

HAIKU & WATERCOLOR

grace newton

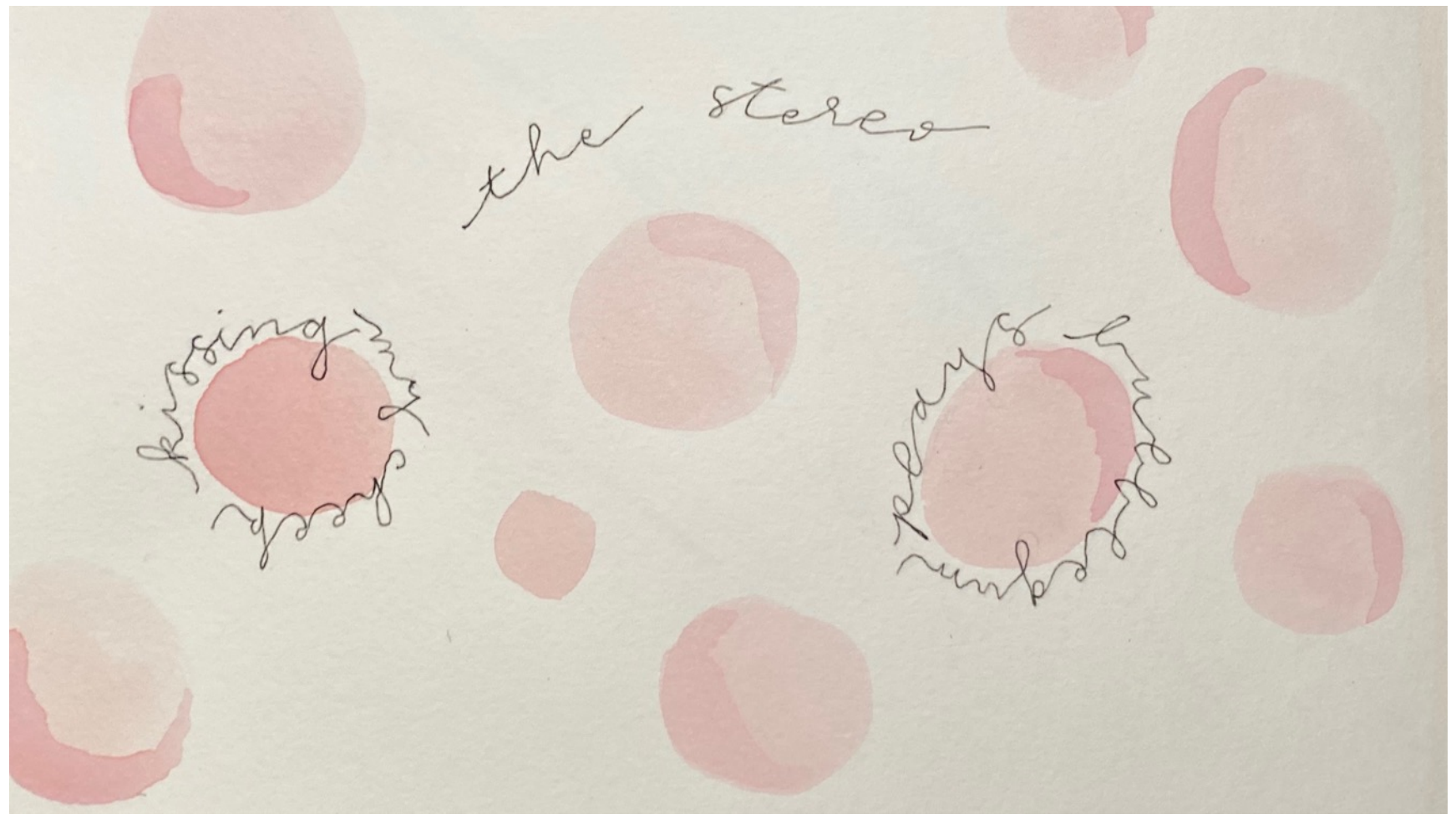
INTRODUCTION

I wanted to do a project with haiku that combined my love of watercolor/painting with the work we've been doing this semester. I'm no professional incredible artist, but I tried to use the watercolors to add to the story of the haiku-- think of it like a painted tan renga-- or tell it visually so that it was more widely understood or relatable. These haikus are about love. Some are about romantic relationships, others about my family, and some of them are just about my day to day experiences. No matter what, they reflect things in my life that I really love, and I my hope is that the watercoloring adds to the experience of reading the haiku.

