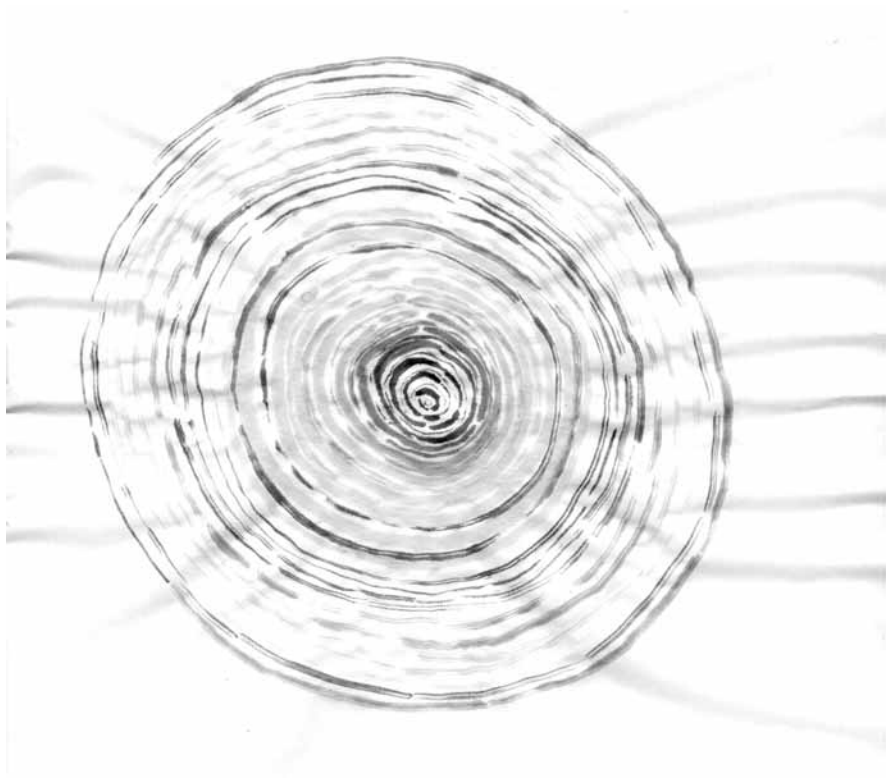


**a frog jumps in**  
haibun journal



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2007 TEXT, INK DRAWINGS AND DESIGN

BY KATHRIN U. SCHAEPPI

FIRST EDITION

PRINTED IN BASEL SWITZERLAND SEPTEMBER 2007

\*a dusi/e-chap kollektiv



Haibun, a merging of haiku and prose, is the form in which poet-monk Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694) recorded his three-year journey through Japan.

While Basho used ink-stick, water and brush, my lead pencil, keyboard and screen have tracked thirty-three days journaling from 24 April to 26 May 2007.



1

first swifts come early  
lion roar caught in night heat  
spring sounds in Basel

Nest buttocks in a buckwheat pillow then bow to  
inscribe haibun in a yellow book with green pen.

aimless green of pen  
sky blue air gold with pollen  
paint in wordless red



2

Over centuries drag baggage from place to place while  
again and again energy jams and paths block. Align  
posture and breath.

back muscles stiffen  
arrange specular tripod  
zazen — —

attune to quiet  
hear the dryer four floors down  
it stops — silent joy

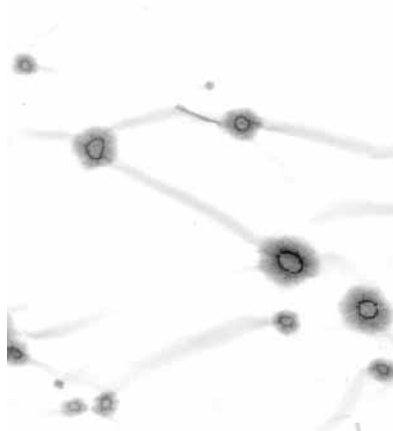


3

Niki de Saint Phalle in dialogue with other artists freed  
aggression by shooting at her art.

