**Selected Haiku from the Redthread Haiku Retreat October 2011**

Selected by the kukai method in which each person chooses a favourite five in rank order.

**Poems with many votes, rank order:**

heading back slack waves on a turning tide

*Stuart Quine*

crook backed damson tree

rich in the rot

of its unpicked fruit

*Noragh Jones*

riddled with cancer

he whistles his sheepdog

and cracks a flea

*Noragh Jones*

a pause

in the arguments

the cat has come in

*Melissa Meek*

low tide

uncovering

the pebble hoard

*Jim Norton*

light as its shadow

the long-legged spider

traces a way

*Jim Norton*

two tree stumps

close enough for a couple

to keep their distance

*Ken Jones*

shelter belt

old trees around the place

where the house was

*Kim Richardson*

The Collective I –

slowly

I fill my hot water bottle

*Ken Jones*

burning leaves

the wetness of a cat’s tail

against my legs

*Melissa Meek*

an aimless day bursting bladderwrack

*Stuart Quine*

lifting a cup

it sips

sighs

the shadow

*Jim Norton*

**Poems with some votes:**

in his eyes

the reflected sun

setting

*Martin Pitt*

that sound –

of a sleeping dog

old loneliness

*Jim Norton*

the haiku poet

takes his steaming cup

out into the mist

*Jonathan Buckley*

fallen apple

a wasp at home

in its hollow heart

*Ken Jones*

the information board –

the swirls of its grain

tell another story

*Jim Norton*

where the black bull grazes

rosebuds

*Jim Norton*

a breath –

spurring a horse up a dune

with a feeling for water

*George Marsh*

worn carpet

in the fire light

its colours fresh new!

*Melissa Meek*

at the bottom of a tea bowl a perfect world

*Stuart Quine*

woodsmoke

the crackle of leaves

and the call

*Martin Pitt*

how warm

in my hand

the talking stone

*Kim Richardson*

misty hill

sometimes not

there

*Ken Jones*

another knowing

in the black beast’s eye

will I take to my heels?

*Noragh Jones*

long flight over desert

he’s a good listener

and of course she’s pretty

*George Marsh*