the stereo

kissing my cheeks

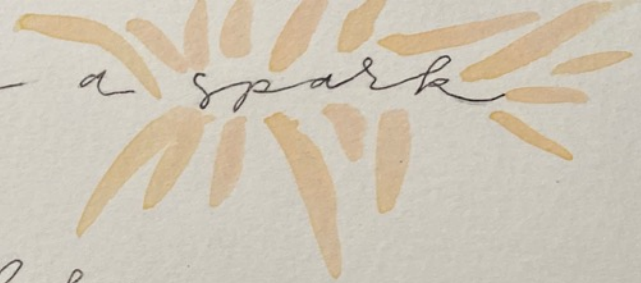
plays with my hair



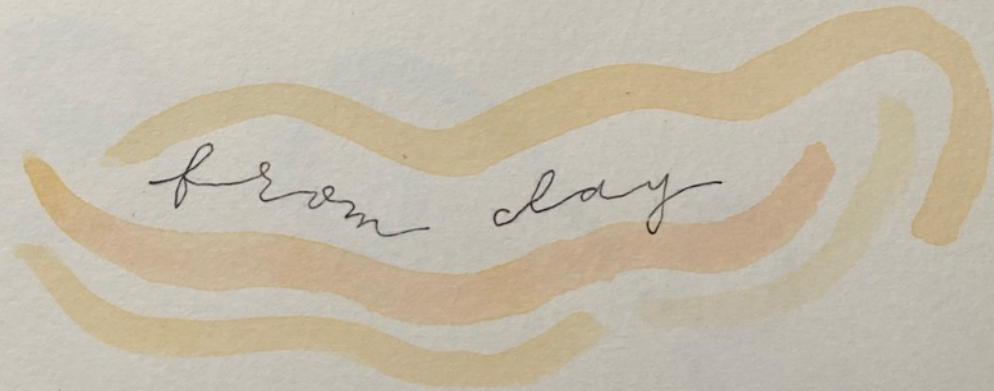
the sun coming down
caresses my skin

I wish it was you

searching for a spark



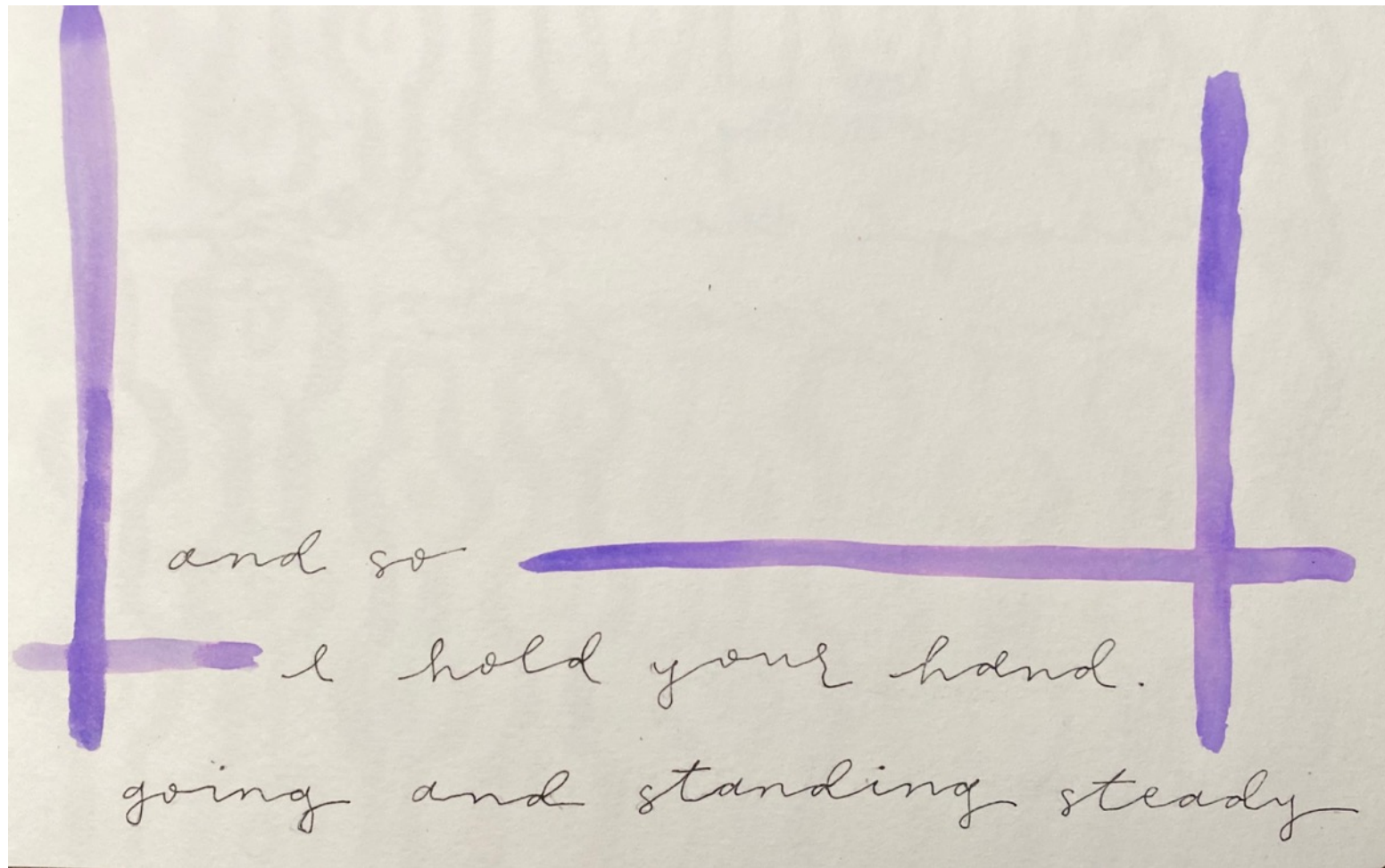
it's all made



