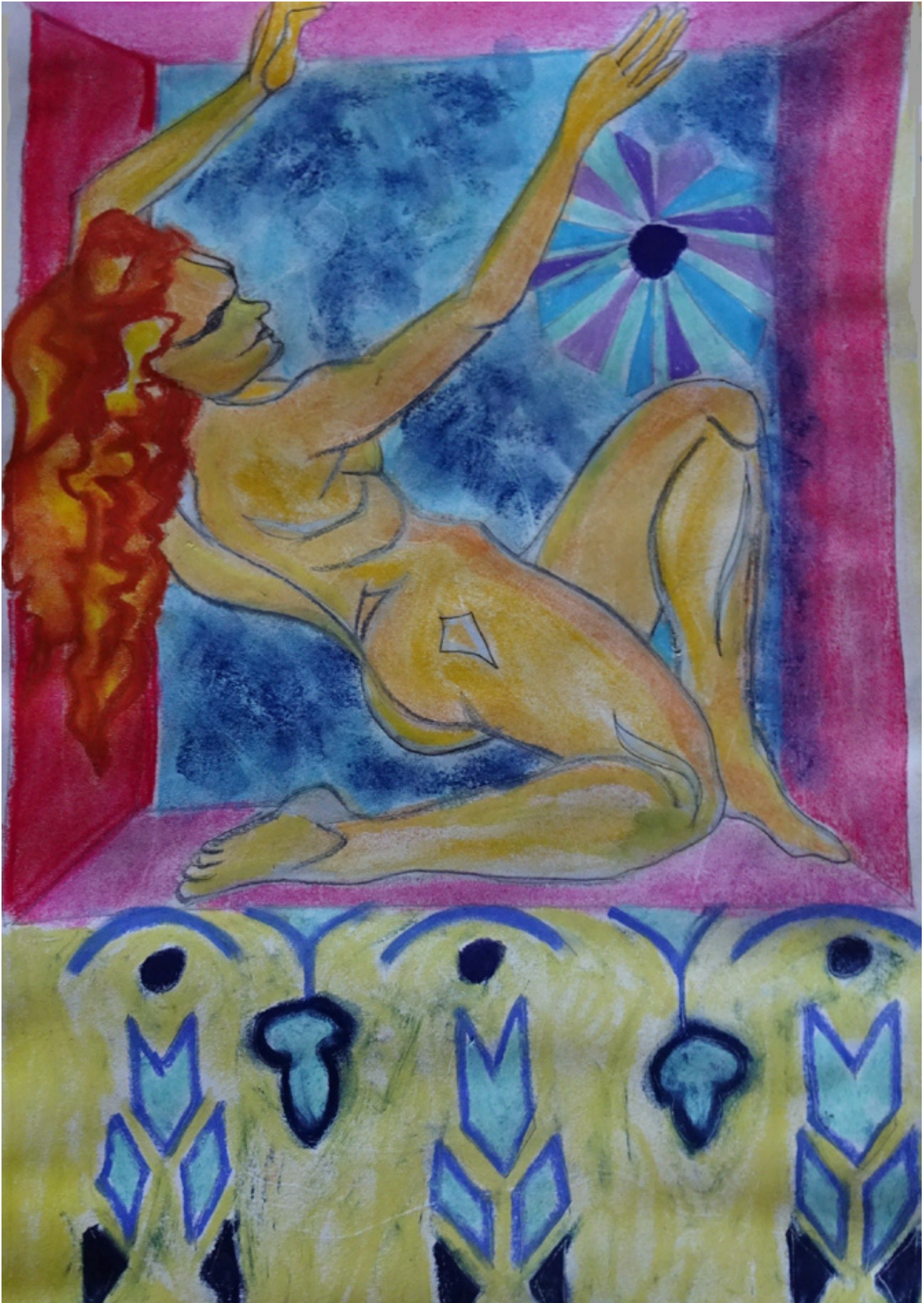


*Heike's HAIKU's in English*







*“Genre of pictoriality  
looking for a solution  
the real teaching”*

漢詩

## **Beforehand**

First I want to introduce myself.

