

**The Pan Haiku  
Review  
#5  
Special Haibunga  
Gallery  
Supplement  
(Summer 2025)  
featuring  
*Tim Roberts***





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# "Haibunga"

"Haibunga" refers to a unified visual and poetic form expression with haiku, prose, and image. It's essentially a haibun that melds with an image or or other visual element.

Haibunga integrates a haibun with a optical application such as a photograph, painting, or collage etc...

Tim Roberts ambition is to bring a more complete and evocative experience by merging textual and visual elements. And just like haibun or tanka-bun the whole is greater than the sum of its various parts.

Arthur Battram re: haibunga

It's said he invented haibunga in August 2010

<https://plexity.wordpress.com/2012/08/01/haibunga-were-waiting-for-an-egg/>

Tim Roberts is one of an incredible number of pioneers who continue to stretch and challenge the art form and any of us who witness his process.

Alan Summers

founder/editor, The Pan Haiku Review  
(August 2025)

## Braids by Tim Roberts

We live near a braided river which is three beautiful interrelated water systems that travel together as one. A braided river is a wide surface river and deep underground flows and sand or sediment bands. They require specific climatic conditions and are thriving places for wildlife. Although rare globally, we have over 160 here, in Aotearoa New Zealand. Japan also has braided rivers and Matsuo Bashō wrote about one: the Mogami River is documented in his work, *Oku no Hosomichi* aka "Narrow Road to the Deep North." Buson illustrated that text years later including the river.

I think of **Haibunga** as a braided literary river that flows through haiku, prose and image, and in creating these, they in turn create meaning, purpose and energy for me, and I hope for others too.

Although haibunga seems to be a modern term that is only coming into use, the process can be traced back to Buson's illustrated hand scrolls of Bashō's *Oku no Hosomichi* (18th c.), which is a braid of haibun prose + haiku + painting in a single integral work. The deeper roots of this braid can be tracked back to Heian/Kamakura emaki e.g., *The Tale of Genji* picture scrolls (12th c.) where the verse is *waka* rather than haiku.

Each of the haibunga I do is an experiment and a personal challenge. I don't think I've even started to grasp the potential of it yet.

My haibunga are a daily practice, a sanctuary for me...and right now I'm exploring how edgy they might be, and how tender too. The more I experiment the more interested in the grounding traditions of haiku. For now haibunga is the vehicle for me. I might do what I do 2 or 3 times a day... which is all play, but I always have ink on my hands and pens everywhere.

I owe Alan a huge thank you for. His feedback and confidence over the years.

Tim Roberts



Tim Roberts

# Idiosynchronicity

2 dings doorbell double booked the psychotherapists stares





*alone in the  
ebb light*

## **AN OLD MAN DRUMS THE OCEAN**

*I am the in between. I am  
the edges and crevices, the  
mystery of thresholds,  
gateways and flowing streams.*

**I AM THE DENSITY OF**

**BOULDERS AND THE TOPPLE  
DOWN OF TREES I AM HIDDEN**

*in the ordinary but*

**SELDOM SEEN. I AM THE MIST ON**

*the hill. I am the dew on the  
ground. I am the unfolding*

**OF EVERYTHING. IF YOU WANT**

*to find me I can be found*

Tim Roberts



**SLURPSLURP, THE  
AFFABLE BANDIT LOVES  
A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE.**

**IF THE HEIST GOES TO  
PLAN, AFTER NOODLES  
HE'LL SING KARAOKE.**

**FOREVER...**

*Slurp*  
*smile*  
**SHOOT**

**GOODNESS  
FORGOT  
BULLETS...**

*Tim Roberts*

**SLURPING HIS  
NOODLES HE  
LAUGHS**

**RAISING HIS GUN**

**WE ALL LAUGH**

**GUNFIRE  
HIS SPARE**

**NOODLES HOLED**

**THE SWAT**

**TEAM LAUGH**





in the dust  
dancing with  
ricochets scattering  
poppy seeds

if they hurl insults write poetry  
If they shoot bullets plant flowers  
El Peco

wading  
through  
bluebells  
he  
forgets  
himself

...the bandit El Peco  
ghosts away after each  
raid back into the mountains.  
3 years ago he had  
a revelation  
and turned his back on violence.  
Armed only with water guns,  
he dedicates his  
life to planting  
flowers and uprooting corruption.

in darkness between  
search lights  
a single  
white orchid

Tim Roberts



SHE WAS HOOKED. SHE DIDN'T KNOW HOW OR WHY BUT SHE COULDN'T TURN AWAY.

