

Cricket Haiku

loud appeal
a passing cyclist
slows to a halt

rain delay
chalk-drawn stumps
slide down the wall

fifty up -
he doffs his cap
to car horns and sleeping dogs

last ball before lunch
the batsman lets it go
with a flourish

post-lunch
the gully grasses
a lazy pull

Melbourne Cup haiku

spring breeze -
the mounting yard fills
with betting slips

distant thunder -
horses scramble into
the home straight

spring morning -
the track caller's voice
tunes the breeze

Australian Open tennis:

down two sets to love
shadows of the stadium
creep onto court

rising temperatures
the top seed
loses his cool

back and forth
the tennis starlets'
ponytails

Baseball Haiku

dying sun
a sacrifice fly
holds the light

Soccer Haiku

injury time--
the corner kick bends
with the crowd

after midnight -
the winning goal
still in my ears

world cup opener -
the two speedsters
overrun the ball

what pains they take
to get the ball
to miss the goal

final whistle
missed chances shape
the day's remains

Footy Haiku

before the game
old rivals take up their positions
in the crowd

gulls circle
the ball goes round and round
the 'G

onset of winter -
the game begins
with brisk movements

deep winter -
digging out
a win

Spring clouds -
the teams gather
in their huddles

old-timer
looks left, looks right
gets tackled

rainy season -
I sink my boot
into a torp

away game
the ball not going
to the right spots

thin rain...
hopes of winning
appear fainter

late kick-off
an early rush
of goals

chilly day
we hurry
to an early lead

packed 'G
again filled
with emptiness

sunset
a few purple patches
kill off the game

would kill for a goal another chance gets butchered

different time zone we play for a quarter

offline again
the ball lands
in an empty seat

night clouds
stars drift in and out
of the game

sky clears
a run of goals
breaks the game open

rising moon
the gaping hole
in the back half

the day ends
as it begins
scores level

winter solstice a game of two halves

night mist keeping them within touching distance

bare trees
the umpire plucks the ball
from the tangle of limbs

final siren
half the stadium
in shadow

autumn rain
a steady trickle
of goals

petals fall the lightest of touches leads to a goal

late April
the distant rumble
of the 'G

blowing leaves
the forward line empties
refills

twilight
nothing separates
the two teams

afternoon shadows
gradually extending
our lead

second-half comeback
the crossword
half done

raking leaves
a rough diamond
unearthed

nothing in it
the scattered crowd
becomes one

winter's hold -
the long gaps
between goals

swirling leaves
a chain of handpasses ends
where it began

trees almost bare
our defence
in tatters

felled player
eased into a neck brace -
autumn chill

night mist
our midfield losing
its edge

winter's end --
the slow turn
of the ruckman

somewhere the moon --
we have have trouble
finding the ball

spring sunset
the difference
a goal makes