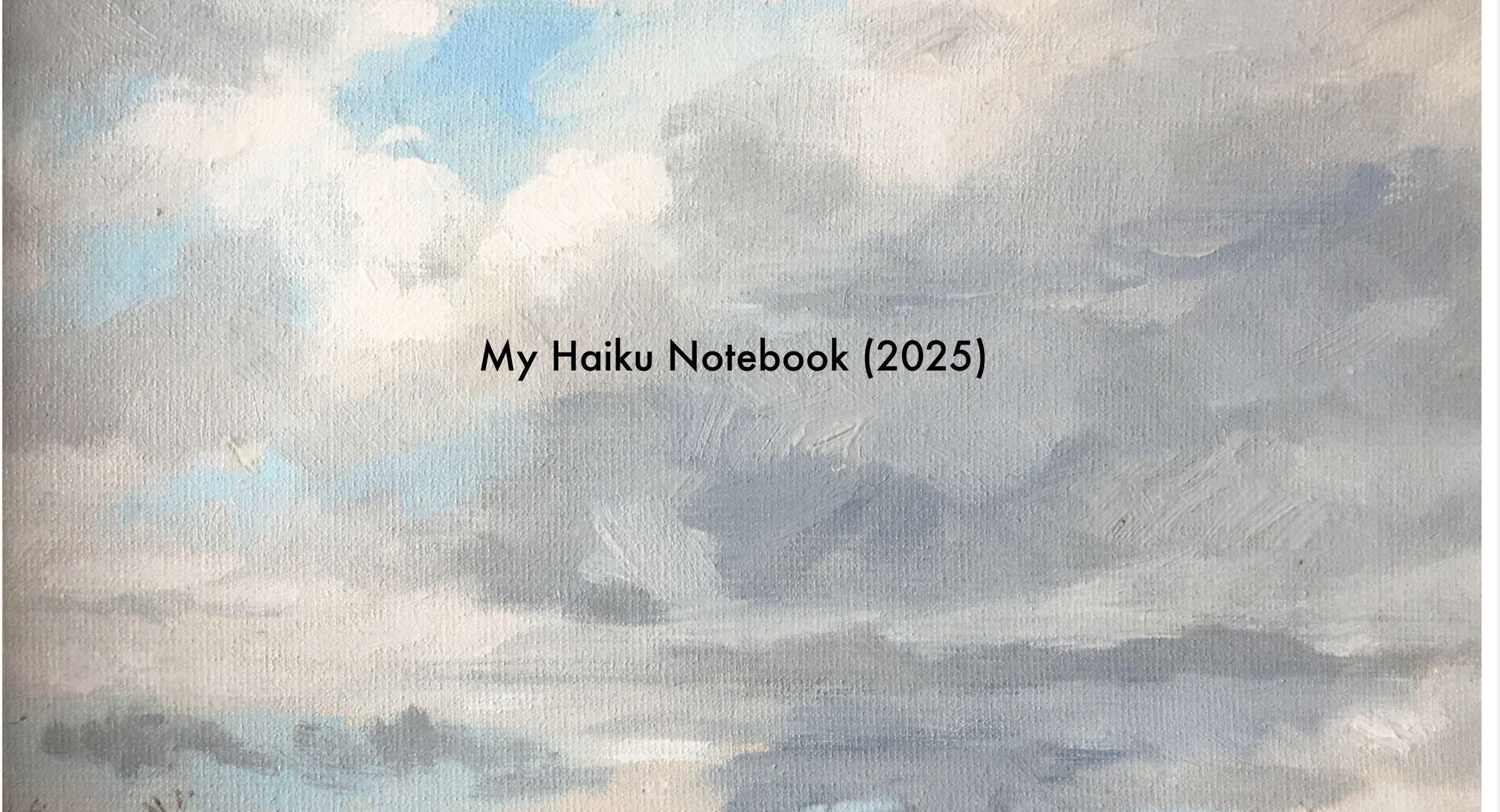


Hidden by Clouds

An oil painting of a Gwent Skyscape. The scene is dominated by a vast, overcast sky with soft, textured brushstrokes in shades of blue, grey, and white. The ground below is a flat, open landscape, possibly a field or a plain, rendered in muted tones of brown, grey, and blue. The overall mood is quiet and atmospheric, with a sense of depth and distance. The painting is framed by a thin white border.

**My Haiku Notebook (2025)**

A Gwent Skyscape - from an original oil painting by George Godsell

Welcome to my online poetry journal. An eclectic collection of favourite haiku, and other Japanese short-form poetry, that I've written over the last few years - updated every now and then, as the wind blows. Thanks to the editors and publishers of the following journals in which many of them originally appeared ...

Wales Haiku Journal

hedgerow: a journal of small poems

The Pan Haiku Review/Blōō Outlier Journal

failed haiku – a journal of English Senryu

Presence Haiku Journal

first frost – journal of haiku & senryu

tsuri-dōrō – a small journal of haiku, senryū

Scarlet Dragonfly Journal

民句 folk ku: a journal in honour of Masaoka Shiki

Poetry Pea Journal and Podcast

The Wee Sparrow Poetry Press

My poems have been variously described as 'transcendental' – 'inspiring, interesting, and brilliantly written.' Like 'love letters to nature' – 'conjuring many layers of loveliness, with the lightness of gently falling leaves'. Such beautiful words to treasure. Thank you!

They are also mostly about birds.