ready white canvas  
splurt. red-blue balloons explode  
cath-art-ic colors

she builds a garden  
tames an emerald-winged monster  
enchanted gold leash



4

“One cannot dismantle the master’s house with the  
master’s tools,” a wise one said.

iron spade digs down  
where egos witness ogres  
unearth clay, branch, ore

sit in the garden  
watch garbage turn compost rich  
gold sun filters dust

5

Breathe down 1, up 2, down 3, up 4, down...what  
num...? Stop and start a used elevator.

silent sacrifice

watch it rise and show its fangs

priceless injury

let go, it sheds skin

on the lawn netted diamonds

its twin moves along

6

will artist co-op  
now seven after seven  
la première soirée

cell bell alarm chime  
trigger électrique sieben  
energy salon

Church bell smothers door bell while two await the  
opening. Bettina leaves for Tate. Susana missed.  
Dagmar, Nancy, Anne, Cecilia, Kathrin, now here, oh  
yes, also Helen, invoke art.

7

Riding Day 1: Bike tour into the Swiss and French Jura:  
Grotte de St. Ursanne - le Doubs - douane -  
St. Hippolyte.

riding is present  
beaucoup de musées ici  
horlogerie tic

forget-me-nots wave  
viridian hills ripple  
blue labiatae



8

Riding Day 2: Writing at a table in La Cigogne in St. Ursanne, a town named after a cliff-dwelling hermit. The Doub draws jumping trout, and diving. In the smoky bar I pour water into absinthe and watch the green fairy turn to milk.

kite in a thermal  
field mice peek from winter holes  
a plumed heart hovers

bats radar the dark  
streak by the grotte where urs sleeps  
the sound of s(n)oring

9

eyes grasp green on green  
spring-born deciduous hands  
nestle pine fingers

Riding Day 3: Morteau - Montlebon - Derrière-le-Mont  
(hinterem Berg) - Montlebon - Morteau.

uphill pungent sweat  
pedals push through perfumed wood  
down electric blur



10

a pool in a rock  
petal shower on sidewalk  
drops collect a pond

Going grocery shopping flowers poke through garden  
gates. I reach out to pick silk leaves that scatter.

sweet pea tendrils cling  
climbing rusted lattice bars  
red touch bleeds on blue

11

For twenty-two years we have watched silver-backed  
waves crest and relax.

full moon, changing tides  
glide round blue peaks and valleys  
perfect bottom turn

our bodies finetuned  
singing wind's sensuous song  
hang loose! joy! shaka!

12

wide empty white space

unsettling dust irritates

red eyes, runny nose

declutter surface

sublime dust rises, subsides

particular thoughts

Spring cleaning.

13

Still spring cleaning.

dust off madonna

voodoo doll goddess mother

candle incense pearls

trophies and medals

grown out of competition

glow below old coat

14

eyes alert half moons  
current jumps from thumb to thumb  
tongue conducts palate

body is cosmos  
share intestinal chorus  
left foot falls asleep

Where does blood circulation stop? Agnes, Judith and I  
sit on our mats, a Buddha sits with us on an inlaid box  
with jasmine in lap. Air flows from throat to belly, like  
tea steeping over candlelight mixing cinnamon,  
cardamom, black pepper, vanilla, nutmeg, ginger,  
clove.

15

white asparagus

hollandaise and vinaigrette

gewürztraminer

In Spring seven friends cross the border to “Chez Biri”  
in the Alsace to feast on fat white asparagus.

stars in a spring sky

wide open alsatian fields

flowers mirror them

16

crystal calm surface  
cicada chirp and frog splash  
see erasure's trace

Brigitte, Roswitha and I meet to exchange writing. No  
first chapters we say. I bring haibun to contrast writing  
full of revision.

listen! frog Basho  
jumps in to startle my pond  
rings radiate out



17

Three women in a cinema at noon watch “How to  
Cook your Life” by Doris Dörrie. Kneaded, bread rises.  
Monks honor each loaf. Half-eaten sandwiches lie  
around a trash bin after a concert.

reap forgotten trees  
lens zooms: she leans into bin  
“I eat from dumpsters”

corn in a spring field  
thin scarecrows dangle tinsel  
our fall meal secured



18

red and white chestnut  
blossoms launch from chandeliers  
pavement becoming brown

peddle charged head winds  
goldregen clouds pour saffron  
pollen-dusted wash

On my way clouds slide by dropping rain in distant  
places. Christine and I sing a canon summoning,  
“Cloudy day, wind blows, more and more a storm  
grows. People close the windows, and children  
running back home...” Riding home I’m drenched.

