

How To Play:

- 1) Each player picks a button, is given a pencil, and is given scrap sheets of paper
- 2) One player nominates to go first and picks a card from the 'Haiku' pile.
This player reads the two lines out loud.
These two lines are the first two lines from various haiku.
- 3) After the reading of the card, the other players will write their version of the third and final line of the haiku on a sheet of paper.
These remain anonymous so do not write your name on them.
- 4) The player who read the 'Haiku' card also writes on a sheet of paper.
This person writes the actual final line (which is located on the 'Haiku' card)
- 5) All sheets of paper are handed into the player who read the 'Haiku' card.
- 6) The player who read the 'Haiku' card will then read all of the sheets of paper with the player's version of the final line out loud.
- 7) The players, minus the one who read the 'Haiku' card, will vote on which version of the final line is the best.
 - 8) The final line with the most votes wins.
The author of that final line moves one space ahead.
If it is a tie, all players involved in the tie will move one space.
If the actual final line is voted on to be the best, the reader of the 'Haiku' card moves ahead two spaces.
- 8) Repeat the process again, but will a different player who will read the 'Haiku' card.
Repeat until one person reaches the finish and is declared the winner!

Haiku on the 'Haiku' cards are taken from:

Van, Den Heuvel, Cor. *The Haiku Anthology: Haiku and Senryu in English*. New York: Norton, 1999. Print.

Town barberpole
Stops turning:

Actual final line: autumn nightfall
Nicholas Virgilio, *The Haiku Anthology*

Summer sunset-
The baby finds his shadow

Actual final line: on the kitchen wall
Lee Gurga, *The Haiku Anthology*

Chill night
After you the toilet seat

Actual final line: slightly warm
Dee Evetts, *The Haiku Anthology*

Behind sunglasses
I doze and wake...

Actual final line: the friendly man talks on
Anita Virgil, *The Haiku Anthology*

Exploring the cave...
My son's flashlight beam

Actual final line: disappears ahead
Lee Gurga, *The Haiku Anthology*

How come
Whatshisname

Actual final line: never speaks to me
Dee Evetts, *The Haiku Anthology*

Opening his
Dresser drawer-

Actual final line: darkness slips out
Alexis Rotella, *The Haiku Anthology*

Fisherman's car
Parked along the road...

Actual final line: cold rain
Lee Gurga, *The Haiku Anthology*

Lonely night
The faces painted on the windows

Actual final line: of a toy bus
Cor Van Den Heuvel, *The Haiku Anthology*

Discussing divorce
He strokes

Actual final line: the lace tablecloth.
Alexis Rotella, *The Haiku Anthology*

Professional conference-
In the restroom all the dentists

Actual final line: washing their hands
Lee Gurga, *The Haiku Anthology*

Slow inning
The right fielder is playing

Actual final line: with a dog
Cor Van Den Heuvel, *The Haiku Anthology*

Trying to forget him
Stabbing

Actual final line: potatoes
Alexis Rotella, *The Haiku Anthology*

Wedding picture:
Each face finds

Actual final line: a different camera
Lee Gurga, *The Haiku Anthology*

300 miles away-
My father makes sure

Actual final line: I hear him sigh
Alexis Rotella, *The Haiku Anthology*

Lying-
I tell him I'm not looking

Actual final line: for a prince.
Alexis Rotella, *The Haiku Anthology*

A bike in the grass
One wheel slowly turning-

Actual final line: summer afternoon
Lee Gurga, *The Haiku Anthology*

Looking deeper
And deeper into it

Actual final line: the great beech
John Wills, *The Haiku Anthology*

At the top
Of the Ferris wheel,

Actual final line: lilac scent.
Alexis Rotella, *The Haiku Anthology*

The lights are going out
In the museum, a fetus

Actual final line: suddenly darkens
Larry Gates, *The Haiku Anthology*

What was I thinking?
Toes suddenly cool

Actual final line: in river clay
Rod Willmot, *The Haiku Anthology*

Mail on the counter
Sit unopened

Actual final line: afternoon sun through birches
Rod Willmot, *The Haiku Anthology*

She turns the child
To brush her hair

Actual final line: with the line
Anita Virgil, *The Haiku Anthology*

The blind musician
Extending an old tin cup

Actual final line: collects a snowflake
Nicholas Virgilio, *The Haiku Anthology*

Home for Christmas:
My childhood desk drawer

Actual final line: empty
Michael Dylan Welch, *The Haiku Anthology*

Spring breeze-
The pull of her hand

Actual final line: as we near the pet store
Michael Dylan Welch, *The Haiku Anthology*

In an upstairs room
Of the abandoned house

Actual final line: a doll moongazing
John Wills, *The Haiku Anthology*

Listening...
After a while,

Actual final line: I take up my axe again
Rod Willmot, *The Haiku Anthology*

An empty elevator
Opens

Actual final line: closes
Jack Cain, *The Haiku Anthology*

A stagnant pond
Red dragonflies

Actual final line: the heat
John Wills, *The Haiku Anthology*

Morning bird song-
My paddle slips

Actual final line: into its reflection
Michael Dylan Welch, *The Haiku Anthology*

Thunder
My woodshavings roll

Actual final line: along the veranda
Dee Evetts, *The Haiku Anthology*

I find her huddled on the bed
The paperback

Actual final line: closing by itself
Rod Willmot, *The Haiku Anthology*

Quiet evening:
The long sound

Actual final line: of the freight train fades
Anita Virgil, *The Haiku Anthology*

Heat of the day
Still in the brick wall

Actual final line: of the liquor store
Dee Evetts, *The Haiku Anthology*

The mirror fogs,
A name written long ago

Actual final line: faintly reappears
Rod Willmot, *The Haiku Anthology*

Low summer sun-
The shadow of an earring

Actual final line: on your cheek
Michael Dylan Welch, *The Haiku Anthology*

Taking invisible tickets
At the foot of the basement stairs-

Actual final line: child's magic show
Michael Dylan Welch, *The Haiku Anthology*

My hand moves out
Touches the sun

Actual final line: on a log
John Wills, *The Haiku Anthology*

After-dinner mints
Passed around the table

Actual final line: ...slow-falling snow
Michael Dylan Welch, *The Haiku Anthology*

Grocery shopping-
Pushing my cart faster

Actual final line: through feminine protection
Michael Dylan Welch, *The Haiku Anthology*