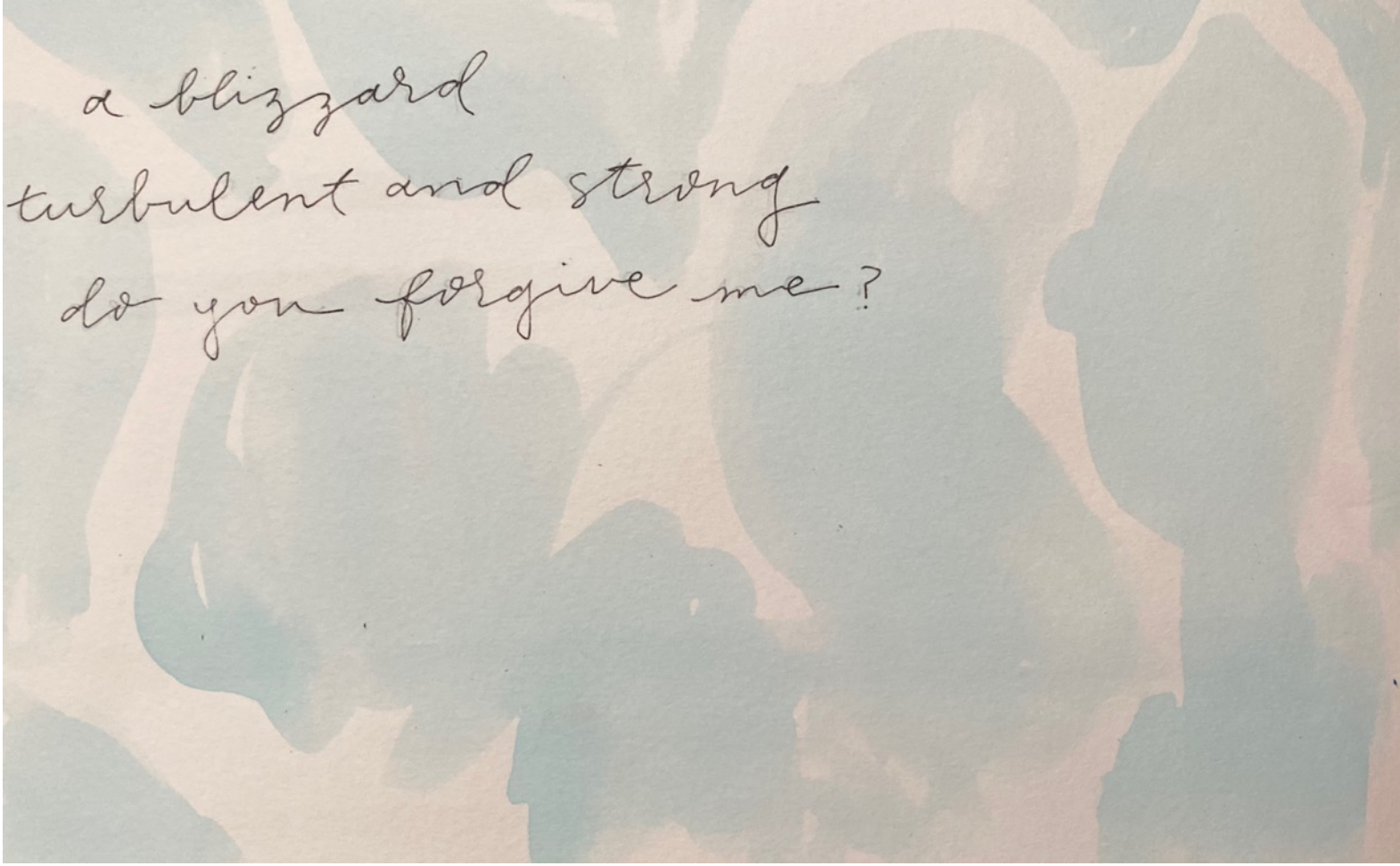
from day

twilight
the room colored
in shades of blue



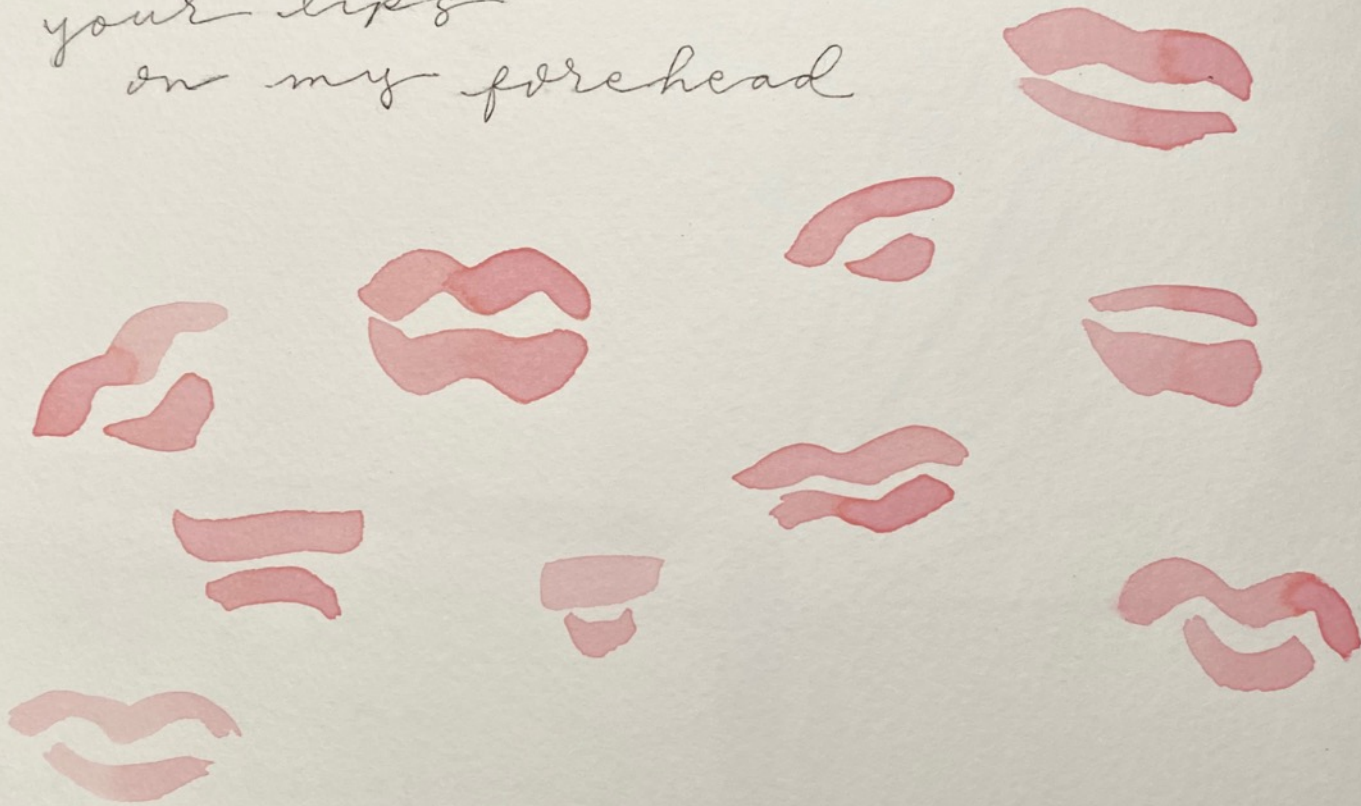


and so
I hold your hand.
going and standing steady



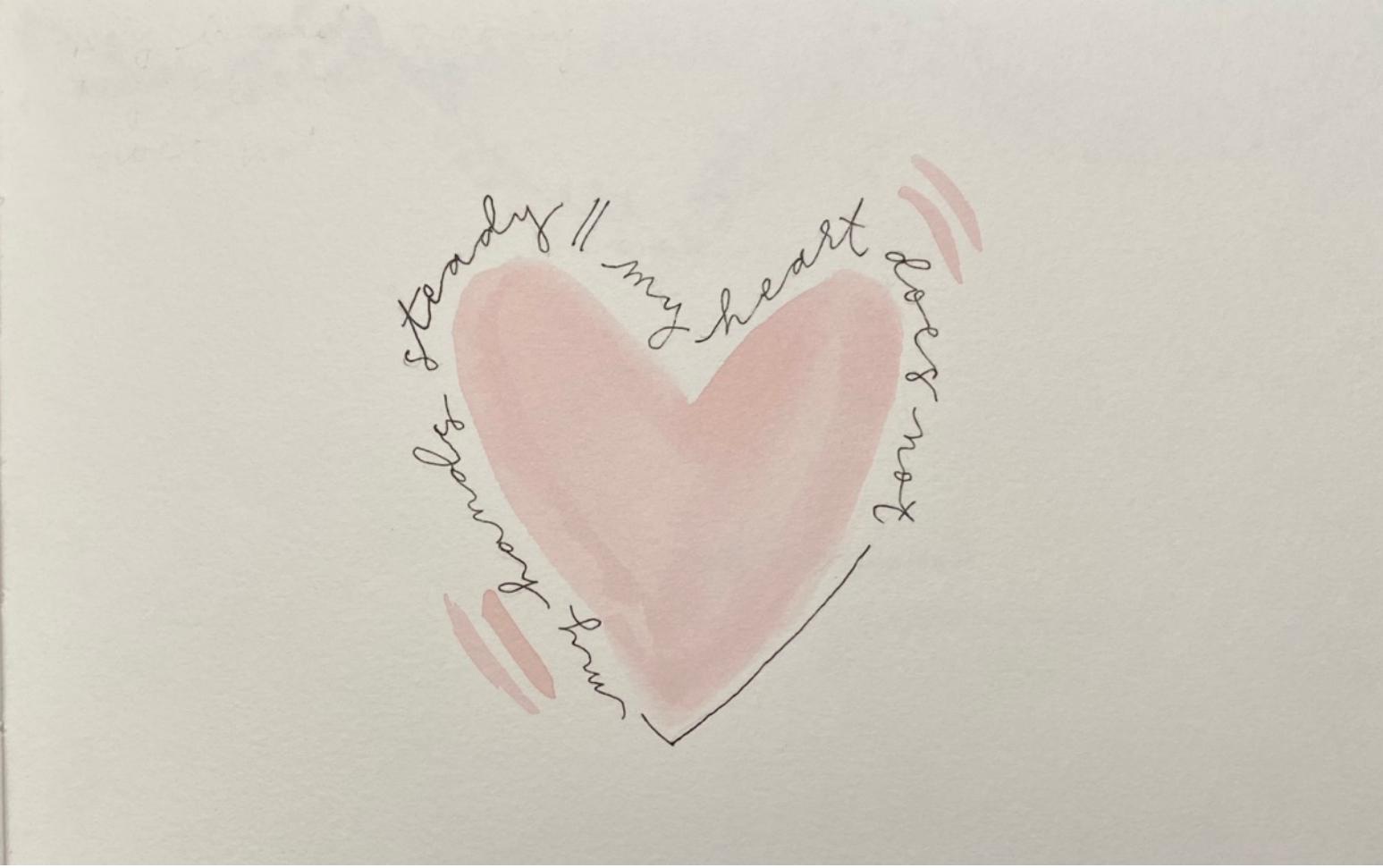
a blizzard
turbulent and strong
do you forgive me?

