

Ånderson Q.



Coddiwomple



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Coddīwomple



To my little sis,
who has always been there.

“Every day is a journey and the journey itself is home.”

— Matsuo Batso.

“For my part, I travel not to go anywhere but to go.
I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move.”

— Robert Louis Stevenson



2012-13

(Buenos Aires)

Spring night; I ask myself an improper question
La Mujer over *Madero*; the scent of *asado*
Then, a haiku: the first.

(Buenos Aires)

Quixote oversees the tourists
Fierce tango steps from *la taberna*
Chicos play *al escondite* at the corner; *cynefin.*



(Buenos Aires)

I investigate my pockets for cash, craving for *panchos*
On the walls, evidence of a crisis

De prisión, ni un dia más!

(Verona)

Ancient, small houses outline the narrow streets
Brownish leaves blanket the roofs
The cathedral bell rising beyond; *un freddo cane!*

(Venice)

Through the maze of alleys and canals
The motley crew slowly sews a bag of entropy
Dès vu; and a gondola passing by.



(Paris)

Compelling sunlight colors and heavy clouds
Finger-licking butter croissants
Yet another *post hoc fallacy*.



(Munich)

Standing on the parapet

Looking at the garden, forging *waldeinsamkeit*

Yellow dots pop up from the green.

(Garmisch-Partenkirchen)

At the highest peak of the Holy Roman Empire
We watch a never-ending skyline: *boketto*
Crows beg for attention and beer.



(Bruges)

We walk down the movie street
Symmetrical buildings, rainy autumn, stone devils
She dances to a routine planned for weeks; *Happy!*

(Amsterdam)

Sitting at the entrance of a coffee shop
I fake it to the camera; autumn breeze
Colorful clothes; wheels all around.

(Innsbruck)

Each building, a different color

Each person, a different perspective

This evening: autumn.



(Montevideo)

If I could live my life again
Every winter morning, I would walk down this street
Far off, a pack of mutts.

(Las Vegas)

Barefoot
At the casino table
Neglecting the moonlight.

(DeLand)

Driving non-stop
Getting nowhere
A scarecrow by the road; giggles.



(Ciudad del Este)

People come and go; sudden rain
A child cries all the way
If only I knew what my *ikigai* is.

(Palma de Mallorca)

The working party
Looking in every direction
Five o'clock.

(Lyon)

Beer, coffee, and olives
Autumn contemplation
The yellow lamps, moonlit.

(San Marino)

Climbing to the towers
I can see beyond the skyline
Wearing shoes for gloves.



(Pattaya)

The river gently cuts the mangrove forest
The boat noisily defies the summer river
Me, happily in New York-style sneakers.



(Phuket Town)

Working by the pier; rainy morning
Barefoot, old clothes, jackfruit
The kid's smile pierces my chest; homelike.



(Phi Phi)

Climbing stairs upside-down
A single breath; summer waters
I can't find the quiet, though.

(Hunedoara)

Engulfed by the gothic castle
Old age embraces me
In front of so many mirrors.



(Barcelona)

Walking down the bohemian *barrio*
Rumba catalana; fragrant breeze
Yet another round of *vermu*.

(Andorra la Vella)

The lake beyond the trees; the mountain, the lake
Spring lights: *komorebi*
The scent of coffee; hungry flies.

(Tallin)

Early winter rain; colorful, large walls
The odds are back to us
By a daydream.



(Boulder Beach)

The waddle of penguins forges ahead
The big one gives us a cold stare
Mid-summer tides.



2019

(Saint Petersburg)

Coats of snow overlaying old cars
Stalactites dropping from the windows
Do kids still play *klassiki?*, I wonder.

(Helsinki)

Pebbles spread over the ice; dying trees
Multiple crossing paths, heavy layers of snow
Taste of morning tea; noiselessly.



(Helsinki)

The frozen lake
The dying ship
Scent of coffee from the port.

(Oberägeri)

The railroad covered by snow & Italian sparrows
 Imposing mountains embrace us
The service attendant's neck; *beau ideal.*

(Dublin)

Stacks of beer bottles on the table
We chat, laugh, and plan world domination
A guitar gently weeps; winter turns to spring.



(Paris)

Oceans of music, colors, balloons
Electrified personages through the bitter night
Devouring dollar sandwiches; for a second, we're safe.



(DeLand)

Squirrels readily climbing trees
The delivery van misses my address
Liberosis; but not yet.



2020

(Ibiraquera)

Swimming along with the little pirate
Last week of summer; jumping fish
A vagabond bird; a glimpse into the future.

(Lages)

White clouds cut by winterly grass
The draft horse looks sideways at me
Friluftsliv; but slightly afraid.



(Porto Alegre)

In the Jewish neighborhood, Friday night
Small brazier; in pajamas
Eating roasted asparagus.