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**hidden by clouds**

my backyard  
a winter wren  
fills the space

still waters  
a fish jumps through  
my reflection  
the ripples  
of our affair

chough tumble  
down the quarry face  
rain turns to sleet

skipping stones    one   two   three   fourfivesixseveneight

coot skitter  
among lily pads  
summer rain

up in the attic  
crawling through  
my childhood

blue moon—  
a heron and I  
night fishing

rewilding the garden sparrowhawk

night fishing  
a heron stalks the  
hunters moon

**clouds across the stubble winter thrushes**

swift scream  
down cobbled streets  
bikers follow  
the pulsing beat  
of a cruising car

sunshine in every room the cuckoo's call

waking up  
the sounds of the day  
waking up

harvest moon hidden by clouds a plover's call

morning assembly  
the chatter of sparrows  
in the playground

wild camping  
a robin joins us  
for breakfast

evensong a song thrush lends his voice

after the storm  
gathering windfalls ...  
pinkfeet calling

above the river beat drumming snipe

distant bells  
deep in the holly  
robin song

indian summer  
the wild strawberry  
in bloom again

balloon fest  
a windhover  
glides away

waking up  
next to you  
waking up

flower moon  
her scent of jasmine  
in every room

**sunshine and showers a scattering of daisies**

winter solitude  
the fading shadow  
of my footprints

easy listening  
a woodpigeon croons  
an old favourite

first light the pink of chaffinch in the cherry

primroses in the hedgerow bank a robin's nest

bursting through his song a whitethroat

hide-and-see  
in the churchyard  
a new headstone

goldcrests in every bush a woodcock moon

taking tea with grandma  
she reads the leaves

dusting my children's bookshelves  
the adventures we had

no  
mow  
may  
cowslips  
flower  
along  
the  
verge

**spring cleaning before the cuckoo chiffchaff**

cherry blossom  
drifting in the window  
chaffinch song

done and dusted the kettle whistles

autumn crocus the highlights in her hair

all hallows' eve  
blackbirds seeing ghosts  
in every bush

garage sale  
my childhood toys  
resurrected

bedtime story the jackdaws finally settled

on the shoreline  
the ebb and flow  
... of sanderling

predawn the banter of ravens

among the cardboard boxes a homeless dog

hunters moon Orion whistles his dogs

fresh snow  
drifting from the sky  
winter swans

**overnight redwings among the windfalls**

at the edge of the wood  
the scritch of a jay

lighting up a winter's day bullfinches

drifting snow  
the only sound  
my footsteps

grasshoppers my puppies jump

**sunny days tease a blackbird's song**

empty feeders  
a frosty glint in  
the robin's eye

caught by the breeze a kestrel's cry

held by the silence the bark of a raven

spring thaw ...  
through the waterfall  
a dipper's nest

boxing day walk an early primrose

**lunch break a jackdaw catches my eye**

where rivers meet the dipper doubles back

tracing a path  
through the trees  
beaver moon

leafing  
through  
my  
books  
an  
arctic  
warbler

cold moon the herons frozen shadow

longest day yellowhammers sing on into the night

up on the downs a skylark takes me higher

fresh snow  
the wing prints  
of a grouse

autumn gales all the colours of the leaves

**slack tide the heron waits**

winter moon  
a twinkle in the  
snowman's eye

shadows on the wall chasing sleep

hanging out  
our winter woolies  
first swallow

distant bells  
across the meadows  
skylark song

wagtails ...  
playing hopscotch  
after school

becoming day a grey heron

among the windfalls a chaffinch nest

forest trail  
a nuthatch whistles  
our dogs

higher than our highest kite skylarks

distant gunshots:  
the clatter of pigeons  
through the trees

clocking off my five o'clock shadow

tucked up in bed

lights twinkle  
in darkening skies  
an owl hoots

shadows on the wall  
chasing sleep

surf's up ...  
a raft of scoters  
crest the waves

christmas dinner the same old jokes

after the storm  
shooting the breeze  
... with my dog

bookending  
the shortest night  
blackbirds

now a steam train starling whistle

wishing ...  
we'd had more time  
dandelions

between showers flashes of summer goldfinches

drifting clouds now a dragon

coming out a pink moon

waiting for the moment last swallow

evening mist owls hoot from all around



snoozing the alarm call of a wren

windswept a mountain blackbird

counting crows  
a nursery rhyme  
long forgotten

**under the willow a splash of blue**

a spider's web all that's left our dreams

hidden in  
her winter boots ...  
a conker

all souls' night  
a screech owl in  
my headlights

carol singers outside the door a robin song



Clive is a sometime philosopher, thinker, dreamer, birdwatcher, poet, and occasional writer. Living and writing in beautiful North Wales. He draws inspiration from nature, especially birds, which he has been watching for as long as he can remember.

Retired now he continues to watch birds and has taken to writing haiku about them. He has had poems published in many of the leading haiku journals and recently has self published two groundbreaking digital ebooks (Flipbooks) of his poetry. This is his first full length collection.

Author photo (from a few years ago)



‘I’m older than I look ... and younger than I am’

## Authors Notes

The birdsong recordings were digitally copied from my original shellac records (1936) by Ludwig Koch (1881 – 1974) or downloaded from Xeno Canto a website dedicated to sharing bird sounds from all over the world.

The ambient background music, sourced and downloaded from Pixabay, was originally recorded by Amurich (an Ethno & Electronic musician from Murmansk).

The vocal track accompanying my bio was generated using AI (Suno AI Music).

