Haiku Style Poetry

The Beauty of Clean Thinking

Alenka Zajic
I.

Big treetop.
Twice as big
the tree top shadow.

II.

Big recognition.
Twice as big
the recognition’s shadow.
III.

Freedom.
Twice as big
the freedom’s excitement.

IV.

Guard – all alone.
Even those almost awake
fall asleep in the crowd.
V.

Not alive,
not dead,
forgetting how to live.

VI.

I remember a day,
perhaps never intended for me,
dragged in a hole deep as the sea.
VII. How to survive lies and misconceptions, only path is forward.

VIII. Who owns my brain? My creations? My freedom?
IX.

Invent, create.
Accept to always be afraid.

X.

Creativity –
Unaware of knowledge,
drawing on principles.
XI.

Wise man does not rely on knowledge, he discovers and teaches others at the same time.

XII.

Being knowledgeable, not the same as having your own opinion.
XIII.

Proof is not in the truth.
The truth is always the same.
Proof is in explaining the truth.

XIV.

Past.
Maybe only disregarded present.
XV.

Present.
Maybe only
disregarded future.

XVI.

Unknown.
Maybe only
forgotten known.
XVII.

Intelligence.
Truth.
Crowds are irrelevant.

XVIII.

Creativity is adding, by subtracting.
XIX.

What two converse while quiet?

XX.

Am I the frame for reason?
XXI.
Does reason frame who I am?

XXII.
In the naked solitude human being can discover the ultimate secrets.
XXIII.
Wise man.
Discoverer of hidden areas.

XXIV.
Wise woman.
Expert in conversation,
Unassuming energy.
XXV.
Courage.
Remembering fear.
Forgetting fear.

XXVI.
Courage.
One who manages to not want things that must want.
XXVII.
Flying.
A pinnacle
of unhappiness.

XXVIII.
What is
more important,
freedom or need?
XXIX.

Wonderful river of persistence
running toward bench
sliding from stability.

XXX.

There are questions that dig deep
into heart of intelligence
and strength of reason.
Now I understand, the fish made my wish come true.

There are fish, who learn from a young age, difference between dignity and inappropriateness.
XXXIII.
You who search for ideal of unavailable, in the freedom without law go wild and evil.

XXXIV.
No one notices tiredness of my word, troubles of my life.
XXXV.

Why me?
I don’t exist for them,
I don’t go out, come homes.

XXXVI.

Why do I have to stop working?
Why cannot I do what I love?
Why I can only teach?
XXXVII.

Why only men can be creative?
Why the new idea must be stolen?
Why do women need protection?

XXXVIII.

Brain to brain communication should be genderless.
Protection would not be necessary.
XXXIX.
How come I mortgaged my being
till I don’t belong myself?
Why I have to sell my blood?

XL.
Why do the dogs attack me?
Do I have to please or
can I just be?
XLI.
How to stop madness?
Keep the integrity,
and fight for freedom.

XLII.
What to do when mom sells you?
Why games matter more than life?
Silence.
XLIII.

I was shadowed, jailed, injured, misunderstood, treated like a notorious criminal.

XLIV.

I broke free, broke mirror, no longer seeking my shadow.
XLV.

Finally fresh air all around us
Apples carried on the wind,
The succulent book in hands.

XLVI.

One does not count illusions,
nor bitter realizations,
no measure exists to count pain.
XLVII.
Watching emptiness.
To live life and our death
everything that passes happened.

XLVIII.
Cleanness.
Certain common virtues we see
often, they become invisible.
XLIX.

If smartness is dark,
all we do is dark,
best discoveries are evil.

L.

The brightness of the world
weight us down, hit us in the eye
with cloud of dust.
What weighs more heavily on me, sadness, or memories?

Jail keeper, not a car, saw my tears, stopped the darkness. Cleared the air!
LIII.

Clean!
A grasshopper makes sound over glass of water.

LIV.

All that I have lost, all that I have won beating fright, loneliness settles in.
LV.

I will never be forgiven
loss of happiness…
How to start living again?

LVI.

New friends, new doctors, new
style, new ideas, will it ever be
enough to be left alone?
LVII.
How to live when hunted?
How to live when hated?
How to explain lies?

LVIII.
Is work worth fighting for?
Why work as a girl?
Is it all a waste of time?
Finding out who we are guides us to answer questions, to find a path out of sadness.

What do I know about myself? Stopping creating stops my breath. Stopping inventing makes me cry.
It’s not about the job.
It’s not about the title or fame.
It’s about being myself.

What do I stand for?
Role model for girls?
Leader of the free world?
LXIII.

I stand for freedom of thought.
Freedom of choice what to do,
Freedom of choice how we think.

LXIV.

What is leadership?
Fame and visibility?
Managing people?
LXV.

Can leadership be something else?
Creating guidance for others?
Idea generator?

LXVI.

We all want to make difference, 
how to do it, 
should be a personal choice.
LXVII.

Why is it bad if a girl stands out?
Why being smart girl is bad?
Do we all have to be dark?

LXVIII.

Why being kind looks stupid?
Why being smart is dangerous?
Why cannot kind and smart exist?
LXIX.

Why successful implies bad?
Why bad dominates?
Why kind and helpful is stupid?

LXX.

Many questions remain unanswered,
many thoughts remain to be considered in years to come,
but who you are cannot be altered even if you want to.
Proof