



# Journal of Intercultural Management and Ethics

## JIME

ISSN 2601 - 5749, ISSN-L 2601 - 5749

published by

Center for Socio-Economic Studies and Multiculturalism  
Iasi, Romania  
[www.csesm.warter.ro](http://www.csesm.warter.ro)

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### HAPPINESS DOES NOT EXIST—HAIKU REFLECTIONS ON HAPPINESS AT AGE 80

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When I looked closely,  
happiness did not exist.  
It was just a word.

“Happy are the meek.”  
“Happy are the peacemakers.”  
“Happy the pure heart.”

Happy are the weak.  
Happy those with pacemakers.  
Happy those who fart.

In life’s happenings,  
happiness is haphazard,  
a noun flung about.

What I am seeking  
cannot be an abstraction,  
but fresh-squeezed, fruity.

“What makes me happy?”  
The question has no answer,  
so, I squeeze myself.

Waking up refreshed,  
shaking off yesterday’s aches,  
feeling all of me.

Fingertips to toes,  
I stretch my body, breathe deep,  
become the new day.

Inhaling fresh air,  
the sun and I swap our bliss,  
rain-refreshed earth-smells.

Greet the morn, new born,  
brew the liquid of my choice,  
read the morning mail.

It’s time to write now,  
send a digital love note,  
make shared thoughts sparkle.

It’s done and published.  
I sit back, now satisfied,  
waiting your response.

As an only child,  
“Hell is others,” snarled Sartre.  
For me, paradise.

A knock on the door.  
The pleasure of your visit,  
what more could I ask?

Sit at my table.  
Let me fill your glass with wine.  
Try my homemade soup.

Routines are not ruts,  
but habits that open space,  
bestow gifts of time.

Who creates the scales?  
Gross national happiness--  
sounds quite gross to me.

Sworn to secrecy,  
the angel’s in the details.  
Life bits birth our smiles.

What is, was, will be?  
Respect for things and people,  
gifting each other.

Caring is its means,  
coursing through our veins,  
thanks for what’s at hand.