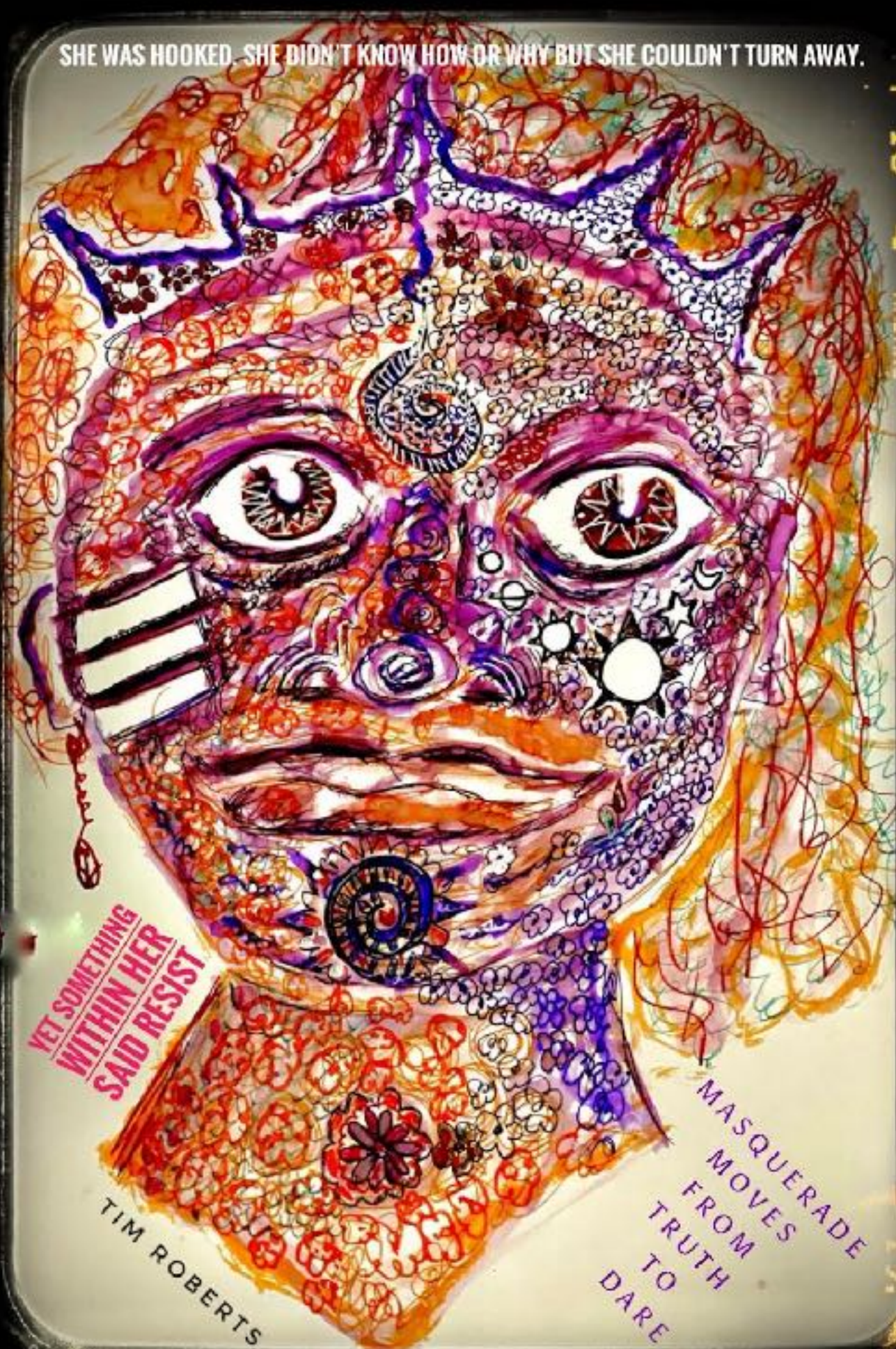
18

ARCADE

YET SOMETHING  
WITHIN HER  
SAID RESIST

TIM ROBERTS

MASQUERADE  
MOVES  
FROM  
TRUTH  
TO  
DARE







**"YES ITS A SHOCK DEAR...**

**SO YOU'RE A BANK ROBBER**

**AND YOU'RE IN**

**JAIL AND YOU'RE**

**ALSO A DRAG QUEEN...**

**IN JAIL, AND YOU**

**MARRIED A LIFER AND**

**HE'S IN JAIL...AND YOU**

**HAVE A PHD IN**

**FLORESTRY AND..."**

**"...YES MUM, I**

**AM GOING TO BUST**

**YOU OUT OF THAT**

**HOME..."**

**"...I AM IN THE**

**CAR PARK NOW..."**

**RIDING OLD  
GLORY JUGGLING  
WHITE LIES**

**ORCHIDS GLEAM  
GUN METAL SKY**

**ONE PETAL LEFT**

**ONE DAY TO DIE**

**TRIGGER  
FINGER GREEN  
FINGERS HOLD  
NOTHING IKEBANA  
MIND**

*Tim Roberts*



threshold fingers groove the door frame

FreezeFRAME



I'M MAKING  
**THINK I'M**  
SOMEBODY'S KING.  
I MIGHT BE INVINCIBLE  
TOO BUT I WILL HAVE  
TO LET YOU KNOW  
DO YOU OWN ME? FUNNY  
**NEITHER DO I.**

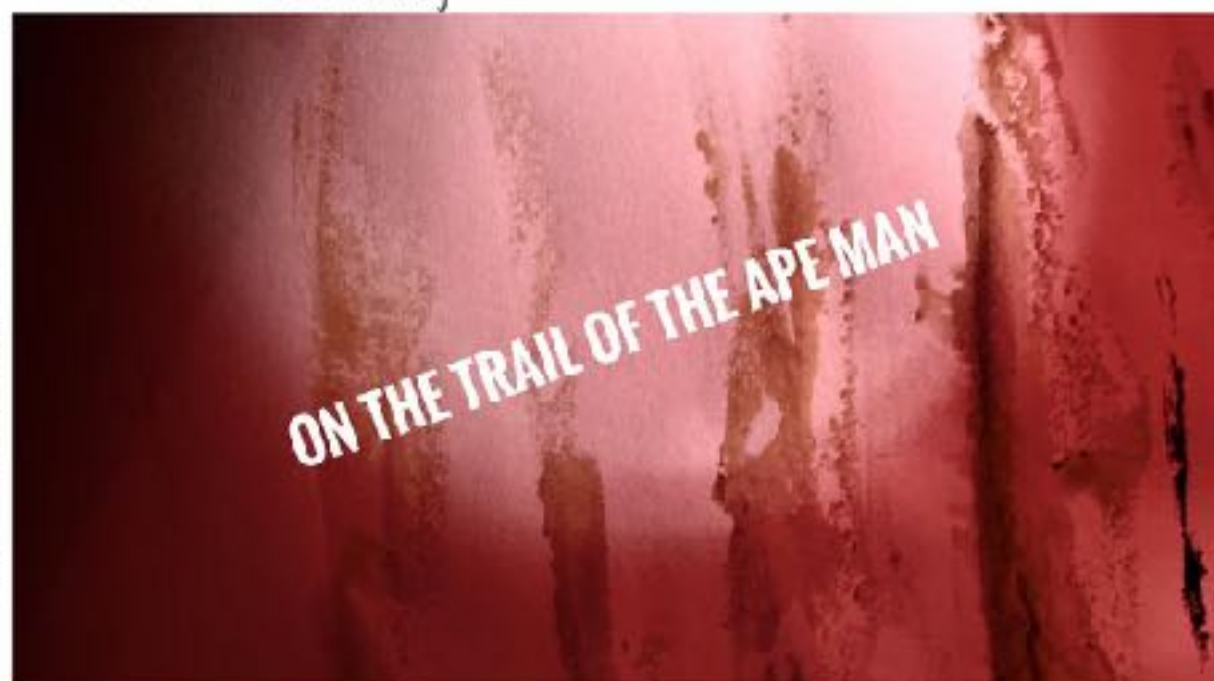
Tim Roberts



THE INTERIOR WAS DARK. THEY DID  
