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Haiku Paper  
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Haiku Nostalgia: Terry Ann Carter's *On the Road to Naropa*

Terry Ann Carter is the author of two haiku guidebooks and five haiku chapbooks. She also has edited four haiku anthologies. She has given over a hundred haiku workshops around the world as well. Her haiku are very nature focused and inspired by her time she has spent internationally writing, learning, and teaching haiku. Although she writes mostly nature focused haiku. I chose to focus on haiku that remind me of my childhood and give me a sense of nostalgia because those are my favorites to read and write about.

childhood star  
all my wishes  
coming true

Terry Ann Carter, *On the Road to Naropa*, 4

I really like haiku that remind me of my childhood and make me feel nostalgic, and this haiku took me back to little me wishing on anything I can. It reminds me of all the funny wishes I made on anything I possibly could (shooting stars, 11:11, eyelashes, 4 leaf clovers, etc.) as a kid thinking they were the most important thing in the world and looking back now at how innocent and naïve I was with all of the silly wishes. This haiku also makes me think about how I got my childhood wishes but not in the way that I expected it to. Lastly this haiku brings me to Disneyworld. When I was a kid all I wanted to do was to go to Disney, but my parents could never afford it. The first time I went was when I was 13, and by being there I was making all the childhood wishes coming true.

endless rain  
in my mother's kitchen  
the snap snapping of beans

Terry Ann Carter, *On the Road to Naropa*, 8

This haiku right away takes me back home to Tennessee. I was transported to my house that I grew up in. I can hear the rain hitting my roof as I sit on my big brown couch under a fuzzy blanket while my mom makes dinner in the kitchen because it is too rainy and dangerous to drive out to get dinner. This also reminds me of my mom being home in general because my mom travels for work and it was hard to eat healthy with her gone all the time because my dad would always take us out to eat when she was flying, so whenever she was home it was always comforting to have a home cooked meal. Reading this gave me a sense of comfort and made me feel warm. Especially with the thought of watching a movie on the couch hearing the rain hitting the roof.

making mountains  
out of molehills—  
my first push-up bra

Terry Ann Carter, *On the Road to Naropa*, 11

This haiku is hilarious because I feel like it was written for me. This is another haiku that reminds me of growing up. Buying bras is such a bug part of a girl's life when growing up and this haiku made me remember the way I felt when I wore my first bra. It also reminds me of the disappointment I felt when I put on my first push-up bra. I laugh about it now but growing up I hilariously thought it was going to be a momentous occasion, but it was definitely a letdown, but it is funny to laugh about now. As funny as this made me laugh, the more I sit and think about it, it also reminds me of a horror story involving mean girls at

school, so it is so interesting to me that a haiku can bring so many different feelings from all across the board. I feel happy, giggly, embarrassment, disappointment, and shocked.

after caroling—  
the donkey on top of Jesus  
in the children's manger

Terry Ann Carter, *On the Road to Naropa*, 23

This haiku made me laugh as well. My family use to host Christmas parties every year and even though it doesn't mention food or a party I can just hear all the voices and smell the food the has been cooked and brought in by the neighbors. I remember playing the piano and singing Christmas songs, and toward the end of the night I would play around with the manger scene. I think what makes this haiku so comical is how funny you can make the manger scene just by changing around where the characters are, and as a kid I have definitely done this. I think this is something many people can relate to whether someone celebrates Christmas or not. I think it would bring joy to most of the readers and remind them of playing with dolls or toys when younger.

just can't help it—  
correcting the grammar  
of the blues singer

Terry Ann Carter, *On the Road to Naropa*, 43

This haiku reminded me of my dad. He is a guitarist and is in the music business and we are always making jokes about the way people sing or what kind of inflections they put on their voice when they sing. It is a fun way that my dad and I bond over music because we have such a similar favorite style. I like the way this makes me feel calm in a way because it makes me think of home and it makes me think about long car rides with my dad just jamming out to music. I can also relate to the first line very well. We try to be so nice, but sometimes we cannot help commenting on it and sometimes I have guilt about it because I don't want to be rude and practice bad character, but it is so funny when grammar or pronunciation is strange. So, this haiku also makes me think of guilt and embarrassment.

on the drive home  
the night is cold  
the water, black  
not a single star  
in the river's sky

Terry Ann Carter, *On the Road to Naropa*, 57

This haiku took me back to a very specific time of my life when I was a kid. My mom is a flight attendant, and there were many years where my entire family would pile into the car to pick her up from the airport late at night. I remember always falling asleep and waking up randomly on the trip and looking out the window but not being able to see much because it was pitch black in the car and dark outside. When I first read this haiku, I could feel and remember the way my eyes would droop. I can also smell the way my mom's uniform would smell because it smelled like an airplane, and I remember never seeing stars in the sky because they would be covered by clouds. I feel really calm when I read this and part of me feels tired thinking about leaning up against the cold car window and dosing off.

## Works Cited

Carter, Terry Ann. *Terry Ann Carter*, [www.terryanncarter.com/about](http://www.terryanncarter.com/about).

Carter, Terry Ann. *On the Road to Naropa*. Canada, PageMaster Publication, 2015.