

A photograph of a dark, narrow tunnel. A bright beam of light from a flashlight illuminates the rough, textured walls of the tunnel, creating a strong contrast with the deep shadows. The perspective is looking down the length of the tunnel.

In The Tunnels Of My Mind

collected haiku by

Rod Pitcher

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The Haiku:

In The Tunnels Of My Mind

There lurks a stranger.
Dark depression waits.
My Black Dog ever waits.
Who is this stranger.
I can see no light
Tunnels Of My Mind
There is only darkness

Cats

Cats too have their way.
Cats here, there, everywhere.
I care not anon.
No need for friends.
As I grow older.
My cat remembers.
A cat stalks his world.
Black cat in the night.

“Cannot bring my cat?”

Dead cat by the road.

The Cat With No Name. (two versions)

My cat remembers.

My cat knows that he.

Cat lies in the sun.

A house not a home.

On the garden wall.

Cat sits on the mat.

Cat up on the roof.

Life

Walking in the fog.

Walking in the dark.

Footsteps in the grass.

Footsteps in the sand.

Life oftime is grim.

Life, speak not to me.

Life is short, death long.

Standing on the edge.

Walking in the night.

Walking in the night.

Walking in the dawn

Alone in the dark night.

Climbing the long hill.

Walking on life's path.

An End To Loneliness. (5 Haiku)

Old man sits, alone.

A Little Bit Of Humour

Cat stood on the deck.

Hey diddle diddle.

Hickory dickory dock.

At Waterloo, the French.

“What life?” said Marvin.
Ginger tom next door.
What a naughty cat! (3 haiku)

Miscellaneous

Haiku have this form.
Stars in the dark sky.
Edgelands of the city.
Got up, feeling tired.
Climbing the long hill.
Summer heat beats down.
Autumn leaves falling.
Wisdom of our Age.
Our twisted values.
At the city edgelands.
The edge of the city.
A Discworld Haiku.
School Day: A Haiku Story. (8 haiku)
Four Seasons. (4 haiku)

“The Universal Soldier” (13 haiku)
42: The Answer (13 haiku)

The End

Not haiku, but a few things you might like to know to close off the Collection.

Introduction

Haiku is an ancient Japanese form of poetry.

In its ancient form haiku has a strict form. It has three lines of five, seven and five syllables. There should be some indication of the season in which it is set. The haiku should be self-contained and need no outside explanation or reference to make its point.

My haiku take the 5-7-5 form but tend to vary a bit in other ways. Often I like the last line to do more than just provide a contrast to the rest. I like it to continue the story, or perhaps, make the point more strongly, or be related in some way to the story but, perhaps, supply a surprise ending. Sometimes I like to add a bit of humour. Sometimes they are a bit weird!

I hope that you consider them worth reading.

Rod Pitcher

In The Tunnels Of My Mind

There lurks a stranger
In the Tunnels of my mind.
A dark, lonely soul.

Dark depression waits.
Waiting, always, always near,
'Till the darkness comes.

In The Tunnels Of My Mind

My Black Dog ever waits
Abiding there in the Tunnels
To devour my soul.

Who is this stranger
Who is living in my mind?
Watching. Waiting. Why?

Rod Pitcher

I can see no light
In the Tunnels Of My Mind.
All is dark and drear.

Tunnels Of My Mind
Are darkly with depression.
Will there be no light?

In The Tunnels Of My Mind

**There is only darkness
In the Tunnels Of My Mind.
I crave an ending.**

Rod Pitcher

Cats

Cat too has his way
When all the world's put right,
And he makes my day

Cats here, there, everywhere
Am up to my neck in cats!
But I only have one!

I care not anon
About life, about the world,
My cat: All to me.

No need for friends.
With my cat, I need no more.
For he makes my world.

Rod Pitcher

As I grow older
I appreciate small things.
My cat and sunshine.

My cat remembers
His forebears: Lords of the veldt.
Then the monkeys came.

A cat stalks his world
In the night-time city street.
Alone. Unwanted.

Black cat in the night
Silently prowls the dark city
Unheeding the storm.

Rod Pitcher

“Cannot bring my cat?”
Said he at Heaven’s gate.
“That’s no place for me.”

Dead cat by the road.
Harmless creature. Deadly car.
Why are we so cruel?

In The Tunnels Of My Mind

The Cat With No Name

Silent as the grave,
Like a shadow in the night.
The Cat With No Name.

or, if you prefer,

The Cat With No Name
Like a shadow in the night.
Silent as the grave.

it works both ways for me

My cat remembers
His forebears: Lords of the veldt.
Then the monkeys came.

