

100 Haiku Examples

Autumn leaves whisper,
golden tales of seasons past,
under twilight skies.

Silent moon above,
guiding lost ships through the night,
whispers on the waves.

Cherry blossoms fall,
carpeting the earth in pink,
spring's fleeting moment.

The old pond echoes,
a frog leaps, ripples expand,
stillness sings its song.

Crisp winter morning,
frost dances on brittle grass,
breath clouds the cold air.

A bird's wing brushes,
sky painted in hues of dawn,
morning breaks gently.

Shadows stretch long arms,
the horizon drinks the sun,
night takes the stage now.

A child's laughter rings,
piercing the solemn still air,
joy's fleeting echo.

Waves kiss sandy shores,
whispering secrets they keep,
pulled back by the tide.

Lanterns float upwards,
tiny stars against the night,
wishes in the dark.

Rain drums on the roof,
a lullaby of the skies,
soothing restless minds.

The forest hums low,
alive with unseen whispers,
nature's quiet song.

City lights shimmer,
like fireflies in the night,
chaos wrapped in calm.

A broken mirror,
fragments catching fleeting light,
whispers of the past.

Morning dew sparkles,
tiny worlds upon each leaf,
fragile yet alive.

Eyes closed, she breathes in,
the scent of the ocean breeze,
her soul feels the waves.

A clock ticks away,
marking moments lost in time,
echoes of silence.

Pine trees in the mist,
standing like silent sentries,
guarding secrets deep.

Fireflies blink softly,
tiny lanterns in the dark,
nature's quiet show.

The snow falls gently,
blanketing the world in peace,
soft whispers of white.

An old man's stories,
weave the fabric of the past,
hearts warmed by his words.

Clouds drift lazily,
painting the sky with daydreams,
fleeting as they are.

Fields of lavender,
sway gently in the soft breeze,
nature's sweet perfume.

Thunder rolls deeply,
a reminder of nature's
unrelenting strength.

The cat stretches slow,
a yawn, a purr, then silence,
life's simple pleasure.

Stars scattered like dust,
a canvas of endless dreams,
whispered to the night.

The river's soft flow,
carries leaves to unknown worlds,
endless journeys start.

Echoes in the cave,
voices carried by the dark,
stories etched in stone.

Dawn breaks the cold night,
painting the sky with bright hope,
the world comes alive.

A candle flickers,
fighting the shadows away,
holding onto light.

Bamboo sways gently,
wind whispers through emerald
leaves,
nature's soft embrace.

Shadows dance on walls,
flickering from candlelight,
secrets in the dark.

Desert sands shimmer,
mirages play tricks on eyes,
heat waves distort truth.

A baby's soft coo,
a melody of new life,
pure and untainted.

Snow-capped mountains rise,
guardians of time and sky,
eternal and still.

Dandelions float,
wishes carried by the breeze,
dreams of the young heart.

The bell tolls deeply,
marking the passage of time,
silence follows it.

Leaves crunch underfoot,
autumn's symphony begins,
crisp air fills the lungs.

Nightingale's soft song,
weaves tales of love and longing,
under moonlit skies.

The ocean's deep roar,
speaks of worlds beneath the waves,
mysteries untold.

Wind chimes softly ring,
carried by the gentle breeze,
music of the air.

The orchard blooms bright,
a canvas of life and hope,
spring's masterpiece blooms.

The train whistles loud,
slicing through the still morning,
journeys lie ahead.

A spider's silk thread,
glistens in the morning dew,
fragile, yet so strong.

The first drop of rain,
lands softly on parched dry earth,
a promise fulfilled.

Paper lanterns glow,
lighting up the festival,
joy in every smile.

The cicadas sing,
their song rises with the heat,
summer's loud anthem.

The river carves stone,
patient, steady, unyielding,
time whispers its tale.

An eagle soars high,
its shadow races below,
freedom's quiet call.

Rainbows arch the sky,
colors bridging earth and clouds,
fleeting magic shines.

Morning fog lingers,
blurring the lines of the world,
mystery unfolds.

A lonely flower,
blooming against harsh gray stone,
defiance in life.

Raindrops on the glass,
race each other to the edge,
small moments of play.

A cracked wooden door,
swings open to memories,
dust holds ancient lives.

Dew drops cling to blades,
trembling under the sunlight,
holding on to life.

Fireworks explode,
bursts of color in the dark,
fleeting, yet so bright.

The clock strikes midnight,
a new day quietly begins,
unnoticed by most.

Blossoms fall softly,
carpeting the earth with pink,
spring bids its farewell.

The mountain path winds,
leading to secrets unknown,
steps echo through time.

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