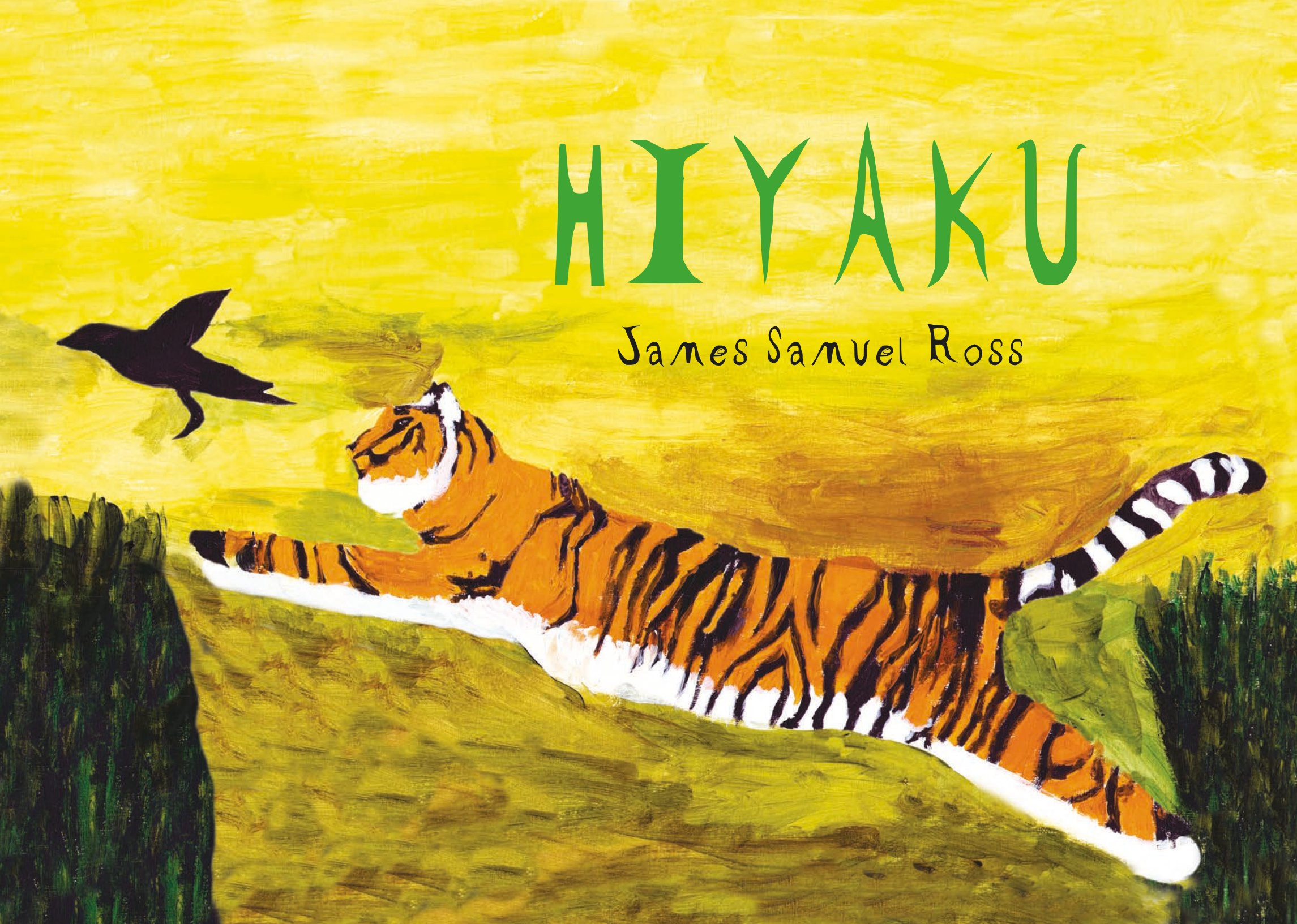


HIYAKU

James Samuel Ross





HIYAKU

Poetry and Illustration

by

James Samuel Ross



So you came to see?
Ah, how I love teasing you
Observe my beauty



One spring just for me
To bathe and rest by, great for
Looking so damned nice





There is a real line
Of sight in beauty here,
Including myself



I just stroll along
Yet I am half starved, so my
Lunch makes my high time

Within this foreign
Compound, no solution for
Escape can be found





I hide in this spot
That does make one den of mine
So, now for my strike

One fine venison
I surely shall enjoy this
The best quality





Shadows drift along
Followed by my jet black stripes
I leave, fear without





In Westgate Gardens
The humans have disappeared
And left us in peace



We hunt alone or
In groups, in the harsh Russian
Fields our prey is found





Before these mountains
This river, mirrored by jade
Leaves, I take my stride

Far from those lanterns
The warm sod tingles my paws
Nepal's air is bliss







Hiyaku, meaning 'leap' in Japanese, follows the loose detached fragments of a tiger's memory and subconscious.

Each memory is reflected with imagery, and an accompanying haiku, which in its true tradition and nature, captures a single moment in time, no end or beginning, and not necessarily having to be interpreted, or form a collective whole.

The first image begins with a tiger called Arina, whom I met at a zoo in Canterbury, and then concludes, if you like, with the vision of Arina perhaps returning to her native Nepal.