a breathless goodbye
your lips
on my forehead



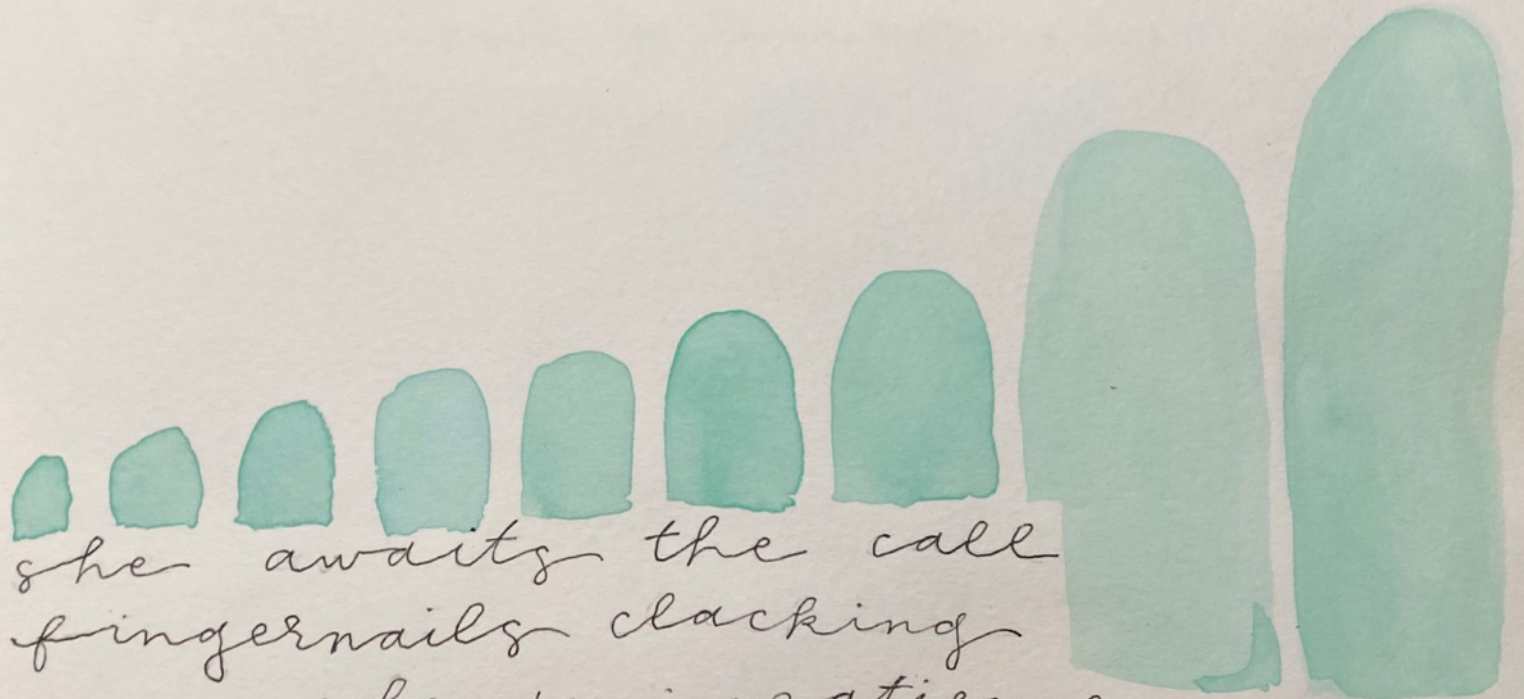


crinkly paper
solitude
a kiss from far away



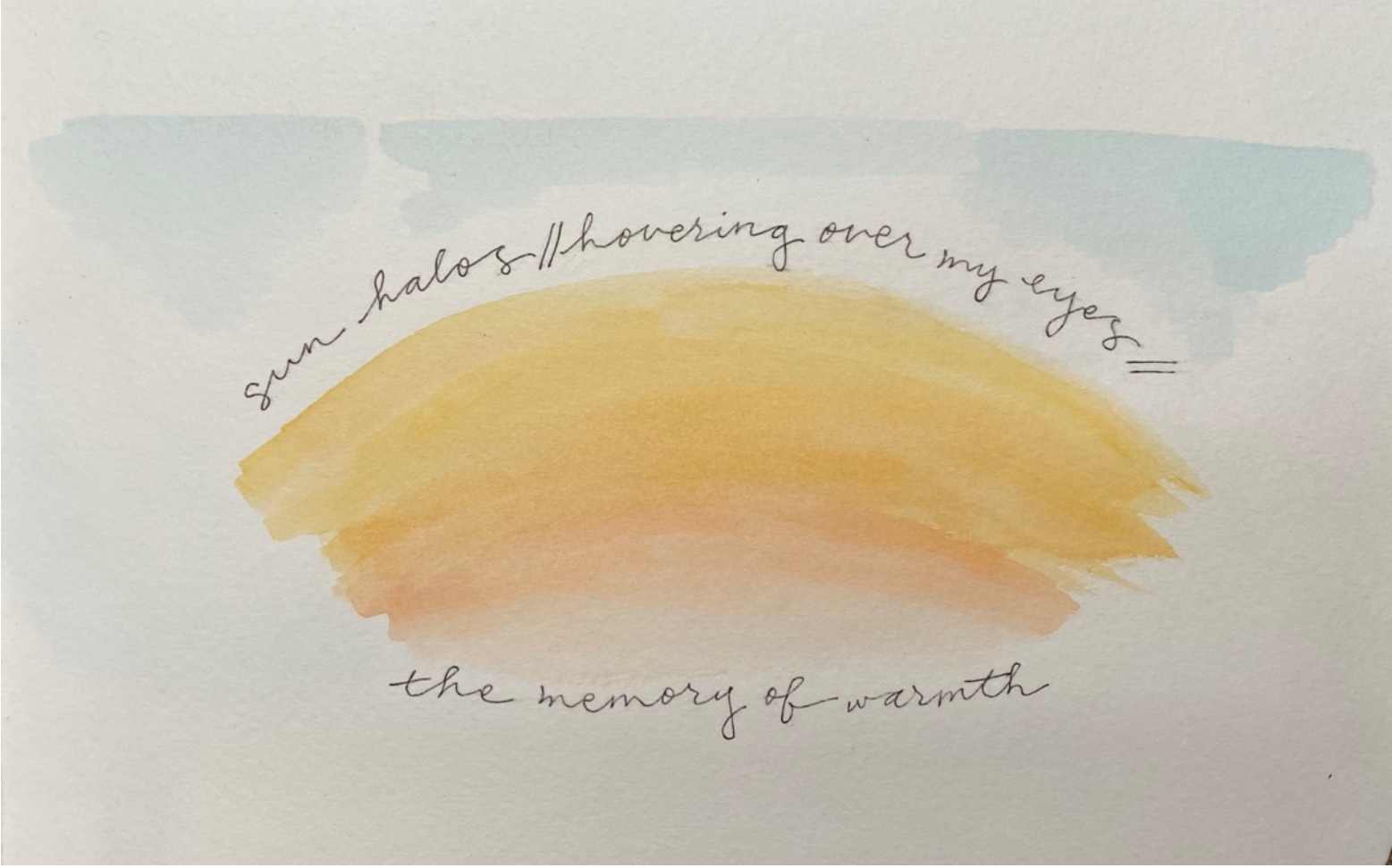
thinking of you
in between moments

[a pause]



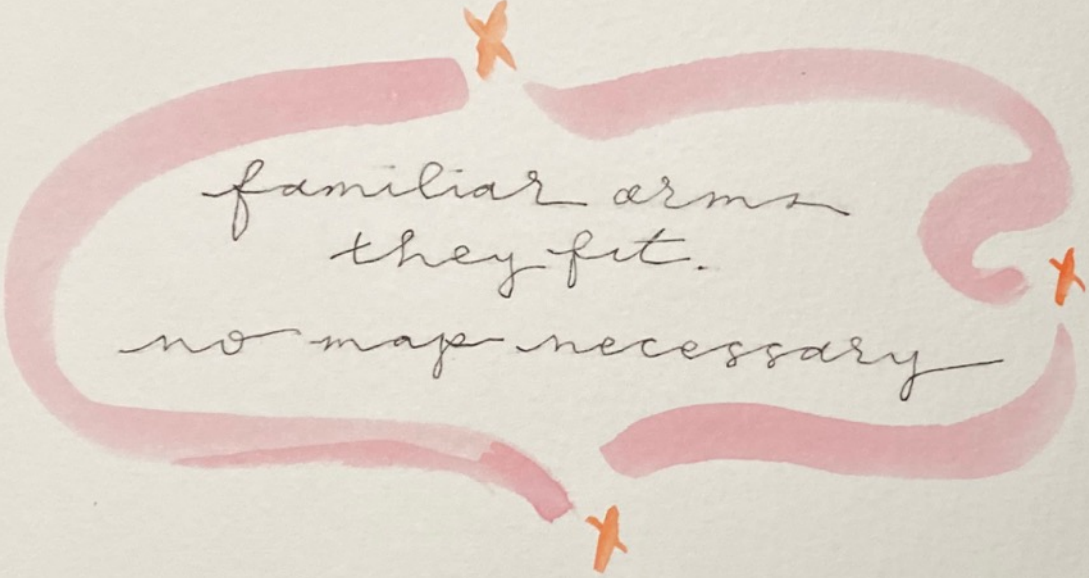
she awaits the call
fingernails clacking
an ode to impatience

