



counting star-bones

Alegria Imperial

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Yavanika Press

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for Papá and Mamá

Acknowledgements

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Bones: journal of contemporary haiku, *Notes from the Gean*, *LYNX*, *Under the Basho*, and *Otata*.

rooting in the
sky a palm tree's
improbability

last first...
a worn-out spring
in earth's diaphragm

counting star-bones
after the loss
of sunset wars

damaged sky—
the clue
is in a shoe box

hermit crab —
where can we exist
beyond this cloud?

between us a pie cut of infinities

storm-washed dusk
as much emptiness
as you covet

tiger tiger
the blue moon rocking
an empty crib

sun dog the unicorn I feed in a closet

crinkled clouds the brain I am told

tilted orb
the science of (not) falling

sickle moon
tunnels in me unleashing
pinballs

still pond —
not a hole in the sky
I swallowed

Venus rising a shore behind your ear

mountain clouds implode in a colic

airglow
larger than my gasp
the oak's wound

northern lights
i draw out a fish
gurgling in my breast

shooting star—
is there truth
in me?

if you could but settle
down my moon
dawn spasms

tomorrow still a house of knives



Alegria Imperial learned of haiku from submitting pieces to an editor, who dutifully sent them back. Wondering years after finishing a Bachelor's degree in literature in the Philippines, why she hadn't encountered haiku, she furiously studied it; she began with a book of Basho that she found in the alcove of a library. How alien it was from the Continental and American literature into which she was steeped in school. She continued to work on her craft and, today, Alegria's haiku and other forms of Japanese short-form poetry have since been published and have gone on to win awards.