

HAIKU HARVEST

2000-2006

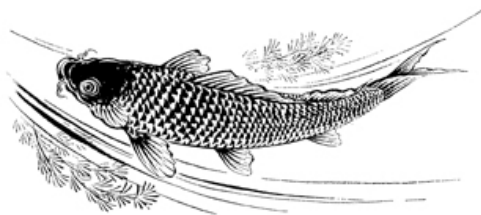


Edited by Denis M. Garrison



Modern English Tanka Press

HAIKU
HARVEST
2000 – 2006



HAIKU HARVEST : 2000 – 2006

A Compilation of All Issues

Edited by Denis M. Garrison



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The cover photograph is in the public domain and is used courtesy of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The black and white version of Dt. Angelee Deodhar's color illustration in Vol. 2, No. 3, of the poem, "Light," by Rakesh Biswas on page 107 used by permission of Dr. Angelee Deodhar. Vol. 5, No. 1 "sand flats at low tide" haiga [p. 240] photograph by National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration; in the public domain. Vol. 6., No. 1 back cover haiga "the rising fog" [p. 451] and the two haiga, "sunburst" [p. 336] and "silence" [p. 349], included in the text are by Minerva Bloom, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, USA.

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HAIKU HARVEST : *Journal of Haiku in English* is dedicated to publishing and promoting haiku, both in the western tradition of classical haiku and in all related forms, including tanka. We give generous space to poets so they can demonstrate the range of their poetry and we promote innovation by providing a showcase for poetry in new forms that are serious attempts to assimilate the haiku and tanka tradition in forms within the English poetic tradition.

HAIKU HARVEST : 2000 – 2006 is a compilation of the eleven issues of *Haiku Harvest : Journal of Haiku in English* [ISSN 1558-9862 (Print) & ISSN 1557-7619 (Digital)], plus two issues of *Haiku Noir* and one issue of *Ku Nouveau*, both of which were incorporated into *Haiku Harvest*. *Ku Nouveau* reprinted with the permission of Co-Editor, John E. Carley of England.

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are from thirty countries:

Australia, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Croatia, England,
India, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Japan, Macedonia, Malaysia,
Mexico, Nepal, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway,
Philippines, Poland, Romania, Scotland, Serbia, Slovenia,
South Africa, Sweden, Taiwan, Trinidad and Tobago,
United States of America, and Yugoslavia.

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Haiku Harvest
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Haiku Harvest

Volume 1, Number 1

Spring 2000

Elizabeth St Jacques — Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada.
 Ferris Gilli — Orlando, Florida, USA.
 Maria Steyn — Gauteng, South Africa.
 Joy Hewitt Mann — Spencerville, Ontario, Canada.
 Issara Rhys-Jones — Outer Banks, North Carolina, USA.
 Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, U.S.A.

HAIKU

ELIZABETH ST JACQUES

new year 2000
 my Christmas cactus
 continues to bloom

cold moon
 the watchful wolf
 glistening with frost

bitter night
 breaking the silence,
 a pine tree's snap

bright sunlight
down the snowy hill
laughter of children

FERRIS GILLI

flooded creek –
minnows school
in a heron's nest

new spider web –
a drop of resin
catches sunlight

sunset . . .
water weeds drip
from a stork's beak

winter sun
the hammock's shadow
gets thinner

bathroom garden –
the aralia spider
lurks in a faucet

wind rustling
 over the corn shocks . . .
 moonrise

first morning
 the aloe's bloom stalk
 leans against a wall

my diet begins –
 again the cat stalks
 a cloth mouse

winter pond
 a slow wind ruffles
 glints of sunlight

first sun
 she bathes the bonsai
 leaf by leaf

MARIA STEYN

sudden cold
 dripping from a window
 dust-filled raindrops

8

drought's end
puddles soak the roots
of a dead tree

midnight moon
silent bat wings circle
the garden

between earth and sky
the afterglow where swallows
swoop and glide

bushveldt afternoon
a herd of zebra graze
in light and shade

noonday
a sunflower vibrates
against the hot sky

quiet pasture
a horse munches on
dry grass

evening breeze
through pin oak leaves
a star

JOY HEWITT MANN

old cemetery
wreath hung before the ice storm
brilliant in the sun

from the river bank
the willow tree unbending
this first walk of spring

with flower water
washing his granite stupa
texture of the stone

a bowl of colors
promises enlightenment
Imari china

a cicada calls
beyond hydro power lines
– electricity

two blue herons fly
across the Nation River
white and grey water

DENIS M. GARRISON

setting in hedgerow
red sun tangled black branches
ah, the flaming snow

bravely in the breeze
wave these soft blue flags in shreds
irises full-blown

black flocks of grackles
flow into white southern sky . . .
here comes the north wind

wet warm breeze
snow melt swells misty brook
blue crocus bloom

swinging from wing tips
two vultures twirl a funnel
in remnants of fog

in low scudding clouds
a diving hawk disappears . . .
there she is again

last night a deep snow
on the porch rail this morning
two owls side by side

remembering
hovering over stream
a dragonfly

at this ancient well
the old bucket handle shines
deep and green the moss

SENRYU

ISSARA JONES

becoming clear
the window and I
are one

Spilt coffee!
My breath dries
curling page

with tiny kisses
i trace her sensitive hip
butterfly tattoo

prison yard –
colorful tattoos bounce
between thick grey walls

DENIS M. GARRISON

gone two years
now she finds his note
weeping widow

first kanji drawn
dam is breached and
ink flows

peach petal on snow
my Jane would have been
ten today

dew dampened boots
torn letters litter bridge
mourning wind

garbagemen have left
cans lying in the gutter –
crows inspect the job

snowy sidewalk
amongst many footprints
one red mitten



Haiku Harvest

Volume 1, Number 2

Summer 2000

Elizabeth St Jacques — Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada.
 Charles V. Hayden — East St. Louis, Illinois, USA.
 Kenneth Pobo — Illinois, USA.
 Brian Gierat — Chicago, Illinois, USA.
 J.D. Heskin — Duluth, Minnesota, USA.
 Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.
 Stephanie Hanson — Smithville, Texas, USA.
 Kevin Smith — Memphis, Tennessee, USA.
 Frank Haataja — Holyoke, Minnesota, USA.
 Deirdre Grimes — Killaloe, Co. Clare, Ireland.

HAIKU

ELIZABETH ST JACQUES

sunrise . . .
 the pond slowly fills
 with lotus blooms

perfect stitches
 in soft wet sand
 gull tracks

campfire
on the darkened beach
scent of roasting fish

CHARLES V. HAYDEN

Raindrops on window
The distant moan of thunder
An approaching storm

KENNETH POBO

Sun, you have a fall
engagement on a stage of
hyacinth bean pods

Behind the sneezeweed,
lavender arms of phlox,
folded

On a pontoon boat
life is open water
lilies

BRIAN GIERAT

around the bridge
river and fog
connect

night fishing –
my long cast bait
shatters the moon

private pond –
a crayfish waving claws
in my shadow

full moon –
keeping pace with me
all the way home

a raven paces
the prison yard fence
uncaged

radio static –
in my rearview mirror
lightning flickers

vacant beach –
a hermit crab and I
not so alone

collapsed pier –
there, then not there,
with every swell

at the zoo
schoolchildren distracted
by a chipmunk

J. D. HESKIN

In morning lake mist,
One cannot see the duck's wake.
I'll stay until noon.

From end to end, what
is beauty to me is
another giraffe.

Winter remembered –
its bitterness recalled time
when books burned brightly.

Lilacs last not long –
 A week or two, they are gone.
 But worth waiting for.

During noonday nap,
 I see Mount Fuji again.
 My favorite chair.

DENIS M. GARRISON

my pregnant daughter
 walking in her peach orchard
 beautiful in bloom

this field was empty
 now knee-deep and wind-waving ...
 quail burst into flight

this cool gusty day
 yellow crocus petals fly
 to the street below

forsythia and
 daffodils crowd the roadsides –
 Maryland yellow!

out in today's trash
broken exercise machine
box crutches came in

from around the world
found amongst the millions
these lovely poems

STEPHANIE HANSON

arachnid silk threads
concealing trapdoor spider
beetle unaware

under hazy moon
sharing delicious kisses
lunar eclipse lips

hanging upside down
in cool darkness of the cave
gathering bats roost

a clouded blue sky
above the far mountain tops
late summer is near

rocky mountain trek
heavy saddle leather scent
of early summer

pond stillness broken
a single black water bug
glides on the surface

KEVIN SMITH

nothing but net
the crowd goes wild
the ... alarm buzzes

cell phone
eye pencil
coffee cup
knees against the wheel

a fresh dress shirt
for my ten o'clock
spring in Memphis

FRANK HAATAJA

a picnic destroyed
the people driven away
an army of ants

seen through walls of glass
through a maze of plastic ferns
my fish swims away

T A N K A

DEIRDRE GRIMES

spring light
your arm heavy across my body
i can't breathe
but i need your warm breath
on my skin

each night
we fall asleep
wrapped in each other
the scent and your body heat
are my lullaby

that childish night
 the lake full of stars
 holding you
 in the freezing water
 endings hung in the air

STEPHANIE HANSON

sun warm on her face
 hot breeze whips auburn hair as
 sweat trickles blushed cheek
 forehand swing from opponent
 as her backhand wins the match

cold wind blows outside
 frigid gusts shaking the trees
 consuming midnight
 wanting to be that blanket
 wrapping around you tonight

thundering showers
 pounding the winter evening
 soaking all outside
 you enter the room smiling
 bringing me hot chocolate



Haiku Harvest

Volume 1, Number 3

Fall & Winter 2000

J.D. Heskin — Duluth, Minnesota, USA.

Kenneth Pobo — Illinois, USA.

Elizabeth St Jacques — Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada.

Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.

H A I K U

J. D. HESKIN

beyond: the river,
a blue heron leaves
to dry its feathers

winging wispy
from flower to flower:
caterpillar dreams

in the silence
of slumber:
the rooster

two horses
circle each other—
but not to fight

KENNETH POBO

September
squirrels
harried K-Mart shoppers

Fritilaria,
your orange hair has the moon
looking for clippers!

My man's hairy chest,
birch trees growing on black dirt,
leaves starting to fall.

Planting tulip bulbs,
cats in underground cages
spring opens right up.

Shower water runs
all over me — I am land
covered by rivers!

ELIZABETH ST JACQUES

this bitter night
seems much warmer now
– icicle lights

winter sunshine
on the braided rug
curled old cat

Christmas pre-dawn
on the couch and fast asleep
dear old Santa Claus

DENIS M. GARRISON

in the deepest cold
great temple bell tolls thunder ...
shattered ice tinkles

tile roof icicles
hang close to the frozen ground
sunlit crystal cave

cold white lunar light
ice-curtained cliff reflection
captive earth bound moon

ice floes and debris
white water raging torrent
fish stay deep today

hanging flower pots
all rimmed with icicle rings
empty house wind chimes

below ice clad cliffs
trackless snowfield fills the gorge
wind-shrieking, birdless

landslide overgrown
hundreds of six-foot pine trees
Christmas tree forest

yesterday was warm
on the frosty windowsill
a frozen hornet

beneath the snow
gurgling spring fed brook
no cold can tame it

TANKA

KENNETH POBO

Queen Elizabeth
rose stuffed in green bush vase
until winter breaks
the vase and the flower dies
into a fierce white swan of snow



Haiku Harvest

Spring 2001

Volume 2 Number 1

Maria Steyn — Gauteng, South Africa.
 J.D. Heskin — Duluth, Minnesota, USA.
 Elizabeth St Jacques — Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada.
 Joy Hewitt Mann — Spencerville, Ontario, Canada.
 Ferris Gilli — Orlando, Florida, USA.
 Kenneth Pobo — Illinois, USA.
 an'ya — La Pine, Oregon, USA.
 Sue Mill — Brisbane, Australia.
 Stephanie Hanson — Smithville, Texas, USA.
 Martin Cohen — Egg Harbor City, New Jersey, USA.
 Richard Stevenson — Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.
 Linda Robeck — Amesbury, Massachusetts, USA.
 Kirsty Karkow — Waldoboro, Maine, USA
 Billie Wilson — Juneau, Alaska, USA.
 Florence Vilén — Stockholm. Sweden
 Jasminka Nadaskic Diordievic — Smederevo, Yugoslavia.
 Odd G. Aksnes — Tonsberg, Norway.
 Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.

Maria Steyn

campsite embers . . .
rain clouds dim
the crescent moon

railway station
weeds push through
the sagging fence

passing train
children play in
a scrapyard car

midnight shore
the faint stir of ducks
in the reeds

noonday
a white butterfly pauses
at the birdfeeder

one by one
oaks follow the river's rush . . .
heavy mist

plaza bakery
 a vagrant watches pigeons
 fight over crumbs

township dust
 the old man chews tobacco
 under a blossom tree

J. D. Heskin

the old weathervane –
 so worn and rusty it is
 anybody's guess

DANGER:
 TCH OUT
 UD SLIDES

meant to last summer
 no excuse is good enough –
 at the funeral

rice paddies melting
 rice paper pink umbrellas –
 land of morning calm

camping near Bear Lake –
it is difficult to sleep
with one eye open

my thirteen-year-old
she's so wonderful today –
I am suspicious

the photographs
of my new grandson –
shown to pieces

such bad sake
although after each cup
it tastes better

Elizabeth St Jacques

faint rhythmic hum
in the cold night sky
– northern lights

bitter dawn –
tapping at my window
the familiar crow

Niagara Falls –
the young couple
tosses a hope-coin

searching the bowl
for black jellybeans
– her seventh month

Joy Hewitt Mann

geese above the clouds
my youngest child reaches
November's last leaf

catching minnows
the school boy's best cap
inside out

our hands suspended
my son counts candles
while he blows

no breeze today
the moth slow dancing
with spider eyes

parking till seven –
street people move their bodies
onto warm asphalt

arthritic fingers point
to a clump of peonies
the weeds bent over

no clouds in the sky
the great blue heron stares at
water lilies

boys throw stones
one angry voice above
the song of frogs

squash plant tendrils
lift rusting toys to the sun
the roof fallen in

the frog singing
men in rubber work pants
fill in the pond

Ferris Gilli

minnows dart
beneath a poised heron
the daytime moon

clearing skies –
a field mouse drinks
from the birdbath

fading rainbow –
the blue dragonfly skims
a puddle

first butterfly
settling from your finger
to mine

storm's end
a warbler fluffs dry
between pine candles

sultry dawn
a fallen mango thumps
across the roof

choir practice
scent of burning leaves
drifts into church

vespers
a trickle of white breath
with the dove's call

Good Friday
a thorn has pierced
the new rose leaf

leaf shadows
beneath the hydrangea
a cat's ear twitches

Kenneth Pobo

Her porchlight stays on
all night, a star
aching in a glass cage.

Yarrow, loose-limbed
near the lawn, lifts
her yellow chin.

A grape hyacinth
comes out in royal purple –
should I bow? Of course!

January, up
come too many bulbs,
optimists!

an'ya

snow day ...
a steaming breadbasket
left on the porch

Sue Mill

after rain
silvery tracks
on cabbage leaves

rock reflections
in a still pool -
the rustle of leaves

winter sky
the crow's pale eyes
stare at me

awakening
to birdsong -
then kookaburras

on the rock
curved striations -
an ant stumbles

she-oak needles
raindrops cling
in glistening rows

Stephanie Hanson

blue japanese vase
two dozen yellow roses
for her smile tonight

open window shade
the silvery spider silk
instead of tassle

a green striped lizard
 lays in mid-afternoon heat
 sunburnt bather turns

summer children play
 under the green garden hose
 the sun-tea jar sweats

Martin Gottlieb Cohen

full moon ...
 and water striders
 crossing it

puddles
 reflect a tree
 shadows

moonlit crow
 perched on a railing
 grey cattails

traffic jam
 hummingbirds dart through
 wild balsam

black clouds
water falling
through rocks

summer light --
the honking of snow geese
on the tundra

cobblestones –
the smell of dung and hay
from the drawn cart

ferris wheel
it rolls to the edge
of the night

lighthouse
in the sea breeze
faint stars

arctic wind
along the blue ice
jets of snow

ferry steamer
a token in the mouth
of the river

Richard Stevenson

Opening the fridge,
Karl sits with cool cutlery ...
haloed in white light

juju concert –
dancer dashes guitarist
to a rising beat

(To “dash” someone is Nigerian slang for to bribe or tip.)

Linda Robeck

before moonrise
the distant mountain peak
already lit

winter rain
the last leaves plug up
the downspout

deep shade
the tiny hairs
on her skin

late night storm
lightning in the windows
across the street

finding a way
into the old stone church
morning fog

mountain lake
rising with my breath
to the surface

sunrise mantra
the sing-song sound
of chickadees

the old argument –
how slowly the drift
of the snow

Kirsty Karkow

Haiku

winter sun
gilds the opposite shore –
kindles reflection

moonrise
bright silver washes
over new snow

ice storm
a flock of robins
head south

bay window
a persian cat watches me
watching her

Tanka

on the bridge
bumper to bumper traffic
twice a day
tides ebb and flow
to and from the city

‘opening’
at the art gallery
pastels on display
largely ignored in favour
of wine cheese and canapes

Sijo

tropical clear blue water
 carries a dinghy oars akimbo
 a shiny hook slips through sea grass
 over yellow sand and coral
 no fish in sight –
 suddenly snap splash, a barracuda

this day dawned with placid sun
 a pale glow on utter stillness
 noontime raised a quivering breeze
 pine trees curtseyed alders waved
 night brought storm clouds destructive gales –
 nature pruned her woods again

Billie Wilson

foggy morning –
 a blue heron lifts
 into the rain

coffee brewing –
 the moon and Orion
 light the way

cool March evening –
five empty cobwebs
on the old dinner bell

the wind storm moves on –
once more the songs of sparrows
in the pines

climbing the mountain
ridge upon ridge of spruce trees
netted in fog

Sunday drive –
we lift our old dog
into the truck

skunk cabbage
all over the hillside
salmonberry blooms

wind-rippled pond –
bright whirligigs twirl
in all directions

dusk deepens
the scent of fresh cut grass
mingles with lilacs

low-lying clouds –
trumpeter swans
rest near the glacier

centuries of shale
crunching underfoot –
coots bob offshore

sunny morning –
pink tulips in bloom
on the preschool's walls

Florence Vilén

love-lies-bleeding –
even the flowers
know about people

Camellia bushes
red and white in the glasshouse,
icy slush outside

Raking and scything
to keep the old meadow
fit still for flowers

Carefully weeding
 around wild strawberries
 woodland garden

A movement
 behind the winter trees:
 our neighbour

The leaves have fallen
 – so many houses
 all of a sudden

War of the Roses,
 spilt blood and corpse pallor
 dyeing their petals

God's finger showing –
 lilies, to you,
 or lightning?

Unmown for weeks
 the lawn weaves a tapestry
 millefleurs with verdures

Watching the ceiling
 of the Sistine chapel
 in a hand mirror

A towel of snow
on the leaning bronze back
of Rodin's Thinker

Holidays lawn
left to its own devices:
a floral carpet

Their dying done,
young soldiers are feeding
the fields of poppies

Mouth and foot disease:
the peaceful countryside
stinks of Treblinka

Brief-case in one hand,
shopping bag in the other,
not trendy but true

What an ugly face
I was handed out
for use today!

Too much
of a muchness –
Valentine hearts

Drinking the moonshine –
highly unpoetical
this illicit brew

Milk gone sour –
our dreams
of happiness

A team of strong men
kicking a ball
that never harmed them

On the unmade bed
displaying all his fur
a cat asleep

After the bustle
of the garden show flowers
put on their silence

Ripening cherries,
who is the first to take them,
a hand or a beak?

Snow into slush;
huge magnolia buds;
who's the April Fool?

golf course –
driven by extreme means
to ultimate green

Shedding its leaves;
shedding all worries, too?
I wonder who cannot

Autumn evening,
in every lit window
a life behind it

A tangle of thorns –
last June they were fragrant,
a joy of old roses

Jasminka Nadaskic Diordievic

dusty road –
rolling down cherries
and a boy's laugh

morning sun –
white nightgown
hangs on the wire

First day of autumn.
 A cold cage of the wind is
 all around the house.

sound of hatchet goes
 from one tree to another –
 fear in the forest

Into the picture
 of war skies over Belgrade
 intrudes a rainbow.

a strange kind of spring –
 field of dandelions - above,
 people in shelters - below

war spring ninety-nine –
 we are watching, not eating
 the young fresh lettuce

Odd G. Aksnes

dusk –
 the stillness of swans
 in a flooded field

empty corner
slowly the moon leaves
the dust

steps fade . . .
her scent lingers
among thorns

summer dusk
the 'homeless' sign
still warm

spring sun –
in the shadow of a bucket
a black button

Denis M. Garrison

china tinkling
music of silverware
fragrant leek soup

in the cowbarn
milk buckets steaming –
cats arrive

back alley
milk truck and local cats
dawn parade

sunny spot
old dog sleeping –
boneless!

in the coffin
her childhood photo
ragdoll embrace

in mismatched clothes
stopping anyone to talk
widower

three silent crows
old maple treetop
frigid dawn

from northwest
herringbone clouds advance
unstoppable

These seven haiku were posted on World Haiku Open Forum egroup
by Denis Garrison (D.G. - 1, 3, 5 & 7) and Soji (2, 4 & 6 - Copyright ©
2001 by Soji).

in the blue saucer
orange slices and a pear . . .
Bach floats on the breeze ~ D.G.

salted peanuts
in a bowl on the bar ~
Hank on the jukebox ~ Soji

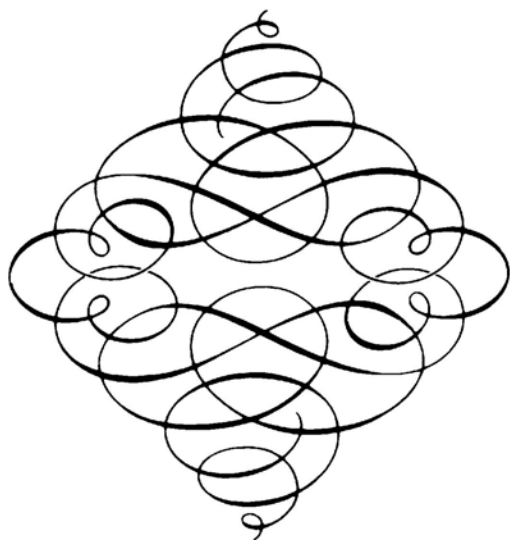
scattered on wet floor
peanut shells and damp ashes
one woman dances ~ D.G.

reflections
Wurlitzer lights swirl
in the empty pitcher ~ Soji

empty parking lot
traffic lights - red, green, unseen -
swing in rising wind ~ D.G.

tacking for home
the sailboat's lights
red, then green... ~ Soji

wave-tossed mast rocking
back and forth across the moon
tied up at the dock ~ D.G.





Haiku Harvest

Summer 2001

Volume 2 Number 2

Linda Robeck — Amesbury, Massachusetts, USA.
 Matthew Cheney — New Hampshire, USA.
 Martin Cohen — Egg Harbor City, New Jersey, USA.
 Florence Vilén — Stockholm, Sweden
 Roger J. Kenyon — Canada.
 Sean Lause — Bluffton, Ohio, USA.
 Dr. Ram Krishna Singh — Dhanbad, India.
 Debra Woolard Bender — Orlando, Florida, USA.
 Terrie Relf — San Diego, California, USA.
 Kathy Lippard Cobb — Bradenton, Florida, USA.
 Linda Kelly — Florida, USA.
 Brian Henderson — North Carolina, USA.
 Ann K. Schwader — Westminster, Colorado, USA.
 Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.

