

Serial Diners Silver Anniversary Commemorative Haikus (and Other Poetic Forms)

Dedicated to Jason Taniguchi by the Serial Diners of Toronto,
in recognition of his fearless leadership for the last twenty-five years.



five haikus by Stephen Barringer

Curried octopus,
or, a straight-up cheeseburger?
Indigestion ho!

I drank to forget.
I now can't remember which
Drinks I must pay for.

Beer in a teapot,
in Toronto's last dry zone.
Criminal action!

"Vanishing Harold":
My favourite afterplan –
Then Harold vanished.

My name's cried aloud
At excruciating puns –
Even those I don't say!

eight haikus by Colin Eatock

Trinity College,
a man, a plan, a phone book:
Serial Diners.

The gratuity
(a perfect oxymoron)
is mandatory.

The Diners arrive,
waiters take down their orders,
the kitchen is swamped.

Each Friday at six,
much depends on dinner and
the Yellow Pages.

In fifty autumns,
each letter has its flavour
from A through to Z.

Dark, drab and dreary,
a strip mall in Scarborough,
but it's on the list.

They come to dinner,
first-timers, unsuspecting.
They do not return.

Freud's diagnosis:
"An abecedarian
oral fixation!"

one haiku by Paul Hirst

The bill has arrived.
"Meat, meat, meat, meat, meat, meat, meat."
What do we all owe?

one limerick by Don Hutton

There once was a man named "Andrew"
Who knew how to follow a clew
A sleuth and a snoop
He uncovered the scoop
Of where the Diners had gotten to!

one haiku by Hayden Jones

Serial Diners
Peripatetic eaters
Deipnophobes beware

two haikus by Robyn Kalda

No food on offer
Is it still a restaurant?
Fill up at Harvey's

Baldwin always good
Ossington always awful
Streets are destiny

two haikus by Hope Leibowitz

Should I go tonight?
Cuisine, location, weather.
Sadly, not this week

Where is everyone?
A perfect dinner tonight
Only three Diners

two haikus and one limerick by Jeff Rosenthal

Random restaurants
Why do we do this each week?
Kind of hard to say

J. Taniguchi
The one who made it happen
Our founder and god

There once was a strange merry group
Who couldn't decide where to troop
So they asked the sages
At the old Yellow Pages
To choose where they'd order their soup

three haikus by Blossom Sanders

A sunny welcome
Bright, often funny, unique
Special people, friends

Arrive, overwhelm
Order, laughter cross talk, puns
Cash, bill, afterplan

94 first year
Faithful each week to Fridays
Away, Diner still

three haikus by Jennifer Shelton

How long can it take
To get to the restaurant?
Damn, I'm late again.

Returning after
Years of absence. There is still
A place saved for me.

Finding the "Harvey's"
Can be hard enough. Where will
The afterplan be?

two haikus by Linda Sinozic

We meet, greet, seat, eat.
Cornucopia of food.
Then comes baffling bill.

Friday, meet at six.
With organized randomness
feast with many friends.

