

A Gwent Skyscape - from an original oil painting by George Godsell

Welcome to my online poetry journal. An eclectic collection of favourite haiku, and other Japanese short-form poetry, that I've written over the last few years - updated every now and then, as the wind blows. Thanks to the editors and publishers of the following journals in which many of them originally appeared …

Wales Haiku Journal
hedgerow: a journal of small poems
The Pan Haiku Review/Blo͞o 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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hidden by clouds

my backyard
a winter wren
fills the space

still waters
a fish jumps through
my reflection
the ripples
of our affair

chough tumble
down the quarry face
rain turns to sleet

skipping stones one two three fourfivesixseveneight

coot skitter
among lily pads
summer rain

up in the attic
crawling through
my childhood

blue moon—
a heron and I
night fishing

rewilding the garden sparrowhawk

night fishing
a heron stalks the
hunters moon

clouds across the stubble winter thrushes

swift scream
down cobbled streets
bikers follow
the pulsing beat
of a cruising car

sunshine in every room the cuckoo’s call

waking up
the sounds of the day
waking up

harvest moon hidden by clouds a plover's call

morning assembly
the chatter of sparrows
in the playground

wild camping
a robin joins us
for breakfast

evensong a song thrush lends his voice

after the storm
gathering windfalls ...
pinkfeet calling

above the river beat drumming snipe

distant bells
deep in the holly
robin song

indian summer
the wild strawberry
in bloom again

balloon fest
a windhover
glides away

waking up
next to you
waking up

flower moon
her scent of jasmine
in every room

sunshine and showers a scattering of daisies

winter solitude
the fading shadow
of my footprints

easy listening
a woodpigeon croons
an old favourite

first light the pink of chaffinch in the cherry

primroses in the hedgerow bank a robin’s nest

bursting through his song a whitethroat

hide-and-seek
in the churchyard
a new headstone

taking tea with grandma
she reads the leaves

dusting my children’s bookshelves
the adventures we had

no
mow
may
cowslips
flower
along
the
verge

spring cleaning before the cuckoo chiffchaff

cherry blossom
drifting in the window
chaffinch song

done and dusted the kettle whistles

autumn crocus the highlights in her hair

all hallows' eve
blackbirds seeing ghosts
in every bush

garage sale
my childhood toys
resurrected

song thrush song never the same twice

on the shoreline
the ebb and flow
... of sanderling

among the cardboard boxes a homeless dog

hunters moon Orion whistles his dogs

fresh snow
drifting from the sky
winter swans

overnight redwings among the windfalls

at the edge of the wood
the scritch of a jay

lighting up a winter’s day bullfinches

drifting snow
the only sound
my footsteps

grasshoppers my puppies jump

sunny days tease a blackbird's song

empty feeders
a frosty glint in
the robin's eye

caught by the breeze a kestrel’s cry

held by the silence the bark of a raven

spring thaw …
through the waterfall
a dipper’s nest

boxing day walk an early primrose

lunch break a jackdaw catches my eye

where rivers meet the dipper doubles back

tracing a path
through the trees
beaver moon

leafing
through
my
books
an
arctic
warbler

cold moon the herons frozen shadow

longest day yellowhammers sing on into the night

up on the downs a skylark takes me higher

fresh snow
the wing prints
of a grouse

autumn gales all the colours of the leaves

slack tide the heron waits

winter moon
a twinkle in the
snowman's eye

shadows on the wall chasing sleep

hanging out
our winter woolies
first swallow

distant bells
across the meadows
skylark song

wagtails …
playing hopscotch
after school

becoming day a grey heron

among the windfalls a chaffinch nest

forest trail
a nuthatch whistles
our dogs

higher than our highest kite skylarks

distant gunshots:
the clatter of pigeons
through the trees

clocking off my five o’clock shadow

tucked up in bed

lights twinkle
in darkening skies
an owl hoots

shadows on the wall
chasing sleep

surf's up …
a raft of scoters
crest the waves

christmas dinner the same old jokes

after the storm
shooting the breeze
... with my dog

bookending
the shortest night
blackbirds

now a steam train starling whistle

wishing …
we'd had more time
dandelions

between showers flashes of summer goldfinches

drifting clouds now a dragon

coming out a pink moon

waiting for the moment last swallow

evening mist owls hoot from all around

snoozing the alarm call of a wren

windswept a mountain blackbird

counting crows
a nursery rhyme
long forgotten

under the willow a splash of blue

empty house
a dream catcher
in the window

hidden in
her winter boots …
a conker

all souls' night
a screech owl in
my headlights

swing-ing on
the schoolyard gate …
a great tit's song

Clive is a sometime philosopher, thinker, dreamer, birdwatcher, 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 recently has self published two groundbreaking digital ebooks (Flipbooks) of his poetry. This is his first full length collection.

Author photo (from a few years ago)



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

Authors Notes

The birdsong recordings were digitally copied from my original shellac records (1936) by Ludwig Koch (1881–1974) or downloaded from Xeno Canto a website dedicated to sharing bird sounds from all over the world.

The ambient background music, sourced and downloaded from Pixabay, was originally recorded by Amurich (an Ethno & Electronic musician from Murmansk).

The vocal track accompanying my bio was generated using AI (Suno AI Music).

drifting clouds now a dragon