Linda Robeck

summer storm
 thunder follows lightning
 across the valley

home game
moving my chair
to the other team's side

deep puddle –
camellia petals
cupping raindrops

early summer
the water still too cold
to bear

cold moonlight
the sound of her breath
from the other room

leaping
from my hands
my daughter's kite

warm breeze
a young sumac
fans itself

moving deeper
into the woods –
barbed wire fence

Tien'anmen square
 out of the darkness
 the flutter of kites

just before
 the wave's slow curl
 pelicans

Matthew Cheney

dawn
 dogs barking
 at last night's moon

purple forest:
 sunbeams
 in spring rain

between the red barn's boards
 sunset
 breaks

white pine bark
 peels
 powdercloud touches
 the sun

old electric fence
a bumblebee
scans the rust

twilight shadows
a moth
on grey bark

stillness.
a breeze touches
the dry blade of grass

thunder –
a woodpecker
flies to the creaking pine

Martin Gottlieb Cohen

the lighted steps
of the escalator
casino dawn

noon breeze ~
attic mirrors light
the floor boards

Hiroshima
 the shadow of a tree
 in the old wall

the spray
 from a sea wall
 rainbow

mountain ~
 the shadow spreading
 on water

a breeze
 ripples the pond
 warbler's song

Florence Vilén

Suddenly this morning

An online chapbook by Florence Vilén

Beginning and end
 of a voyage round the world:
 behind your eyes

Withered stalks,
old moss the colour
of new grass

Uphill the snowdrops,
downhill only snow white
– your microclimate

Suddenly
this morning
bright yellow crocus!

Looking for each bud
between the white-striped leaves
of early crocus

Closed in on themselves
in the shadows of morning
the early crocus

Four inches high
this crocus variety
is Giant or Mammoth

By bus to my work
recognizing most patches
of early Spring flowers

The different colours
of swelling buds on branches
in early Spring

A reddish tip
on the unfolding leaf
of white-bark birch

First flush of colour
on the slender birches,
dandelion brassy

Before any leaves
the greenish sprays of the maple,
the bright forsythia

Touch of the sun;
everywhere dandelions,
some Easter lilies

Unrolling
the white carpet of Spring:
wood anemones

In the Spring sun
trying his skills
our elderly cat

Not yet - the roses.
 Not yet - the tulips.
 The litter - always

Long Nordic twilight:
 emptied of its colours the sky,
 darkening trees

After you, my bee –
 queueing to smell
 the honey-sweet rose

Whichever way
 the old fence is extended
 by stinging nettles

Arresting his public
 a heated sermon
 from Jack-in-the-pulpit

(Arum maculatum)

Slugs have settled
 on a lonely peony,
 low in the grasses

Another shower,
 not many petals left
 on the old rose-bush

Shining white lily
 indoors dotted in brown
 of its own pollen

Woods on rolling hills,
 fields chequered green and yellow:
 hobbit country

Roger J. Kenyon

A barren branch
 by rain held down,
 slightly waves.

An autumn wave
 spumes frigid foam
 sculpts a rock.

Crimson maple leaf;
 clear water drops in fall
 cool the fire within.

Sean Lause

Bach on the radio
a spider weaves her web
with furious joy

half a tire
lies grinning in the grass,
no longer driven

swift above rooftops
crying for her mate
blue summer evening

carefully folding
her boy's used birthday candles
in tissue paper

This greeting,
how many miles, tree to tree,
to me?

five minutes,
stuck in an elevator,
watching our shoes and watches

the crying child
 does not hear the willow
 whispering to her

dark lake,
 the only sounds—my breaths—
 ducks nibbling the weeds

janitor's broom,
 the wood worn smooth
 near the middle

in the new wheelchair
 Grandmother adjusts her blanket
 across her legs

old men on the porch,
 deepset eyes and faces creased,
 rock the sunset home

Dr. Ram Krishna Singh

A load of wood
 on her frail back —
 autumn evening

Dew drop
on a blade of grass
rainbow

Falling leaves –
a sheet of autumn
in the courtyard

Palms waving to greet
the first rain of the season:
I wait in the room

Debra Woolard Bender

summer solstice
the grass reaches
new heights

cookie fortune –
a buttercup glows yellow
under a young girl's chin

rippled pool
the swimmer's shadow propelled
through a net of light

how blue
the water's surface
floating sky

Southern comfort
a plopping of fat rain
in the dark

fallen hibiscus
withered petals dusty
with its own pollen

Southern heat
magnolias perfume
cicada song

One hundred or more
perfume a single tree
white magnolia

forked roads
sunrise leads
the traveler's way

treadmill jog
raindrops bounce
against the window

no skylark
to welcome the sun
I begin to whistle

oh, mourning dove
would you also cry for those stars
falling from my jasmine?

this place
as the next
wandering snail

wearied of words
I gaze at wisteria
on a broken pine

written in water
a river stone gives up
my poem to the air

Terrie Relf

jacaranda tree
young lovers embrace
among the blossoms

revealed by its scent –
a pink rose
in a field of weeds

white moths hover
he turns toward me
smiles

we wake before the alarm
my mind fills
with the taste of pears

between the rocks
a stray shell
your bathing suit

Kathy Lippard Cobb

frost etched windows –
jazz tunes soften
our silence

summer stars –
rise and fall of laughter
on the ferris wheel

a light rain falls
on the garden swing
peach blossoms

strawberry sunrise –
my daydream interrupted
with each pancake flip

Pachelbel's Canon
through open windows
wild orchids

gray sky –
the neighbor's orange tree
just beyond reach

salty breeze
just me, the seagulls
and a summer moon . . .

untended garden –
the scent of honeysuckle
clings to my fingers

roadside stand –
a bracelet sparkles
among the tomatoes

Linda Kelly

morning fog hangs low
from the white mist ghostly cries
egret in the marsh

circles like Fermat's
coffee stains on an old book
elliptical proof

moon and lake reflect
passions the sun neglected
evening illusions

grey shadow blooming
out of speckled yellow sun
the rain is coming

singing every song
the mockingbird in the yard
reminds me of you

erupting thunder
offending the quiet night
baritone bullfrog

Brian Henderson

cleaning out the classroom
on the carpet
a tiny star

behind
wilted honeysuckle –
blackberries

Ann K. Schwader

wind chimes
all night at the open window
the same dream

no pond yet
watching tall grass
ripple the moon

Denis M. Garrison

tiny fawn waits
beside the silent doe
the huge sky darkens

these old hands
soft and supple in dusklight –
these tired eyes

marble monument
all their sweet names are blurred
roses frozen hard

young mother
kissing her baby's cheek
apple blossoms

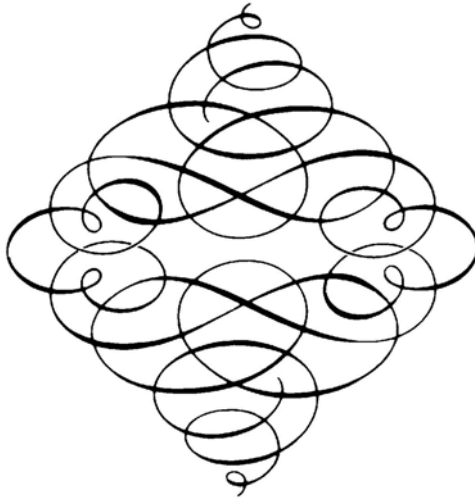
night wind in the trees
and through the house front to back
all the chimes tinkling

resting in stars
cold blue-haloed moon
fills the night sky

the day she died
she walked among the blossoms -
her tears of joy

old empty church –
worn out kneelers resting
under layered dust

in the holly tree
nesting dove murmurs softly
warm breeze on my cheek





Haiku Harvest

Fall & Winter 2001

Vol. 2 No. 3

Kathy Lippard Cobb — Bradenton, Florida, USA.
 Martin Cohen — Egg Harbor City, New Jersey, USA.
 Mike Duffy — British Columbia, Canada.
 Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.
 Victor P. Gendrano — Carson, California, USA.
 J.D. Heskin — Duluth, Minnesota, USA.
 Deborah P. Kolodji — Pasadena, California, USA.
 Angèle Lux — Gatineau, Québec, Canada.
 Francis Spataro — New York, New York, USA.
 Maria Steyn — Gauteng, South Africa.
 Florence Vilén — Stockholm, Sweden.
 Rakesh Biswas — Pokhara, Nepal (illustrated by Angelee
 Deodhar — Chandigarh, Punjab, India).

Kathy Lippard Cobb

Breathstrokes

An online chapbook by Kathy Lippard Cobb

Haiku

house cleaning—
garden colored raindrops
flow down the window

snowy haze—
white branches surround
the lamp post

sounds of lovemaking
from the couple next door—
summer wind

rosebuds—
the baby yawns
and kicks her feet

the controlled burn
rages out of control
black butterflies

stained glass sunlight
the flower girl drops
her basket

a fluorescent glare
from hospice windows—
winter drizzle

a shriek of laughter
from the potting shed
touch-me-nots

upturned bike—
wheels slowly spin
in the summer wind

St. Augustine . . .
potted plants sit where
street performers once played

beginner's slope—
again her face meets
the snow

the fiddler shifts
from one leg to the other . . .
starlit night

ebb tide
we hold on tight,
then let go. . .

sunday morning
the cereal bowl now
my daughter's hat

Previously published in Presence #13, 2001.

rain fills
the deflated basketball—
our last goodbye

Previously published in Starfish, Summer 2001.

Crystallines

Leaky faucets and doors that stick,
yet no other place feels quite like this.

In the maze of love, heartache and time,
I'm slowly dying on the vine.

Two on a bench — the exchange of furtive glances
and awkward pauses.

Black winter waves rush and recede,
each one takes another piece of me.

Sitting in darkness, shadowed in doubt —
then one by one, the stars come out.

Each breeze through the chimes, a new melody,
touching a new place in me.

While the boat gently rocks on a charcoal swell,
moonlight on the white sail.

While I talk to my father,
snowflakes disappear into the headstone.

In father's old photo,
I wonder what's going on behind his eyes.

Cinquains

Autumn:
A crimson leaf
whirls through the garden gate.
For a moment, I wish I were
as free.

Sunrise —
vines intertwine
the old broken trellis . . .
out of the tangle, a perfect
red rose.

Old dock:
Crashing waves rock
the abandoned rowboat.
My upturned face drinks in the moon
and stars.

Winter . . .
old men huddle
on the dock — a pungent
odor of whiskey, fish and lost
chances.

Martin Cohen

distant combers
a ship's mast inches
through cattails

closed bar
the smell of hay
and deer

a crow passes
the noise of sparrows –
december

winter sun –
a squirrel's carcass stuck
on the storm drain

Christmas twilight
the black bird's silence
from tree to tree

orange light
falling down the branches
Christmas dawn

Christmas –
the dark line of buzzards
at daybreak

Mike Duffy

frozen gingko boughs
thawed by the clinging claws
of resting robins

a fox on the pond
prancing, pointing, and pouncing
catching a snow face

flitting chickadees
flying through a little gap
in a gnarled pine

shadows on new snow
drifting east as the crescent
autumn moon moves west

my black-eyed susans –
withered wilted and pelted
with wind driven snow

his arthritic hands
cannot dig the hole to plant
her birthday rose bush

Denis M. Garrison

on a heap of pearls
there rests a treasure box filled
with cherry blossoms

on folded paper
found in this volume of Blake –
a single haiku

howling wind dies down
the morning calls of songbirds
fill the ragged trees

a tramp in my field
gazes at migrating geese –
so homeless and free

grey winter sunrise –
perched along the scarecrow's arms
six ravens huddle

September 11th

A haiku sequence by Denis Garrison

blue sky sunny day –
how is it the darkness lurks
on the horizon?

sights before unseen
and sounds never heard before –
new world born in flames

Crystalline #40

The dead and missing, countless souls –
not one – no, none! – will be forgotten.

after the attacks
we deal with water damage –
oh, so many tears!

my missing legs, they
put the lie to “phantom pain” –
heart-piercing towers!

the sleeping giant
wakes from his bed of comfort
and takes up his sword.

riding the west wind
through smoky plumes, countless flags –
dark Mars approaches

Victor P. Gendrano

Absence and Autumn Chill

An exercise in form by Victor P. Gendrano

Haiku

autumn chill
his absence grows more
palpable each day

Tanka

the rustle
of fallen leaves muffles
the sound of your absence
as long nights sharpen
the barbs of autumn chill

Sijo

encroaching cold nights precede
the first onslaught of autumn chill

which robs the wilted gardenia
of its last remaining scent

meanwhile your long absence grows
more palpable each passing day

Cinquain

Cold nights
 and autumn chill
 rob the gardenia's scent
 while your absence grows unbearable
 each day.

Crystalline

Your prolonged absence only deepens
 the misery of chilly nights.

Zip

your absence	grows unbearable
with the chill	of lonely nights

J. D. Heskin

riding the range
 of a long and lonesome night –
 cowboy moon

in balanced colors
 nature dresses for the day,
 seasonally chic

flea market find:
 the scribbling of a child
 or a Picasso

a horse fly
 inside the whisky bottle
 it doesn't drink much

the old dog
 looking for kindness
 gets a kick

in greedy fists
 the watermelon heart
 my favorite

half asleep, I see
 the face of my dead father
 in morning mirror

a stern look
 was all that she needed –
 Mrs. Grimly's class

the strains of Haydn
coming from the next cell –
Surprise Symphony

from ditch to ditch
the mother and her babies –
highway traffic slows

told of the oil
beneath his feet, a farmer
curses his land

the cool night –
making my sunburn
feel better

walking away
lighter but with heavy steps –
the dice game

buying a ticket
to view priceless artifacts:
Neanderthal trash

just enough rain
to make the windshield wipers
chatter

wandering around
the city's forgotten parts
lost in enjoyment

remembering when
we washed them in a river –
at the Laundromat

Deborah P. Kolodji

granite reflections
of High Sierra moments
frozen forever

November morning
cold wind gusts wash my driveway
sweeping away leaves

breakfast granola
waits in the cereal bowl
milk carton empty

pasted rose petals
quilted fabric of my dreams
in Pasadena

Angèle Lux

Play of
blue water over granite
his glittering eyes

Autumn haze
mourning veil circling
the hazel tree

May morning
tang of wet spruce forest
riding the wind

Mountain crest
etched against a sky
so blue so blue

Wilted buttercups
overgrowing the grave
~ dog cemetery

Manicured lawn
two old ladies
in slippers

Setting on the peak
the heavy sickle of
the harvest moon

December morning
icy fingers creeping through
my covers

Lingering heat
taste of hibiscus tea
on your lips

Francis Spataro

after dry summer
fall flowers strain for water
on the patio

Maria Steyn

HAIKU

first spring rain
a dreamcatcher stirs
in the breeze

falling leaves
the sleeping cat twitches
its whiskers

the warmth
on his side of the bed
crisp night

guesthouse
a deep-autumn sun
warms the stone cat

hidden pond
reflections ripple
on the egret's neck

cut watermelon --
the sun sinks
behind barbeque smoke

morning headlines --
weaver nests
bob in the breeze

approaching night . . .
the patter of raindrops
in the mulberry tree

TANKA

a cloud
fills the birdbath
ripples
the coolness of dusk
in the palm of my hand

behind peeling walls
the sudden space of light
in a garden
where the laughter of children
scatter through summer trees

A small bird
chirps somewhere without end,
wordless -
as lawn shadows slowly merge
into the warm dusk of sky.

Florence Vilén

A Colour Sequence In Crystallines

The colour of cold, ice and snow,
is floral fragrance in summer dusk.

Blue water reflecting the blue sky
opens to a cloud that floats by.

Where have you been? What have you seen
of marvels this one moment of green?

Petals surround the future life,
packed tight in pollen, yellow with sun.

Red poppies spill their drop of young blood
on history's harsh battle-fields.

Purple of power, ashes of Lent:
ours to use whatever is sent.

Our goal, the soil, in patient brown
will transform all life into its own.

Black in the interstellar night,
beyond any world of wrong or right.

Crocus inspection

An online chapbook by Florence Vilén

Fallen leaves,
the great October sutra
on impermanence

Rain in Granada,
orange trees in the courtyard
of the old cloister

A living wall,
arch after arch of cypress
trimmed to a vista

November holidays,
from myrtle hedges and roses
home to early snow

Winter trees
put memory of green
into half-hidden buds

No snow so far,
but frost a white coating
on top of the cars

Loaded with snow
the birches are far whiter
than ever cherry blossom

Late snow piled high;
the track of the shovelled path
is all but lost

Sun on snow;
in the window
a white amaryllis

Winter kept at bay
outside a London basement
a box of tulips

Without my glasses:
is this colour spring flowers
or just some litter?

Crocus inspection:
have the roe deer found them
since yester-night?

Crocus bit off,
saffron pistils showing,
black droppings beside

An alder outlined
 by cones on older branches,
 new catkins swaying

Crack in the pavement,
 a dandelion growing
 matter-of-factish

Museum courtyard
 for Hellenistic marbles,
 pond of yellow iris

Stone embankment,
 plane trees lush and leaning
 down towards the Tiber

Horse chestnut,
 a huge chandelier
 for scented candles

Aspen coming out,
 less copper in the leaves
 than yesterday

White Baltic night,
 the tree-peony closes
 its flowers to the chill

After the rain
one petal left
on the tree-peony

Summer solstice,
the green so strong
in every leaf

Long Nordic dusk --
spruce and sky make the lake
a birch-bark pattern

Scented season
weeks around the solstice,
waiting for mock-orange

Look-alike leaves,
fingers tell smooth linden
apart from rough elm

Growing wherever
on the cliffs above water
white-clustered elder

Crochet hook;
a meadow of wild carrot
is Queen Anne's lace

In her summer heat
 the old-fashioned rose
 cannot help blushing

Behind and between,
 hide-and-seek among the leaves,
 oh there is the moon

Crippled leg,
 the duck is feeding
 off picnickers' crumbs

Under tall weeds
 a bright yellow carpet
 of creeping-Jenny

Drizzle in August,
 the grey-white sky
 is almost dazzling

Each wet leaf
 sparkling in the sudden sun:
 cloudbreak after rain

Pondweeds afloat,
 below the goldfish swim
 above the clouds

August sun,
the first yellow leaves
on the birches

Butterfly brooch,
gems to perpetuate
a flitting moment

Nine tall poplars
close to the terminal -
I count them again

* * * * *

After the disaster:
from the piled-up bodies
disharmony of cell phones

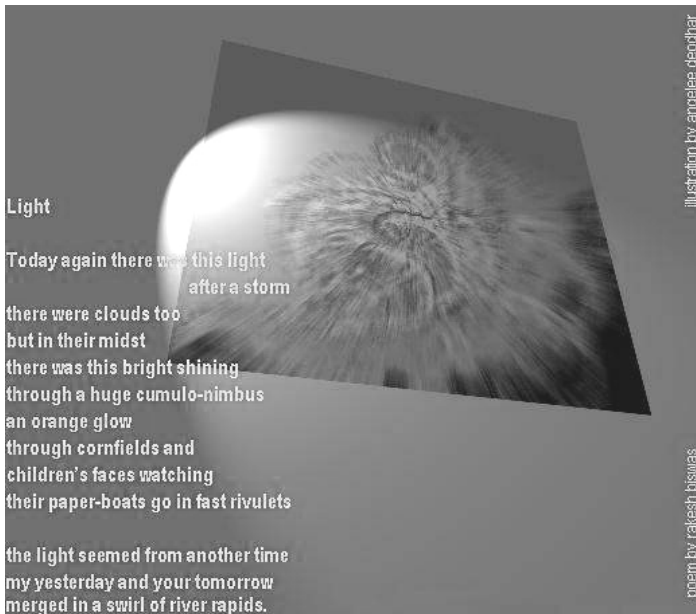
Last day of the peace,
nothing in particular
failed to take place

Updated geography,
from old battle-fields
to new bomb sites

Granny's apple-pie:
the recipe forgotten,
the time to taste it, too

Stone memorial,
scent of lilac lingering
over lost lives

Rakesh Biswas



Poem © 2001 by Rakesh Biswas. Art © 2001 by Angelee Deodhar.

HAIKU NOIR

Haiku Noir

Editorial Policy

Haiku Noir is a new variety of the ancient poetic form, haiku. Haiku noirs exist at the farthest end of the spectrum of subject matter, dealing with that which is not generally considered to be proper subject matter for the classical haiku; for example: tragedy, loss, sorrow, depression, madness, terror, horror, anger, macabre humor, anti-heroism, crime, passion, the underworld /subcultures, squalor, eros, science fiction and fantasy.

FORM: We are developing a new kind of haiku, not in the classical form, so the rules are substantially simpler. For our editorial purposes, a “haiku noir” is a tercet (3 line poem) in which the first and third lines are from 1 to 5 syllables while the second line is from 1 to 7 syllables. Thus, the classic 17 syllable form (5-7-5) and the even more popular English forms which use from about 10 to 14 syllables (e.g., 3-4-3, 4-5-2, 4-5-3, 4-5-4, 4-6-3, 4-6-4) are all acceptable. There are no rules with respect to capitalization, punctuation, use of complete sentences, fragments, phrases, or clauses. However, excessive use of marks (e.g., !!!!! and &*#@*&) is definitely frowned upon. There are no prohibitions with respect to metaphor, simile, rhyme, direct address, questioning, etc.. There are no “season words,” “cutting,” or “juxtaposition” requirements. In summary, the only form imperatives are that the haiku noir must be a tercet with no more than 17 syllables, distributed 5-7-5 or less.

SUBJECT MATTER: The poetic value of haiku noir is in communicating complex and difficult material in the most brief and crystallized poetic form, the haiku of seventeen or fewer syllables. This necessarily entails using the most concrete language in some instances and the most ambiguous and suggestive language in other instances. This is a tremendous poetic challenge and one of the great attractions of writing haiku. Showing the beauty to be found on the dark side, showing how our joy is rooted in sorrow, how our ecstasy is found beyond pain, is another great challenge. The defining purpose of the haiku noir is to create in the reader an emotional response which falls at the darker end of the spectrum of human experience. It is in this that haiku noirs are most different from classical haiku. Keywords which help to define the scope of the subject matter of haiku noirs include: tragedy, loss, sorrow, depression, madness, terror, horror, anger, macabre humor,

anti-heroism, crime, passion, the underworld/subcultures, squalor, eros, science fiction and fantasy. On the other hand, there is at this end of the spectrum a great deal of human experience about which we do not want submissions at Haiku Noir, and keywords for those subjects that we don't want include: smut, pornography, scatology, banality, obscenity, hate speech, and anything that is simply disgusting. You may find that haiku noirs make you uneasy, even creep you out or turn you on, but they must not be disgusting or filthy. We repeat: Do NOT submit pornographic haiku. Because this can mean making some contentious value judgements, we emphasize that Haiku Noir reserves absolute editorial discretion in selecting poems for publication in Haiku Noir.

Haiku Noir

Issue 1

Spring 2001

J. D. Heskin — Duluth, Minnesota, USA.

Andrea Gradidge — Canada.

Deborah P. Kolodji — Pasadena, California, USA.