ticking away
passing time
folding someone else's clothes



sun halos // hovering over my eyes ==

the memory of warmth

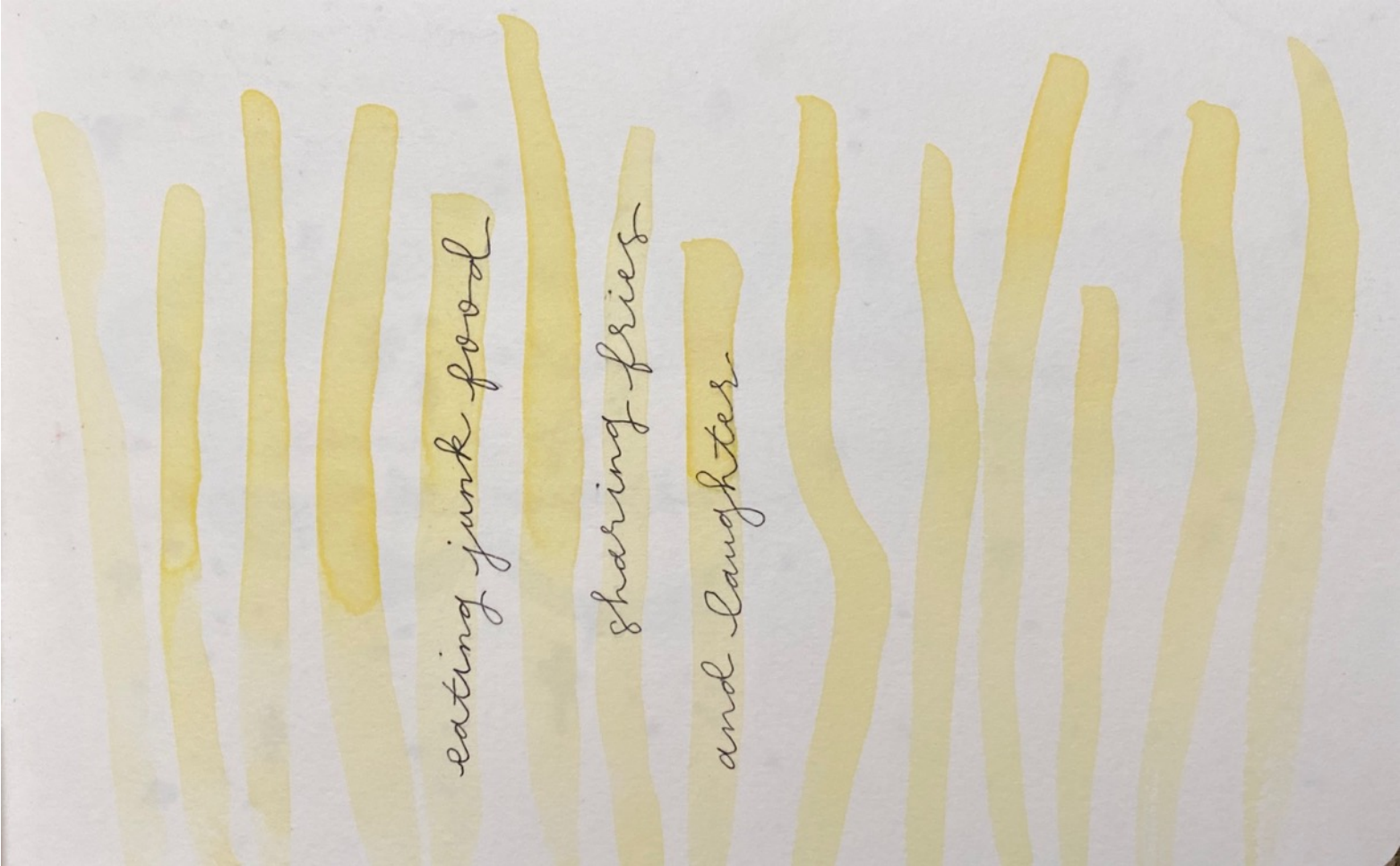


familiar arms
they fit.
no map necessary

sheets billow

momentary feeling

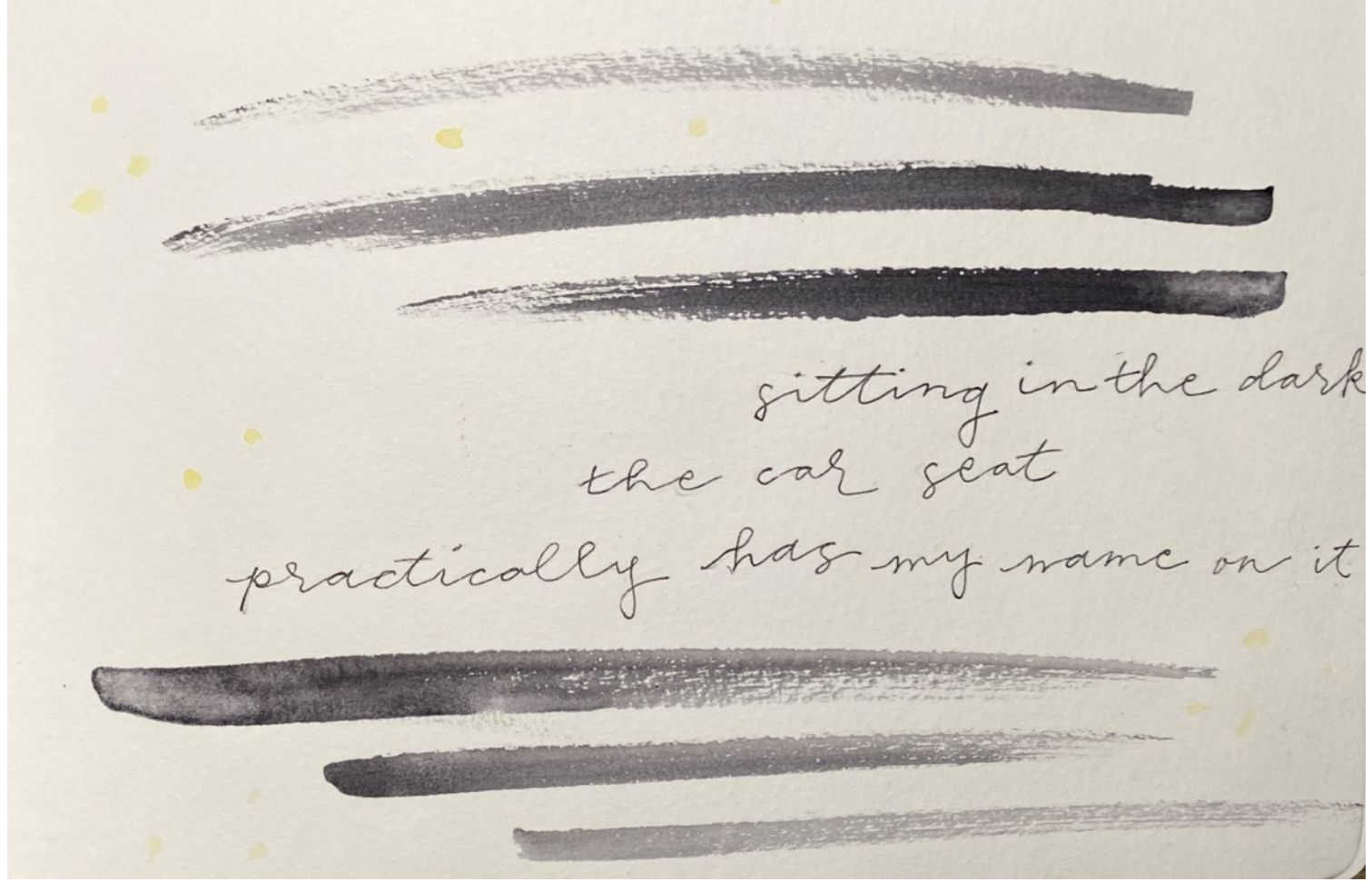
a smile on the other side of the bed.

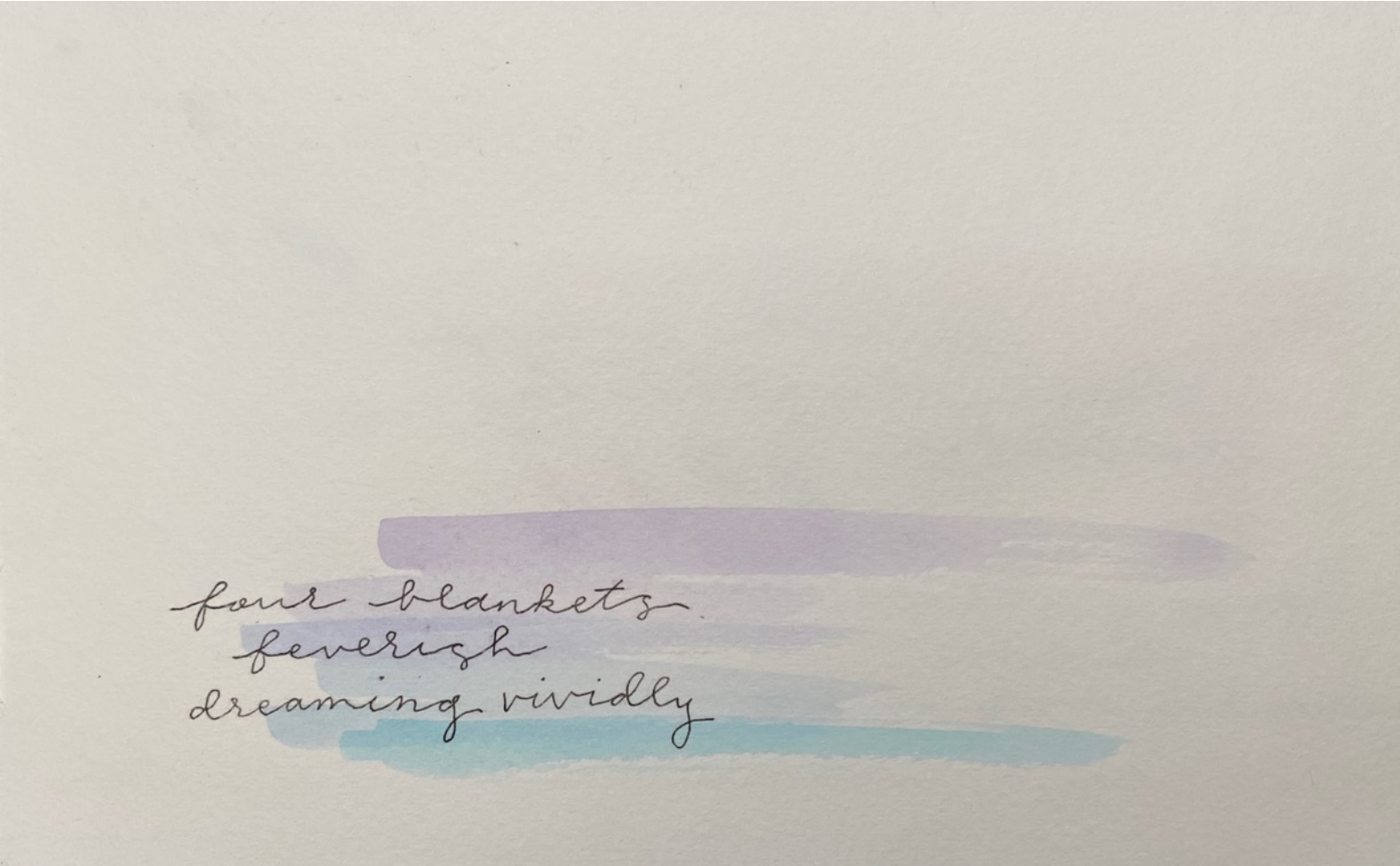
A photograph of a white paper with several vertical, yellowish watercolor brushstrokes. The strokes are of varying lengths and thicknesses, creating a textured, artistic background. In the center, there is handwritten text in a cursive script.