2021

(Isla de las Mujeres)

Methodical, the mighty shark engorges plankton
A giant 3D-blue stain briskly cutting the summer sea
Right ear tinnitus once again; Tuesday.

(Lake Elsinore)

Desert sun melting us all
The tortoise chews the lifeless of space-time
The water bubbles in the pond; a word of struggle.



(Sequoias Park)

The valley: vast, green, silent
Countless colossal trees; a tiny insect bites me
Is there a haiku here?

(Puerto Viejo)

The sloth playfully slides through the rope
Early October;
Cameras all around.

(Poas)

Silent, white lava
Heavy, gray clouds
Scarce air; the child sleeps.

(Playa Negra)

The black sand dives into the Caribbean sea
Pebbles underfoot; last week of holidays
But slowly.

(Santos)

The little pirate rides the wave
Smiles big, eyes on fire
Unkai.



(Laje de Santos)

Elusive dolphins, unease turtles
Atobás looking at us from up on the wall
Old man, heavy chest.



(Puerto Escondido)

Hopeless hands emerge from the sand
Trying to engulf a mouth of air
Sunbathing teens; *suzumi*.



(Playa Bacocho)

Yet months to the surfing season
Whales singing all around us
Ear blood into seawater.



(Punta Zicatela)

The virus within; friends & mescal

Slowly sinking into the sand

The humpback blows towards *año nuevo*'s first sunset.

(Puerto Escondido)

A jazzy sunset
A blurry girl carrying a surfboard
Je retourne à mes moutons; autumn near.



(Porto Alegre)

Back to the cruelest summer known
Writing a koan: the last one
An epiphany: no why, just here.

“No why. Just here.”

John Cage

Glossary

Boketto: Japanese. The act of gazing out into the distance with no thoughts, losing yourself in the vast, almost unseeing horizon.

Cynefin: Welsh. It describes a place where you feel at home and are supposed to be. It's the place where everything around you feels good and welcome.

Dès vu: From The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows. The awareness that this moment will become a memory.

Friluftsliv: Norwegian. Having a closer connection to nature and enjoying time spent outdoors, no matter what the weather.

Ikigai: Japanese. It refers to something that gives a person a sense of purpose, a reason for living.

Je retourne à mes moutons: French, apud The Illustrated Book of Sayings. It's a sort of "But I digress...so let us now return to our sheep" for when you've wandered into the conversational wilderness

but plan on finding a way back.

Klassiki: Russian. Hopscotch.

Komorebi: Japanese. When the sunlight shines through the leaves of trees.

Liberosis: From The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows. The desire to care less about things.

Naturrensing: Norwegian. Nature cleansing.

Post hoc fallacy (Post hoc ergo propter hoc): Latin. “After this, therefore because of this”. An informal fallacy that states “since event Y followed event X, event Y must have been caused by event X.” It is often shortened simply to “post hoc fallacy”.

Suzumi: Japanese. Cooling off (from people).

Unkai: Japanese. Sea of clouds.

Waldeinsamkeit: German. It refers to the feeling one has while being alone in the forest.

Anderson Q.

42piratas.com

is a mariner who has spent most of a decade traveling between different countries. This short collection of haikulikes, his first book, is the upshot of his catharsis at the closing of those years, written while he was dealing with mal de débarquement. Here, he recollects random moments from some of the places he has been to during his wanderings.

A self-proclaimed explorer of the multiverse, he loves games, books, and math – and still uses an MSX computer to access The Internet. He often builds beautiful things purely for the pleasure of, before long, destroying them.

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First Edition: Earth, July 2022

Hardcover ISBN: 978-65-00-49152-4

e-Book ISBN: 978-65-00-49183-8

Editor: Eduardo Marks de Marques

Art & Design Concept: Ânderson Q.

Cover Art: Ânderson Q.

Hardcover Design & Layout: Renata Ottaiano

e-Book Design & Layout: Ânderson Q.

Back-Cover Photo: unsplash.com/@gozlukluf

Photos & Illustrations: envato.com

Printed on-demand by: sholna.com

†

Dados Internacionais de Catalogação na Publicação (CIP)

(Câmara Brasileira do Livro, SP, Brasil)

Q., Ânderson

Coddiwomple [livro eletrônico] / Ânderson Q.--

Itajaí, SC : Ed. do Autor, 2022. PDF.

ISBN 978-65-00-49183-8

1. Poesia brasileira I. Título.

22-118427 CDD-B869.1

Índices para catálogo sistemático:

1. Poesia : Literatura brasileira B869.1

Aline Graziele Benitez - Bibliotecária - CRB-1/3129



ISBN: 978-65-00-49183-8

A standard linear barcode used for book identification.

9 786500 491838