Scott H. Urban — USA.

Sergei Braun — Jerusalem, Israel.

Craig Sernotti — USA.

Kristen Bird — Jersey Shore, New Jersey, USA.

Malik — Alabama, USA.

gK — California, USA.

Ann K. Schwader — Westminster, Colorado, USA.

Richard Stevenson — Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

Denis Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.

J.D. Heskin

each day like the last
thinking only of revenge:
eight more years to go

blue feathered pigeons
stray across my rifle sight –
red flesh and bone white

for the homeless, I
promise sidewalks to sleep on
and blankets of snow

it's so quiet now –
makes me wonder what happened
in Room 13

the scent of jasmine –
all I remember before
she slugged me

full moon tonight,
tomorrow morning:
the vultures

nix on the blindfold
to hell with a cigarette
let's do it

they give me a choice:
poison or the wood chipper
I swallow quickly

the diner sign says:
FOOD JUST LIKE MOM USED TO MAKE
so I keep walking

Andrea Gradidge

black paw whisks
— a laddered stocking
trips downstairs

dispute over bones:
the descendants hunch and pick
over credentials

mountain mist
even inspiring views
need a break

razor wire
 instead of briars:
 punk beauty sleeps

fresh snowfall . . .
 the first one through
 leaves a brown trail

housing project
 plans yellow with age
 mangers for rent

from the SF aisle
 misplaced in the non-fiction:
 2001

forensic trace
 on every hand they touch
 credit cards

low flying crows
 check receding snow line
 the first pickings

through the chipper:
 Christmas tree remains
 after the tornado

April:
snow
lies

prised from cold fingers:
tear stained lottery ticket
a poor forgery

Deborah P. Kolodji

season with a dash
of ancient bacteria
bake well...or you're done

cool lava bubbles
from the earth's deepest darkness
an abrasive soul

L.A. skies drop tears
ground shivers in Seattle
the weather crone grins

information jam
telecommuter's nightmare
the pink slip download

rowing search rivers
 reeling in the info-fish
 gigabyte buckets

typing heart and soul
 linking intimate strangers
 cyber-valentines

on border patrol
 enforcing bandwidth limits
 a LAN/WAN hero

once web farm cash cow
 grazing archives producing
 overmilked data

Scott H. Urban

Breakfast etiquette:
 We're silent. Appliances
 Do all the talking.

My home, a castle:
 Why, of all the rooms, do I
 Prefer the dungeon?

The once-stately clock
Runs down to grandfatherhood.
The same as I do.

Your open suitcase:
A gluttonous, gaping maw.
It's eating our past.

Sergei Braun

Dear Watson,
... or should I call you –
Moriarty

door squeaks
floor boards crack
he's back

Obituary:
... tried to jump
from moving time ...

face blacklit
coals in the fireplace
turn to ashes

St. George and the dragon ...
Alas!
Both extinct.

padded cell
distant voices again
Can you boogie?

I am immortal.
I walk this road forever
and my bare feet ache.

feeling lonely
yet content –
ate my last mate

joined
by the leaden streak
of bullet

the glass
is full
– jump in!

Craig Sernotti

Birds that sing
are hollow, fall apart.
I eat the frail scraps.

Flying, it hurts.
Acid in the water,
no more trees.

I hear the water
calling. It wants me to drown.
Someday.

Eyes growl, bite down
on flesh. And the oceans burn.
Joy.

Kristen Bird

Time is a dragon,
Its claws tearing us apart.
Where is my white knight?

Mangled twisted hands
shove my face to the cold floor
pray for my own end

Malik

The last ears to hear
What the elders had to say
Sing the blues at dawn.

Let my love cascade
Down the waterfall gently
So your tears stay fresh.

This season of death
Comes in trios singing praise
But the birds don't hear.

Dinosaurs dancing
under Alabama skies
delight shooting stars.

gK

the large turkey carved
with neat precision ...
retired coroner

memories of the full moon
this morning she shaves my back

the blood-drained corpse
in its hands, a silver cross
and some garlic

Doc, I hear dogs talk ...
they are so boring
it's driving me mad

Ann K. Schwader

chalk sprawl
at the scene
concrete scream

lean dark beside her
the mirror still cracking no
second reflection

serial killer
misreads mall sign & panics:
six chopping days left

even in summer
the raven's red pencil rasp
scribbling murder

outside crashed life pod
too deep / broad / with talons yet
overnight footprint

helmet puncture
red vacuum peony
blossoming

Richard Stevenson

Hot Flashes: Maiduguri Haiku/Senryu

African cook book –
not cups of this and that
but tobacco tins!

Penicillin sold
in cello-wrapped baggies –
take before whoring.

overweight women
are desired, much prized here:
well fed means well-heeled

The Wabenzi tribe?
Dem who drive Mercedes and
have naira plenty.

Folks in Potiskum
pronounce the p as an f.
Phigger that one out!

What are you in for?
 the thawed, re-frozen turkeys
 whisper to the fish

Ponded yam? I ask,
 not thinking of misspellings.
 Nicer without u

'snot soup -- or is it?
 My spoon draws the glutinous
 post-nasal okra

looking for eyeballs,
 slowly, carefully I spoon
 up my goat's head soup

You go buyam beef?
 The meat man swats flies off
 his very best chunk.

Denis M. Garrison

back home after work -
 on my fresh-painted front door
 a bloody handprint

their promises are lies -
there's no one in the mirror
again today

now at my arm's end
a gnarled and scaly claw -
when did that happen?

peering from the street
the mailman must know too much
he'll have to go too

this caveman rhythm
our common pulse more needful
than water or salt

driving home again
after hours of one way talk
suddenly, hot tears

roundness in my palm,
silky smoothness drives my blood
and, ah!, the rough spots

this ancient face
lit by the eyes of a child -
it's time to shed

Haiku Noir

Issue 2

Fall & Winter 2001

J. D. Heskin — Duluth, Minnesota, USA.
 Kenneth Pobo — Illinois, USA.
 Deborah P. Kolodji — Pasadena, California, USA.
 Charlee Jacob — USA.
 Craig Sernotti — USA.
 Richard Geyer — Adrian, Michigan, USA.
 Denis Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.

J. D. Heskin

when a nickel
 bought a cup of coffee,
 I was drinking milk

not a word —
 her eyes said it all
 so I listened

stark naked —
 she didn't know in poker
 she could deal too

so lovely
in the moonlight,
even dead

going home
after serving thirty years –
or leaving it

he was tough
I'll give him that –
was

talking
to the mirror –
you talking to me

bent and twisted...
we never laughed at his lisp
again

as I recall
it was over the gravy –
my head still hurts

it has a purpose
but not what he used it for –
the short handle hoe

dark and gloomy night:
the beginning of an end
that never goes well

sixty for twenty
and for each day past due –
you don't want to know

he was my partner
but we had differences –
may he rest in peace

Lefty knew no fear –
unfortunately for him
that's all he knew

three fingers of rye –
the bartender charges me
an arm and a leg

and a shed out back,
but no one has been in there
since the hanging

it's not always dew
one might see on the rose...
what a relief

Kenneth Pobo

two towers fall
after ten weeks still burning
grief can't put them out

elderly woman
who died of anthrax--your smile,
a robin fledgling

after making love
you look so relaxed,
cat freed from a cage

shopping malls full
of people, cemeteries
even fuller

Deborah P. Kolodji

post-midnight quiet
broken by a loud TV
and no mute button

space station coffee
 heavenly triple latte -
 forgot my star bucks

thrown from the Oort Cloud
 an arc of dust particles
 dirty snowballs melt

cloud curtains masking
 the route of my earth journey
 I dream I have wings

Charlee Jacob

My white-faced family,
 mute as the stones and cold,
 visit me through snow.

listening legless...
 love songs 'bout crippled crabs,
 he rocks in his wheelchair.

misericordia
 dug not deep enough
 caressed by violets

She stands outside on the bone-white walk,
glossed by bloody rain
and breathless.

Craig Sernotti

angry trees
climb thru my window
I'll suicide first

yellow bats fly
in his onyx eyes
brain eaters

Richard Geyer

i saw the sunset
tonight, she on her gurney
and i in my dream

ah, the old silk bed
has room for one more. slide in
and make her happy.

broken shadows cross
the pane and one bloody hand
reaches for the door

a pink toad, slick with
poison and love, clung to an
old twig and vanished

an old shark takes him
by the leg and pulls him
down into heaven

Denis M. Garrison

explosive autumn
now, as below, so above
meteor shower

caught in wind-carved ice
on this distant nameless peak:
an empty Coke can

Denis M. Garrison

War Ku - Asia

VIET NAM

dug-in in Da Nang -
studying history's
most ghastly lessons

FREE CHINA (Taiwan, Formosa)

T'aichung morning show -
Chinese fighters dogfight
over CCK

(CCK = Ching Chuang Kang was then a secret airbase in T'aichung.)

NORTH KOREA

North Korean seas
bow-spray rakes the flight deck crew -
bone-cold and ice-strafed

OKINAWA

flight of the Habu -
 reports of UFOs
 flood the base switchboard

(Habu = the variety of pit vipers native to Okinawa, and the nickname of the SR-71, a super-high-speed reconnaissance jet flying out of Kadena Airbase, so-called because of the sinuous movement of its titanium fuselage.)

JAPAN

Hiroshima hellfire:
 could this crucible yet forge
 new katana?

etched in memories -
 in stone walls by the death light,
 red chrysanthemum

Ku Nouveau

Ku Nouveau

The Journal of Avant-garde Haiku

Summer 2001 Issue

Co-Editors:

Denis Garrison - U.S.A. John Carley - England.

(Included in this compilation with John Carley's permission.)

Ku Nouveau publishes innovative forms of haiku in English. Serious attempts to assimilate the haiku tradition in forms that are within the English poetic tradition are appreciated. Ku Nouveau means to promote innovative ku by providing a showcase for poetry in these new forms. New ku forms in which we are interested include, but are not limited to: the couplet of seventeen syllables called the "crystalline"; the fifteen-syllable form, the "zip"; the early 20th century form, the "cinquain"; and the early 21st century form, the "shinku."

Winners of the July 2001 WHC Shortverses Crystalline Kukai

— Maria Steyn, Marjorie Buettner, Florence Vilén,
Debra Woolard Bender, Carol Raisfeld, Terrie Relf,
& Dina E. Cox.

Kirsty Karkow — Waldoboro, Maine, USA.

Florence Vilén — Stockholm, Sweden.

Debra Woolard Bender — Orlando, Florida, USA.

Kathy Lippard Cobb — Bradenton, Florida, USA.

Terrie Relf — San Diego, California, USA.

Rita Summers — Tasmania, Australia.

Darrell Byrd — Imperial Valley, California, USA.

Stephanie Hanson — Smithville, Texas, USA.

Denis Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.

**Winners of the July 2001 WHC Shortverses Crystalline
Kukai - Judge: Denis M. Garrison**

FIRST PLACE

This hot summer night,
the ever-moving stars above your face and mine.

Maria Steyn

Judge's Notes: This beautiful couplet is a perfectly realized irregular crystalline. The stillness of deep summer is emphasized by the contrasting motion of the stars. The context evokes a diamantine sky filled with millions of stars. The summer stillness evokes a strong sense of waiting, of expectation, and yet of repose, for the couple. The diction is completely natural and subtly rhythmic, and the slant rhyme adds to the euphony of the verse. Exquisite!

SECOND PLACE

Heat lightning in the distance;
feeling the bones beneath your fragile skin.

Marjorie Buettner

Judge's Notes: This slightly irregular crystalline is both beautiful and powerful. While unrhymed, the internal resonances of the verses give a similar effect. (N.B. I read "fragile" with a long-I vowel sound, fra-jyle.) The diction is entirely natural and unaffected. The couplet operates on at least two levels. The

literal level is a lovely, almost nostalgic, image of late day during the heat of summer, spent with a dear one (surely so, as they are touching). The next level is both powerful and threatening: the lightning's threat evokes the inescapable threat of mortality, intimated most evocatively here, which is both specific to the one person and also universal. What an unforgettable couplet!

THIRD PLACE

Caressing winds help me to slough
the skin of thick clothes and cold reserve.

Florence Vilén

Judge's Notes: This is a lovely regular crystalline, notable for its straightforward syntax, completely natural diction. This is an important feature as the couplet contains a conceit, i.e., a fanciful metaphor: the skin of clothes and reserve. The two features balance one another. The couplet is very symmetrical, not only in the balanced content, but in the first and last words which express the ends of a spectrum of the poet's response. Albeit a very gentle poem, it is quite comic in its image of an uptight person throwing reserve and clothes to those caressing winds. It is endearing, at least to those of us who can identify with the persona and the impulsive surrender to the summer winds. The choice of "the" instead of "my" for beginning the second line subtly shows how the persona disassociates from her/his own reserve. Both lovely and funny - a wonderful crystalline!

HONORABLE MENTION

Clouds inside the garden wall
slide around and around a gazing ball.

Debra Woolard Bender

Judge's Notes: This slightly irregular rhymed crystalline gives us a lovely image of the gazing ball in a summer garden with the clouds and sky wrapped around it like a miniature heavens. The ball brings the overhead clouds down into the light-flooded garden and captures them for the enjoyment of the gardener. The carefully chosen diction -- "garden wall ... gazing ball" "around and around" -- concretize the circling clouds; a real "objective correlative" success and wonderfully mnemonic.

HONORABLE MENTION

Still seeing your face in winter dreams
my summer friend, do you miss me?

Carol Raisfeld

Judge's Notes: This regular crystalline evokes nostalgia as well as loss. The poet also manages to use a question without running afoul of the usual forced diction that so often accompanies the interrogative form. What is not said in this poem is as important as what is said: this archetypal plaint of summer relationships can be read many ways depending on what the reader brings to it. A lovely couplet.

HONORABLE MENTION

Awakened from dreams of snow angels
by the rattle-whirr of a fan.

Terrie Relf

Judge's Notes: This regular crystalline attracts us through the power of recognition of a common experience. The rude awakening is supported by the sharp change in rhythm from line 1 to line 2. I like the unique onomatopoeic fan noise - it works for me - I have heard that rattle-whirr. This is a fine comic verse.

HONORABLE MENTION

We stand alone on different shores -
This ebb and flow of my heart, of yours.

Dina E. Cox

Judge's Notes: This regular crystalline, while less explicitly so, also deals with summer relationships. It is notable for its musicality, enhanced by the end rhyme, and for its symmetricallity. I especially like the economy of the diction, allowing substantial content within seventeen syllables. Really lovely!

Cinquains by Kirsty Karkow

joyful
 this morning prayer
 warmed by spring sun I kneel
 to greet clusters of crocuses
 just born

evening
 come follow me
 up the wooden mountain
 to snuggle down all safe and sound
 'til morn

Zips by Kirsty Karkow

zip#9

a yellow moonrise	beaming
the night train	over frozen fields

zip#15

a silver glider	rides ridge waves
in the distance	blue mountains

zip#23

turning wet soil	in the garden
I strive not to halve	earthworms

Crystallines by Florence Vilén

A VERNAL SEQUENCE OF CRYSTALLINES

The first wave of blossom receding
small white petals litter the ground.

The bird-cherry heavy with fragrance,
I step inside its floral tent.

Late spring adding reds to its blues,
an irregular hedge of lilacs.

Planted for joy, not future fruit,
deep pink branches blushing with blossom.

Twilight prolonged until all hours,
we draw closer to summer solstice.

Cinquains by Debra Woolard Bender

Awake
between two days,
passed away, yet to be;
I, in the middle of this dream,
alone.

cherry –
the smell of smoke
from Dad's old burl-wood pipe
his green wool tam and blue-grey eyes
fading

Two things
Have come to me
Although I never asked:
Resolve to live in solitude
And you.

And how
shall sea to wave
and back to sea again
return, but not a wave return
unchanged?

Shinku by Debra Woolard Bender

1.

moonlit	wet sky
a white camellia	drops heavily
withering without sound	into dust

2.

stop and go	rush hour	every morning
beside the road	a car full of ladies	all in a tizzy
white egrets	stalling traffic	about their business

Zip by Debra Woolard Bender

how summer's sky fades	almost white
almost white	but for the clouds

Cinquains by Kathy Lippard Cobb

Beachside:
coconut oil
caresses my senses,
green water softly fades into
the blue . . .

Sea lace:
icy white foam
as waves meet the shore, first
retreats . . . then rushes, surpassing
the last.

High tide:
soft summer waves
gently rise and collapse,
rushing, receding, repeating
itself.

His eyes:
a stonewashed blue
tearing down walls I so
carefully built . . . I'm left naked
again.

Mismatched:

A glamour girl
and blue jeans kind of guy . . .
He hikes, she follows, checking her
makeup.

Regrets:

We used to wake
wrapped in each other's arms.
Now, you're there, I'm here . . . is this all
there is?

The War:

Each rose vying
for space, air and sunlight,
even more beautiful due to
its thorns.

Assent:

the white rose bends
toward sunlight, dewdrops
run slowly from petal to stem . . .
then fall.

Sundown:

best friend - best dog,
both curled up fast asleep,
for one moment, things are as they
should be.

Seaside:
the moon ripples,
then rushes toward shore,
slowly receding to itself
again.

Moonrise,
bare, twisted limbs
reach toward the black sky.
Will there be blossoms tomorrow
morning?

My rock:
I sit and let
the waves carry my thoughts
away, knowing they'll return with
the tide.

Twilight:
yellow petals
gently fall from the rose,
then touching ground, a wind sweeps them
away . . .

Crystallines by Kathy Lippard Cobb

crystalline #1

Running through wildflowers, far from you,
the blurry field a purple hue.

crystalline #2

Flat on my back, staring at storm clouds,
has silence ever been this loud?

crystalline #3

Candlelight and red roses . . .
the champagne bubbles tickle our noses.

crystalline #4

Seeing you today . . . and forgetting
all of the things I had to say.

crystalline #5

A stranger's admiring glance . . .
all the way home, I practically dance.

crystalline #6

Page after page, seeing my eyes
in the faces of my ancestors.

crystalline #7

I clear the lump in my throat,
as his saxophone hits a higher note.

crystalline #8

Tonight, I sit here alone, knowing
you share the stars with someone else.

crystalline #9

My eyes closed, toes pointed toward the treetops,
I swing higher and higher . . .

crystalline #10

Letters I once lived for . . .
sitting on the curb with the rest of the trash.

crystalline #11

With a whisper, the prima ballerina
prances, twirls, leaps and lands . . .

Zip by Terrie Relf

around his arms electric eels
 symbols of the ocean priest

Crystallines by Terrie Relf

Mosquitos circle a flowerbed.
 A child claps her hands, whispers, “shoo.”

Crimson-toes press against the wall -
 Dakini dance in a jade-green sea.

Cinquains by Terrie Relf

master
 disentangle
 then reweave this fabric
 so that I may know which is real
 which, dream

threaded
my loom receives
your skillful touch as first
one image, then another is
revealed

I walk
the labyrinth
its many corridors
lead to others, and then blank walls
open

Zip by Rita Summers

our dog curls up at my feet
cooking smells waft from the kitchen

Cinquains by Darrell Byrd

slow hands
soft candlelight
Mozart and sweet red wine
moist lips touch my ear whispering
yes now

our paths
 from distant shores
 through fair and stormy years
 meet and we stroll down sunny glen
 at last

conch shells
 over the door
 cigar butts on the floor
 some key lime pie before I die
 papa

Cinquains by Stephanie Hanson

TATTOOS

[Cinquain Trio]

red pearls
 drip between words
 ecstasy -- easy pain
 images born of ink and blood
 tattoo

body
 defined, arched mind
 whirl of needles in sync
 an expanse of epidermis
 covered

Monday
traces smooth hip
of indigo weekend,
azure-green dragonflies alight
soft skin

Crystallines by Denis Garrison

crystalline #1

Day so bright, shadows seem like night.
Cool veranda, dark within the light.

crystalline #2

Buried at sea, our helmsman slips beneath the waves.
Flying fish take flight.

crystalline #3

Dead calm twilight sea.
A dolphin leaps from black into the rosy blue.

crystalline #4

Suddenly quiet, she gently hangs up,
touches her father's photo.

crystalline #5

On her letter is one last teardrop
that marks the end and blurs her name.

crystalline #6

Glittering black lake tonight,
bright butter moon, your stunning yellow light.

crystalline #7

In the treetops, the fireflies wink on and off.
Distant thunder grumbles.

crystalline #8

The graveyard's frozen hard.
We must wait for spring to thaw both ground and grief.

crystalline #9

In golden grove, leaves slide down sunbeams,
a migrant bird's strange trilling song.

crystalline #10

Windy, wintry day, the dead leaves fly.
No birds will try this pallid sky.

crystalline #11

Deep sleeping branches garner strength.
Ice clad, they dream of April glory.

crystalline #12

Late winter sky, lonely miles from you.
The spruce hills turn a darker blue.

crystalline #20

Amid myriad choices,
we value voices who sing us a song.

crystalline #28

Dazed, in the doctor's office;
the foreign sound of laughter in the hall.

crystalline #29

When she comes in, the whole room fades and
becomes mere background for her eyes.

crystalline #30

Green streak through desert drab;
forty feet below, a lightless river runs.

crystalline #31

Dawn forest afire - a lavender sky.
No time for beauty today.

crystalline #32

Motionless in high sun,
I watch a thistle-seed ride the westward breeze.

crystalline #33

Vintner's terrace dapples in warm rain.
What fragrance from the mingled wine!

Crystalline Sequence by Denis Garrison

ONE SUMMER DAY Crystallines # 21-27, in sequence:

From twisted sheets the new day rises,
low sun dispelling fever dreams.

Watering my garden - with the green
in the mist and steam, my rainbow.

In bright of day, mad dogs and I
in maple-shade together lie.

New mown grass, wild onion scent
console me through this torrid afternoon.

Ice tea pitcher breaks a beaded sweat.
Steaming, we welcome thunder's threat.

Under soft black sky, the dark hills,
the air filled with fireflies' fairy lights!

In the still night air, the ebbing heat
provokes the gray tree frogs to sing.

Cinquains by Denis Garrison

UNTIMELY

She was
not shocked by death.
Turns out, she knew for months.
Could we have known, when lilacs were
in bloom?

THE HOMESTEAD

It stands
in the clearing,
the house that Grandpa built,
its rooms alive with years of joys
and tears.

FRIENDLY FIRE

Her eyes
tell me to stop,
but what fool takes a cue?
Too late, I see the anguish in
her eyes.

DREAM CHASING

Old dog
 sleeps in my chair
 his paws up in the air
 twitch as he chases rabbits in
 his dreams.

UNBIDDEN

[Mirror Cinquain]

Woman,
 no one asked you
 into my world of pain.
 I did not want to love again.
 Don't go!

I'm glad
 you didn't wait for me to ask
 you if you could love me.
 My joy is that
 you came.

THE NEED FOR EXPERIMENTATION

When an art form is adopted by a different culture than that which originated the form, it becomes the new culture's own property and it is made over in the cultural context which it has entered. There are, in every case, many from the original culture who demand adherence to their tradition, but it is futile. It is always futile to attempt to control what one has given away.

It is a delicate balance that one must strike. One must not discard the past in ignorance, but one also must not be constrained by the past.

One must assiduously study the rules of poetics and then ignore them. The rules of poetics are not for writing the poem; the rules are for forming the craft of the poet. Every time a poet puts pen to paper, poetry is reinvented - or should be!

