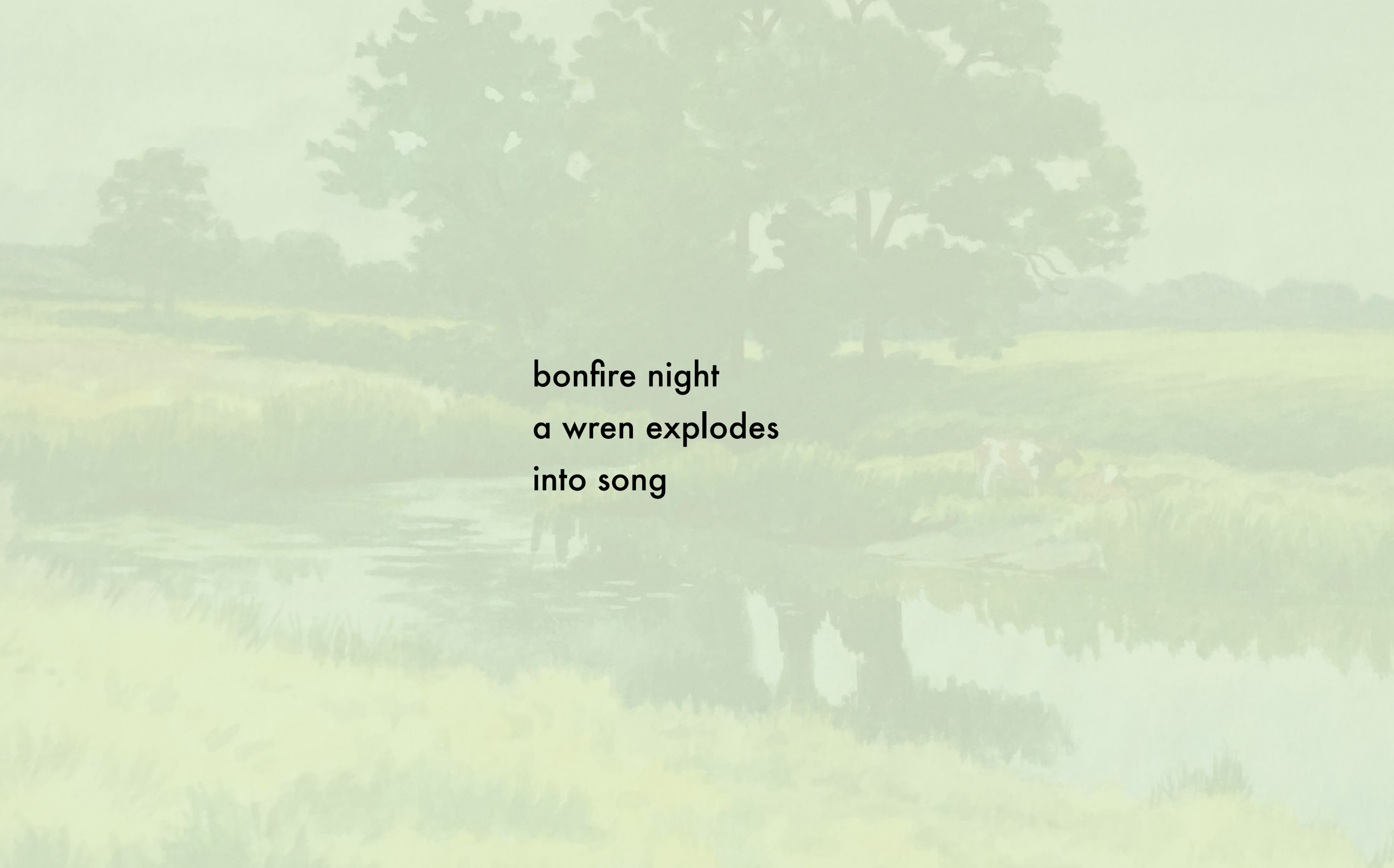
dense fog ...
drifting upstream
heron by heron

cherry blossoms the bridesmaids in hot pink

woken by a wren :: the morning after

leading me on
... the flash of a
redstart's tail

white-capped waves the barista makes a flat white



bonfire night
a wren explodes
into song

blood moon everything else is blue

Clive is a sometime philosopher, thinker, dreamer, birdwatcher, haiku poet, and occasional writer. Living and writing in beautiful North Wales. He draws inspiration from nature, especially birds, which he has been watching for as long as he can remember.

Retired now he continues to watch birds and has taken to writing haiku about them. He has had poems published in many of the leading haiku journals and has recently self published two groundbreaking digital ebooks (Flipbooks) of his poetry. This is his third book (in preparation).

Author photo (from a few years ago)



‘I’m older than I look … and younger than I am’