

# Haiku - A Tribute to Basho

By N. Chandra Wickramasinghe

Two streams meet  
And merge,  
Inseparably.

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Raindrops  
Cling to the leaves  
And fall reluctantly  
Drop by drop.

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Butterflies:  
Like pieces of torn paper  
Strewn into the wind.

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The wave surges forward;  
Spreads,  
And then recedes  
Gently.

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The evening is silent:  
Even the flowers fall noiselessly.

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The rim of the world  
Glow in the twilight.  
Along it  
A ship glides slowly.

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The streetlamp  
With its arched neck  
Peers into a beggar's empty bowl.

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Nightfall:  
On the rock  
Two lovers draw closer to each other.

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Full moon night:  
The soft jade Buddha  
Glimmering in the dim light of oil-lamps,  
Smiled, peacefully.

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Harmony:  
The star shines  
I gaze at it.

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Amongst a myriad stars  
I stand alone  
And wonder  
How much life and love is there tonight.

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