There is, of course, paradox in this view, but paradox is the natural condition of humanity driven by base desires and lofty ideals. The orthodoxies about haiku: the haiku moment, haiku mind, objective correlative, purely objective imagery, etc., etc., all fall before the onslaught of paradox and ambiguity.

For what haiku poets of the older Japanese tradition were seeking to accomplish with their haiku, the traditional haiku poetics are necessary and appropriate. For modern poets in Western languages who wish to emulate the same kind of poetry towards the same ends and with the same philosophic underpinnings, those same traditional haiku poetics are, likewise, necessary and appropriate. However, for modern western poets who find in haiku the greatest value in its crystalline brevity and in the rigor of condensation to a lyrical minim, adherence to the traditional haiku poetics is both inappropriate and needless, since those poetics are intrinsically inconsistent, even incompatible, with English poetic tradition.

To the degree that each poet (or group or school) follows their own values and poetics, there is not any one group which is “correct” and others which are “incorrect.” Artists are free and cannot be constrained by scholastics. On the other hand, to the degree that some poets set themselves up as arbiters of all haiku, including haiku in English and other western languages, then artistic politics enters the arena and “right and wrong” become an issue.

Western poets are intrinsically unencumbered and unobliged by the eastern traditions. They work within their own cultures. Western poets who essay haiku nevertheless need to study the original traditions and understand them as well as they may, and must respect those older traditions even in the breach, because to do otherwise is to rebel out of ignorance, which is inherently wrong. If a western poet is to write

haiku, and if that poet is going to go beyond the traditional boundaries of the art form, then she or he had better know where the boundaries are. There is no merit in freedom by virtue of ignorance.

Furthermore, for the western haiku poet, assuming that the poet has indeed studied the original tradition as suggested above and moved beyond it, there is also the ongoing utility of examining anew the craft aspects (the “tools”) of the original tradition in order to discover new and more culturally relevant (in the poet’s culture) ways to accomplish the ends of those tools. For example, while some wish to simply discard the idea of kigo (season-words), others might not. Kigo have changed substantially before. From setting the moment of composition, they have mutated to set the context of the content of the haiku. Now, in an age when many cultures are not agrarian, use of the seasons for context-setting on an exclusive (or nearly-so) basis is questionable. So, there is growing interest in new directions for kigo - including internationalization of natural kigo and consideration of keywords which are not rooted in seasonality. Continuing experimentation with such poetic tools is firmly within the English poetic tradition, certainly, and probably many others’ as well. Choice within freedom, as against doctrinaire constraints - that is the goal.

~ Denis Garrison

The Crystalline

DEFINITION: The “crystalline” is a new haiku analogue; a seventeen syllable couplet that assimilates as much as possible from the Japanese haiku tradition into the English poetic tradition. A primary concern for the crystalline is the euphony of the verse. See Samples.

GUIDELINES: The grammar (inflections and syntax) of the lines, which usually comprise one or two sentences in a couplet, should be relatively straightforward and natural. Unnaturally abbreviated or telegraphic grammar is to be avoided. The traditional omission of

“understood words” is permissible (e.g., “Catch me.” rather than “You catch me.”).

Initial capitalization of the first word of a sentence, a proper name, etc., should follow common usage; do not capitalize the first word of the second line solely on the basis of its position. Terminal punctuation also should follow common usage. The versification of the poem into two lines, that is, the couplet form itself, serves the function of the Japanese *kireji* or cutting word.

All traditional English poetic devices (including, but not limited to, metaphor, simile, alliteration, assonance, consonance, onomatopoeia, allusion, rhyme) which can be used to advantage within the other rules and the set prosody are permissible. In such a short form, verbosity is to be avoided. Poets should strive for highly condensed and concrete imagery that enhances perception and understanding. Transparency of meaning need not diminish the depth of poetic resonance. While immediacy is highly desirable and, therefore, the present tense is normative, use of other tenses is not at all prohibited.

PROSODY: A crystalline is, ideally, a couplet of exactly 17 syllables. A couplet may be “regular” or “irregular” depending upon the symmetry of the lines. A regular couplet’s syllables are distributed 8+9 or 9+8. Other distributions are “irregular” but entirely acceptable if the verse works best divided unevenly.

A regular couplet is not inherently better than an irregular couplet. It is more important that the lines break where they should (remember the principles of *kireji*). The crystalline’s syllabic limit is consistent with the common western definition of haiku as a “seventeen-syllable poem.” A regular crystalline may be iambic or trochaic tetrameter, with or without one excess unstressed syllable, but a completely regular beat can be boring. Writing to a metrical formula will, predictably, yield formulaic, unsatisfactory, verses. The harmony or beauty of sound that has a pleasing effect to the ear is achieved both by the selection of individual word-sounds and also by their relationship in the repetition, proximity, and flow of sound patterns.

This is euphony, more important than strict metrics. Skillful word selection to modify the rhythmic pattern, i.e., modulation, is desirable. For further study regarding Japanese “on”, [click here](#).

LINKING CRYSTALLINES: A crystalline is an untitled couplet, either a complete poem or a stanza, which follows a strict syllabic verse form, as described in the previous paragraphs. Several crystallines may be linked together as stanzas of a larger poem. In line with the renga tradition behind the development of haiku, alternating crystallines by different poets may be combined in a single poem. This is not to debar a single poet writing a linked poem, which is entirely permissible. In any such linked crystalline, each couplet must be autonomous, able to stand on its own, yet each couplet must be closely related to its following and preceding couplets; the internal links are substantial so that the whole poem has a poetic unity.

The rhyme scheme for linked rhymed couplets should have sufficient variety to avoid a cloying effect. Three adjoining couplets should not use the same rhyme. Some sample rhyme schemes for linked crystallines include: aa bb cc aa bb cc; aa bb bb aa cc dd dd cc; aa aa bb bb cc cc; aa bb cc bb dd ee ff ee. These are only samples; many other combinations exist. Also, please do not take these examples to mean that linked crystallines must include 6 or 8 couplets. While 2 couplets (viz., a quatrain) is obviously the minimum, there is no necessary upper limit. The poets need to be able to recognize excess and limit the poem appropriately. Remember, rhyme is not required for a crystalline, but also is not prohibited.

KEYWORDS: The use of keywords (e.g., kigo and analogues thereto) is desirable in order to most succinctly establish a couplet’s context, whether the context is a natural surrounding, time of year, or day, or phase of moon, a manmade surrounding, or even a situation. The success of a poem’s keyword depends upon whether it conveys essential information to the reader; it is not dependent upon compliance with a poetic canon of keywords, kigo, etc.. Nevertheless, the poet may be well-advised to consider canonical keywords and kigo precisely for their potential utility.

CONTENT: It is in content that the more fundamental difference from traditional haiku will be found. While traditional haiku value direct observation with the greatest possible degree of non-subjectivity, subjectivity is permissible in a crystalline. The poet's response to the object is admissible. The poet's thoughts and feelings are admissible. The content of the poem is not of greater importance than the beauty of the language. As stated at the beginning of this article, a primary concern for the crystalline is the euphony of the verse. Now, content is of great importance also, but not so great importance that the beauty of the verses should be sacrificed.

That having been said, poets are advised to keep the haiku tradition in mind, to consider natural elements for each couplet, to consider the poetic value of objective imagery, and to consider the concept of the poem as objective correlative of the emotional and perceptual content which the poet wishes to communicate to the reader. Poets are also advised to keep in mind other haiku techniques such as juxtaposition for resonance and the "third effect." In summary, three major characteristics of haiku, in western estimation, are the seventeen syllable limit, the kireji (cutting word) and the kigo (season word). The crystalline form incorporates all three of these characteristics. Furthermore, the haiku traditions of natural subjects and of objective imagery / the "objective correlative" are highly valued, albeit not enforced.

This new form is named the "crystalline" because the core value of the form is the highly condensed and concrete imagery of the couplet, transparent in its accessibility. The fact that the name breaks down to "crystal - line" is serendipitous. The original crystalline concept is the work of Denis M. Garrison.

A Brief Technical Description of the Crystalline

This brief technical description is derived from a posting by Denis Garrison, on July 6, 2001, to the WHC Shortverses list.

This new form, this haiku analogue, is named the “crystalline” because the core value of the form is the highly condensed and concrete imagery of the couplet, transparent in its accessibility. On the first level, the technical criteria are really very simple. I have said of crystallines that writing them is like weight-lifting: technically simple, but hard to do well.

The hard part, the fun part, the real art, is developing a good ear for a euphonious verse. Nothing works here except practice. Of course, for those of you who are already accomplished poets and have highly developed ears for a pleasingly modulated line, the challenge may be simply in fitting a lovely line to this strict form. When all the technique is second-nature, and the knack of writing in the haiku tradition, but in natural English diction, is yours, I expect and hope you will see crystallines as a viable western analogue of the classical haiku. Here is a simple listing of technical criteria:

- A crystalline is a couplet, either regular (8/9 or 9/8 syllables) or irregular (5/12 to 12/5 syllables maximum range).
- The couplet may be rhymed or unrhymed; in any case, do not force rhymes.
- The couplet should consist in one or two sentences with normative initial capitalization and terminal punctuation.
- The couplet must have exactly seventeen syllables, with deference granted the poet for dialectical variations.
- An essential is natural English diction, carefully modulated for euphony.

- The function of kireji (cutting words) is served by the line break.

- Use of kigo (seasonwords, keywords, etc.) is encouraged but is not prerequisite.

- Traditional English poetic devices (e.g., metaphor, simile, alliteration, assonance, consonance, onomatopoeia, allusion, rhyme) are permissible.

- The harmony or beauty of sound, i.e., euphony, is more important than strict metrics. Skillful word selection to modify the rhythmic pattern, i.e., modulation, is highly desirable.

- Crystallines may be linked by one poet or by more than one poet.

- The fundamental difference from traditional haiku is that, while traditional haiku value direct observation with the greatest possible degree of non-subjectivity, subjectivity is permissible in a crystalline. The poet's response to the object and the poet's thoughts and feelings are admissible.

- The haiku traditions of natural subjects and of objective imagery / the "objective correlative" are highly valued, albeit not enforced.

Ku Nouveau



Haiku Harvest

Spring 2002

Volume 3 Number 1

Matthew Cheney — New Hampshire, USA.
 Kathy Lippard Cobb — Bradenton, Florida, USA.
 Martin Gottlieb Cohen — Egg Harbor, New Jersey, USA.
 J. B. Conway — Mobile, Alabama, USA.
 Su Fidler Cowling — The Midwest, USA.
 Jasminka Nadaskic Diordjevic — Smederevo, Yugoslavia.
 Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.
 J. D. Heskin — Duluth, Minnesota, USA.
 Andrea Kenkmann — Norwich, England.
 Linda Robeck — Amesbury, Massachusetts, USA.
 Ann K. Schwader — Westminster, Colorado, USA.
 Florence Vilén — Stockholm, Sweden.

Matthew Cheney

moonlight through a cracked window
 a lily
 on the floor

distant churchbell ...
 is it so late?

dawn
the driveway covered
with crushed apples

the last tree with yellow leaves
shivers

rain
on the screen door
headlights

fallen leaves
a hawk
rises

cold summer night woodsmoke and lollipops

alone
in the house
a cough

sunlight
in my coffee cup
still dreaming

mosquito!
 mosquito! mosquito!
 mosquito!

twilight
 in the rain
 Christmas carols

Kathy Lippard Cobb

the raft bobs
 with each wave...
 billowing clouds

the handwriting
 of a boy I once knew—
 first valentine

pink tulips—
 the picket fence
 wet with dew

I blame it all
 on fluorescent lighting—
 swimsuit season

blush sunrise—
ducklings huddle
near the river's edge

a wind blows
the moon around
I remember him...

with each
 ebbing wave...
 seashells

red roses—
sounds of “blue moon” fill
the conversation gap

focusing the zoom lens
on my best friend—
graduation day

signs of spring—
her steps lighten
as workmen whistle

Martin Gottlieb Cohen

an old leaf
slides to the storm drain
winter sun

cattails—
a rowboat lists
in the mud

train window
the sun follows geese across the lake

rush hour—
a sparrow resting
on the third rail

tv room
the light from a passing storm

J.B. Conway

crippled speckled bird
lives last seconds creating
last morning call

defiant struggle
several Canadian geese
compete for air time

artistic skyline
clouds pass through brilliant sun strokes
blind poet listens

Su Fidler Cowling

fog wafting on snow ~
cold shadows rise into air
to breathe once and whirl

snowflake fluttering
in spider web as grey clouds
lumber across sun

birdsong in fragile
hush of winter morning, dark ~
glass beads on the snow

icy brick walk, night ~
hope to avoid shattering
exquisite stillness

Jasminka Diordievic

a fast motor boat
splits clouds in the lake
to the left and right

with rhythm of wind
dancing leaves and shadows—
tricks of the spring

the weeds and the wind—
soul of a lonely man
is a wounded bird

this morning I found
my mountaineer hiking stick
enriched with some leaves

after the rain—
sunshine and shadows
on the grass again

first grass (sprouts)
over father's grave—
tenderness of wind

apple tree is blooming
flying to, flying away
bees getting frenzy

after spring downpour
the swollen mountain spring
flows in my yard too

station on the mist—
through the noise of the passing train
rain is drizzling

a clear moonlight
drawing ring around the pond—
deep silence

once
I could have run up this hill...
time out

coming or going?
only the passengers
know for sure

bedtime soon--
the city is starting
to wake up

embraced,
she is as elusive
as at a distance

finally,
The Possum Pot Pie Singers
take a break

Andrea Kenkmann

brand-new Mercedes
shining in twilight
a cat on its roof

rainy November day
 a passing horse craps
 on the cycle path

unmown lawn
 the sunbather's presence
 remains on the grass

nude model clinging
 to the pillowed floorboards -
 Beethoven's fifth

lonely November
 a sparkling rocket flying
 towards the full moon

the lecturer's desk
 daughter and wife greeting
 unknown students...

tiny mosquito
 humming the sleeper's dream -
 alarm clock ticking

steamed-up window
 a giant spider eating
 her husband for tea

start of winter -
one single pink rose looking
over the fence

late afternoon lecture
on email communications
I analyse shoes

Linda Robeck

letting go
my daughter's kite
leaps skyward

Published in 2001 in Linda Robeck's chapbook, "arriving."

spring rain
seeping into everything
the scent of grass

laid off
I turn the car key
the wrong way

New Year's Eve
explosions of color
in the seed catalogs

autumn light
 the roughness
 of old stone walls

for KB

four-year-old vows
 to marry her daddy -
 brightness in his eyes

year in review -
 the stuffed dog goes with her
 everywhere

looking away these feelings we never talk about

quiet
 as the sunrise
 yellow violet

loneliness
 one flowering dogwood
 at the forest's edge

Ann K. Schwader

the old dog
limps on the path --
windblown leaves

dusty sweater --
first snow melting off
the sundial

the corner pond
three goldfish sharing
one sunbeam

stalk by stalk
clearing out the garden . . .
another funeral

the quiet sky
shatters in sparrows --
kestrel

flurry of sparrows
emptying the feeder --
almost snow

pale lotus
 strangled in pond weeds
 her drowned face

Florence Vilén

Crystals of Cold Water

Frost and snow; in their beautiful and cold reality they differ completely from commercialized versions in plastic or cotton for people in milder climes. Some countries have winters of solid cold but where I live the weather is ever-shifting, reliable only in its complete lack of reliability. Cold air from Siberia will meet mild air from the Atlantic and the temperature may change within a couple of days from freezing cold to thawing wet and then back to cold again.

When temperature first falls below the freezing-point of water:

Frozen dew
 on fallen leaves,
 not a flake of snow

This is black frost.

Frost at night,
 the moss in the shadow
 still stiff with white

Even the sense of touch is involved.

Sunbeams
on frosted grasses
crystal reflections

There will be miniature rainbows in the direct light.

Then the first snow:

Virgin snow –
trampled on the pavement
to icy ridges

Just a few feet on the soft cover of the soil and it changes completely, particularly in the city.

Hard trampled snow,
a white poodle carried
high on a shoulder

Neither animal nor owner well at ease after huge snowfalls in the city.

There are many ways to see shades and colours in the whitenesses of snow.

Rising sun,
light on snowy branches
beyond snow shadow

This was seen from a west-looking window, with shadow on most of the gardens.

In memory, summer is never completely absent, as long as there is a name for the bushes.

Mock-orange,
bare branches bending
with clusters of snow

Another kind of blossom than that of mid-summer when it turns the dusk into whiteness.

Bowed to the ground
by its burden of snow,
this lilac bush

It is huge, with white flowers in late spring. Its time of fragrance seems very far off now...

Darkness falls in the early afternoon so there is much time to observe the effects of artificial light as well.

Lamp-lit night –
glittering stars in the snow,
in the sky

Scattered over the white ground snow, crystals look like stars when struck by light; formerly, often compared to diamonds.

From November, garlands of light celebrate the commercial season rather than the old religious mid-winter festival.

Christmas card –
not Mary's child any more
but their own

The nuclear family takes over from The Holy Family. Well, rather family photos than such religious pictures that are ugly to the point of blasphemy.

White Christmas –
ten inches of snow
to shovel by hand

Further to the North, this would be true any year. Here this happens only occasionally, always to the great surprise of everybody responsible for roads and railways that are blocked by snowfall.

Such a post-card view –
as long as you don't
have to shovel the snow

Yes, we tend to be ambivalent in our attitudes to winter snow and a white Christmas.

From 0 celsius
down to 0 fahrenheit,
a deep-freeze fall

It seems strange that such a scientific society as ours cannot agree on how to express basic measures. Celsius chose the freezing-point of water for his 0. Fahrenheit chose a cold that, to him, must have seemed an excessive temperature for living people.

Faded carnations
thrown out through the window –
heads up in a snow-drift

To a garden owner, it would seem a shameful waste of plant material to throw them in the refuse bucket. As for carnations, they seem to be the prime choice when people buy flowers as a gift. When they choose for themselves, they usually prefer something else.

The New Year begins in cold and darkness. In other cultures it was reckoned to begin in spring. Whenever it is celebrated there is, or might be, room to consider the time past.

Year's end,
so many days to remember
this night of new-fallen snow

Snow upon snow,
another day is gone,
another year

Divisions of time in months and years are artificial yet unavoidable, even to us who do not live an agricultural year.

Moon-shadows,
grey branches on night snow

Winter weather is a study in all the shades of grey and white, but we need a touch of colour, too.

Deep red and orange,
the tulips make my sunset
this day of snowy sleet

Towards the end of January our commercial greenhouses start to produce tulips, in all colours, much in demand during the long period of late winter until Easter or thereabouts.

May these words help to keep memories alive and true!



Haiku Harvest

January-February 2003

Vol. 4 No. 1

Dennis Michael Holmes (chibi) — Rome, Georgia, USA.
 Jon Davey — Redruth, Cornwall, England.
 Angelee Deodhar — Chandigarh, Punjab, India.
 Moussia Fantoli — Rome, Italy.
 Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.
 Barry A. George — Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA.
 Elizabeth Howard — Crossville, Tennessee, USA.
 Jason Jones — The Woodlands, Texas, USA.
 Joan Payne Kincaid — Sea Cliff, New York, USA.
 Deborah P. Kolodji — Temple City, California, USA.
 Tomislav Maretic — Vrapche, Croatia.
 Michael Rehling — Livonia, Michigan & Ahwautukee,
 Arizona, USA.
 Bruce Ross — Hampden, Maine, USA.
 Helen Ruggieri — Olean, New York, USA.
 Lewis Sanders — Jackson, Tennessee, USA.
 Ann K. Schwader — Westminster, Colorado, USA.
 Adelaide B. Shaw — Scarsdale, New York USA.
 R. K. Singh — Dhanbad, India.
 Nancy Stewart Smith — Athens, Georgia, USA.
 Carmen Sterba — (USA) / Yokohama, Kanagawa-ken, Japan.
 Richard Stevenson — Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.
 Alan Summers — Bristol, England.
 Keith Tobin — Harleysville, Pennsylvania, USA.
 Robert D. Wilson — Groveland, California, USA & the
 Philippines.
 KU NOUVEAU

Margarita Engle — Clovis, California, USA.

Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.

Allen McGill — San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.

Terrie Leigh Relf - San Diego, California, USA.

Editor's Choice

Winter rain
name of a dead friend
on my lips

Lewis Sanders

past midnight
and nothing seems right
but the stars

Michael Rehling

sunday lunch
the chatter of children
among hard drinkers

Alan Summers

a colourful square
the new lover entering
at number five

Tomislav Maretic

- - - - -

chibi

first raindrop
ripples in ripples ~
early spring rain

last raindrop
who really notices?
spring thaw

shy moon shadow
circles in and out ~
first night of spring

first day of spring ~
I count seventeen steps
to the hill top

Jon Davey

seaward path—
behind rusty fence
wild orchids bloom

rain-strewn sky
egret melts
into clouds

rising moon
sunfish drifts
with the tide

frost-stilled sea
Orion rises over
frozen sands.

Angelee Deodhar

a cloud of pink
across the late afternoon sky
—mountain roses

exam fever
awake all night
cats in love

easter eggs
painting a yin-yang symbol
their pregnant daughter

Moussia Fantoli

Silk painted fan
all that remains
of the girl

High tide
for the boat of dreams
no landing

Pond water
new floating fishes
cherry blossoms

Twilight in your eyes
shadows awaiting
stars

Denis M. Garrison

knee deep in
this icy brook
my vision clears

stone still
on the church steps—
no one's son

homeless no more—
the soles of his shoes
white with frost

yellow police tape
crackles in cold wind—
patch of red ice

mown roses
in this madman's garden—
a hard rain

ice-fisherman
frost-brittle line still
in pale fingers

dead-end alley
darker than vacant sky—
yowl of a cat

zoo mothers
clutch their babies
both sides of bars

Barry A. George

el tunnel—
the cloud of light before
a train appears

the flood's wake—
driftwood bison
and dinosaurs

after hours gym—
a heavy bag sways slowly
in the window

rose-colored dawn—
taillights disappear
in the parking garage

winter sunset—
the art museum shimmers
on the river

lost flight briefing—
choking on the science
in their voices

half dark rooftops—
the sound
of falling snow

Elizabeth Howard

New Year's snow
the white mare's breath
curls out the barn door

muted honking
goose silhouettes
cross the sickle moon

golden morning
by the ancient rock wall
patches of jonquils

Jason Jones

Parched red yuccas
scratch turquoise sky—
will it cry?