eating junk food

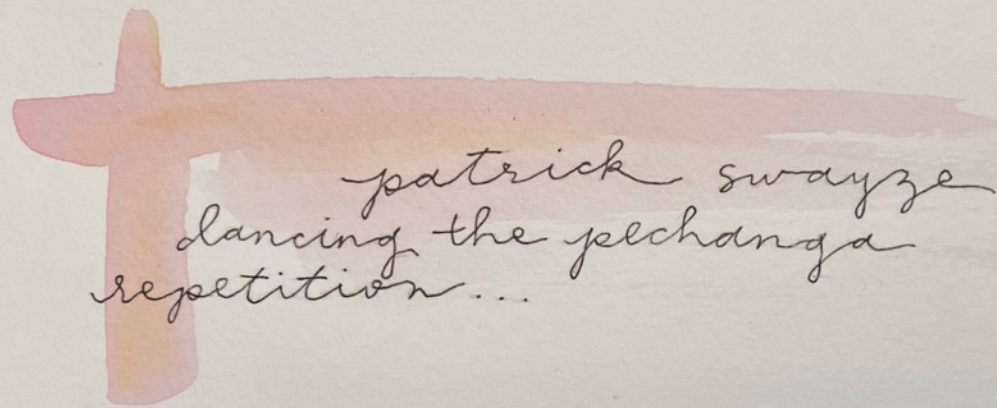
sharing fries

and laughter






four blankets
feverish
dreaming vividly



patrick swayze
dancing the pechangga
repetition...



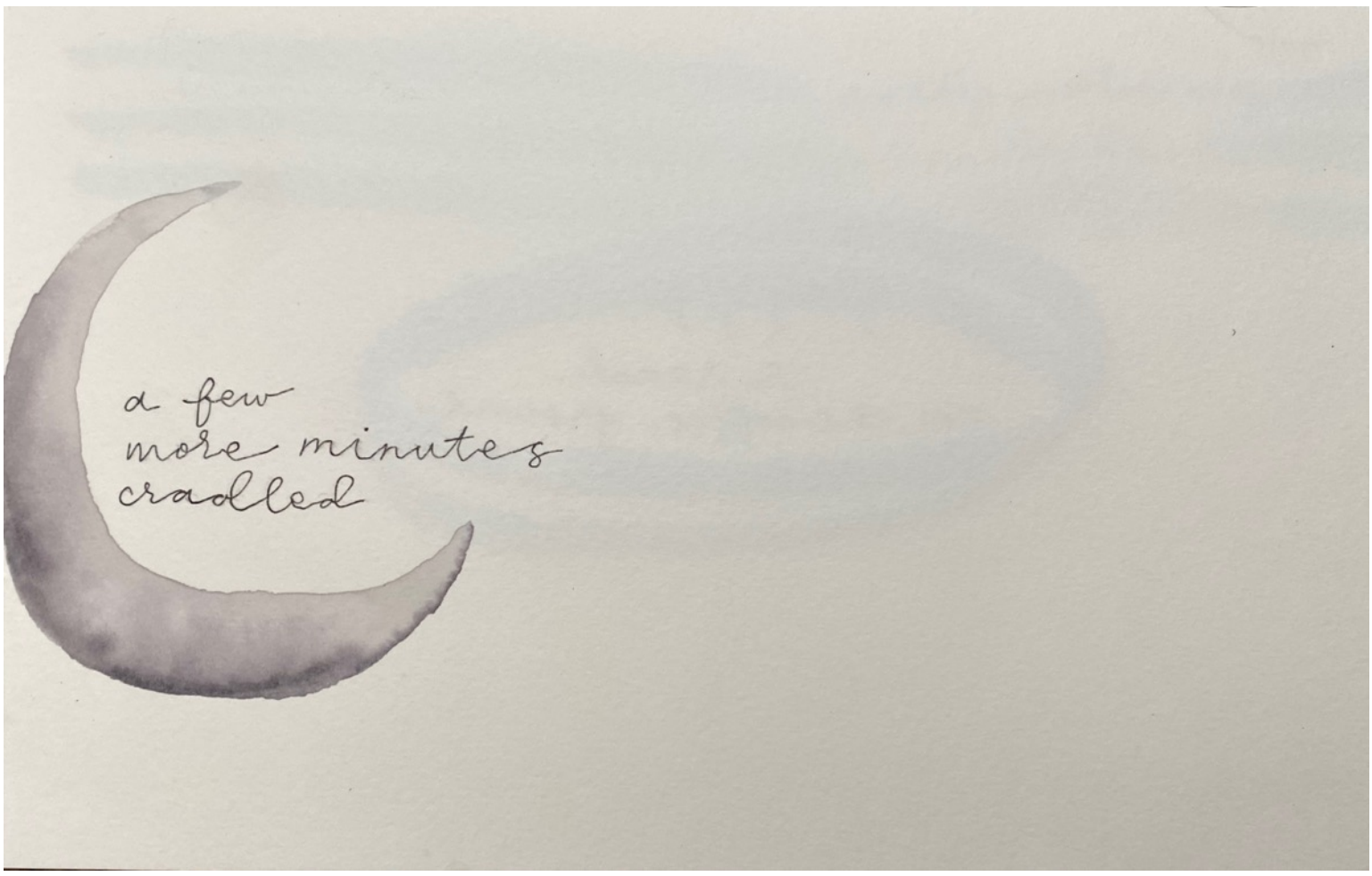
early morning

headache

giddy

trying to name it // the color of

the walls // in your room

A watercolor illustration of a crescent moon, rendered in shades of purple and blue, set against a light blue, textured background. The moon is positioned on the left side of the frame, curving upwards and then downwards. The text is written in a cursive script within the curve of the moon.

