

**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.



XXXI.

Now I understand,  
the fish  
made my wish come true.

XXXII.

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.

LI.

What weights more  
heavily on me,  
sadness, or memories?

LII.

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?

LIX.

Finding out who we are  
guides us to answer questions,  
to find a path out of sadness.

LX.

What do I know about myself?  
Stopping creating stops my breath.  
Stopping inventing makes me cry.

LXI.

It's not about the job.  
It's not about the title or fame.  
It's about being myself.

LXII.

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