I agree with what I mean by the term - HAIKU - and in what way I want to use this technique.

At the beginning of 2015, I finished my first debut novel.

My genre is a network of relationships based on psychological and philosophical conversations that allows the protagonists to act in a solution-oriented manner. So I built up the following novels, from my ideal idea of my imagery, to get my teaching in a real form on it's leaf.

The consensus that emerged afterwards still corresponds to the premise that I tried to lend history.

So I was also trying my debut novel of sensitivity, life experience and philanthropy to witness.

My readers say that my conceptual combinations and the rhythm of my language have a great poetic power, which is intended to stimulate and trigger inspiring associations and connotations in the reader. So I'll keep it up. An additional extension would perhaps still be conceivable in the direction of increasingly broaching objective and natural phenomena in addition to one's own thoughts and biographical moments. Then I would have taken the Japanese originals and romantic poetry one step further.

I invented a new kind of expression - to thematize such natural phenomena. It's like a game and takes the language out of weight. I manage to meditate with words. In the same way, it does not allow the reader to err in any way. I believe this - Zen Buddhism - in its pure form. It somewhat

contradicts the intellect of a form deviation and frightens the novice from dissimulation. But in the same way, it does not allow the reader to be wrong. It's just open.

The reader learns the implications of this. This proves that this technique can have nothing of a morality. And the Western scribe must therefore practice not forming a metaphor from each of his statements or a parable. And through the opening offers the wise handling of syllables and concentrate, but precisely this does not have to be a fixed preposition, because the application of HAIKU can even trigger pictures.

It is about visualizing spontaneous, natural or psychic instantaneous moments. Where the term "moment of moment" can sound quite an eternity aspect, so it can be general phenomena. This transforms my personality as well as my idiom, I also gave away a mental development, sometimes included in poetic images, metaphors, explanations, analyzes, comparisons, stories, fantasies, maybe even in parables. It becomes plausible what my thinking is about. I mean, all formulations have to refer to a real and longer form, otherwise such a HAIKU would end in a catastrophe, and all being in itself would be vulnerable and was easily denied by those who would not tolerate other addition of creative portraits, I mean, I understood my case quite well from the European point of view of metaphysics and spelling.

The work of my last fifteen years suggests that my writing could be divided into three areas - the collection of my own thinking about just about all topics, for example my eight novels, my biography, my childhood, my philosophy books, my short statements to the world and painted art, my cooking, my ethics, my social working and the compressed way, my wisdom in nearly five hundred HAIKUS in a short verse display. Well, I better know what I offer on a variety of

topics - such as Indian, the moon, the earth and the becoming, the wind and the spirit.

Do not always hurry ahead. Take your time and rest.

You can not always be in a good mood. You do not always have to be driven. There is no such thing as everlasting happiness. But you can use the time, and you can do good, otherwise the world collapses. So one often wonders why one's pain is in the bone, although one persistently denies his way and all are actually satisfied with one. Not everyone lives out his emotions primarily to the outside world. Most are often subject to their inhibitions, but they seek out the culprit in the other. Who would not like to be true to life and face to face? Nevertheless, they fail in the long-term claim for recognition and impose their illusions and even deceive themselves. The puzzles of a life are on their own to solve with the attentive look on itself.

To simplify the entry into the self-work, artistic writing experience and to simplify a life, I hereby want to bequeathing this book to the readers. Think of it as a gift for the personality. It is really important in life to decipher yourself! It is a knickknacking game that aims to get so close to one's own person, and to get to the bottom of the strengths and inclinations, weaknesses, and underlying characteristics of one's character.

It is my endeavor to experience the pleasing alternatives to the inner, that is, to solve fear, to change and rewrite remembered things, to solve puzzles. Reflection is a very creative approach and well thought out by a human being. Maybe some of his personality gets a little bit on the loose. I only keep the necessary distance, but I close the key to some one's heart just once properly.

What he deduces from this is his property.