Desert floor
welcoming monsoon rains
quick sand

Joan Payne Kincaid

all these years later
the night-window face
dimly familiar

blue sky
on snow
siamese cats

night on the harbor
Japanese lanterns
work-lights on the dredge

Deborah P. Kolodji

the leaf falls
between iron bars—
a prisoner weeps

morning sky arcs—
a mother remembers
an astronaut's dream

groundhog's shadow—
grandma stitches another
winter quilt

Tomislav Maretic

a rich autumn
in the garden cleaners
collecting colours

listening to blues
in the metro I missed
several trains

a colourful square
the new lover entering
at number five

frozen field weed
a goldfinch under the snow
picking berries

at dead of night
the shops are closed
neon signs shine

even in the cross-fire
the butterfly doesn't seem
to be in a hurry

Michael Rehling

past midnight
and nothing seems right
but the stars

in the picture
reminding me I was there
my thumb

reading Issa
cherry tree blooms again
light snow falls

canoe capsizes
 the disposable camera
floats by

Bruce Ross

three dips one way
three dips the other
spring magpie

lake breeze
trying out an old rush
young bobolink

above a shack
on a sagging wire
two spring birds

Helen Ruggieri

skyscraper windows
flashing secret messages
in the sun

far away friend
has died suddenly
double absence

hibiscus opens
a red umbrella
in the sun

dream of haiku
dark color of sleep
a sickle moon

dark sky
dark pond
two Holsteins

red tractor
slowly slides out from
under heavy snow

Lewis Sanders

Winter rain
name of a dead friend
on my lips

Ann K. Schwader

behind each petal
of the blue water iris
first light

power lines
across dawn sky—
the crooked pine

shattered city
wind ripples the shrouds
of living women

night fades
between pine branches
half moon

Adelaide B. Shaw

at the wedding
the bride's parents
hold hands

old graveyard
the smooth stones
warm in the sun

under dead leaves
a new crop of wild violets—
raking carefully

the setting sun—
houses light up
one by one

giftshop conch
roar of the sea
in just one ear

R. K. Singh

Disappears
into dust her last
photograph

Nancy Stewart Smith

drops
in the lily pond
bird song

windy pond—
long haired girl does her waist bends
with the willow

spring wind
the swirl of her hair
under clematis

Easter morning
a tall shadow on
the dusty road

at the center
of the garden maze
a gardenia

tea time
outside the prayer wheels turn
in the wind

Carmen Sterba

Passover week
a mother's gaze lingers
on her firstborn son

spring roads
after a three-day absence
the beloved returns

From the chapbook, *sunlit jar*.

Richard Stevenson

first warm Sunday—
even the whirligig beetles
are turning handsprings!

the emerald hour—
grass greener, dog piss craters
softer somehow

first warm day of spring—
I shave my beard down to
a less grey goatee

yakky dachshund's bark—
louder, more shrill reflected
off the propane tanks

Alan Summers

sunlit sweat...
the young vagrant
sucks his thumb

scorpion tattoo—
he discusses spiders
the stillness of it

sunday lunch
the chatter of children
among hard drinkers

morning brown eyes...
she tells me
it's the dog's sofabled

the mid-day baglady
stitches her piece of nylon
over again

Keith Tobin

first date:
the waitress interrupts
our silence

lake's edge;
a swan drifts through
the brilliant foliage

rows of corn stubble
in snow-covered fields ...
cold rain

Robert D. Wilson

war hero,
asleep beneath a rice field
ripe with land mines

on the lily pad,
jade buddha contemplates
the meaning of flies

melting snow
playing on a keyboard
of stone

great persimmon,
is that shiki coughing
behind you?

where did you go, moon?
you know i am afraid
of the dark

KU NOUVEAU

Margarita Engle

Crystalline Sequence

STORM

After the torrent, wandering
almond blossoms ripple into streams.

Stranded by rain, the lost earthworm
stretches into the soft, yielding mud.

Just before your deathbed farewell,
wind, rain and sun divide the wide sky.

Denis M. Garrison

Crystallines

Your smile, so secret in the dark,
is betrayed by your moon-flashing eyes.

Ebb tide turns and surges ashore.
Meadow abloom glistens in sea mist.

Waiting for her at the clinic.
Windows writhe with rivulets of rain.

SEA STORY (*experimental haiku-sonnet*)

Sailor's cliff-top home, with widow's walk, is damp-dark on the seaward side.
The village schoolyard's oak-lined lawn is sea-fragrant in the onshore breeze.
Sailor embarks before first light. His whimpering dog stays on the wharf.
The ship's wake, spreading and fading, curves slowly out to the horizon.
Dead calm twilight sea. A dolphin leaps from black into the rosy blue.
Waves, rolling waves, waves rolling, rolling; the swinging cabin lamp keeps time.
A soft bed shared; flowers in a jar; farewells: another shore leave ends.
Buried at sea, the helmsman slips beneath the waves. Flying fish take flight.
In a distant port, a young man and his poor mother curse Sailor's name.
This final leg of his last voyage, Sailor carves several scrimshaw gifts.
Home appears high on the horizon. The widow's walk is empty, dark.
His dead wife's sister puts a teacup in Sailor's old rope-hardened hands.
Reflected in his milk-blue eyes, the sea is still in the cold, cold gaze.
His cliff-top home and its widow's walk are damp-dark on the seaward side.

Allen McGill*Crystallines*

Desert night. Mountain silhouettes.
The headlights project my loneliness.

Raucous grackles flock to treetops.
The sun settles beyond mountain peaks.

Rays of morning sun light the garden,
warming chilled birds of paradise.

*Cinquains****SIERRA***

Such rays
that streak from past
those mountain peaks, to light
the clouds above this valley, so
amaze.

CLOISTER

Enshrined
in ivy vines,
a nymph of stone. She smiles
through seasons wet and dry, maintains
her poise.

Zip

volunteer reader	children's ward
a story	dies in her arms

Terrie Leigh Relf

Crystallines

A sleepless night... The haijin
rummages in the kitchen for poems.

Overloaded, the chug-thug of the washer
across the kitchen floor.

Across the kitchen tile, a family
of roaches scurries for cover.

Haiku Noir

beneath the moon
a cemetery dance
til dawn

the first bone-cracking cry
of the newly born
earth shivers

as the blood
begins to flow
earth quickens

Zip

Into the puddle	red galoshes
a purple	party dress

first rain of spring	a child excited by
yellow-petaled	weeds

	left behind	in the storm
the cup of green tea		now fermented

	gust of wind	dandelion tufts
flow up a child's nose		achoo!



Haiku Harvest

March-May 2003

Volume 4 No. 2

Gillena Cox — St. James, Trinidad and Tobago.
 Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.
 Beverley George — Pearl Beach, New South Wales,
 Australia.
 Jasminka Nadaskic Diordjevic — Smederevo, Yugoslavia.
 Elaine King — Auckland, New Zealand.
 Deborah P. Kolodji — Temple City, California, USA.
 Fran Masat — Key West, Florida, USA.
 Allen McGill — San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.
 Mihajlo Pavlovic — Beograd, Serbia.
 Bruce Ross — Hampden, Maine, USA.
 Ann K. Schwader — Westminster, Colorado, USA.
 Adelaide B. Shaw — Scarsdale, New York USA.
 R. K. Singh — Dhanbad, India.
 Gary Warner — Birmingham, Alabama, USA.
 Robert D. Wilson — Groveland, California, USA & the
 Philippines.
 KU NOUVEAU
 Martin Gottlieb Cohen — Egg Harbor City, New Jersey,
 USA.
 Denis M. Garrison — Monkton, Maryland, USA.
 Beverley George — Pearl Beach, New South Wales,
 Australia.
 Allen McGill — San Miguel de Allende, Mexico.
 Terrie Leigh Relf — San Diego, California, USA.

Editor's Choice

fresh bread is baking
in an old and worn oven
the past is crackling

Jasminka Diordievic

so much to do
about a stone by the road
summer crow

Bruce Ross

funeral day
winter deer settle
on the lawn

Allen McGill

In the moving train
sleeping on his feet
the newspaperman

R. K. Singh

- - - - -

Gillena Cox

dog-eared
a best seller
well-read

Hiroshima
yesterday; still today the
Jerusalem bus

silhouettes
trees still against the sky
at dusk

quarter moon
sliced watermelons
on sale

evening shadows
part of the moon covered
in a haze

Denis M. Garrison

chimney smoke
caught by the wind
endless flock of grackles

grandfather rakes leaves
from the courtyard of his hut—
deep in golden woods

white fire in treetops,
the moonrise in tanglewood—
an owl's waking call

the salmon run
fighting the flow
an elder throws his net

cemetery dawn
footprints in hoarfrost
unbearable cold

storm-tossed bay
dark jade in last light
no ship today

in a pool of light
the last boat in unloads
catch of the day

moonless night
the blind wind sings
in edgeless sky

Beverley George

behind heavy curtains
cat on the window sill
and a gibbous moon

smell of rain
on the air again ~
the thinness of clouds

Jasminka Diordievic

morning frost—
through the bare branches passing
noiseless snowflakes

dear old birth house—
memories covered with
a wealth of ivy

gray clouds veiling the sky—
wind in the field dances
with four scarecrows

on an oak branch
the winter sparrow twitters—
nested evening sun

first sounds of rain—
the sickle moon rises into
starless infinity

snowfall—
a child draws the horizon
on a window

fresh bread is baking
in an old and worn oven
the past is crackling

Elaine King

through the tree branches
the sunset
leaks away

sea in the shell
time and miles
disappear

Deborah P. Kolodji

cracks of thunder
he can no longer hear
silent rain

puddle of tadpoles—
my sister brings a jar
on her morning walk

shattered china
she puts the wedding photos
into storage

clock chimes
a hummingbird's nest
empty

Fran Masat

cattails—
children running
in drifting cotton

a storm breeze
stirs dust
on the window sill

before dawn—
indigo satin
a harbor rippling

old war clip—
again and again
alive - dead, alive - dead, ...

dawn—
a snail creeping
into a cracked wall

a bottle drifting
on a canal
seagrass waving

old building—
signs of the past
beneath the paint

hazy fields—
far away
a windshield glares

Allen McGill

votive candles
an old woman
dusts the saints

newspapers
blow through the car
subway morning

hammock sways
the smell of oranges
this warm afternoon

funeral day
winter deer settle
on the lawn

morning walk
a light film of ice
in the tire tracks

a leafless tree
nets the moon
campfire smell

an old footpath
winds through the meadow
tilted fenceposts

winter rain
dimples the snow
a yellow crocus

sunrise glow
through the frosted pane
my down comforter

Mihajlo Pavlovic

A long thick night
hides—cypresses fragrance,
swarms of fireflies.

Alive lightning flock.
Circle of roaming sky.
All speedy shadows.

Circle of white wolf.
The beak of new moon.
Breath of wilderness.

Bruce Ross

late spring rain . . .
the soft little horns
of a young deer

head then tail
the sparrow takes
a puddle bath

ocean breeze
the yellow pansies
lift and fall

sweltering forest
a moth lands on gray bark
and disappears

so much to do
about a stone by the road
summer crow

Ann K. Schwader

red slash
of the flicker's throat—
snow thickened sky

radish seeds
seeing my mother's hands
every row

Santa Fe road
stop light chili strings
on the white stand

white sun
 impaled by branches—
 a raven's cry

Adelaide B. Shaw

sticky hand prints
 framing the window
 buds on the dogwood

April sunshine
 the cafe umbrellas
 go up

drifting
 from somewhere
 pear blossoms

this North wind—
 rolling waves of green
 in fields of new wheat

spring cleanup—
 connecting the broken rails
 a fresh spider web

weather-worn barn
ten different views
by the art class

R. K. Singh

Bathing in thousands
they float lamps on her breasts—
the river sparkles

In the moving train
sleeping on his feet
the newspaperman

Gary Warner

sun on the cliffs
a seam of black rock
in the sandstone

deer vs. pickup
a vulture arrives
before the towtruck

mountain biking
beside the trail
a stone fireplace

Robert Wilson

a mirror
not water, the lake
in front of me

KU NOUVEAU

Martin Gottlieb Cohen

blue sky
a black wave falls into itself

crying gulls
the ship's wake stretches into twilight

Denis M. Garrison

shelter trash can
filled with ripped-out labels
and assorted IDs

tank ruts
crisscross the field—
haiku from hell

crocus everywhere—except over her grave

Crystallines

Above the maple full of songbirds,
two spreading contrails slowly drift.

Worming my way westward,
I devour herds and flocks—I pass fertile fields.

Greybeard loon goes laughing down the lane
astride a gust of passing wind.

*Cinquains****FIRE-DANCER***

Bonfire
 on the cliffside;
 the calm blue sea below.
 Plunge through the flames, breathless, into
 cool waves.

STUBBORN RUBBLE

Shattered
 by the pressure
 applied so steadily,
 rock rumbles through the crusher's jaws—
 then jams.

PERPETUAL MOTION

Through war
 and pestilence,
 through famine and the plague,
 sea tides ebb and flow, their rhythm
 changeless.

STILL STONE

Millstone
 immobilized—
 grit in the gears prevents
 its slow rotation to the stream's
 brisk flow.

THE ANVIL OF KHRONOS

Hammer
 head misshapen
 by thousands of hard blows—
 when it was new, such wear was not
 foreseen.

Beverley George

moon-rise the light path to my feet

Allen McGill*Crystallines*

Good days, bad days - gone, forgotten.
 But the perfume you wore still stirs me.

Gray morning, chill in the air.
 Cafe tables fill as the sun burns through.

On a stone bench at the gravesite,
 a yellow butterfly fans its wings.

Zips

the music	of falling water
a fountain	in the sunlight

power outage	lightning flashes
thunder shudders	the windows

the silence	of a library
late shadows	cross the window

from behind dark glasses her eyes
 so much more beautiful now

Cinquain

GONE NOW

I long
 for times we'd spent
 alone. The hours and days
 we knew would last forever. We
 were wrong.

Terrie Leigh Relf

Crystallines

Welcome home party...We share poems
 and a dish of mango ice cream.

Protected by the bright blue bus stop,
 we watch the whirling steel-gray clouds.

Reading poems on the porch...
 a narrowing of the pine tree's shadow.

Instead of news, morning cartoons;
 the house too quiet with the kids gone.

Zips

Snow drifts	fill the stairwell
she calls the neighbors	to dig her out

early morning rain	the alley fills
with	oil-slickened puddles

a spider's web	across the bathroom sink
who	is more frightened?

What happened	to spring?
Perhaps the butterflies	have lost their way

late to school	a mother and daughter
rehearse	spelling test words



Haiku Harvest

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 CarrieAnn Thunell — Nisqually Delta, Washington, USA
 Geert Verbeke — Kortrijk, Flanders, Belgium
 Robert D. Wilson — Groveland, California, USA & Los
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THE CINQKU — A Five-Line Haiku Analogue

Haiku Harvest has long promoted the development of innovative haiku, including haiku noir, zips, shinku, and even American Cinquain.

In 2001, I developed the crystalline, a seventeen-syllable couplet form, for which euphony is a critical concern. Many poets now have essayed the crystalline form, creating some beautiful poetry.

In 2005, I developed the cinqku, a 17-syllable cinquain form of haiku, to be a closer analogue to haiku than the 22-syllable American Cinquain (Crapseian) can be. The cinqku maximizes the utility of the line break technique, much as American Cinquains and free verse do. The technical side is rather simple: a cinqku is a 5-line poem (cinquain) with a strict syllable count (2,3,4,6,2), which has no title and no metrical requirement. Cinqku may use haiku style free diction and syntax and may have a “turn” similar to kireji or an American Cinquain turn. A sequence of cinqku may be titled.

Five poets, collaborating on the *Haiku Unchained* list, have written a 35-cinqku sequence entitled, *Broken Hearts*, which was published by *LYNX October 2005*. See in this issue the cinqku, in Romanian and in English, by Cristian Mocanu; see also the cinqku, including cinqku noir, by Michael L. Evans. Another early success in this new form is John Dalieden’s 5-cinqku sequence entitled, *The Haunting: Echoes*, which won the poetry “Editor’s Choice” for the August/September ezine, *Scorched Earth Publications*.

Following is a short sequence of my own (cinqku #s 5, 6 & 7)
entitled *Gone*.

GONE

salt scent
ocean air—
cliff-side cabin
door swings slowly without
a sound

fire-rose
cloud fanned out
on twilight sky,
low moaning tide—your last
letter

far off
Chevrolet
speeding inland—
from exhaust and window
smoke trails

The first cinqku written, my # 1, included in *Broken Hearts*, is an
exemplar of the form:

buried
five cold years
but never gone—
our bedroom's fragrant with
her scent

Following are my most recent cinqku, #s 30, 31 & 32.

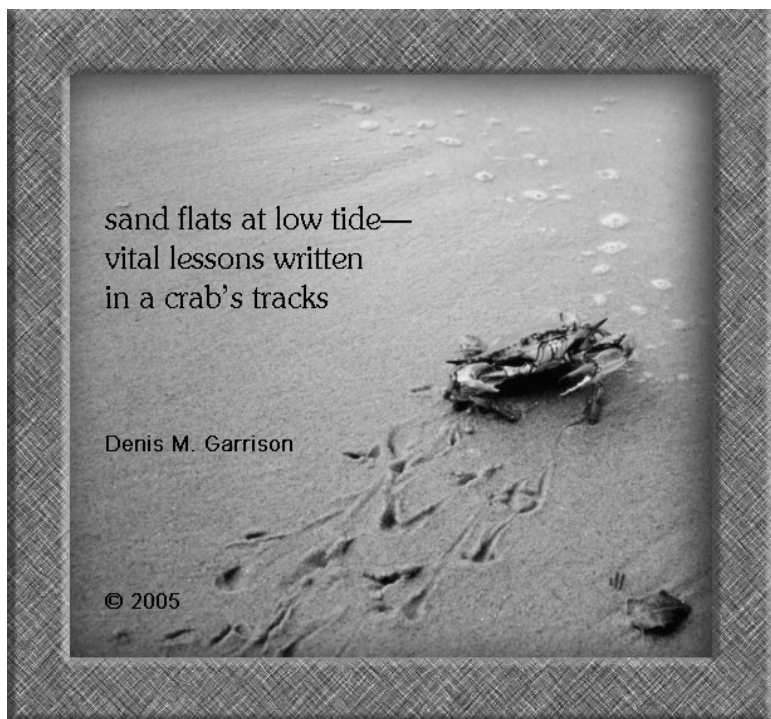
midday
broiling sun—
horses and I,
the spring water trough, all
sweating

drenching
July storm
writhing steam lifts
through the downpour—falling,
rising

stifling
afternoon
tiger lilies
scent the air—Mother brings
iced tea

Haiku Harvest is interested in publishing fine cinqku. If you write in this form, you are invited to submit several of your best for our consideration.

— Denis M. Garrison, Editor



Editor's Choice

mid-summer dawn ...
the one robin has
so much to say

Bruce Ross

soundless waterfall
beyond the conference window
a drift of yellow leaves

Angelee Deodhar

crossing a bridge
two monks in saffron robes
one blue umbrella

Margarita Engle

night river
trains ripple over
the floating city

Lorin Ford

next door
a chainsaw
growls, the air thick
with the scent of warm sap—
old elm

Laryalee Fraser

A woman in the slum
watching the moon's halo
bursts into laughter.

Bam Dev Sharma

A bird
unaware
that it's unknown
even to the Atlas
still sings.

Cristian Mocanu

wild irises
two petals loosen into
a butterfly

Maria Steyn

wind-blown snow
 my father's story stops
 in mid-sentence

Tony A. Thompson

crowded café
 shafts of sunlight
 stir the coffee

CarrieAnn Thunell

her calloused fingers
 cushioned with desire
 ... autumn moon

Robert D. Wilson

the park café—
 catching my breath
 after the duck's long dive

Elizabeth Howard

winter temple—
 the white arms of a young monk
 wiping the floor

Keiko Izawa

dad's grave
all the flowers he wouldn't let
mother plant

Ed Markowski

rainy day—
staying dry
on the wrong bus

Francis Masat

silver tongue
slides between dark hills
inlet at dusk

Jane McLean

rainy afternoon—
egrets walk
in the football field

Kaniparambil Ramesh

again and again
two leaves touch as they fall;
the warmth of her hand

Chad Lee Robinson

from nowhere
 & everywhere
 snow light

Ann K. Schwader

like snowflakes
 stars and shadows falling—
 the travelers' temple

Mihajlo Pavlovic

- - - - -

THE POETS

- - - - -

Aurora Antonovic

on the way to the mailbox
the feral cat
by the fence

Tanka

arguing on the phone
with my best friend
this winter night
the water in my bubble bath
grows cold

riding the subway
this autumn morning
with my best friend
who lets me tag along on his errands
as though I am a child

years
it's been years
yet still his kiss
can make me
tremble

he loves me
he loves me
every petal from this bouquet
whispers
he loves me

away from home
in this strange country
even the bread
tastes
different

Carol Bleichert

waiting on the porch
to welcome the silence—
the brook babbles

catch of the day
rainbow colored in the pond—
plastic fish

a snake
beneath the rock
a toad

shutters slap
the house awake—
clock snoozes

the easel
leans against the wall—
waiting

winter
whistles a cold tune—
the furnace hums

Cinqku

rain drops
that first touch
startles the leaves
wet softly trickles down
stiff spines

Dawn Bruce

stepping over puddles
toddler forgets
to hold up her umbrella

on the railway platform
 a sparrow drinks from a puddle—
 winter storm

alone—
 rain patters on
 the window

upstairs
 new tenants move in;
 my canary sings

Robin M. Buehler

child's play
 glass jars
 flicker

her scent lingers
 long after her departure—
 that wild rose!

fallen Gemini
 among the ash and carnage
 a Phoenix reborn

homebound
hot August morn
wild turkeys jaywalking

Roxanne Carstetter

silver birches dance
at river's edge
to liquid applause

hot august night—
milky way melts
against midnight sky

raindrops on
red geraniums;
mirrored clouds

peat smoke and
strong black tea—
memories of you

Janet Lynn Davis

restless
eyes heavy
with everything but sleep

morning empty
no messages to answer
no spam to delete

Tanka

white petals
on the rose of sharon
smirk at me
through the window ...
snow in sultry Houston

sweater weather
delicious for thin arms
nothing like
the ecstasy of yarn
to protect against the lean times

Angelee Deodhar

after the summer shower
the sun filters through
a hoopoe's crest

soundless waterfall
beyond the conference window
a drift of yellow leaves

a cormorant's dive
the deaf haijin's hands
become his voice

for Jerome Cushman

winter dusk
from last year's diary
a pressed maple leaf

ducks paddle
towards our voices
through half moon ripples

thunderstorm
under the laburnum
widening pools of yellow

Kevin Doran

silver expression
on the face in rain
outside the limo window

the end—ashes fall
like snow onto dead
autumn leaves

winter party
grass dancing
in the wind

Jim Doss

Trash day—
a snow of stillborn poems
blows across the yard

No trespassing signs—
an army of starlings
glean freely before spring

Blonde thunderstorm—
my wife's curls wake me
a morning shower of kisses

The drunken man
spills his wisdom
on everyone else's shoes

Night after night
the old toad sits
on the front porch waiting to talk

Graveyard angel—
wings coated
in high-altitude ice

Dustpan—
give me back those small things
you've taken from my life

Margarita Engle

crossing a bridge
two monks in saffron robes
one blue umbrella

forest green house
woman on a ladder
training the vines

topiary zoo
an old woman selling
dream catchers

mountain meadow
the wild morning glory climbs
all over itself

pawnshop window
plain and fancy guitars
equally silent

milkweed
a bumblebee
nurses

koto concert
shorebirds at play
with ocean waves

swan
beneath cloud plumes
life adrift

orchid show
we bow our heads to meet
each fragrance

autumn vineyard
grape leaves turning
the color of wine

sheepdog
on the beach
herding waves

forest floor
the gold filigree
of autumn ferns

flowering pecan grove
my footprints of pollen

old bridge
beside the new
same river

dreary rain
 even the darkest umbrellas
 look festive
 wet and shiny
 twirling ... gliding ...

after leaning
 for fifty years
 the fallen
 Sequoia tree is now
 a bridge across the meadow

rumba cubana
 on the radio
 I drive
 beneath the mating dance
 of redbill hawks

soon after
 my grandmother's death
 I dream
 of flooded shores
 her tropical homeland

market day
 villagers wander
 in and out
 of the street artist's
 primitive landscapes

running
beside a miniature horse
my grown daughter
looks like the small child
of a fairy tale giant

Michael L. Evans

new home—
I pick ripe strawberries
in the rain

dandelion—
the universe
on a stem

alone
in this evening chill
I peel my first grape

my echo
has no answers—
her empty room

storm front—
I walk through the rising tide
of my mind

Cinqku

walking
 hip-to-hip
 with her that day—
 funny, how words can fail
 poets ...

sing me
 that love song
 hid in your heart—
 the one your pulse whispers
 warm nights

Cinqku Noir

paint me
 with the blood
 of warriors—
 I have no other cheek
 unturned

Alone
 on dark nights,
 when the wind howls,
 I play Russian roulette—
 all smiles!

