

Down Town Haiku by Martin E. Dodge

I wrote the poems of “Down Town Haiku” in 2010, following the collapse of my lifestyle and the expectations I acquired throughout my life. The activity was vital to my recovery. Some of the poems spring from sarcasm and other complex tones that may be difficult for readers to discern, so I apologize and hope they add to the awkwardness and desperation of the poem, at the very least. The eighteen haiku portray an emotional journey when read in order.

I hope that sharing the poems and my experience will empower others in their recovery process, whatever the circumstances. Writing haiku is how I processed what I experienced – writing haiku just happened – I was not an avid haiku writer. I encourage you to write poems or try something new and let your intuition guide you to a healthy outlet. Our minds are where we truly live, and we all need to make our minds a home we love.

My inspirational sources for Down Town Haiku

Divorce announcement and living with the enemy.	Being the old guy in the crowd and feeling like a creep and a loser.
Death of my beloved cat, loss of a house, and other accomplishments.	No romance.
Downsizing into a tiny apartment.	Abandoning social attempts.
Starting a new job.	No hope.
Stock market volatility destroys my income.	Painful loneliness.
I downsize into renting a single room, losing more cherished possessions.	Crushing despair.
No friends – workmates are too young.	Deciding to continue.
Hitting the social scene at age 37 after seven years of isolation in marriage.	Prioritizing what is important.
	Letting go of baggage.
	Living as the person I want to be.

The Poems of Down Town Haiku

(1 of 18)

Just in from downtown.
I feel a lot better now.
Hopelessness lives there.

(2 of 18)

Fun needs something else.
“How much fun is fun,” I muse.
Much fun needs sharing.

(3 of 18)

Work now does not have
any skill I don’t desire
to dismiss later on.

(4 of 18)

Dreams are a reason
to push beyond weaknesses
that will hold me back.

(5 of 18)

Strength will be revealed
with the belief of success
and effort applied.

(6 of 18)

A haiku has not
displayed my role as “victim”
until this moment.

(7 of 18)

I should probably
view this passively like life.
Life has no demands.

(8 of 18)

I am an island.
I can provide all I need.
No help is required.

(9 of 18)

Why am I lonely?
Where is everyone else?
Oh, no shared days off.

(10 of 18)

So, you like to blank
and I want to blank also.
Let's blank together.

(11 of 18)

Do boys and girls blank?
How do they feel about blank?
Is it fun to blank?

(12 of 18)

“Wackadoodle,” wow!
Step forward sweet creator.
This word speaks volumes.

(13 of 18)

The bathroom mirror
is hiding the solution.
My visage mocks me.

(14 of 18)

Life needs to move on.
I need to create the maps.
The journey starts now.

(15 of 18)

Toes feel so cold now.
The beach sand will rekindle
tides of future dreams.

(16 of 18)

Mirage floats in view
boiling vision too distant.
True obfuscation.

(17 of 18)

Lint in the dryer.
Memory net of vices
easily disposed.

(18 of 18)

Local is great!
The world is not local, though.
We are where we are.