



Written In Sand

Haiku by [Gabriel Rosenstock](#)
Photography by [Jerry Katz](#)

Written In Sand

Haiku in English & Irish
Gabriel Rosenstock

Photography & Editing
Jerry Katz

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Contacts for Jerry Katz

halifaxjerrykatz@gmail.com

www.nonduality.com

[Twitter](#)

[Nonduality Salon](#)

[Facebook](#)

[YouTube](#)

Contacts for Gabriel Rosenstock

[Rogha Gabriel](#)

[Wikipedia](#)

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Ancestors



ancient gods
did they exist?
or are they waiting to be born?

seandéithe, arbh ann dóibh
nó an ag feitheamh lena mbreith
atáid?



let me not forget it
the way the way
the way of the white cloud

ná lig dom é a dhearúd
slí slí slí
an scamail bháin



the wind
tired of its wanderings
searching for somewhere to rest

an ghaoth
cortha den bhfánaíocht
ag lorg áit scíthe di féin



clouds
recreating themselves ...
Fairview Lawn Cemetery¹

néalta
á n-athchruthú féin ...
Reilig Fhaiche an Radhairc

¹ Fairview Cemetery, located in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, is renowned for being the burial ground of more than one hundred individuals who lost their lives in the sinking of the Titanic.



our ancestors
long to speak to us ...
faces among the clouds

ár sinsir romhainn
ag iarraidh labhairt linn ...
aghaidheanna i measc na scamall

Muse



you needn't go to Greece ...
Muses frolicking
everywhere

ní gá triall ar an nGréig ...
macnas na mBéithe
gach áit



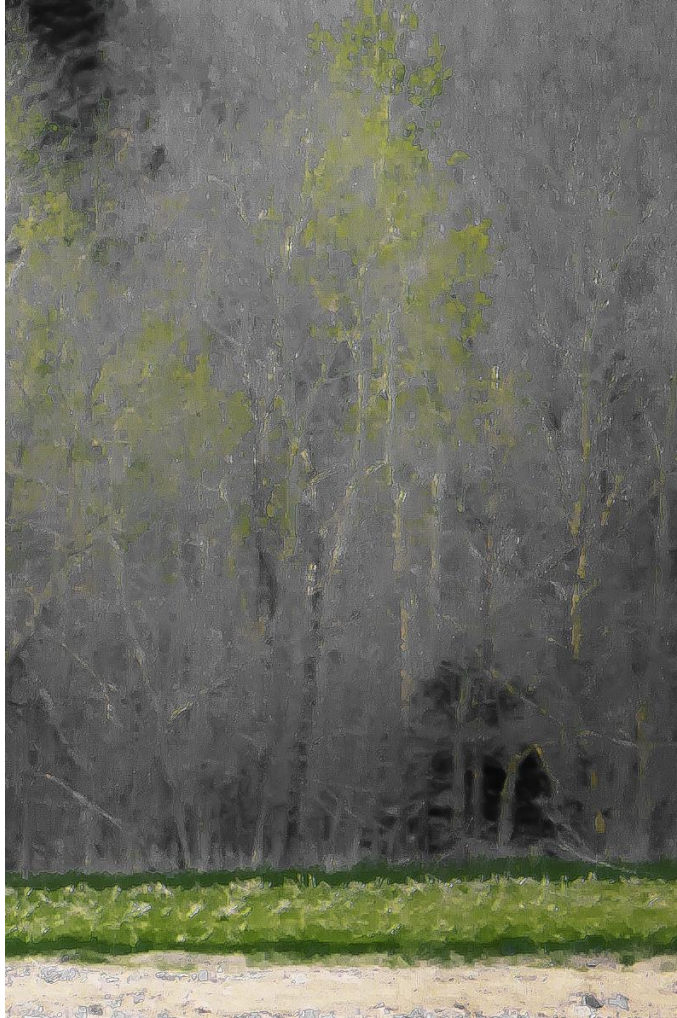
our first steps
as toddlers ...
ancient aroma of trees