Each day,
while others
enjoy the sun,
behind closed blinds I make
dark plans.

full moon ...
the wolf blood
howls through his veins—
a girl in red shifts her
basket

Kelly Fedorev

my city boy ...
these folk ballads
sung by heart

twilight slumber ...
tonight, in this bed,
only the kitten purring

performance art ...
the treading of water
& biding of time

reaching out
toward a window
already open

duct tape ...
if, by chance,
she comes undone

upon her arm
these wide bands ...
leather braid & bone

fresh produce ...
lovers' lips meeting
in the marketplace

skid row ...
mother warns
of bedbugs

Lorin Ford

dry winter
a geranium wilts
in the pub window

winter afternoon
the rabbit in the moon
turns blue

hermitage
moonlight deepens the crevasse
between two melons

puddle moon
the poet pisses
on his shoes

sheep country
passing clouds graze
the hilltop

night river
trains ripple over
the floating city

touching the wings
of the long dead moth
... dust

clinging
to the fig's damp roots
... his ashes

candlelight
 through rice paper
 ... grandmother's face

unswept leaves
 my foot brushes
 a sparrow

Laryalee Fraser

bobbing kite
 the spin of sunlight
 on a cobweb

lakeside stroll
 a chunk of driftwood
 sprouts a heron!

touching me—
 the part of a breeze
 that touched a rose

harvest moon
 a spider farms
 the wall ivy

aerobics class
two swallows swerve
past the window

highway rest stop—
a heron stretches
its neck

twilight—
a motorbike cuts
the scent of roses

dry cattails
a spider inches closer
to the sun

Cinqu

next door
a chainsaw
growls, the air thick
with the scent of warm sap—
old elm

dark-stained
 yearbook page
 only a hint
 of the path I once took
 lightly

moonlight
 on black silk—
 the slight tingle
 of memory's blue-veined
 fingers

Jack Galmitz

chanting a mantra
 a cicada in the leaves
 chants another

into my teacup
 a jasmine petal falls:
 a dream appearing

Sacre Coeur:
 a man feeding sparrows
 from his open palm

in the river
bobbing with the geese
at last at peace

wrathful deities:
coming in from the snowstorm
that's what greets me

one paper wasp
returns to my brass bell:
the future binds us

Christopher T. George

monarch butterfly
by a pink wall dances
with its shadow

I wait for you
by the castle wall—
cherry blossoms fall

the ocean roars—
I hear you over
the waves' beat

waterfall
 above us
 rainbowed mist

blossoms:
 the first and last
 delight the heart

Tanka

Last summer's loving
 has given way to fall: leaves
 accumulate where
 we walked hand in hand, fill
 the roofless house where we made love.

Don Haney

the whole bed
 yet she lays her head
 on my chest

mountain peak
 flaming
 the trees below

charred earth
silence in the air
Hiroshima

clouds fight
for more sky—
thunder claps

late summer day
an empty coke can
words escape me

silent conversation—
my body
felt her every word

J.D. Heskin

Haiku Noir

packed and ready
for that job in Chicago—
I lock and load

she's swell, but I know
she would turn me in
for a nickel

my lawyer visits
me in prison, but that's not
why I hired him

her name is Sugar—
she's sweet, but one can never
trust a pit bull

if he loved
the smell of gunpowder,
he died happy

she likes her
eggs over easy, her men
hard boiled

waiting all day
in this alley for the sun
to go down

I could smell her
cheap perfume even in this
toilet of a place

in a pinch, my Ma's
the only dame I'd trust,
but not for long

my last ten spot
I bet on What The Hell ...
what the hell

the lipstick stains
on some cigarette butts—
all that's left of her

for what I know now
I wouldn't have done it,
but it's too late

Cinqku Noir

coldly
surveying
some new targets—
time to lift a wallet,
or two

hitching ...
 I prepare
 as the mark stops—
 doesn't anyone read the
 papers?

heavy
 cellar door
 slams behind me—
 what I don't do for a
 body

Elizabeth Howard

the park café—
 catching my breath
 after the duck's long dive

eighteen-wheelers
 grasshopper on the windshield
 shifts its antennae

daylight savings time
 tree shadows crosshatch
 the crescent moon

hot and hazy
a kettle of hawks
at each bend in the river

misty hills
turkeys' mating dances
amid unnamed stones

white goats caper
on the cliff, in the sky—
high pressure

Tanka

Gentlemen's Swimming Hole
at the British colony—
a century later
young men still leap to their deaths
from the jagged rocks

behind the lawn mower
the prim bonnet
and long flowing gown
of a young woman—
how to count the dangers?

first day of vacation
 the boy stands in the driveway
 wondering where he'll go
 what he'll do everyday
 for two whole months

Keiko Izawa

morning dew
 in the autumn wind
 a newborn's cry

autumn ends
 in the murmur of the brook
 a fallen leaf sails

deserted town
 the freight train leaves behind
 an empty whistle

new year's eve—
 in the echo of fog horns
 another voyage starts

first snow
a passing child
sticks out her tongue

winter temple—
the white arms of a young monk
wiping the floor

tenderly
peeling the mandarin orange
mother's lean hands

morning stroll
flower to flower
with a bee

Kami

A man talks
on his cellphone—
his dog looks mad.

Chelsea homeless man:
more of the moon than
I wanted to see.

Almost that time
when pumpkins turn
disgusting.

Deborah P. Kolodji

birth announcement
an opened packet
of marigolds

peony moon
lace flower curtains
in the nursery

corn silk
a child's face peeking out
behind the stalks

Sunday pot roast
a bowl of tomatoes
on the windowsill

old recipe
for strawberry rhubarb pie
her gold-rimmed glasses

graffiti
on the corner mailbox
news of bombs

driftwood
a wizened retiree
with his surfboard

Myron Lysenko

stairs
to a hermit's front door
collapse

midnight
young lovers kiss outside
a brothel

sunny morning
in the branches of my nectarine
a jet plane

lakeside
two fishing rods
and no fisherman

cemetery
even the sun
seems cold

Ed Markowski

prairie sunset ...
the glow of the cattleman's
branding iron

dad's grave
all the flowers he wouldn't let
mother plant

valentine's day ...
the candy machine
keeps my change

moonless night
we follow the glow
of a texaco star

cold wind
the sweep of the speed skater's arms

falling star
how many breaths left
before i too?

christmas eve
i give the mall santa
a jump

first time on the river
i fish the spot
the heron fished

desert motel
the
vancy sign

morning glories ...
the bite & burn
of a double espresso

tomatoes ...
the weight of sunlight
on mother's back

52 candles ...
burning rubber all the way down main street

Autumn Equinox ...
the long whistle
of a northbound train

first day of school
the bus arrives
with fresh graffiti

her kiss
on the cool side of tepid ...
indian summer

barn cats ...
moonbeams slip through a seam
in the cedar planks

winter dusk ...
counting the cars
of a southbound train

hunting season
i lower my shotgun
to watch the pheasants

Francis Masat

prairie dawn mist slowly rises through the silence

rainy day—
staying dry
on the wrong bus

a motionless snail
on half a leaf—
outdoor seminar

our cat purrs
soft sounds—
distant thunder

fishing—
sunlight ripples play
on the bottom of a bridge

Tanka

breezy summer day—
a bearded man
trades an empty cup
for a half-full one
from a trash can

old English castle—
 flying high - heraldic flags
 of polyester
 children playing cards
 with Kings and Queens

a line of ants
 ascending
 a Roman column
 on a Greek temple
 in a Celtic village

Allen McGill

open birdcage
 an old sycamore
 fills with song

cactus spines
 the prickly sensation
 down my back

horizon—
 beach grass flattened
 in the wind

snowfall
the forest fades
into silence

misty trail
the crunch of pine cones
underfoot

a mosquito
skitters up my window
treetops sway

shower past
a mantis glistens
on the garden wall

hill crest
the slow of traffic
at the red maple

bare branches
everyone's hair
smells of smoke

first light
mist stirs in the
pine barrens

Jane McLean

takes a sharp knife
to slice the moon
so thin

white camellia
opens
new spring moon

Sunday organists
under flower garden hats
pedaling hymns

ferry turns
the island comes
to meet us

silver tongue
slides between dark hills
inlet at dusk

Scott Metz

lingering daylight . . .
 she has
 a way with words

a rock

the river

goes around

dust floating
 another way
 to look at myself

back from the beach—
 two drawers
 we left open

summer twilight . . .
 making each other guess
 our candy's flavor

building
 the fire
 between us

crimson leaves in a line outside the graveyard gate

Zoran G. Mimica

only the sea—
who can pay this
all summer long

fried fish bones
—eating them
with a peace of bread

stupid tourists
observing me rowing a boat
against the strong wind

raindrops falling
from the clear sky
—wet sunglasses

cleaning fish—
their eyes
observing

south wind
—children cry jumping
into big waves

the first figs
this August
—not yet sweet enough

Cristian Mocanu

Inseninarea
nu va mai dura prea mult—
mustele o stiu

The skies won't be clear
for very much longer—
even the flies know.

Devenind lenes
lasai ceasul sa sune:
semne de toamna?

Becoming lazy
I let the alarm clock ring:
is autumn nearer?

Romanian & English

Scrisorile vechi:
 chiar si nepuse pe foc
 incalzesc casa.

Letters from the past:
 without turning to ashes
 make the house warmer.

“A sequence, on the *National Geographic* map showing the impressive distances covered each year by migrating birds around the world.” – *Cristian Mocanu*.

A stork named Princess
 flew over seven seas for
 three months of sunshine.

The disabled child
 tracking the wild geese's route
 on the NG map.

Bon voyage, old stork!
 Would you send me some postcards
 from South Africa?

8th of September:
 Mary's blue cloak sheltering
 the youngest swallows.

Tanka

Courtyard barbecue:
smoke, Christian songs, dancing,
all trying to delay
yet another heartbreak,
another separation.

Heavy thunderstorm
the cell phone networks are down.
just one feeble light:
someone presses his phone keys,
playing with all the smileys

The garden's flooded
for the second time this year—
I don't look that way,
yet the heart's gaze cannot turn
away from the flood of tears

The power failure
turning all things to silence
unleashing the night:
suddenly, with each heartbeat,
the old sorrows come to life.

Nail-biting finish:
 the water polo players
 in the last quarter.
 Even the foam's on fire
 in the hot summer evening.

Cinqku

Romanian:

Versuri
 de prin zari—
 alung frigul
 din jurul inimii
 cu voi.

English:

Verses
 from afar—
 I chase the cold
 that's circling round my heart
 with you.

The next three are originally written in English:

A bird
unaware
that it's unknown
even to the Atlas
still sings.

Dark clouds
took over.
Reminding light
in the eye of the storm—
your beads.

Vespers—
the old tape
singing psalms in
almost perfect Latin
with me.

Vasile Moldovan

Burnt stubble—
the wind disseminating
seeds of grass

Early ploughing—
burying under the soil
the moon's kernel

Night in the market—
topping the heap of melons
the harvest moon

At the autumn harvest
the reward in kind:
a few golden leaves

The empty field
no creature, no blade of grass ...
only the earth breathing

Unsown field—
the train divides
the loneliness

Late autumn—
a single farmer in the field:
the old scarecrow

Sandee Mpony-McMullan

opening the door
ladybug crawls out
white moth flies in

feral kittens pounce
on feathers in the grass—
more orphans

purple loose-strife—
at the swamp edge
Edsel flower pot

pansy
stares at robin—
eye to eye

fly, orchid bee—
dust your wings on blossom's
velvet bust

Dustin Neal

bamiyan valley
two buddhas weep—
crumbling rock

air conditioner
blowing at my back—
treetops stole my breeze

window blinds closed—
blind man stares
at the moon

the statue
stands through all seasons—
even bird shit

distant thunder
and a dog's cry—
kerouac interrupted

birds chirping
in the summer's heat—
the choir still out of tune

graves side by side—
the poet still writes
of death

in my stomach
the ulcer speaks—
lonely night

sewing room
the thread like a rainbow—
heavy black eyes

morning farm road
caters breakfast to buzzards—
honking at strangers

clouds rolling in—
a fly caught in the storm
of my sneeze

frog floats
in the dog's bowl—
we both jumped

church pews empty—
a hollow cocoon
hangs from a cross

june bugs gather
 around backyard lights—
 a midnight rave

Mihajlo Pavlovic

three blue bees—
 in the cactus garden
 sunset

grizzled owl in the bush—
 dusty full moon
 sows stillness

flower of blue lightning—
 in the sandy harbor
 flattering mist

two slow clouds—
 on the sundial
 the last bee

teeth of the snowstorm—
 fireplace song follows
 a long night

dry trace of tear
like accidental butterfly
sunset fluttering

smell of resin,
thunder—forest shadows
hide the wind's roar

the gray forest
sinks in a still water—
dusk is fluttering

like snowflakes
stars and shadows falling—
the travelers' temple

moonlight's web,
light roaming wind,
linden fragrance

cloud's rags,
the flock of new stars,
moonlight's ash

before sunset,
the distant sun's rust
extinguished by mist

light wings of dream,
 dust of blue moonlight,
 fragrance of grass

quick sand of fate,
 in the inflow of light
 mist in flower

Francine Porad

artist's model—
 becoming part of the still-life
 fallen petals

withering wind
 sparrows and bundled toddlers
 twice normal size

scent of seaweed ...
 seeking a good-luck stone
 with one dark ring

small songbirds
 nest in the carport
 end of a journey

big birthday
instead of perfume
I smell of Ben-Gay

river rock
surrounds the water sculpture
spreading circles

abstract sumi-e
fingers stroke
the image

Kala Ramesh

lift . . .
going up with me
a moth

bathroom
mirrors facing
me and me and me

ants
climbing on one another
out of the honey jar

indian dance recital:
 long plaited hair in step
 with her hips

Tanka

sparrows
 without coaching
 sing beautifully . . .
 amount of hard work
 that goes into our songs?

strong winds
 sweep leaves away
 leaving me . . .
 alone
 with my thoughts

misty dawn
 up on a hill for a walk
 i while-away the time . . .
 far away a group of villagers
 on their way to work

Zips

against a dark sky lightly takes off
heavy-tailed bird swiftly

twilight coming down the hill
her laughter tinkling glass bangles

Cinqku

walking
to the end
the grassy path
ends where the steep hill drops
I gaze

i see
dragonflies
pause–fly–fly–pause
creating symphony
in air

Kaniparambil Ramesh

rainy afternoon—
egrets walk
in the football field

twitter of birds . . .
scent of sweet lime
as she peels the rind

no visitor this evening—
frogs croak in
the pond outside

bird droppings
on my T-shirt . . .
stars through the branches

uprooted tree . . .
two kids watch
in silence

sunday mass . . .
the keyboard teacher
in black and white

night rain . . .
 a baby frog hops into
 my lit room

Ray Rasmussen

Spicy Noodle Soup

The tiny Vietnamese restaurant is dimly lit, just a few tables, fewer people. The two of us, old friends, scan the menu, order spicy noodle soup.

She lives alone. “I’m okay with that,” she has often said. “I can’t give myself over to one demanding man, I won’t let anyone take over my life.”

Yet, it has been a long dry spell for her, no romance, no lovers, none of the physical contact that she craves. She had become increasingly resentful that the world of men render women in their 50s invisible. That resentment may be the reason that I sometimes feel the rug pulled out from under my male feet. It may also be the reason why some men hesitate to cast an amorous look in her direction.

But today is different. Today, she sports a hint of a smile and even a few giggles, a sound that I usually associate with teen-aged girls. Soup arrives and she announces: “I have a lover, met him several weeks ago.”

Lust is running strong, I think to myself. Good for her. We slurp the spicy noodles, our foreheads beading with sweat.

“It may be love, I don’t know, I don’t care,” she says. “I’ve jumped off the cliff.” Her eyes are sparkling.

“Maybe we should treat ourselves to a dessert in celebration of the plunge,” I say.

I think to myself, but don’t say, “I hope it’s a long way to the bottom.”

thorn bush
flush with wild roses—
a late spring romance

Andrew Riutta

distant foghorn—
a perfect stone
skips forever

smelt run ...
my father’s bucket
full of beer cans

up and down
the teeter-totter,
moonlight

deep
in the scent of summer
a homeless man

Chad Lee Robinson

prairie horizon—
a windmill's last blade frozen
in the empty dawn

again and again
two leaves touch as they fall;
the warmth of her hand

still water—
she dips a toe in
the Milky way

summer drought
the lake island
reaches shore

Bruce Ross

Boddhisattva vows
the mosquito too sleepy
to bite me

by the road
all its feathers in place
dead crow

mid-summer dawn ...
the one robin has
so much to say

heavy chop
a guillemot up and down
with the buoy

dense night fog
the clear space around
an old barn

deep ocean fog
the dark heron emerges
and disappears

morning stillness
acorns settled around
smiling Buddha

September light ...
the slender black shadow
of a dragonfly's spine

Thanksgiving Day
an empty phone booth
by the toll

... end of autumn
the last yellow tinge
of the goldfinch

Helen Ruggieri

two fruit flies
one cut cantaloupe
new world order

mosquito
over my bed composing
his death song

Haiku Noir

rain on windows
neon reflection in puddles
corpse in the alley

neon flashing
cigarette smoke, mirrors
another night to kill

grand opening
new rest stop on 86—
come pee with us

he wore his leathers
but not his helmet—
sashimi

Ann K. Schwader

magpie in the middle
of roadkill
is

each spark
a distant campfire
winter stars

last zinnias—
distant geese
suddenly loud

first snow
on the sundial
early dark

no clouds
clear to the mountains
sweet clover

sleepless—
how late the birds
wake up

from nowhere
& everywhere
snow light

snow across
the windshield sideways—
twenty-five miles

hunger moon
on the wane—
dreamless

... OF DOG
the rest of the warning
chewed down

Bam Dev Sharma

Seasonal chores
damsel's wood reaps
the twilight glow.

A woman in the slum
watching the moon's halo
bursts into laughter.

Morning hobnob
larks on thatched roof chirping
beyond castle.

Harvesting maids
walking with grain sacks
through swerving hills.

Nursery wards
the babies and dolls
all holy sermons.

Intoxicated:
the caravan men sing songs
echoing with woods.

The flirt moon
bidding adieu to the wind
sighing and chill.

Adelaide B. Shaw

white sheets on the line—
slow-motion clouds
in the summer sky

a gull's feather
caught on a blade of marsh grass
the sun's light

low tide in the wind—
marsh grasses bow
to queen Anne's lace

an old dogwood—
the flowering limbs cast
a crooked shadow

overcast sky—
another pause in the return
of spring

another wet day—
robins on the lawn
drink from puddles

twilight
touching down on the waves
the fog bank

scattered shells
in the pebbly sand—
saving just one

R.K. Singh

Taking a nap
on oranges in his shop—
a fruit vendor

Negotiating
the long sleepless night with
mantra and alprax

Painting
spring with willow
as brush

Unmindful
of body's joy—
the ascetic

Repeated orgasm
in the back: morning rounds of
halasana

A couple fumbles
through the non-stop rain in search
of paradise

Veiling her breasts
with the season's first snows—
the hill blushes

Maria Steyn

disa viewing—
we retrace our steps
through the mist

wild irises
two petals loosen into
a butterfly

winter holidays
a stray dog zig-zags
across the playground

walkman ...
a pinecone crunches under
the jogger's shoe

birdsong
the old cat dreamless
in the garden

waterfall ...
the bush-willow catches
a twirling leaf

twilight
I try to imitate
the robin's song

Brian Strand

Tanka

spoor tracks
imprint
the virgin snow
footsteps of yesteryear
echo my mind

the diary
fell,
pages scatter the floor—
just out of reach
yesterday's dreams

Crystalline

#1

Chill breath of fall seared scarlet red;
tears well within for comrades, long dead.

Cinquu

#3

a light
 frost whitens
 the frozen verge—
 inert below, summer
 awaits

#6

dank fog
 envelops
 a bonfire night—
 the party becomes a
 damp squib

Marie Summers

after the snowfall ...
 the gray hairs
 in your beard

morning dew
 a farm girl sings
 to the corn

wave petunias—
the crackle of band music
on a phonograph

grilled hamburgers—
a fly invites himself
to dinner

climbing roses—
the monkey bars covered
with kindergarteners

pink begonias—
the highschoolers pose
for prom pictures

Tony A. Thompson

Father's Day—
a tree limb snaps
in the graveyard

my wife brushes
her mother's hair—
night deepens

summer day
 in a scorched cornfield
 we chase butterflies

solitary crow
 on the pole
 after the funeral

wind-blown snow
 my father's story stops
 in mid-sentence

throwing out
 the wilted flowers . . .
 winter night

New Year's Day
 sweeping out broken
 ornaments

windy day
 unlatched gate in the cemetery
 opens, closes, opens . . .

picking blackberries
 with my toddler
 our shadows distant

CarrieAnn Thunell

crowded café
shafts of sunlight
stir the coffee

filling up
the moving van—
maple leaves

ransacked cupboards—
the hidden coffee
half empty

Vivaldi—
four seasons
drift past my tea

origami—
i fold
into your arms

white foam
rushes past my toes—
river over stones

Haiku Noir

his back
 the stark wall
 reflecting snowdrifts

his wildness
 rises with the tide—
 my windblown skirt

his face reflected
 in one stark tear—
 her terse speech

Geert Verbeke

Sequence: DEMENTIA

mother gets confused
 mid-conversation
 her amber still shining

she takes out the dog
 while everyone sleeps
 she uncorks a bottle

mother sings
an old-fashioned song
her voice quivers

she waves again
and calls a name
in vain

being the centre
of great interest
mother beats time

garden party
mother doesn't remember
that she has a problem

Robert D. Wilson

entering autumn,
the laborer's son
chasing ducks

twilight dawn ...
hanging yesterday's dreams
on the clothesline

her calloused fingers
cushioned with desire
... autumn moon

autumn coolness ...
raccoons weave a tapestry
out of moonlight

staring at you from
the crevice of a dream ...
autumn rain

late afternoon
... a shadow-play
of deer

humid night ...
the quiet hum of
a passing bus

beneath my window,
a snail
... in no hurry

wearing a cloud
around his loins,
mahatma moon

this morning,
in a different light . . .
a dewdrop!