In any case, this little science really gives you courage!

This may be the way to get a first line of writing that only serves you and, with a bit of practice, will reach beyond the time you realize where your particular strengths lie. It could also be in the linguistic, so one would think ...., my dear, do not leave and lose the courage too early!

The slowness, the time, the calm will indicate that people are not living in distance from everything. If you understand what you are learning, you understand what is, what love is. Pull out into the distance, leave the sisters, everything behind the wheel, hair short, agree with the balaleika, the chairs hang down in the wind, the curls your property, the throat of the pitcher. Thinking in the evening how they laughed at you, you feel old, who takes you with?

People are like lifebands. New forms are lost in the wind. Nobody could clear away her unfulfilled yearnings. When she said, then you have her, and they reached out to her like people from the deep, escaping her desires as if driven by the wind. In tenderness she was stripped of leaves. And before mothering it is so wanted by mother to punish her daughter's fleshly.

The guns missed their target. The wind they should just go to the glue, should blow away their beauty and wise understanding. Those who escape the loops of bondage are wise and mature, rather than the stupid simple-minded, of whom there are too many in some places. It would be boring and would thank you and see, it's nothing like it was.

If they felt this certain charm, the whole thing would stagger and wobble. Do not move proportionality. Only due to a slight collective seductiveness. All too soon, this is a smooth progression. Pretty, outfitted characters who meander past. On the edge of watching poor people in retrospect to offer thanks. And this for all time against those who suffered from regimes.



Until the desire wants to go up a signboard, ravishing her image of the man. She was already bathing in a blood-red light bath, snarling at the neighbors fences, snorting that no wind hits her. Cough, because the envy drove into her. A song that gets under your skin.

A bass to the center, geography down to the seabed.

Through the open parking garage was a girl who was looking for a place to sleep. Cigarette smoke in wafting music shreds, gypsy trap, but there was no land in sight. She was given warm clothes and a backpack everywhere to make exploring the distance easier. The wind was blowing strongly south-west. She pulled up her collar a couple of times, but who wants to take this away from her - the sea is frothing and its salty pleasure? A rough childhood, a lot of experience, quarries, she jumped sometimes over steps and ended lonely on the beach. There is still nothing to get over, because love gives people wings.

Two in love lose each other like feet in the sand. They are in their own world and go unnoticed by the others.

The sea.

Then she receives me, rolls towards me, builds up again and, as it is love, she dissolves again. Life sprays its salty wet. They come with gifts that I did not wait for. I stand alone before the reeds, tang over my shoulders, shells in my hand. Stones and polished glasses, like looks from another world, I close my eyes, the foam flies softly in the face, the skin tingles, but there is no contact. Salt on my lips, wind in my hair, sea in the heart and the eternal claim, nothing will suffice me in life, because I am not at all satisfied for them, and because love like me does not see of this world.

You do not want to go alone. Do not want to give me an answer, have fun with me. Answers to riddles, not talk, I suspect, it is laughable. The cold winds in the night wind in

the depth of the distance, which you do not know, the language of the children of the sea. The thing that matters when you see the danger of not bonding to one. Want to overfeed everything with care, but overplay your own dependence.

You only think about what children should think about. Do not let them do it for you and see how they are getting their lives under control.

The sad sky, your imagination gives you a land. The certainty to visit and no fear of own imagination. A thread that keeps on spinning. What you have forgotten, new form is lost in the wind. Out of brains, the army of travelers flees. I extend my finger, I'm sitting here on my star and let my feet dangle.

The bully smothers the baby's heart. His wing appears broken as long as he is resting while he is asleep. No way to escape, tears in pain. They flow until the river runs dry, a soul is shattered. And it was not commonplace for a David to go to Goliath to laugh and cry to a child by violent method, and no phoenix rose from the ashes, and no hunted unicorn stole more of it. Because it lies in weakness, waiting in the blood, until the blows of the father crushes the king a children's world. With or without bloodshed, it sometimes succumbs to dizziness. There was probably no poet who did not try on him. The ruler has divided his world into two parts, to walk the path of the flesh and always experience the same dream, in a search until it is eaten by fears. Until his chains break, until the day a person takes a heart to tell the child of a bad childhood.

