Anderson Q. Coddiwomple FIICAGO.ILK EB 12 7- PM 9712 AP

Anderson Q. CoddIwomple



To my little sis, who has always been there.

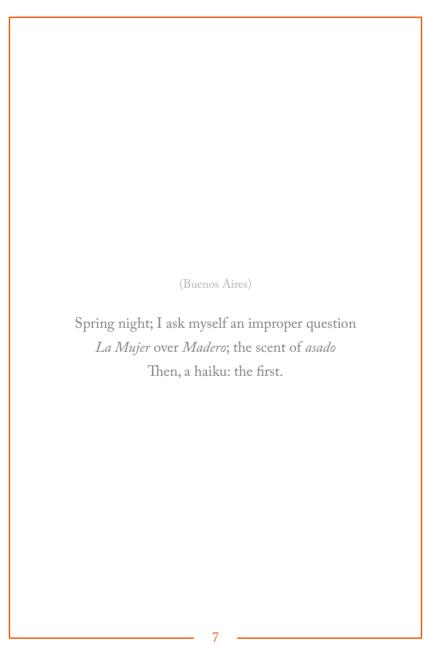
"Every day is a journey and the journey itself is home."

— Matsuo Batso.

"For my part, I travel not to go anywhere but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move."

- Robert Louis Stevenson





(Buenos Aires) Quixote oversees the tourists Fierce tango steps from la taberna Chicos play al escondite at the corner; cynefin.



(Buenos Aires)
I investigate my pockets for cash, craving for panchos
On the walls, evidence of a crisis
De prisión, ni un dia más!
10

(Verona) Ancient, small houses outline the narrow streets Brownish leaves blanket the roofs The cathedral bell rising beyond; un freddo cane!

(Venice) Through the maze of alleys and canals The motley crew slowly sews a bag of entropy Dès vu; and a gondola passing by.



(Paris)

Compelling sunlight colors and heavy clouds

Finger-licking butter croissants

Yet another post hoc fallacy.



(Munich) Standing on the parapet Looking at the garden, forging waldeinsamkeit Yellow dots pop up from the green.

(Garmisch-Partenkirchen) At the highest peak of the Holy Roman Empire We watch a never-ending skyline: boketto Crows beg for attention and beer.



(Bruges) We walk down the movie street Symmetrical buildings, rainy autumn, stone devils She dances to a routine planned for weeks; Happy!

(Amsterdam)	
Sitting at the entrance of a coffee shop	
I fake it to the camera; autumn breeze	
Colorful clothes; wheels all around.	
24	
21	

(Innsbruck) Each building, a different color Each person, a different perspective This evening: autumn.



(Montevideo)
If I could live my life again
Every winter morning, I would walk down this street Far off, a pack of mutts.
Tar on, a pack or mucts.
24

(Las Vegas)

Barefoot
At the casino table
Neglecting the moonlight.

(DeLand) Driving non-stop Getting nowhere A scarecrow by the road; giggles.



(Ciudad del Este) People come and go; sudden rain A child cries all the way If only I knew what my ikigai is.

(Palma de Mallorca) The working party Looking in every direction Five o'clock.

(Lyon)

Beer, coffee, and olives
Autumn contemplation
The yellow lamps, moonlit.

(San Marino)

Climbing to the towers
I can see beyond the skyline
Wearing shoes for gloves.



(Pattaya)

The river gently cuts the mangrove forest
The boat noisily defies the summer river
Me, happily in New York-svtyle sneakers.



(Phuket Town) Working by the pier; rainy morning Barefoot, old clothes, jackfruit The kid's smile pierces my chest; homelike.



(Phi Phi) Climbing stairs upside-down A single breath; summer waters I can't find the quiet, though.

(Hunedoara) Engulfed by the gothic castle Old age embraces me In front of so many mirrors.



(Barcelona) Walking down the bohemian barrio Rumba catalana; fragrant breeze Yet another round of vermú.

(Andorra la Vella) The lake beyond the trees; the mountain, the lake Spring lights: komorebi The scent of coffee; hungry flies.

(Tallin)

Early winter rain; colorful, large walls

The odds are back to us

By a daydream.



(Boulder Beach) The waddle of penguins forges ahead The big one gives us a cold stare Mid-summer tides.



(Saint Petersburg) Coats of snow overlaying old cars Stalactites dropping from the windows Do kids still play klassiki?, I wonder.

(Helsinki)	
Pebbles spread over the ice; dying trees	
Multiple crossing paths, heavy layers of snow Taste of morning tea; noiselessly.	
50	



(Helsinki)

The frozen lake

The dying ship

Scent of coffee from the port.

(Oberägeri) The railroad covered by snow & Italian sparrows Imposing mountains embrace us The service attendant's neck; beau ideal.

(Dublin) Stacks of beer bottles on the table We chat, laugh, and plan world domination A guitar gently weeps; winter turns to spring.



(Paris)

Oceans of music, colors, balloons

Electrified personages through the bitter night

Devouring dollar sandwiches; for a second, we're safe.