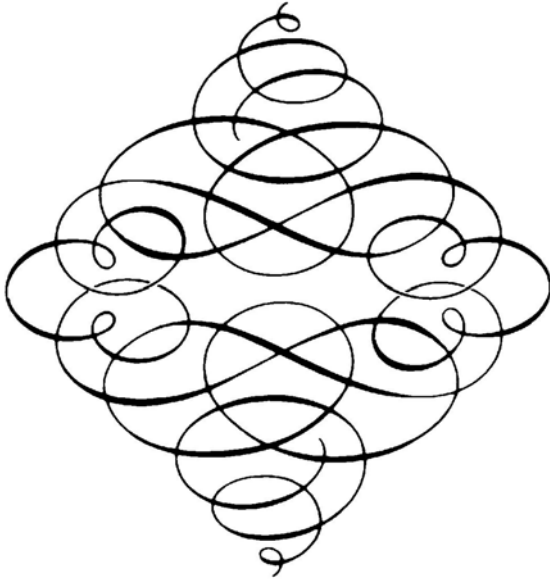
this waning moon . . .
my neighbor in
the doorway crying

the moon appears
between my legs,
less stoic than usual

the image her
shadow left in the
crevice of a dream

the sound of a river
passing
through moonlight . . .

in the rice field,
drinking darkness
from cone hats





Haiku Harvest

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Leander Aalders — Bruges, Belgium.
 Aurora Antonovic — Ontario, Canada.
 an'ya — Oregon, USA.
 C. Avery — Kailua Kona, Hawaii, USA.
 Carol Bleichert — Ontario, Canada.
 Minerva Bloom — Fort Lauderdale, Florida, USA.
 Brentt Bodoh — Illinois, USA.
 Dawn Bruce — Sydney, Australia.
 Grant Caldwell — Melbourne, Australia.
 John Tiong Chunghoo — Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.
 Susan Constable — Nanoose Bay, British Columbia, Canada.
 Frank Critelli — New Haven, Connecticut, USA.
 Susan Dailey — Pleasanton, California, USA.
 Angelee Deodhar — Chandigarh, Union Territory, India.
 Jasminka Diordievic — Smederevo, Serbia.
 Jim Doss — Sykesville, Maryland, USA.
 Margarita Engle — Clovis, California, USA.
 Kelly Fedorev — Illinois, USA.
 Lorin Ford — Melbourne, Australia.
 Laryalee Fraser — Salmon Arm, British Columbia, Canada.
 Victor P. Gendrano — Lakewood, California, USA.
 David Giacalone — Schenectady, New York, USA.
 Warren Gossett — Twin Falls, Idaho, USA.
 Eric Hayden — Orlando, Florida, USA.
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 Bill Kenney — New York City, New York, USA.
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 Darrell Lindsey — Nacogdoches, Texas, USA.
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 Jacek Margolak — Kielce, Poland.
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 Dustin Neal — Crockett, Texas, USA.
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 Bosa N. Pavlovic — Beograd, Serbia.
 Mihajlo M. Pavlovic — Beograd, Serbia.
 Paul Pflieger, Jr. — Tainan, Taiwan.
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 CarrieAnn Thunell — Nisqually Delta, Washington, USA.
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 Robert D. Wilson — Groveland, California, USA & Los
 Banos, Laguna, Philippines.
 Rafal Zabratynski (RaV) — Rzeszow, Poland.

EDITORIAL

Time for a Truce in the “Haiku Wars”

This final issue of *Haiku Harvest* is our largest ever: 73 poets from seventeen countries! We have been very fortunate, indeed, to have so many fine contributors. One might wonder why *Haiku Harvest* is closing down after this issue, right at the acme of its success. The answer to that question is the subject of this editorial.

First, to put this in context, we are not stopping our publishing efforts. Concurrent with the end of *Haiku Harvest* (HH), a new digital and print magazine, *3x5 Poetry Review* (“3x5”), will open for submissions at www.3x5poetry.com. Why the

break in continuity? Well, sometimes a magazine's editorial policy and mission change so significantly that a fresh start with a new name seems the best path to take. That is the case here.

The **HH** mission was always clear:

“HAIKU HARVEST Journal of Haiku in English is dedicated to publishing and promoting haiku, senryu, and tanka in English, both in the more classical traditions and in newer related forms. We give generous space to poets so they can demonstrate the range of their poetry and we promote innovation by providing a showcase for poetry in new styles and forms that are serious attempts to assimilate the best of the haiku, senryu, and tanka traditions into a continuously developing English poetic short verse tradition.”

However, over the years, my analysis of the perpetual “haiku wars” over the very definition of haiku and over every conceivable aspect of haiku and related forms has brought me to conclude that, for me at least, the time has come to call a halt to a non-productive course of inquiry and strike off in a new direction. **3x5** is meant to embody that new direction. Anyone who wants to know **3x5's** editorial direction, will do best to read the webpages online at www.3x5poetry.com/masthead.html *et seqq.* Suffice it to say, here, that defining “haiku” and “senryu” is not on **3x5's** agenda, rather:

“We are interested in fine tercets, including those in the Japanese tradition. Taxonomy and classification of such are not an interest. Whatever definition you might want to use, if your tercet poem is fine, we want to see it.”

The defect in the **Haiku Harvest** mission statement is in the clause “*publishing and promoting haiku, senryu, and tanka in English*”

which suggests that one can identify such forms. At least one famous haiku poet has been quoted as saying that her definition of haiku is that it cannot be defined. The truth of her statement is at the heart of the “haiku wars.”

In my personal estimation, a central and controlling dichotomy exists between “Japanese haiku” written in English and “English haiku.” [“English haiku” refers to English generically, regardless of nationality of the poet.] For lack of better terms, I will use “eastern poets” to refer to poets (and critics, etc.) who favor Japanese haiku written in English and “western poets” to refer to poets, etc., who favor English haiku. The dichotomy is in these two groups’ conceptualizations of haiku along the Japanese/English divide.

Eastern poets tend to utterly dismiss the idea that Japanese haiku in English and English haiku are different poetic genres. The common refrain from Eastern poets, when responding to this idea, is “why do people who break the rules of haiku still want to call their poems haiku?” This often-heard question makes perfectly good sense in their own context, in which there is only one haiku, the age-old traditional Japanese haiku, which they are now trying to write in English. It is, however, the fallacy called “begging the question.” The destructive result of this approach to English haiku is to apply many traditionalist rules which have no applicability and, on that basis, to disparage English haiku as defective by Japanese haiku standards.

Western poets, predictably, are generally much more accepting of the idea that Japanese haiku in English and English haiku are different poetic genres. In reaction to that premise, however,

there is a wide range of positions taken by western poets, not all of which are equally respectable. Not so respectable is the reductionist criterion by which anything at all written in 5-7-5 is to be considered acceptable “haiku.” By its very definition, this includes doggerel. Some western poets take the position (which I think is misguided) that English haiku should try to follow all the rules of Japanese haiku. They find common cause with the eastern poets in this respect and they find disappointment down the line as their attempts at haiku continue to be rejected by eastern poets. Some western poets say haiku is whatever they want it to be and cannot be bothered to study Japanese haiku to learn the craft. I have written often that there is no merit in freedom by virtue of ignorance. Yet others try to find the right formula (it always centers on “juxtaposition”) into which they can plug images to crank out haiku; well, formulaic poetry is always bad, in every form, in every language. But, most disturbing to me, western poets continue to engage eastern poets on technical poetics questions and issues which belies their cooption by the eastern poets. Why any working western poet would consider “on” (aka, “onji”) or the orthodoxy of a kigo word in the composition of an English haiku is inexplicable.

I repeat here, without modification, the opening two paragraphs of my 2001 article, *The Need for Experimentation*, reprinted below.

“When an art form is adopted by a different culture than that which originated the form, it becomes the new culture’s own property and it is made over in the cultural context which it has entered. There are, in every case, many from the original culture who demand adherence to their tradition, but it is futile. It is

always futile to attempt to control what one has given away."

"It is a delicate balance that one must strike. One must not discard the past in ignorance, but one also must not be constrained by the past. One must assiduously study the rules of poetics and then ignore them. The rules of poetics are not for writing the poem; the rules are for forming the craft of the poet. Every time a poet puts pen to paper, poetry is reinvented - or should be!"

I stand by those words today. I find myself in the middle of the "haiku wars," always the most dangerous position since all shots are fired through the middle. Japanese haiku have so captured me that I have tried to learn to write Japanese haiku in English. (A few kind souls have suggested that I may have succeeded now and again.) I do respect the tradition and firmly agree with the dedication to tradition of those eastern poets whose goal is to continue that tradition as completely and authentically in English as possible. I wish them every success and hope to be included at the edges of their circle.

At the same time, I am a western poet, to the bone, dedicated to the English poetic tradition and, as part and parcel thereof, to assimilating haiku, senryu, tanka, kyoka, etc., into that English tradition, not as a museum artifact of Japanese poetry, but as our own. Such cultural theft IS our tradition. We took the Provencal "sonet" and Italian "sonetto" and made them our own: the venerable sonnet. Virtually every form in English poetry (except, perhaps, the limerick) we appropriated from its parent culture and made our own. There is no reason to stop today. The English haiku will become what English poets make

it. There is no stopping it.

So, what about that controlling dichotomy between Japanese haiku in English and English haiku? My advice (even if it is only worth its price) is that both eastern and western poets would do better to recognize there are two different genres of poetry now and begin to deal with it rather than bashing each other over the “one true haiku” which is, of course, non-existent.

In any case, I am moving my camp into the territory of the western poets with the establishment of *3x5 Poetry Review*. It will deal with English haiku and will not toe the line of Japanese haiku orthodoxy. I can and will take other positions in different venues, but in my magazine, English haiku is the extent of definition. I know this will not be a seamless transition, but it ought not to be such a wrench as one might imagine. *Haiku Harvest* has published the whole spectrum from the most orthodox Japanese haiku to the most radically unorthodox English haiku.

I do not want to close without thanking, one last time, all the wonderful poets, writers, and artists who have contributed to *Haiku Harvest's* success these last several years. Without you, my friends, there would have been no magazine. Thank you!

— Denis M. Garrison, Editor

The Need for Experimentation

Reflections on Western Poets Writing Haiku

When an art form is adopted by a different culture than that which originated the form, it becomes the new culture's own property and it is made over in the cultural context which it has entered. There are, in every case, many from the original culture who demand adherence to their tradition, but it is futile. It is always futile to attempt to control what one has given away.

It is a delicate balance that one must strike. One must not discard the past in ignorance, but one also must not be constrained by the past. One must assiduously study the rules of poetics and then ignore them. The rules of poetics are not for writing the poem; the rules are for forming the craft of the poet. Every time a poet puts pen to paper, poetry is reinvented - or should be!

There is, of course, paradox in this view, but paradox is the natural condition of humanity driven by base desires and lofty ideals. The orthodoxies about haiku: the haiku moment, haiku mind, objective correlative, purely objective imagery, etc., etc., all fall before the onslaught of paradox and ambiguity.

For what haiku poets of the older Japanese tradition were seeking to accomplish with their haiku, the traditional haiku poetics are necessary and appropriate. For modern poets in Western languages who wish to emulate the same kind of poetry towards the same ends and with the same philosophic

underpinnings, those same traditional haiku poetics are, likewise, necessary and appropriate. However, for modern western poets who find in haiku the greatest value in its crystalline brevity and in the rigor of condensation to a lyrical minim, adherence to the traditional haiku poetics is both inappropriate and needless, since those poetics are intrinsically inconsistent, even incompatible, with English poetic tradition.

To the degree that each poet (or group or school) follows their own values and poetics, there is not any one group which is “correct” and others which are “incorrect.” Artists are free and cannot be constrained by scholastics. On the other hand, to the degree that some poets set themselves up as arbiters of all haiku, including haiku in English and other western languages, then artistic politics enters the arena and “right and wrong” become an issue.

Western poets are intrinsically unencumbered and unobliged by the eastern traditions. They work within their own cultures. Western poets who essay haiku nevertheless need to study the original traditions and understand them as well as they may, and must respect those older traditions even in the breach, because to do otherwise is to rebel out of ignorance, which is inherently wrong. If a western poet is to write haiku, and if that poet is going to go beyond the traditional boundaries of the art form, then she or he had better know where the boundaries are. There is no merit in freedom by virtue of ignorance.

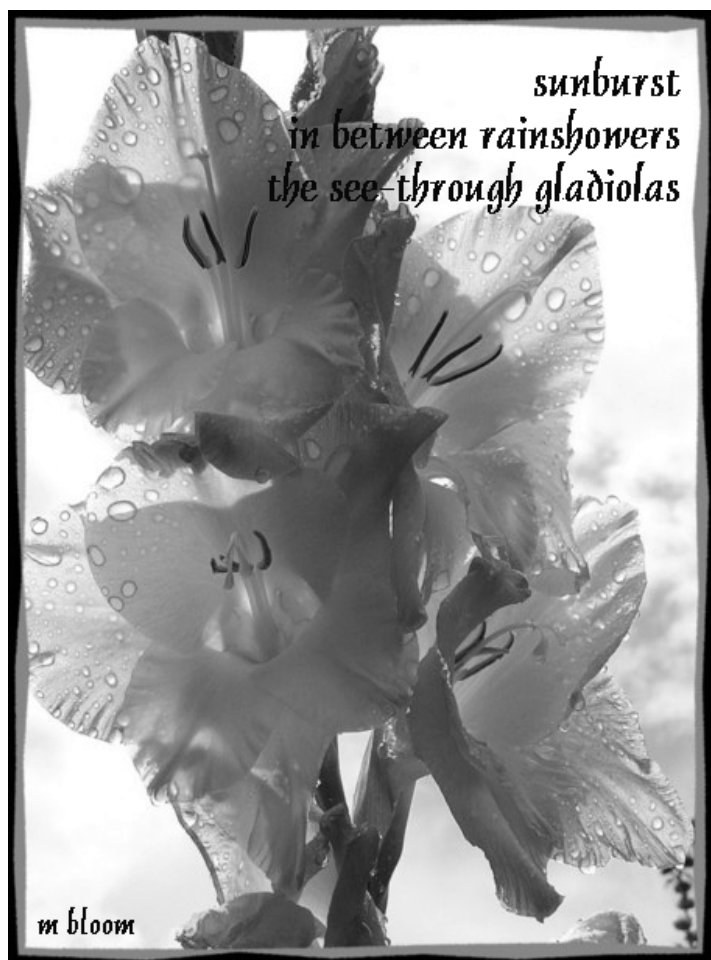
Furthermore, for the western haiku poet, assuming that the poet has indeed studied the original tradition as suggested above and moved beyond it, there is also the ongoing utility of examining

anew the craft aspects (the “tools”) of the original tradition in order to discover new and more culturally relevant (in the poet’s culture) ways to accomplish the ends of those tools. For example, while some wish to simply discard the idea of kigo (season-words), others might not. Kigo have changed substantially before. From setting the moment of composition, they have mutated to set the context of the content of the haiku. Now, in an age when many cultures are not agrarian, use of the seasons for context-setting on an exclusive (or nearly-so) basis is questionable. So, there is growing interest in new directions for kigo - including internationalization of natural kigo and consideration of keywords which are not rooted in seasonality. Continuing experimentation with such poetic tools is firmly within the English poetic tradition, certainly, and probably many others’ as well. Choice within freedom, as against doctrinaire constraints - that is the goal.

— Denis M. Garrison, Editor

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Haiga by Minerva Bloom.

*Editor's Choice**Listed in alphabetical order of names.*

jasmine on the breeze—
 he says my name
 with a sigh

Aurora Antonovic

my eyes close
 to the cadence of rain
 on a skylight
 a much cleaner world
 when they reopen

an'ya

marriage jubilee
 the blurred lovebirds
 on the pillowcases

John Tiong Chungboo

willows in the rain
 tracing their pattern
 on the windowpane

Angelee Deodhar

high above
the shantytown
homemade kites

Margarita Engle

thunderclap!
even the wind
changes color

Laryalee Fraser

hollow log—
the forest wind blows
out of tune

Warren Gossett

abandoned fishing port
one egret
fishing

Keiko Izawa

looking for the moon
in a moon-colored sky,
the smell of smoke

Kami

sudden spring rain
 my shape on this flat rock
 for only a second

Kirsty Karkow

early thaw—
 the earth tugging
 at my footsteps

Bill Kenney

the train bridge
 allows dreams to pass
 to Mississippi

J. Andrew Lockhart

deserted playground—
 on the hopscotch board
 a yellow leaf

Jacek Margolak

canoe in the mist—
 an old friend
 I thought I'd lost

Francis Masat

mudflats
painted over—
scarlet ibises

Dustin Neal

torn cobweb
he tells me
he'll never marry

Polona Oblak

on Lover's Bridge
a cigarette light
pacing

Paul Pflenger, Jr.

at dusk
the refinery glitters—
a Taj Mahal

Helen Ruggieri

mountain spring—
a butterfly's shadow
from stone to stone

Grzegorz Sionkowski

zen garden
a bit of the sun
in the koi pond

Marie Summers

a child
holds the sky by a string—
blue kite

Alan Taylor

a cat peeks
from the homeless man's
wool coat

CarrieAnn Thunell

breathing together
in a personal rhythm—
my mum and the sea

Geert Verbeke

this evening
the same mirror
as yesterday

Robert D. Wilson

THE POETS

Leander Aalders

a hole
in the darkness ~
pink moon

two planes
above the streetlights ~
shooting stars

leaves twirl
in line with the wind ~
an ant seeks shelter

Aurora Antonovic

November rain
all the magazines
dog-eared

before his morning walk
news of his cousin's
death

not yet twilight
her new necklace
breaks

jasmine on the breeze—
he says my name
with a sigh

leaves piled high—
he keeps a
journal

an'ya

from the eaves
an occasional drip
closer to spring

unpicked flowers
I gather a bouquet
only in my mind

sunlit yard
snow clumps on branches
poised to fall

stepping stones
between each tuft of grass
—equinox

please Lord let me go
at Eastertide when graveyards
begin to flourish
when signs of new life bring
more visitors than before

one more thought
before it's bedtime—
to douse the lights
lest tonight I may miss
my very last star

my eyes close
to the cadence of rain
on a skylight
a much cleaner world
when they reopen

C. Avery

red baby shoes
hung on the wall,
the nailheads shining

against a grey sky
mimosa blooms expanding—
afternoon mail

your cell phone ring tone
on someone else's phone:
daylight savings time

pulling out crabgrass
in the pavement—
the smell of soil

butterfly;
never again
to the same leaf

into the corn
the blue of his eyes
follows the diving hawk

in a hole under the statue
of the king,
the rustle of rats

my own voice
from far away returning
in the ambulance

the hobo at ease
in the gloaming,
eating my tomatoes

Carol Bleichert

eight-thirty pm
a bee inside a bloom—
still

weathervane
squeaks in all directions—
the rooster long gone

raindrops
ping the roof
we lie around
like porch hounds—ears perked for
silence

raining all day
the lawn has grown
a 5 o'clock shadow
on Sunday morning
tickles

Minerva Bloom

bone cold
a fisherman sings
of Señoritas

midnight tremors
my jackhammer heart
can dreams lie?

the moonlit oak
on raven's wings
mother of pearl

out for a walk
the sounds of crushed stones
on the trail

the old tree
sweet and strong
a cedar breeze

late afternoon
the cat and I
not getting any younger

to see the orchids
also a part
of our breakfast



Minerva Bloom

Brentt Bodoh

a candle flicker...
the warmth of her breath
upon my neck

early morning essence...
candlelight and coffee
blues and body oil

angel making...
the snow melting
against my bare skin

Dawn Bruce

zoo
pacing pacing pacing

breath
of a lover
misty day

heat wave
a grove of willows
greens the lake

tai chi
along the bank
gliding gulls

crowded cafe
outside the lone dog
howls

first smile
from my grandchild
spring morning

the toddler
re-arranges jasmine
on the buddha

learning to bathe
they watch mother
two sparrows

weevils in the flour
I fold away
the electric blanket

I turn on
the air conditioner
a cricket sings

between our words
the silence
of autumn leaves

dawn:
first light
on an ancient stone

streets at dawn
only middle-aged walkers
and birdsong

Grant Caldwell

clearing sky—
moon
on the roadway

heat wave—
flags folded
against their poles

summer sunset
 alone on the beach—
 driftwood

in summer twilight
 ducks in formation—
 breaking waves

waves at night—
 the moon
 through clouds

facing the river
 three empty deck chairs—
 thunder!

John Tiong Chung

marriage jubilee
 the blurred lovebirds
 on the pillowcases

antique store
 old thai puppet
 peeps through glass

late autumn
windswept bee clings
to my shirt

autumn garden
children shake
for last persimmons

Susan Constable

petting farm—
strands of fencing
wrapped with hair

birdsong—
so many foreign languages
in my backyard

summer showers—
the sound of the house
shrinking

spring break—
a boy and his dog
off leash

sudden storm—
only a book on his side
of the bed

May morning—
a crack in the pavement
blossoms

summer opals—
jellyfish glisten on strings
of seaweed

Frank Critelli

old friends:
the pond jumps up
to meet spring rain

early summer—
a glass of champagne
with the strawberry moon

driving home—
rolling up the window
to find myself

the same river
not the same
river

Susan Dailey

Since when
did I start wearing
my mother's skin?

Even greying feathers
sometimes
need the nest.

At 3 A.M.
My ancestors whisper.
By dawn, I've forgotten.