a few
more minutes
cradled

pulling up weeds,

waiting for my man

with flowers



biting my lip

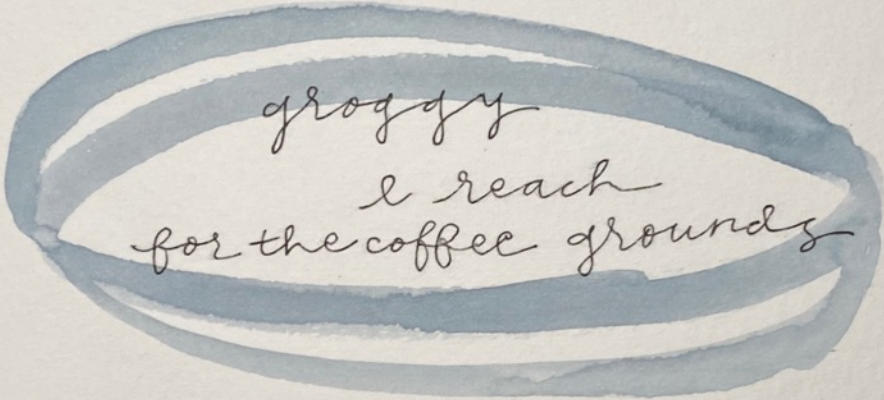
I've said I love you

too many times

the sound of a sigh
aching
for something untouchable

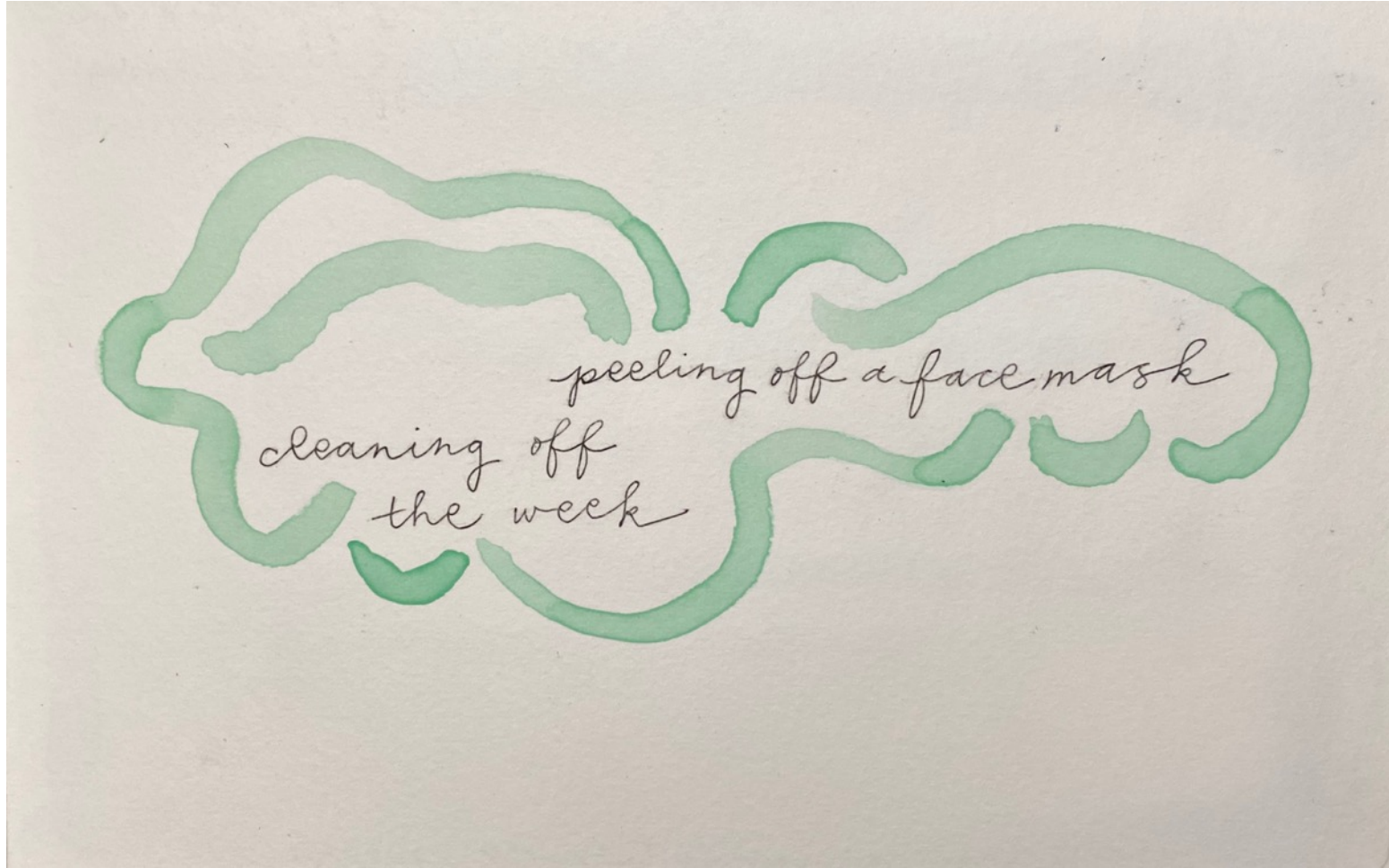
he kisses me
the grass
tickles the skin of my back

the sun creeps through the blinds
soft marimba
a text from the night before



groggy
I reach
for the coffee grounds

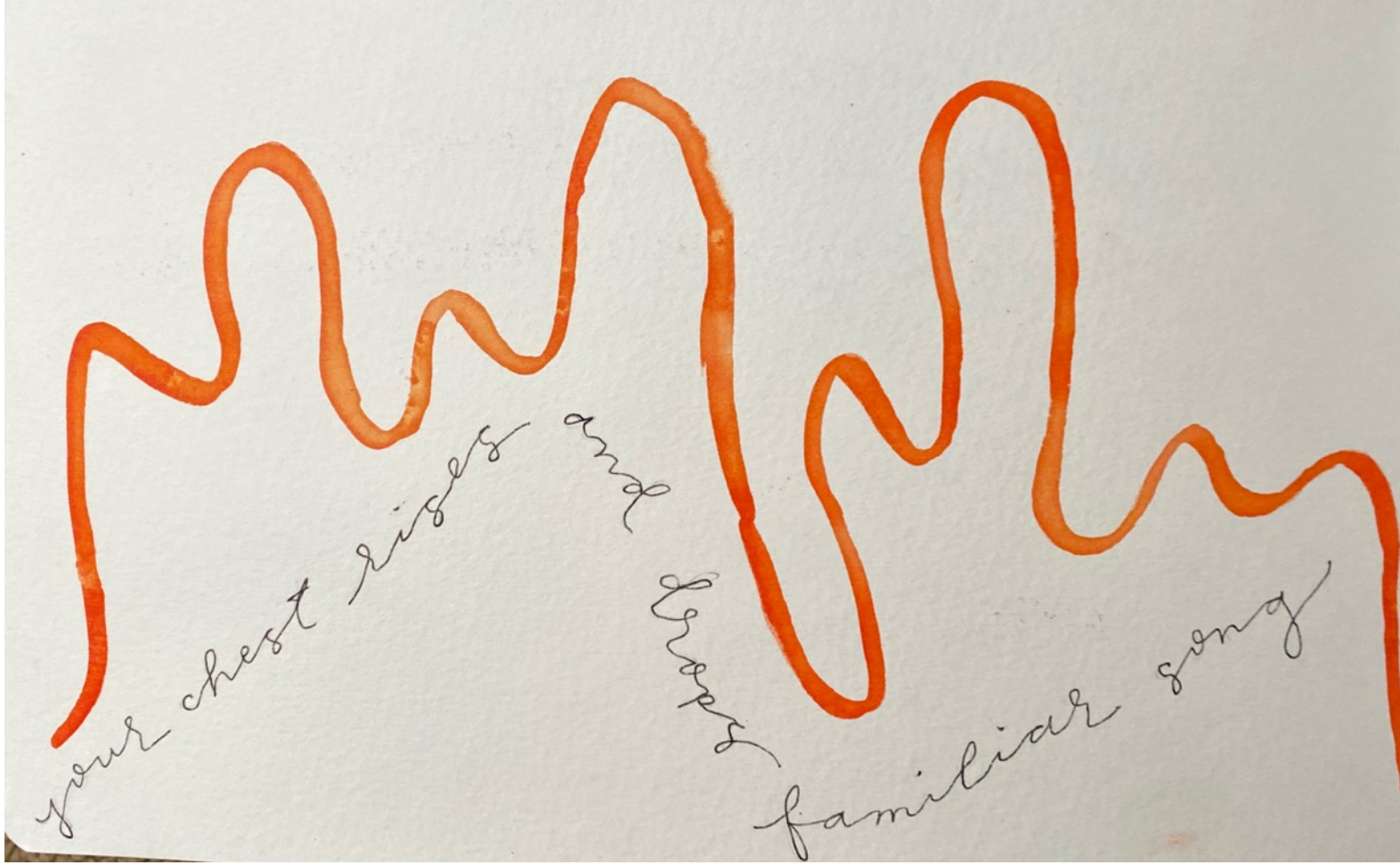
in the airport
pulling my suitcase along
practically skipping