ár gcéad choiscéimeanna
inár dtachráin dúinn ...
cumhracht ársa na gcrann



'twas heard
by only one girl in the village ...
fairy music

níor chuala
ach cailín amháin sa sráidbhaile é ...
ceol na sióg



there are days
like that –
one mirage after another

bíonn laethanta
mar sin ann –
meabhalscáileanna i ndiaidh a chéile



is he still dancing
to the music of the waves
zorba

'bhfuil sé fós ag damhsa
is é i dtiúin leis na tonnta
zorba



somewhere in the universe
old birdsong
is remembered

áit éigin sa chruinne
cuimhnítear ar sheanchantain
na n-éan



a bird warbles somewhere . . .
the way out
of entanglements

ceiliúr éin áit éigin . . .
bealach amach
as tranglam



returning to the sea
last mermaid
on earth

ag filleadh ar an bhfarraige
an mhurúch dheireanach
ar domhan

Haiku



suppressing
a haiku . . .
cherry blossoms

haiku
á choinneáil siar . . .
bláthanna an chrainn silíní



there is a Teacher
in the forest . . .
he is the forest

tá Teagascóir
san fhoraois . . .
sé an fhoraois é



beauty
unnoticed until now ...
the Way of Haiku

áilleacht
nach bhfacthas go dtí anois ...
Bealach an Haiku



where has it got them
their unceasing mantra ...
high-flying seagulls

an mantra síoraí
cár sheol sé na faoileáin sin
sna spéartha in airde



on seeing it
Bashō's heart flooded with light . . .
dark crow of evening

ar fheiceáil
an phréacháin dó
líonadh croí Bashō le solas



do they ever
get weary of it all?
crows

an éiríonn siad riamh
bréan den rud ar fad?
préacháin



piercing the heart
of the universe ...
our own light

gabhann sí
trí chroí na cruinne ...
loinnir uainn féin

On The Waters



before Her Spirit
moved over the waters ...
what was there?

sular ghluais an Spiorad
os cionn na n-uiscí ...
cad a bhí ann?



no guile
no insincerity
murmur of waves

gan cur i gcéill
gan chluain
monabhar na dtonn



Photograph of Jerry Katz by Elizabeth Fortune

drifting in
and out of the mind ...
evening clouds

amach is isteach
san aigne leo ...
néalta an tráthnóna



it attracts
the wandering mind ...
bend in the river

meallann sé
an intinn a bhíonn ar fán ...
coradh san abhainn



the heart
forever roaming ...
wild wet wilderness

an croí de shíor
ar fán ...
fliuchfhiántas



be a light unto thyself
Appo Deepo Bhava²
whispering waves

bí id' lóchrann duit féin
Appo Deepo Bhava
cogarnach na dtonn

² Be your own light



it was there
all along ...
gold dust of the heart

bhí sé ann
an t-am go léir ...
deannach óir an chroí

Birth and Death



windless day
vast emptiness
of the mind

lá socair
folús fairsing
na haigne



no longer seen
on the front door
Gone Fishing

ní fheictear an fógra
níos mó
Imithe ag lascach



older
and older it gets
Old Castlereagh Road

níos sine
is níos sine
Seanbhóthar an Chaisleáin Riabhaigh



our share
of this world ...
disappearing curve

ár sciar
den domhan seo ...
cuar ag imeacht as



we carry them around
awkwardly, Hiroshima
Nagasaki

iompraímid thart iad
go hamscaí, Hiroshima
Nagasaki



the birth
and death of each moment
the rest is silence

breith
agus bás an uile nóiméid
tost an chuid eile



she sometimes appears
as a crow: the goddess
Mórrígan³

uaireanta
is préachán í : bandia
Mór-Ríon

³ The Mórrígan is a character from the folklore of Ireland, also known as the "great queen" or "phantom queen." She is typically linked with warfare and destiny, particularly in predicting destruction, demise, or success in combat. As part of this function, she is frequently depicted as a crow.



in the real world
as well?
the pathless path

sa saol réadúil
chomh maith?
an chonair gan chonair

Octopus's Dreams



reject all signs & symbols
OM, the Cross, Yin Yang
Kabîr has swallowed them up!