NOT SPEAK FOR THE DURATION  
but communicated by hand signal and bird  
call. I tried to draw them with pen and  
ink but their scowls left no  
room for misunderstanding

THEN THE ONE I CALLED  
THE MAJOR DRANK MY  
last bottle of ink. We continue  
to eat leaves.

TIM ROBERTS



CROSSING AN UNKNOWN  
MOON WARRIORS  
RETURN



**OH NO, SPILLED INK,  
NO TISSUE, SCRAPE IT UP  
WITH A KNIFE...WHOOPS.**

**WAIT, WHAT'S THAT? A  
YOUNG WOMAN, SITTING IN  
NATURE AND GIVING LIFE  
TO A STORY...USING A  
CLASSIC TYPEWRITER...**

# FLOORED

—TIM—  
ROBERTS

**VESPERS OF  
KEROUAC...TYPING  
THE CRICKETS  
TO SLEEP**

*adrift in a wildflower meadow Olivetti dreams*



A SWIRLING MASS OF FINGERTIPS  
TAP HER IMAGINATION AS IT ERUPTS

AND THE TINY VINTAGE OLIVETTI

HOLDS FAST, SHAPING THE MOLTEN  
FLOE. THE WIND UNSPOOLS THE RETRO  
RIBBONS. SURPRISED SHE'S ALL  
LIMBS AKIMBO-GRABBING,  
RETHREADING, RELOADING...INK  
ALL OVER HER HANDS.  
AND SHE'S BACK IN THE HOT  
SEAT JUST AS THE MAGMA WAVE STRIKES.