peeling off a face mask
cleaning off
the week

surprise visitation
the sun and the sand

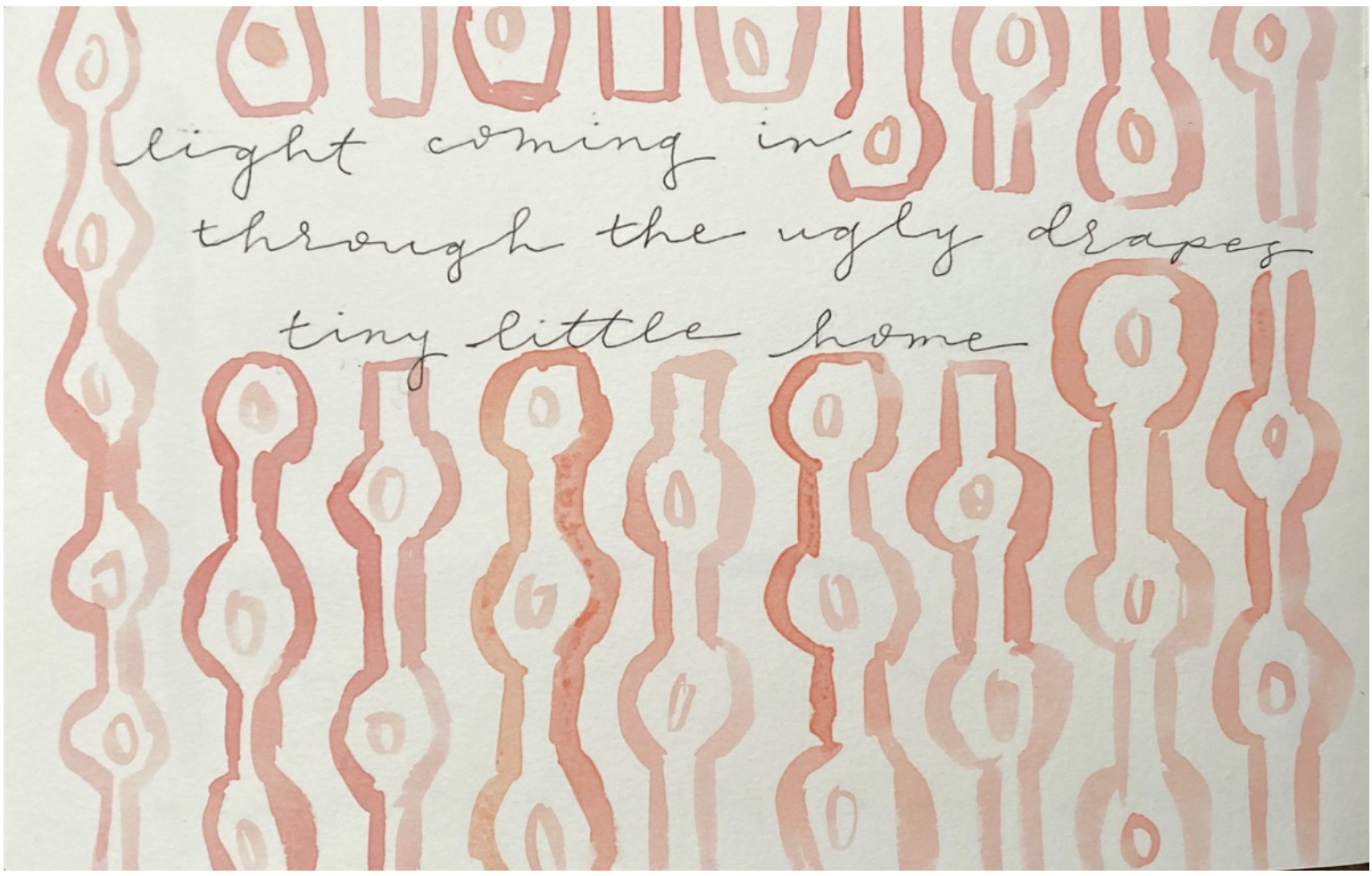
s i g h i n g



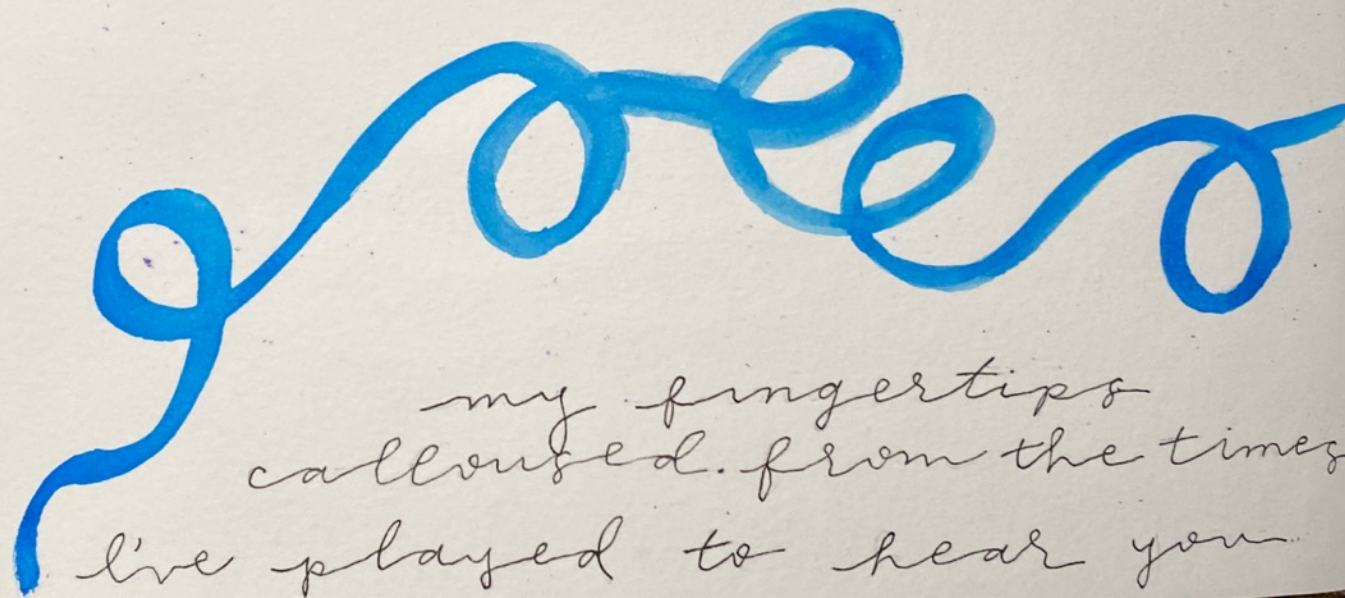
the crescent of the moon

fumbling

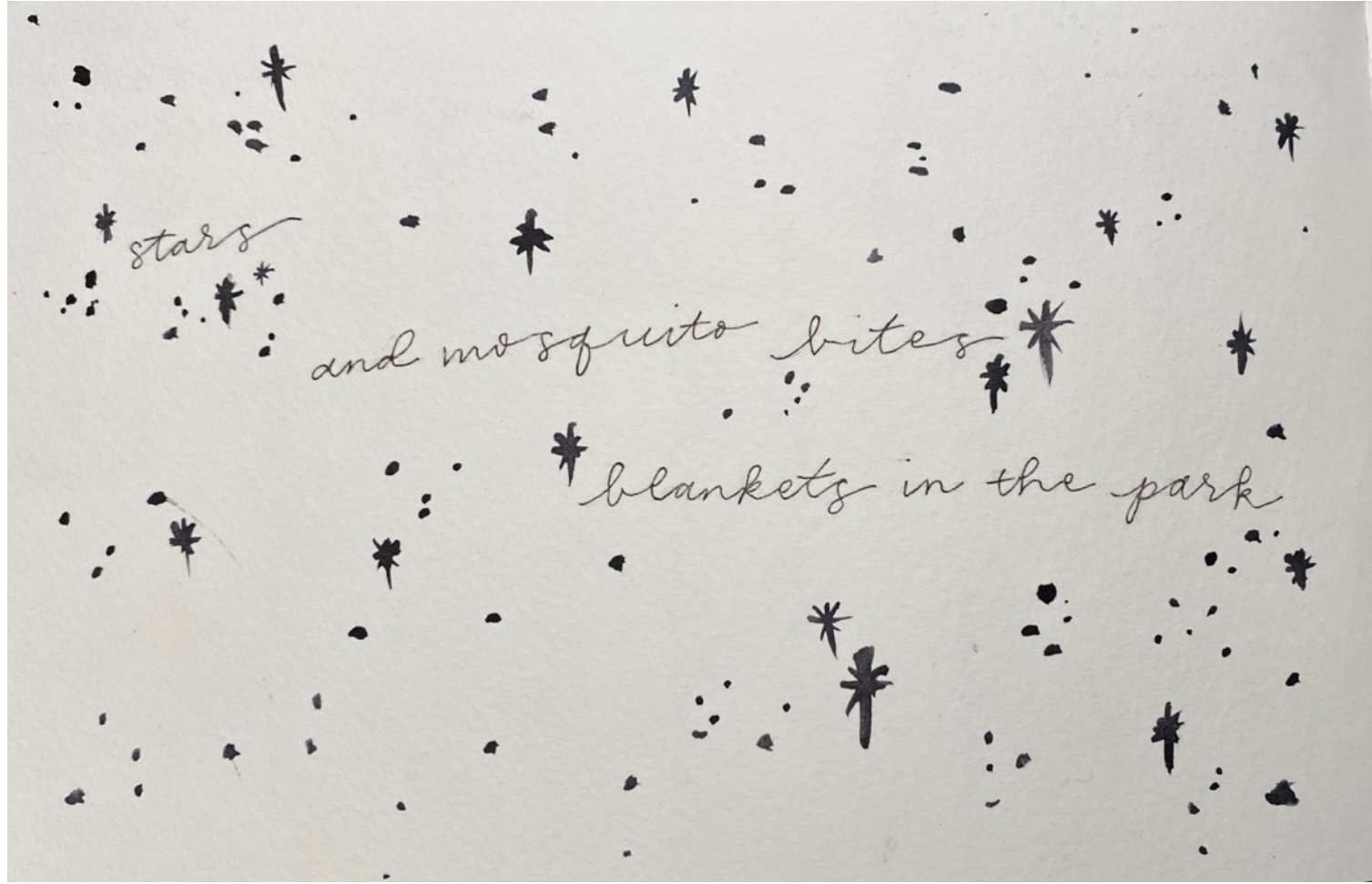
for the right word.



light coming in
through the ugly drapes
tiny little home



my fingertips
calloused. from the times
I've played to hear you.



stars

and mosquito bites

blankets in the park

sunshine
your touch

11-0622