(DeLand) Squirrels readily climbing trees The delivery van misses my address Liberosis; but not yet.



(Ibiraquera) Swimming along with the little pirate Last week of summer; jumping fish A vagabond bird; a glimpse into the future. (Lages)

White clouds cut by winterly grass
The draft horse looks sideways at me *Friluftsliv*; but slightly afraid.



(Porto Alegre) In the Jewish neighborhood, Friday night Small brazier; in pajamas Eating roasted asparagus.

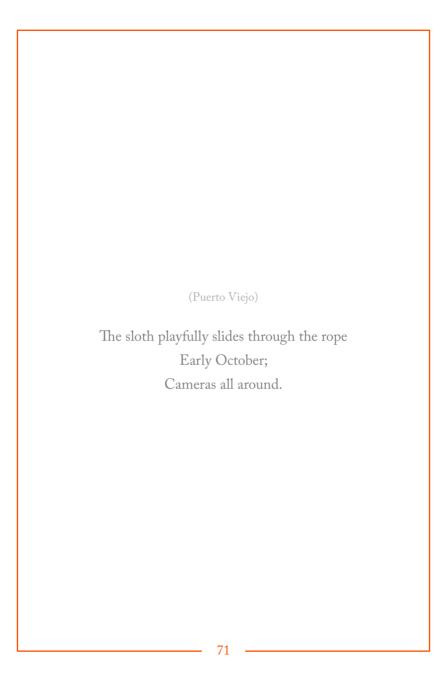


(Isla de las Mujeres)				
•				
Methodical, the mighty shark engorges plankton				
A giant 3D-blue stain briskly cutting the summer sea				
Right ear tinnitus once again; Tuesday.				
67				

(Lake Elsinore)	
Desert sun melting us all	
_	
The tortoise chews the lifeless of space-time	
The water burbles in the pond; a word of struggle.	
68	
	_



(Sequoias Park) The valley: vast, green, silent Countless colossal trees; a tiny insect bites me Is there a haiku here?



(Poas)

Silent, white lava Heavy, gray clouds Scarce air; the child sleeps.

(Playa Negra) The black sand dives into the Caribbean sea Pebbles underfoot; last week of holidays But slowly.

(Santos)

The little pirate rides the wave

Smiles big, eyes on fire

Unkai.



(Laje de Santos) Elusive dolphins, unease turtles Atobás looking at us from up on the wall Old man, heavy chest.



(Puerto Escondido) Hopeless hands emerge from the sand Trying to engulf a mouth of air Sunbathing teens; suzumi.



(Playa Bacocho) Yet months to the surfing season Whales singing all around us Ear blood into seawater.



(Punta Zicatela)
The virus within; friends & mescal
Slowly sinking into the sand
The humpback blows towards año nuevo's first sunset.
1
83

(Puerto Escondido) A jazzy sunset A blurry girl carrying a surfboard Je retourne a mes moutons; autumn near.



(Porto Alegre) Back to the cruelest summer known Writing a koan: the last one An epiphany: no why, just here.

"No why. Just here."

John Cage

6Lossary

Boketto: Japanese. The act of gazing out into the distance with no thoughts, losing yourself in the vast, almost unseeing horizon.

Cynefin: Welsh. It describes a place where you feel at home and are supposed to be. It's the place where everything around you feels good and welcome.

Dès vu: From The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows. The awareness that this moment will become a memory.

Friluftsliv: Norwegian. Having a closer connection to nature and enjoying time spent outdoors, no matter what the weather.

Ikigai: Japanese. It refers to something that gives a person a sense of purpose, a reason for living.

Je retourne a mes moutons: French, apud The Illustrated Book of Sayings. It's a sort of "But I digress...so let us now return to our sheep" for when you've wandered into the conversational wilderness

but plan on finding a way back.

Klassiki: Russian. Hopscotch.

Komorebi: Japanese. When the sunlight shines through the leaves of trees.

Liberosis: From The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows. The desire to care less about things.

Naturrensing: Norwegian. Nature cleansing.

Post hoc fallacy (Post hoc ergo propter hoc): Latin. "After this, therefore because of this". An informal fallacy that states "since event Y followed event X, event Y must have been caused by event X." It is often shortened simply to "post hoc fallacy".

Suzumi: Japanese. Cooling off (from people).

Unkai: Japanese. Sea of clouds.

Waldeinsamkeit: German. It refers to the feeling one has while being alone in the forest.

Anderson Q.

42piratas.com

is a mariner who has spent most of a decade traveling between different countries. This short collection of haikulikes, his first book, is the upshot of his catharsis at the closing of those years, written while he was dealing with mal de débarquement. Here, he recollects random moments from some of the places he has been to during his wanderings.

A self-proclaimed explorer of the multiverse, he loves games, books, and math – and still uses an MSX computer to access The Internet. He often builds beautiful things purely for the pleasure of, before long, destroying them.

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