caith uait comharthaí, siombailí
OM, an Chros, Yin Yang
slogtha ag Kabîr!



everywhere
the same
octopuses' dreams

mar a chéile
gach áit
brionglóidí na n-ochtapas



indifferent to its reflection
foraging bird
in a sea-pool

beag beann ar a scáil
éan ag fáiteall
i linn



it hardly bends
under the lone bird ...
bare branchlet

ní lúbann ach beagán
faoi éan ...
craoibhín lom



are they real
the flower the shadow
the eye that sees them

an ann dóibh
an bláth an scáth
an tsúil a fheiceann iad



will it come
to some end?
half-formed dream

an mbeidh críoch
de shaghas éigin léi?
leath-thaibhreamh

Lone



are we coming
or are we going ...
neither of the above?

an ag teacht atáimid
nó ag imeacht ...
ceachtar díobh?



bubbles
on sea foam ...
dreams of our youth

boilgeoga
ar chúr mara ...
aislingí ár n-óige



from a past life
the faint cry
of a seagull

as saol roimhe seo
éamh lag
faoileáin



beachcomber!
direct your gaze
at the ocean

a thráiteoir!
dírich do shúil
ar an aigéan



out of nowhere
the smell of pepperoni pizza
Blue Rocks Cove⁴

gan choinne
boladh píotsa piobarónaí
Blue Rocks Cove

⁴ Blue Rocks is a small village located outside Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. It is an active fishing village boasting blue slate rocks situated at the waterfront.



melting away
in loneliness ...
lonely thoughts

glanaid leo
san uaigneas ...
smaointe uaigneacha



loneliness
invisible graffiti
on the wall

uaigneas
graifítí dofheicthe
ar an mballa



what language was spoken here?
the constant erosion
of memory

cén teanga
a labhraítí anseo tráth?
síorchreimeadh na cuimhne



once heard
it remains with you ...
the Song of the Void

má chloistear uair amháin í
fanfaidh sí leat ...
Laoi an Fholúis



rubbing against one another
in a plastic bag ...
mussels

ag cuimilt in aghaidh a chéile
i mála plaisteach ...
diúilicíní



sometimes
they are heard
geese of yesteryear

cloistear iad
uaireanta
géanna ón sean-am



the road home ... nowhere

an bóthar abhaile ... ní hann dó



unfinished work
to do ...
the sea

obair fós
le déanamh aici ...
an fharraige



celestial companion!
so near
so distant

cara neamhaí!
gar dom
i gcéin



our fragile lives
haiku written
in sand

saol leochaileach
haiku scríofa
i ngaineamh



none awaits
you on the shore ...
but the Self

níl ag feitheamh leat
ar tír ...
ach an Féin



tireless
invisible sculptress
November wind

dealbhóir
dofheicthe díograiseach
gaoth mhí na Samhna

Message



One October, I had no interest in photographing the Autumn colours of Nova Scotia. Why? Because I realized that my search as a photographer is for light. The only Autumn photo I took that year was of plants in a lake on East Petpeswick Drive. One plant was small, the other large. One represented prose, the other haiku, but which is which? Considering the dilemma, Gabriel composed ...

cuimhní
ag teacht ar ais
gan chuireadh, gan iarraidh

memories
returning
unbidden



Trudging through a field of marram grass in November, I, Jerry, came upon a queue of wood posts. Only when I approached did I see they lined a dirt path leading to the ocean. Yet by themselves, the wood posts in the midst of marram grass, spoke to me of something as eternal as the ocean. Sharing this experience, Gabriel composed:

cuailí adhmaid
cois cósta
a dteachtairacht is léir

wooden posts
near the shore
their message is clear



Gabriel Rosenstock is a bilingual poet, tankaist, haikuist, novelist, playwright, essayist, short story writer and translator. Born in postcolonial Ireland, he is a member of Aosdána (the Irish academy of arts & letters) and a recipient of the Tamgha-i-Khidmat medal for services to literature. In 2022, Gabriel won the inaugural Kotodama International Tanka Contest.