19

Bamboo clapper pounds as wild breath tunnels  
through chimney cracks and whistles through panes.

translucent spider-legs  
the dandelion seed floats  
through the bathroom

one thousand grasses  
pollen on wind—hay fever  
sneeze—it takes one grain

20

coo coo — — coo coo

dove nests on chimney — — coo coo

meditate — — coo coo

consonant with dove

on nest-perch pen composes

coo coo — — coo coo

In “The Narrow Road to the Deep North” Basho wrote,  
“If the object and yourself are separate—then your  
poetry is merely subjective counterfeit.”

21

breathe in wild garlic  
now woodruff fills spring nostrils  
seasoned forest path

On a run outside Basel *Allium ursinum* and *Galium odoratum* swell on evening air. At dusk we meet Hansheiri, then Sven and Silvia sitting on a bench in front of igniting colors.

sun-cut silhouettes  
runners plod out of the woods  
mobile figurines

22

Blame resent deny accuse fault condemn repress  
release—face deep spewing. As energy converts an  
ogre crawls out through the mouth. We say hello.

two spools connect film  
start rewind start rewind start  
watch until it ends

watch them crystallize  
screen and projector couple  
a transparent act

23

the one who wanders  
walks with the one in the now  
boardwalk ritual

Recently it was my Goddaughter's Catholic christening at age ten. Now it is my Godson's Protestant confirmation at fifteen. We take the boardwalk across the lake, a part of the St. James pilgrimage along a bird sanctuary and wild-life preserve. I present him with object trouvé: a plain gray Jurassic clam fossil collected in a quarry near Basel; my copy of Siddhartha by Hesse; and fifteen fresh haikus.

at dusk a bird's song  
pink peony petals fall  
velvet notes for you

24

in the mist a swan  
ducks down to feed on reed roots  
raindrops fall silent

I meet his girlfriend.

cherries tiny green  
early bloomers turning red  
swans nest between reeds





25

Lauren Newton provides a vocal adventure where  
body becomes microphone.

airless cry, whisper  
rusty hinge, fluty oboe  
dimensions of flight

each day more bird song  
all the neighbors coming back  
listen—hear their souls

26

Accept improvisation as it is.

sing with open eyes

envelope the audience

hair on neck erect

two staccato sounds

random from twelve tongues and lips

the pull of silence

27

Two duets integrate: energy of silence and tension;  
space and time; breath, pulse, rhythm; chance; sense  
and nonsense; syllables, words, sentences; themes and  
roles; associations; contrasts; constraints.

ha hu ha hu ha  
hahu hahu hahu ha  
hu ha hu ha hu

three moo blind mice moo  
three blind moose mew three moos  
three moot blind mäuse moo

28

Three evenings, three hours, three or four of us sit in zazen and walk in kinhin: Agnes, Judith, Peter, I. One would think the only device needed is oneself. Not quite. When I plop my Tibetan cushion on the mat its vibrant patchwork stands out like a fly agaric against austere brown and black champignons. A tight shirt with jutting nipples requests a wide top. Wear soundless pants.

pelvis hip thigh knee  
calf heel sole toes, now shift weight  
heel toes calf

walking aware move  
round the corner, the floor squeals  
the cembalo speaks

29

My Tibetan cushion smells of incense and dried grain.  
The Nepalese salesperson in the Tibetan shop says, “It  
is prophesied that the next Dalai Lama will sit.” He  
points to a figure in a showcase sitting on a golden  
chair. “Not the cushion that matters.”

nepalese patchwork  
no cushion softens the pain  
stop excuse now—still!

