

THE HOMECOMING HAIKU

gulls compete for nests,
scream above the chimneypots –
my bed is certain

Colin Will

tomorrow I get to go back across
to America. I've forgotten my
dog's bark, the height of my brother

Elise Krohn

words fall like leaves
into shallow bowls
of water – floating

Lyn Livingstone

two coffee stains signifying what?
a coming home to poetry,
a bean-feast of groundedness – misred

Derek Read

a boy near asleep
straddling an old cannon –
St Andrews

Paul Sutherland

Lithuanian Poet

her hair ripples like red corn
either side a face pale as the moon
her voice sings – music, thrilling, unknown

A C Clarke

chemical sweetness
in cousin's house. Sudden stroke,
childsong, hello, oh.

A B Jackson

komm comme ein Komet
komm comme un commencement
komm comme a cormorant

Margaret Christie (after hearing
Trio Pas Lundi)

Coming home to Hawick,
Gala, Selkirk, Kelsae, Jed,
border tongue – land prayer

Claire Askew

never having been
away, I have not come back
but springtime returns

Colin Donati

third time lucky,
weather warm, skies clear,
poetry sublime

Sheila Wakefield

Christmas Eve 1944

She waits on the step
full of glad palpitations –
the crunch of gravel

Chris Emslie

Nearly Spring

sun plays tricks. Young leaves
are so naïve. They open,
sun exits, laughing

Jacqueline Saphra

Beijing, stomachache
Hotel, armed guard, at Moscow
Edinburgh, dreams

Rob A Mackenzie

Nesting

Cliff ledges beckon –
a yawning tidal embrace
casts you back again

Nalini Paul

How to find my home –
look back over shining loch,
sunlight shows a path

LesleyMay Miller

Scotland's ancient rocks
grey like elephant's hide
never forgetting

Nancy Somerville

the mountain still
waiting
the loch lapping, lapping

Julie Johnstone

homecoming

coming with hope
coming with experience
coming with joy

Elizabeth Cordiner

this, the auld cot-hoose
forleitit euchteen-eichty –
door steikit apen

Rab Wilson

on the move rushing
from one home of the mind
to another without end

Norman Bissell

One cigarette, one light

t was ma ain fag
that burnt the red heid o Burns
tae a light grey crisp

Hughes MacDiarmid

when rain drenches us
in happiness and midges
whine for joy – you're home

Alan Gay

sunflower feathers fall
on a small grey tablet –
she has come home

Name not supplied

I have come home, toes
snail-curved into yesterday,
beached n memories

Lyn Moir

Hearing the door sound,
a rush of summer air –
homecoming at last

Morgan Downie

Homecoming to where?
Belgium, Ireland, Scotland and
others in between

Sasha de Buyl-Pisco

They come from across the Atlantic
with words alive and bristling,
and stand and deliver

Mo Sofio

two daughters
bring their mother tongue home
to the cool of the Undercroft

Anna Dickie

smell bacon burning,
a different kind of oatcake –
still feels like home

Katy Edgington

Jetset

tarmac paves the sky.
look up, and drive yourself back,
nestle in plane lines

Laila Sumpton

Dad's dead mums old,
Fife beckons
and does not disappoint

Marianne Mitchell

this is not my home
but it is where I've come to –
not lost, yet still found

Andy Jackson

birds of a feather
fastened to the farewell tree
waving together

Caroline Quinn

dreaming, re-starting, forgetting –
welcoming, unclenching, embracing,
parting, re-conquering, a new self

Marco Fazzini

working round the States
he can't spell San Francisco –
he emails he's home

Sally Evans

Freedom

Before he finished
drawing the cage, the bird flew
out of the painting

Adnan al-Sayegh,
translated by Marga Burgui-
Artajo and Sally Evans

The letter still sealed
catches my blinking eye once.
Shower on – steam it!

Sian Roberts

It is comfortable
and just an illusion –
it is home

Rachel Fox

going home, through
valleys rinsed with soft sunlight.
No poets, Thank God.

Hugh McMillan

Long ago I came home
to a home which wasn't home.
Now it is my home.

Tessa Ransford

what to do
when the meaning of home
is as misplaced as your own shrunken feet

Randy Jane

Sea, wind, summer
sailing 'Gannet' again
Breton seas our Home from Home

Jancis Gay