A recent trilingual title (in Irish, Croatian & English):

<https://www.edocr.com/v/vmoq4ml0/gabrielrosenstock/brightening-of-days>

Jerry Katz is a photographer and writer living in Halifax, Nova Scotia. His photographic essays have been published in The Culturium. He revealed the healing power of nature in "Burnt Forest." Timeless wisdom carrying the fragrance of haiku describes the essay "A Simple Life." He edited "One: Essential Writings on Nonduality." Katz founded the online forum Nonduality Salon in 1998. It is still active after nearly 25 years, bringing together a diverse community of seekers, teachers, artists and writers.

Also by Jerry Katz:

As author:

- [Framing Emptiness](#)
- [Enmarcando el vacío \(Translation by Ana Gabriela Rojas\)](#)
- [Una vida simple \(Translation by Ana Gabriela Rojas\)](#)
- [Diurnal Living, Self-Knowledge, Divine Infinite Mind: An Afrocentric Path to "Everlasting Peace and Happiness"](#)
- [Nonduality Culture: A decentralized, self-correcting, creation-based conduit for nondual expression](#)
- [Building Places That Evoke Love and Emotional Wholeness: An essay on Nili Portugali's The Act of Creation and the Spirit of a Place. - A Holistic-Phenomenological Approach to Architecture](#)
- [The Wild Song of Standing Free](#)

As editor:

- [One: Essential Writings on Nonduality](#)
- [The Nisargadatta Song of I Am](#)
- [The Nisargadatta Song of Beyond I Am](#)
- [Gene Poole: Assorted Works](#)
- [Nothing To Add, by Jan Barendrecht](#)
- [What Is Nonduality?](#)
- [The Nonduality Highlights](#): Over 5000 Issues (with other editors)

As group creator, moderator, curator and contributor:

- [Nonduality Salon: Since 1998](#)

As an interviewer and video creator:

- [Nonduality channel on YouTube](#)

As Twitter and Facebook contributor:

- [Twitter](#)
- [Facebook](#)

Also by Gabriel Rosenstock (A partial list. For more titles, visit Gabriel's [Wikipedia page](#).)

Poetry in Irish and Bilingual editions:

- *Susanne sa seomra folctha*. Clódhanna 1973
- *Méaram*. An Clóchomhar 1981
- *Om*. An Clóchomhar 1983
- *Nihil Obstat*. [Coiscéim](#), 1984
- *Migmars*. Ababúna, 1985
- *Rún na gCaisleán*. Taibhse, 1986
- *Oráistí*. Rogha dánta agus dánta nua. [Cló Iar-Chonnachta](#), 1991
- *Ní mian léi an fhilíocht níos mó*. [Cló Iar-Chonnachta](#), 1993
- *Rogha Rosenstock*. Cló Iar-Chonnachta, 1994
- *Syójó*. [Cló Iar-Chonnachta](#), 2001
- *Eachtraí Krishnamurphy*. Coiscéim, 2003
- *Forgotten Whispers / Cogair dhearúdta*. 2003. (Haiku with photography by John Minihan)
- *Krishnamurphy Ambaist* [Coiscéim](#), 2004
- *Rogha Dánta/ Selected Poems*, translated by [Paddy Bushe](#): CIC, 2005
- *Bliain an Bhandé/ Year of the Goddess*. Dedalus Press 2007
- *Margadh na Míol in Valparaíso/ The Flea Market in Valparaíso* (new and selected poems) CIC 2014
- *Cuach ó Aois Eile ag Glaoch*. Coiscéim, 2014
- *Sasquatch*. Arlen House, 2014
- *Chogyam Trungpa: One Hundred Haiku (Japanese Edition)*, with English and Japanese translations. Amazon Kindle edition, 2014
- *EVERY NIGHT I SEND YOU FLOWERS*, Tanka in response to the art of Odilon Redon, bilingual. Cross-Cultural Communications, New York (ebook) 2020
- *The Road to Corrymore / Bóthar an Choire Mhóir*, [Ekphrastic](#) tanka in Irish and English. Cross-Cultural Communications, New York (ebook) 2021