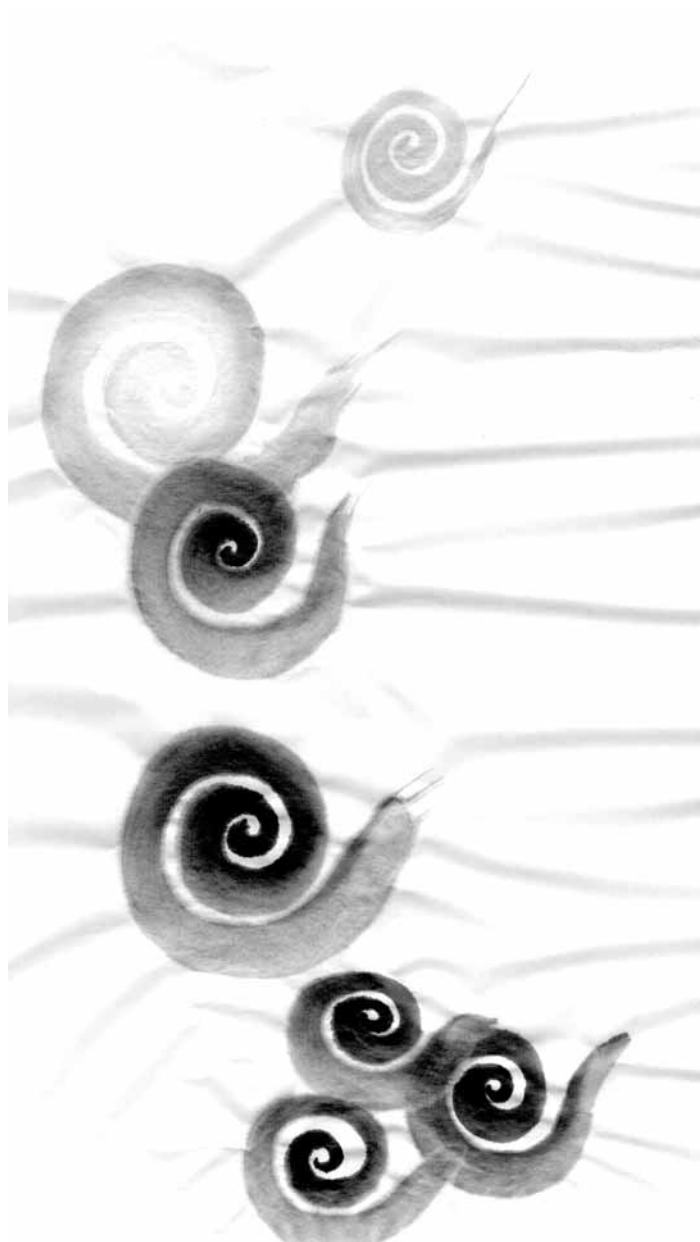
buddhist wanderer  
is in my i-pod earplug  
kinhin with Bashō

30

i'm back—marrow light  
improvise experience  
experiment — —

Begin the path over and over with no arrival plans.

blurry and sharp mind  
spirals of incompleteness  
as insights unfold



31

good bordeaux last night  
good breakfast this morning  
and where is the now?

I fill two journal pages with feedback Anne gives to  
my MFA thesis. Tomorrow I fly to Egypt, then I  
complete the haiku/haibun, then edit the thesis, then  
the Vermont workshops. Mind over-stuffed drawers.

the face with the knife  
haunts from the film last night  
now let go of then



32

Writing haibun in a plane heading for Egypt, drinking  
Australian wine, listening to languages.

globalization

blue turbaned woman swims with  
bikini'd surfer

bédouin sharp lined eyes  
we behold each others' cloth  
wonder who sees what

33

El Tur, Egypt. Bashō is wandering. In his satchel is brush, paper, ink-stick and ink-stone. With water he rubs stick in a slow circular motion. Brushes jet black ink into existence, into discovery. Place one foot in front of the other, or sail across the sea.

as haibun rises  
word-birds alight land on stroke  
already complete

breathe center pause brush  
as it forms with this pencil  
here!



Kathrin lives in Basel, Switzerland and holds degrees in Biology, Women's Studies, and Communications. A diarist, poet and short-story writer, she self-published an illustrated family chronicle and is now completing a project in cross-genre. She is an avid sports-woman and singer.

PRINTED IN AN EDITION OF 120.

THIS IS #\_\_\_\_ .