My cat knows that he
In Ancient Times, was a god.
And still is, to me.

Cat lies in the sun
His black, soaking up the heat.
Recharging his cells.

A house not a home
Without a cat by the hearth
Warming the winter.

Rod Pitcher

On the garden wall
My cat sits, soaking up the sun,
When the rain has gone.

Life

Walking in the fog.
People passing. Just like ghosts.
Unknown. Unknowing.

Walking in the dark
Shadows passing in the night.
People: Know not who.

Rod Pitcher

Footsteps in the grass,
Who left them here in passing?
Fleeting, like all life.

Footsteps in the sand,
Washed away by the sea.
Like life, so very brief.

Life ofttime is grim,
A bowl of unripe cherries:
Stony; dark; blood red.

Life, speak not to me.
Near the end, I heed no more
The omens of my youth.

Rod Pitcher

Life is short, death long,
And only when life ends can we
Find eternal rest.

Standing on the edge
Looking at the world so far.
It's so cold, alone.

Walking in the night
The rain is hiding my tears.
Will the sun ever shine?

Walking in the night.
Disturbed soul seeking peace.
Waiting for the dawn.

Rod Pitcher

Walking in the dawn.
The world asleep and dreaming.
The sound of bird song.

Climbing the long hill,
Looking down upon the noisy city.
Here is peace and quiet.

An End To Loneliness

Alone in the dark night
No-one to talk to: All alone
When will it all end?

Walking in the night
Lonely walker waits for dawn
Start of a new day?

Alone in the dark city
The light of dawn creeping in
Will it light my life?

The sound of bird song
Light spreads through the world
Is this a new start?

Bird song fills the world.
Bird song brings joy to the world
Makes a bright new day

Rod Pitcher

Walking on life's path,
The twists of fate unwinding,
Aching for the end.

Old man sits, alone.
The days, since his cat has gone,
Heavy on his soul.

A Little Bit Of Humour

Cat stood on the deck
A burning fire all round him.
“Save me, children last!”

Hey diddle diddle
See my cat play the fiddle!
Not much good, is he?

Hickory dickory dock
See my cat run up the clock.
Twit! The mouse has gone!

At Waterloo, the French,
They claimed they won it all.
We Brits know better!

“What life?” said Marvin.
“Being a paranoid android,
I do not have one.”

Ginger tom next door
Would play havoc with the ladies.
Good job he’s been ‘fixed’!

Rod Pitcher

Naughty Cat!

Lost my cat last night.
Hiding in the dark, he went.
What a naughty cat!

While my cat is gone
I wander all alone, no aim.
What a naughty cat!

My lost cat is back!
Now the sun is bright once more.
What a naughty cat!

Cat sits on the mat
Smuggly purring with delight.
He's just had tuna!

Cat up on the roof
Chasing birds that he can see.
But too quick for him!

Rod Pitcher

Miscellaneous

Haiku have this form,
5, 7, and 5 syllables
in 3 lines of verse.

Stars in the dark sky.
City sleeps under the Southern Cross.
Australia's sun rises.

Edgelands of the city
Where shopping trolleys go to die.
Sunshine on the grass.

Got up, feeling tired.
Cup of tea to start the day.
Will today be fine?

Rod Pitcher

Climbing the long hill,
Looking down upon the noisy city.
Here is peace and quiet.

Summer heat beats down.
The smell of rain on dry ground.
Winter will come soon.

Autumn leaves falling.
The colour of red and gold
Winter is coming.

Wisdom of our Age.
“May The Force be ever with you”
“Live Long and Prosper”

Our twisted values.
In peace, the killer deplored.
In war, rewarded

At the city edgelands
Old cars rusting in the rain.
Sunshine on the water.

The edge of the city
Where the mighty pylons stride.
Sunshine on the trees.

A Discworld Haiku

(With thanks to the Late Sir Terry Pratchett)

There are on Discworld
All things weird and wonderful.
Sir Terry made them all.

Rod Pitcher

School Day: A Haiku Story

School day morning early
I'm tired and don't want to be
On the way to school.

Meeting at our school
My friends and I pretend that
There's no school today.

Soon the bell rings, calling.
We must assemble into our classes
And go into school.

We sit at our desks
Drowsily listening to the lesson.
We want to get out.

Lunch time break, release.
For half an hour, we can play.
Soon over, back in class.