TYPING AL  
FRESCO

SLAPPING AND  
PLUCKING THE KEYS  
JAZZ STYLE

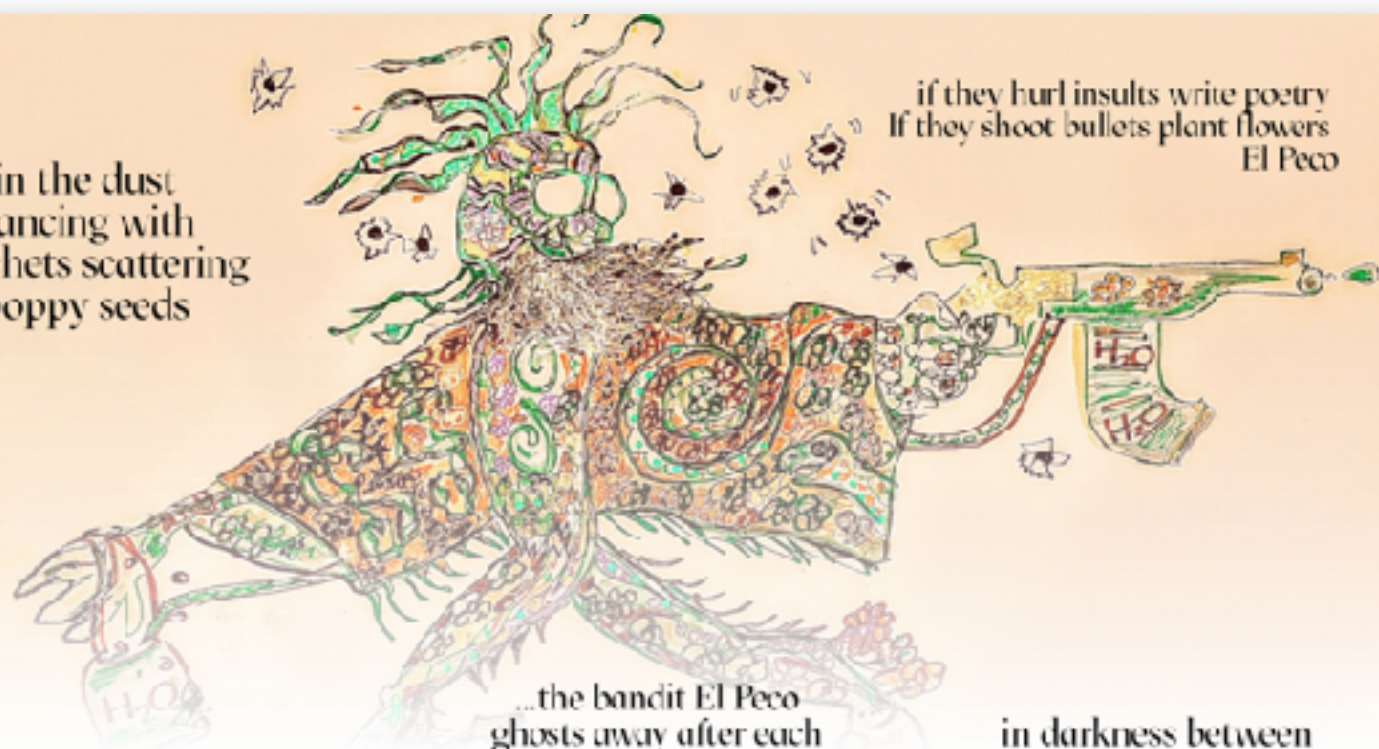
TYPEWRITER  
TIFF-ECHOES  
OF HEMINGWAY  
PUNCHING  
IT OUT ON THE KEYS

adrift in a wildflower meadow first novel dreams

Tim Roberts



in the dust  
dancing with  
ricochets scattering  
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Tim Roberts



WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING...I'M WORSE!

NO NAME NAME BADGE SHE SPITS BLOOD INTO THE BIN



DOODLES ON HER SKIN—SHE SNATCHES MY PEN

THE LEVELLER —YOU PAY I CRUSH

TIM ROBERTS



haibunga: Tim Roberts / Kapiti, New Zealand



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