Attempts demonstrate that it is perfectly legitimate and lawful to put stress on a single parent, to confront her in fear of the past with a woman-hater eight hours a day, spurred on by the gust of all the magical desires of her,

which would certainly be inspired to wish the outcome of the whole game a sinister course, the human being but this perfect and adult, and revealed with talent the cauldron of the false spell, which would be involved, because they are after all, to confront the life that is their own again. And in the round about the thought comes up, to be faced with the own inadequacy. He, who wants to know everything, repairs his self in a course that is called life, puts off his ego and wanders between wind and clouds, wants to be a knower too, to unbutton everything else, everyone has to make so much steam that they even would come forward. To cultivate a person according to their way of dealing with humans, its religious relation, its literary work, its inclinations to the opposite sex and philosophy accordingly to suppress, to reduce to its lowest denominator and to allow himself to irritate him to its foundations and to speak humanly against the wall, almost to surprise and isolate him from other objective opinion, with the one aim to put him in the structure of his thinking to get out of step, to intimidate, that his world fell apart around him like a house of cards and a personality would be wiped out in a short episode, just as if afterwards unfortunately, no one understood how it came so far, that is not legal.

Life is like a school. It's time to start a new life. Perfect speed means being. If a woman learns for the first time to let goodness and love into her life, she has to fight to preserve that love, that she will grow old with this understanding and teach it to others.

Yes, everyone wants to know more about love than you might realize. Blowing like the leaf in the wind, like flying hair, it spreads like a rosette, whirls and beings bind energy, find rest and cool, what turns the flow of years, he turns to childhood.

Does life offer no variety just working well on the boat that would lead humanity to destruction. They intend their flirtation in rare dumbness, and the fruits of the Spirit are silent. In arrogance to get hold of his possessions, not knowing how ridiculous it works. When one escapes from oceanic depth, the game of the sea, it is not until he returns to the mainland exhausted. The passion cools like a fresh morning. The wind sweeps gently. A streak of the sun awakens. A strong scent, the air like a jumble, the separation evokes feelings of silence. Remaining empty rooms, no words, rooms separate, only in the window the noise.

This is me. I criss-cross and overcome stones and hurdles, exceed the peaks and limits that you set me. This is me. A whirlwind in the wind that loves the whole world and can not help but give it to all who forgot about their light. This is me. He paints it on walls and roars it on fields, and steps with his feet against the wind. I explore them that I meet like forests, work on their faces.

With this book I am in your memory. You become older beautiful and enjoy your life with sweet tea. People do not really care about me now, even though, they think they are missing out on their own lives. Escaping the cry, I ran away from them, ran towards those who take the rights, if I wanted to live the freedom or die of hunger. All at once, all in one breath, everything now and immediately, just take me what the meaning is.

In the light of the moon I sought a place where I belong. Only when you stop counting raindrops, at the moment do wind and bears begin to listen and when I see you in the Milky Way walk in dreams, frolicking you in the realm of fantasy. It was not the night that broke your heart and cruelly threw you into the light of the day. It was your

moaning, life is kicking a rock - not yourself. You live rock'n roll, and do not want to ignore it?

So bear the weight that means life, because the mountain is harder than the stone.





Flake rises gently  
holds an easy word  
open form of the game

The stalk up  
the syllable bypasses the crowd  
feels no weight

Earth almost drowned  
swimmers on the way  
that's how I work



The moon's distance  
unbound, uncertain  
but arrested with the earth

Threatening cloud band  
beautiful rises the mind  
hope of the new tag

Demolition of the childhood years  
building the identity  
or overthrow of the years in chains

Is not a tower  
shatters into his element  
the laugh of a thousand years

Pictorial the breast  
hunted lust  
abundance never gets lost

Next beach, pictorial longing  
emerging plural  
I am traveling country dreams