More lessons, more tired.

**Excitement: Tim in trouble! Again.
He always behaves badly.**

**School ends, we're released.
School is over for the day: Done.
Time to go home: Free!**

**Going home from school
With no care for tomorrow's class.
Happy to be free.**

Rod Pitcher

Four Seasons

Dark trees 'gainst grey sky,
Bare branches wave in the wind.
Winter is here again.

Bird song full of joy.
Bird song to greet the new spring.
Bird song fills the world.

A warm sunny day.
Cat sleeps in the summer sun.
Tonight will be cold.

Yellow leaves falling,
The trees are going to sleep.
Autumn winds blow cold.

"The Universal Soldier"

He can be any man,
His weapons are bombs and spears.
He will fight for all.

He is young and old,
And he will always be a
Soldier for all time.

He comes from any creed.
And knows that he should not kill.
But he always will.

Will kill you for me
And he will kill me for you.
It matters not who.

He will always kill,
It matters not who it is.
He will kill us all.

He comes from every land,
East and west, and north and south,
From every land he comes.

Rod Pitcher

He will fight for all,
Whoever may be right or wrong.
He can see no end.

He will fight for all.
He thinks that this will bring peace.
But how can that be?

He it is who kills.
He decides who is to die.
Knowing he is next.

Hitler used him well,
And Caesar had his cohorts.
They were there to fight.

If he was not there,
How could they ever make their war?
No soldier, no war!

Universal Soldier.
His orders come from everyone.
Yes, from you and me.

Brother, can't you see,
That this continual killing
Will not end the wars?

It is plain to see.
While we keep going to war,
There can be no peace.

42: The Answer

42, says Deep Thought,
Is the answer to everything.
Life, universe and all.

Seven million years for
Deep Thought to find 42.
“Is that all?” they said.

The philosophers said
“But 42 is not the best
Answer to it all!”

Arguments ranged
Far and wide, ever they came back
To 42: Why that?

42 is enough.
An answer to any question.
Can you prove it wrong?

42 then is
The answer to it all, but
What is the question?

Arthur and Ford
Find the question in a game
On a Scrabble board.

Ford and Arthur find
The question is quite absurd.
“What is 6 by 9?”

How can 6 by 9
Be answered with 42?
Just think in 13s!

Arthur always felt
That the universe was amiss
Now he knows the why.

He is living in
A base 13 universe but
With a base 10 brain.

His mind is out of sync
With the universe and everything.
How can he ever cope?

So it might make sense
When it all is sorted out.
But then, perhaps not.

The End

Well, there you have it. You have (almost) reached the end of the book.

Just a few words here to finish off.

Some of the haiku in this book were previously published elsewhere, in rather obscure places where they don't often get seen. So, I brought them all together so that anyone who wants to can find them easily. Most of them are new, written especially for this book.

I hope that you found something of interest in my collection of haiku.

Rod.

NOTES:

Haiku should stand alone and not require any explanation. So I won't give you any. But there are a few things I would like you to know about them.

"The Universal Soldier", written by Canadian Buffy St. Marie and sung by Scotsman Donovan, was a popular anti-war protest song back in the 1960s.

My haiku version is a tribute to Buffy and Donovan.

"A Discworld Haiku" is dedicated to the Late Sir Terry Pratchett for giving me so much wonderful reading in his *Discworld* books.

"42: The Answer" is dedicated to the late Douglas Adams, for giving us 42, the answer to all the important questions

of Life, the Universe and Everything. It makes everything so simple!

My haiku “The Cat With No Name” is a play on Clint Eastwood’s classic role as The Man With No Name, but you already knew that.

You may have found some of the haiku in the first section of this book, “In the Tunnels Of My Mind”, a bit disturbing. I did not write them to disturb anyone but to help. (You should have seen some of the ones I refuse to publish. They even frightened me a bit!) I have tried to show what it is like to be clinically depressed, but nothing I have written here comes really close to the reality. You have to experience it to know what it is like. It is truly undescrivable.

Perhaps now you have a better understanding of what a depressed relative is going through. And why they very much need your help and support.

About The Author:

I live in Waramanga, a suburb of Canberra, Australia’s capital city.

I have about a dozen university degrees and diplomas in areas as far apart as legal studies, psychology and biology and including a PhD in Education.

I spend a lot of my time reading all sorts of things about all sorts of topics. I will read anything that is interesting and well written.

I have a black cat named Dog to keep me company.

I have Asperger’s Syndrome and suffer from severe clinical depression.