Angelee Deodhar

predawn—
the fading blue
of a beached jellyfish

dew wet grass
the quivering ears
of a cottontail

willows in the rain
tracing their pattern
on the windowpane

Buttermilk Falls—
the spray tickles our faces
lengthening shadows

a hairy crab scuttles
across the beach comber
seagulls scream

deer crossing
on the dark mountainside
lights dip and flicker

summer solstice
the sun not letting
the moon glow

Jasminka Diordievic

instead of leaves
plastic bags on the branches—
the wind day after day

sound of train whistle—
fingers tightly squeeze
a pink rose bouquet

half moon dark covered—
cats from the street
make serenade

winter morning noise—
a long line of sparrows
on the wire

spring after divorce—
just emptiness grows
where memories were

noon heat—
moving grass
swings the sky

picnic blanket—
the ant came before me
to the breakfast

on an oak branch
the winter sparrow twitters—
nested evening sun

ancient fortress—
centuries covered with
a wealth of fresh grass

highway in the mist—
a red sport car flies
out of the sky

Jim Doss

step by step
the cat shakes morning dew
from each paw

a bridge at either end
of the mist
the leap of faith in the middle

from the pawnshop window
my guitar
searches for its voice

abandoned farmhouse—
spiders spin forgotten thoughts
between the pillows

winter washing
his and hers PJ's on the line
frozen in embrace

the owl flies
from chimney to chimney
waiting for an answer

twilight graveyard
the homeless man rests
where he won't be disturbed

Margarita Engle

January sun
between past and future
peace

after the rain
I follow a snail's
silvery path

half moon
my conversation
with dogs

falconry club
wingspans in fog
the hooded birds

after the storm
a one-legged seagull's
graceful landing

after the downpour
a windstorm of stars

after a dream of bees
a dream of honey

side by side
fisherman and egret
waiting

stinging nettles
a soldier's grave
beside the lake

stormy lakeshore
the watercolor class
paints with rain

thrift shop
framed autumn leaves
from long ago

full moon
over Iceland poppies
white echo

high above
the shantytown
homemade kites

full moon
the lone firefly
rising

old temple
the floor of sand softens
our footsteps

rush hour
plum blossoms drift
against traffic

yard sale
a small dog guards
the old chair

paper fan
on a hot day
the wisdom
of women who lived
a long time ago

ellipse
the shape of my orbit
around God
I draw near,
drift away, return...

full moon
above traffic
on a bridge
above another full moon
in the river

old chart
 of the known world
 my ancestry
 floats between sea monsters
 and the face of the wind

as the days
 grow shorter
 a still life—
 gold pears on a plate
 my hunger for light

after I complain
 about the monotony
 of flatlands—
 spreading oak, double rainbow,
 a mountain of clouds

guitar
 and marionette
 the dual
 identity of antique
 wood and strings

Kelly Fedorev

sunday afternoon...
even the shadows linger
in a lovers' embrace

octopus sashimi...
wasabi and promises
upon her tongue

overcast skies...
the sheer breadth
of eagle wings

virgin snowfall...
three angels born
amid the moonlight

night shadows...
her head resting
upon his chest

dirty litter box...
she tells me the cat
smells of perfume

the taste
of his kiss...
seduction by
pork loin and pineapple
chutney

her own
reflection
in silhouette...
murky puddle water
rippling

silent,
thumb-to-thumb,
breath deepening...
she sits amid lotus
blossoms

tonight
the mailbox
reads both their names...
ice cream and cabernet
in bed

despite
weekend chores...
making slow love,
only to sleep the day
away

only
 yesterday,
 murky ripples—
 today's puddle water
 frozen

lovers
 together
 awakening...
 only to drift asleep
 again

starlight
 and her own
 fallen lashes...
 finding forever in
 this wish

winter's
 hunger moon...
 they move, as one,
 amid the night's silent
 shadows

sunday
 afternoon...
 learning his heart,
 soul, and the fold of his
 blue jeans

lounging
nude in bed...
a man, a dog,
and a blue umbrella
walk by

a winter rabbit's
most sudden dash and scamper—
then, the low rustle
of her own soundless footsteps,
drying leaves, and pampas grass

warm almond latte...
with his kiss, a hand
upon her swollen breast ~
autumn leaves drifting
into a lovers' embrace

the weight
of his hand resting
upon her belly...
beneath a birch moon,
lovers dreaming the same dream

Lorin Ford

a seagull blackens
toward the horizon
—ebb tide

last rites—
incense dilutes the reek
of irish whiskey

butterflies
the book falls open
at his love poem

temple looting—
another buddha
loses his head

a raga
in the junkyard—
summer rain

walled garden
the pleiades hidden
by the moon

achiote stall
the red of sunrise
on high cheekbones

bare cottage rose—
rain fills the empty
blackbird's nest

leaking skylight—
suddenly the moon
in the drip bucket

home renovations—
under old linoleum
old news

Laryalee Fraser

beetle shell
the soft nudge
of a cat's paw

patter of raindrops...
the spaces between
my toes

thunderclap!
even the wind
changes color

St. Patrick's Day
a raindrop wears
the shamrock's green

waning moon
in a curve of the hill
spring equinox

midnight
an eighteen-wheeler rolls
into tomorrow

tax day
the cat finds
my long-lost earring

chugging train
a track of sunlight
on the carpet

meteor shower...
following a trail
of bent grass

Victor P. Gendrano

her touch
sensual and caressing
my lady barber

spring rain
even Death Valley
is alive with flowers

holding hands
an old couple enjoys
the teens' stares

L. A. traffic jam
he peeks at the sports page
March madness

garden pond
the lotus flowers float
in a sea of clouds

David Giacalone

farewell picnic—
wind blows the blossoms
off the dogwoods

waking
to dogwood blossoms—
the boys like pink today

april showers!
trudging back
to fetch a snow brush

almost april—
baked apple season
lingers

spring arrives—
new snow bleaches
old snowbanks

the smile that humbles
the cherry blossoms—
too far to see her

rain
on my bald spot—
recalling dry-scalp Aprils

coldest day this winter—
the early buds
miscarry

brushing off the snow—
warm enough today
for a park bench moment

Warren Gossett

hollow log—
the forest wind blows
out of tune

quickened hearts
the robin and worm
this spring day

the rain, the rain...
doesn't it realize
my cloud has lifted?

incense
among burning leaves
jasmine petals

forgotten pond—
only a garter snake
has kept the map

narcissus moon
above the reflecting pond
admiringly

thick woods—
a shaft of sunlight
loses its way

Eric Hayden

after work
drops of rain
in my tea

the seeing eye dog
is tentatively sniffing...
chrysanthemums

clothes tumbling dry,
a fresh wind blows
on the window pane

rain beats the thicket
but, here inside—
a snail

the white egret
blown away by
a gust of cold wind

clear morning sunlight;
a dandelion seed-puff
rises into the sky

summer breeze;
goldfinches in the willow
flit from bough to bough

feeling for the light,
a chorus of insects—
cool summer evening

Ed Higgins

a velvet night
pours down stars
by whole handfuls

bouncing rain
off the skylight
a light-gray alto

shamelessly red
May's tulips
unhinge the day

a lone gray whale
breaching the horizon
. . . . then another

ripe wheat
swaying in August heat
the combine stalled

hidden moon
your eyes so silent
nothing speaks of love

unzipping summer
in the grass
your lips to mine

Elizabeth Howard

suburban mall
blackbirds whistle
in the crabapple trees

velvet antlers—
deer after deer after deer
bounds over the fence

a wintry mix
woolly alpacas munch hay
with walking horses

a student shows me
boa constrictor photos
the snake lost in her car seats
on my drive home
my legs tremble

leaky roof
 at the public library
 aides tiptoe about
 dumping soggy classics
 into the trash can

evening walk
 goldenrod slices the glade
 into broad triangles—
 grandmother's custard pie
 waiting in the kitchen

Keiko Izawa

spring haze
 the rickshaw man smiles
 at his first passenger

one butterfly...
 his son watches its pattern
 he watches its course

abandoned fishing port
 one egret
 fishing

a drop of perspiration
onto the rusty bolt of my bike...
spring deepens

summer heat
the gossip of a widow, as she
bites into a cucumber

summer fireworks
how did I feel on that night
of the unfolding peony?

Colin Stewart Jones

the cry
of returning geese—
I bed down

watching
rain spots stain my window
her tears

inland haar
a gull's shadow
climbs the granite

studying moths...
the penny drops

kitchen worktop—
the breadbin pushed aside
by her buns

looking
over my shoulder
the Scots pine

Kami

looking for the moon
in a moon-colored sky,
the smell of smoke

fallen leaves
press against the fence:
soccer fans

between footsteps,
the percussion
of sleet

telling me about
laughter and tears,
a subway beggar

sisters old and new:
tea and family,
steeping

my story
keeps changing:
each sunrise

along the hudson,
construction goes on
above the mist

the misty park wafts by—
late night bus ride

once I was
the naked woman
in someone's bed

up all night: unruly haiku

every night,
waiting for me:
Orion

Kirsty Karkow

new coolness
the sweep of a crow's wing
across the dawn

icy steps
I vow once again
to slow down

not quite home
mallards in a puddle
beside the road

sudden spring rain
my shape on this flat rock
for only a second

backyard rainbow
linking lawn and sky
ephemeral
like yesterday's love
that I considered solid

easing
storm-fed fear
a minke whale
slow-rolls by the stern
it's eye locked on mine

bad boy
of the tennis world
two sets down
I wish I didn't think
of good versus evil

broad-shouldered
he strides across green fields
a hiking saint
apple seeds start to sprout
in all the wildest places

darkness
I wake distraught. . .
a rehearsal
of your dying
destroyed my dreams

M. Kei

on a night like this
 not even the owls have
 anything to say

swaying in the wind—
 your inconstant heart

in a garden gone to weeds
 is the temple of my heart

the whirling snowfall
 batters my weary heart with
 insistent beauty

Upon the loss of a lover

My life has been a
 garden of many flowers,
 but I will still grieve
 when each blossom falls
 and leaves me behind.

The clangor of bells
called me from my seat into
the bright frosty air;
barefoot in the snow I stood
to hear the carol of hope.

The comb she dropped
broke when I stepped on it
by accident;
but I enjoyed
the sound of spite.

The flight of wild geese
across the trackless grey skies
which leaves no record.
Calligraphy of the air
like the thoughts of mortal men.

Bill Kenney

zen garden
the silence surrounding
a woodpecker's rap

spinning drier
her turtle neck embraces
my t-shirt

a sparrow's flight—
the curve of his breast
in the sand

first robin
my overcoat
unbuttoned

my shadow
making a spectacle
of myself

early thaw—
the earth tugging
at my footsteps

cancer patient—
his favorite ice cream
melts in the cup

sonogram—
they begin to think
about a name

afterglow . . .
in the soft light she looks
like his ex-wife

the smile
of the young woman I passed
on the subway steps—
it ought to last me at least
another stop or two

Anna Martha Klimstra

the föhn blows
over wet waves
a hair dryer

the sun rises
at the horizon
hot-air balloon

fireworks
in the dark ~
Nymphaea

Deborah P. Kolodji

wallpaper roses
the infant daughter
after two sons

divorce papers
the rose cutting
from his garden

your voice
in a distant waterfall
the washed out trail

the fault between us earthquake

cranberry salad
my sister talks about
home-schooling

the itch
in your absence
poison oak

morning haze
over the sprawling city
your plane lands

morning sun
after the rainstorm
asphalt earthworms

Tracy Koretsky

walking alone—
fog separates the upper bough
from the lower

the sound of breaking waves
on a moonless night
— distant friend

saplings bend in the wind—
children under their boughs
play hokey-pokey

summer twilight :
licking the line between
chocolate and vanilla

daffodils at the market—
I have forgotten
Mama's yahrzeit

in my bath
my tears
are cleaner!

Maria Kowal

sunset—
on stained glass window
rose blooms again

empty street
in wind's whistle
sound of flute

dusty pipe...
in grandpa's armchair
fat cat

summer meadow
with raindrops darkening
flower after flower

spring morning
on wool sweater
still his smell

Darrell Lindsey

roasting marshmallows
in the backyard...
meteor shower

gravel road
to the graveyard...
fireflies all the way

sweaty palms...
cane pole fishing
in the old man's pond

howl of a wolf
hands closer
to the campfire

J. Andrew Lockhart

the train bridge
allows dreams to pass
to Mississippi

listening to
78 rpm's—
cobwebs on windows

night recital—
in the audience
a child yawns

March first—
dusty short sleeve shirts
unboxed

writing alone
late at night—listening
to far away
traffic going west
and east

Myron Lysenko

roses in bloom
a chicken scratches
her shadow

trifolium repens
i tell her i am sorry
three times

after a holiday
beside sea and mountain—
suburban creek

champagne glass
without a leg to stand on—
dawn birdsong

full ashtray
she starts to speak
Italian

spring dawn
a myna bird goes off
before my alarm

summer heat
beside my nectarine tree
i become a scarecrow

two fat people
on a fitness track—
the wind behind us

teenager
on a river rock
the dragonfly hovers

new shoes
a boy walks off
the path

overcast sky
yellow strands
of a willow

wet afternoon
pedestrians cross
against the lights

sunday morning
young people walk past
the church

seagulls
descend on the mall—
clouds on a mountain

grey sky
under the bridge
a cobweb

Jacek Margolak

autumn wind
a chimney sweep's shadow
slips down the roof

windless morning
only the snapdragons
are moving

cloudy sky
a lingering fragrance
of rotting leaves

blooming lily
a Chopin mazurka
from the window

deserted playground—
on the hopscotch board
a yellow leaf

sunset—
only the scarecrow's shadow
grows in the winter field

distant shore
 only spring moon
 near by

sunrise
 brightens the garden—
 the glitter of chicory

the first tone
 of nightingale's trill—
 spring full moon

spring equinox
 daffodil
 half full of rain

full moon
 elder flowers
 brighten the night

Ed Markowski

april rain...
 my grandson practices
 his infield chatter

spring equinox
i wash mother's hair
with baby shampoo

sunday sunlight
somewhere, someone is praying
for the world to explode

roller coaster
we have no advice
to offer the newlyweds

honeymoon photo
a mountain path ascends
into the mist

Francis Masat

dawn goodbye—
ice crystals inside
a paw print

the smell
the cool taste
of early morning fog

waiting room—
leaning on one another
two old brooms

rising water
sliding under the fence
a land crab

sunset—
the coldness
in her lips

tractor plowing—
seeds fall
in the smell of wet earth

cemetery lane
shoulder to shoulder
shadows press together

honeymoon
the suitcases
— unopened

canoe in the mist—
an old friend
I thought I'd lost

a monk doses—
dragonflies wheel
above the meadow

winter morning—
fresh powder
covers old tracks

Elena Naskova

My rapid breathing
louder than the wind—
I'm losing the race.

Another gray day
like the one before—
the clock has stopped.

Under the giant tree
Grandpa's spring covered with leaves—
Who else knows about it?

Full Summer moon
gazing back at the curious children
the owl with broken wing.

Cold November rain—
 under the dried tomato plants
 a bud of a late comer.

On the first day of Spring
 hail batters the windows—
 I wake up from a nightmare.

The North wind
 batters my face—
 I daydream of winning lottery.

Dustin Neal

flying
 through the sunset . . .
 dad's empty beer can

almost full, the moon
 draped with a thin cloud
 . . . no privacy from the poets

the cool morning breeze
 waving
 the squirrel's tail

busy morning—
coffee splotches
reveal his path

the slow drip
of our coffee—
we watch the drizzle

a baseball glove
left on the little league field—
spring deepens

after prayer
still praying over our meal . . .
the fly

clothed in leaves . . .
my father's dog missing
a tooth

last day of february—
the black cat
holds up traffic

mudflats
painted over—
scarlet ibises

february sun—
 a pink house
 brighter pink

tailless lizard . . .
 i wonder who got
 the biggest scare?

a jacket sleeve
 waves in the doorway
 almost spring

dead moth
 at the edge of the drain
 winter still

leaves
 in early winter wind
 converse
 lonely in the field
 her back faces me

monday morning
 packed and ready to go
 one last glance
 at the heavy bags
 under my eyes

this heat
against the cold windowpane
my breath
forms a returning ghost
haunts pass like a fever

Polona Oblak

torn cobweb
he tells me
he'll never marry

fading darkness
a blackbird rehearses
his song

cool breeze
falling petals strew
the swan's nest

family celebration
the Sunday trip ends in
a traffic jam

passing shadow
silenced for a moment
the chirping hedge

half-veiled moon
the white magnolia petals
unfold

melting ice
the letter I hesitate
to answer

spring rain
the clatter of change
in the beggar's hat

awaiting the news
moon sliver peeks
through my window

sudden shower
umbrellas
bursting into blossom

Zane Parks***Accident***

Just a kid. Riding my bike. A funny noise. The chain? Looking down, bam! A parked car. The handle bar twists into my groin. On the ground, I can barely breathe, barely move. Slowly crawl home. Over lawns, sidewalks, street.

Mom checks me out. Just a spot of blood. It's not so bad. She tucks me into bed. I get to stay home the next day. My friends come by after school. It's kinda funny. They each give me a dime. But man, that's cool. A dime is a new comic book.

weekday morning ...
I watch a mouse
save the day

Bosa N. Pavlovic

stillness of snowfield
a sunbeam peering out
the crown of a tree

winter morning
wet roofs covered by mist
foreboding snow

window glass and snow
fire twitters in the stove
flushed faces

watching the sky
falling snowflake
melts on the eyelash

along the street
ice cracking under feet
sour cabbage smell

winter morning
chimney smoke looks for the way
in misty sky

the town roofs
smoke from a single chimney
one crow flying

the stove's chirping
warm coffee and plum brandy
smelling sweet

Mihajlo M. Pavlovic

two grey owls
icy moon followed
by warm eyes

blue linden of dreams—
cold ash, shadows
the full sky grows

the nest of stars
warmth, sand fragrance
home of shadows

dream phoenix
wind roar, thunder echo
—in the distance

fireplace smell
in the home of moonlight
—stillness echoes

dream rose
in sandglass shadow
—new spider web

caterpillar's way
dandelion field—midday
wind and bees

thirsty grass field
before the moon passes away
dew glistens

thunder storm echo
in the grey shadows
home-fire twitters

false daybreak
the first birds' voices—
a moving dream

an empty looking
river of oblivion—the bridge
ferns and stars

moon in mist
in the empty field—
weeping willow

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

invisible moon
stroking
the black cat

my words
in her ears
like ice fishing

when they finish
upstairs—
wind chimes

vet's office—
the fixed cat
questions my scent

on Lover's Bridge
a cigarette light
pacing

four chopsticks
wave out
a long fly ball

candlelight
in her eyes
on her eyelids

in the cold tonight
its cries
no longer a puppy's

Francine Porad

haunted dolls.com
the musicbox starts, stops, starts
"You Are My Sunshine."

spring breeze
a duck's quack
doesn't echo

Kala Ramesh

spring carnival:
after much haggling, i win
the laughing Buddha

winter temple
our desires swirl around
the aroma sticks

the whole room
to herself, still the mosquito
after me

autumn—
her hair pulls
the wind

Kaniparambil Ramesh

silence in the hills...
a moth gives me company
in the cabin

waiting at
the railway crossing...
full moon over a banyan

news on the radio...
I tell her
the beans have sprouted

the squirrel's call louder...
 after eating a handful
 of rice

yellow butterfly...
 I pause stepping on
 stones in the stream

Ray Rasmussen

Chest pains!

A voice in my head says 'have it checked', but another voice, the one that likes the lawn to get long before mowing it, says: "just a muscle spasm, don't worry about it."

One day passes, two, three—seven now. The pain has ebbed and flowed, but not gone away. The possibilities dance through my mind: heart attack, cancer, ulcer, kidney stone, gall bladder—the list goes on and on.

And, I drive to EMERGENCY.

The triage nurse asks how long I've had the pains. I confess to only 2 days. She pats my hand: "You mustn't wait when you have chest pains. Sit over there and we'll take you NEXT."

"NEXT" echoes in my mind. Who gets immediate attention in an emergency ward? I imagine metal tongs prying my chest open, a quadruple by-pass, a dead person's heart being jammed

into my empty chest cavity.

Soon, I'm squeezed into one of those tiny hospital gowns with too many personal parts hanging out. They draw blood, take temperature, read blood pressure, administer ECG, x-ray bones—everything but floss my teeth.

Wait time ... minutes like hours ... white coats pass by, but none stop. Have they forgotten about me? Or, better, perhaps they've decided to ignore me because there's no immediate problem.

My imagination's evil doctor, the one with the pencil line moustache and snide smile, whispers to the charge nurse: "As punishment for waiting seven days, let him sit for a few more hours."

I can't quite accept the possibility of death, but related thoughts stream in: I should have done my will, pre-arranged the cremation, hugged my kids more, told someone I was coming in—

gurney wheels squeak—
the sound of a monitor
flatlining

Startled, I consider getting dressed, bolting out the door. I imagine orderlies dragging me back, the triage nurse's 'tut-tut' as they lash me to a stretcher.

And, then, the DOCTOR arrives, no pencil moustache, scans the paperwork for what seems like hours, says: "ALL CLEAR.

Guess you had a bit of a scare, eh? Next time come in right away.”

viagra ad—
twenty old men dancing
in the street

Lynne Rees

evening sun
a crow walking
his shadow

an egret's feather
in the pages of my book
a drift of snow

eighth floor...
a man holds onto the edge
of his window box

eighty next year
his garden full
of dandelion clocks

all the puddles
I step in
yesterday's rain

girls in pink bikinis
at the edge of the pool
the waves begin

Bruce Ross

the pale blur
of a night heron
winter stars

Christmas Eve
the piped-out carols
for evening mass

a chickadee hops
from one twig to the next
winter sunlight

Natalia L. Rudychhev

caress ~
spring wind
shapes the sand

trace of lipstick—
dry moon
at sunrise

seventh moon—
fireflies
mirror love

empty house—
dead vine
on the porch

egg fight
your wish
under my shell

Helen Ruggieri

in the dark
making moon shadows
on the snow

your eyes—
the color of jade
in the moonlight

snow falls—
I shovel old poems
into the fireplace

high water—
a tree trunk goes with
the current

acorns
crack under pressure—
the oak inside

autumn afternoon—
old pond ringed with ragweed
a frog in my throat

at dusk
 the refinery glitters—
 a Taj Mahal

cows come
 to the fence to look—
 my shoes

the clam
 keeps its mouth shut—
 it's August

mail man comes—
 a moment of hope
 then bills

DADDY NEVER DROVE BY MAPS

Daddy never drove by maps. He learned to drive back before the first World War and there was usually only one way to get anywhere so you didn't need maps and during the war they took down all the sign posts so if they were invaded the invaders wouldn't know where anything was.

If we had to be somewhere, we'd set off in the general direction – west or southwest – and go about fifty miles or so and then we'd stop some stranger and ask, Do you know how to get to ???? from here? And the stranger'd give us lefts and rights and landmarks and we'd keep on going until we forgot and then we'd stop some guy and ask again or pull in at a gas

station and fill up on air and stale cheese-peanut butter crackers and ask the guy pumping gas.

He might call over somebody else and they'd confer while we ate our crackers, maybe had a coke out of the red flip top ice cooler. They lean down to the window and point down the road or maybe sometimes, back the way we'd been but daddy didn't like to do that. He'd rather circle around as if forward motion was all that mattered, the old Chevy thumping along until we got where ever it was we were going or dead ended at the ocean waves crashing on the beach and all the sign posts gone to war.

red lines on roadmaps
everything goes
through the heart

***A BICENTENNIAL GIFT FOR MY FATHER'S
BIRTHDAY***

We all sit around looking at the Sunday papers talking about the Bicentennial. It's Daddy's 80th birthday and the conversation turns to when he first felt old. Daddy says at 50 he gave himself another 20 years or so and now he's figuring 4 or 5. I say Grandma lived to 97. He nods and figures 3 more would be a 100 and that would be 1996. Another 4 would be 2000. "Nice to see the new century," he says.

My sister says 40 was the worst and at 50, she didn't know where the time had gone, she was just 50. I'm heading fast for 40 and it's when I'll face my own demons but I don't know that yet.

The new millennium will come. Daddy will be 104 and I'll be 61. My daughter will be as old as I am now; perhaps she'll do my portrait to hang in an ornate frame. My son will be a paleontologist thinking about bones and fossils; he'll hardly notice time passing.

We'll all sit around reading the Sunday papers, talking about the turn of the century, about when we were young, about when we were old.

by the door of the
abandoned farmhouse—
lilacs bloom

Deborah Russell

DAYS JOURNEY

daybreak
herons rise from water-rings

on the pond, in clouds, lotus blossoms

wind song
the slight stir of my reflection

quiet stream
though the clouds bird sounds

clouds in the wetlands
break from the reeds

lightning
between flashes, a blossomless tree

old garden, leaves in the pool, parting
summer rain—a white stone, whiter

stepping stones—
near the waterfall, my shadow

lotus leaf—the sound of rain returns

moonlight, the useless color
of fragrant pines

waning moon
the weight of blossoms
grows dim

AUTUMN LEAVES

alone, in each other's steps, in the midst
of autumn leaves

autumn breeze, his fragrant words drift
from my hand

sunlight strums the mountainside, now
and again a spider web

from mountains to valley, the sun
stretches crimson leaves

mirrored in our eyes—mid-autumn's
colors

pine cones tumble to the ground, we gaze
in a single gesture

faintly purple, twilight weaves through
the pines

full moon—only a pen carries my dreams
into your world

our kiss, reading the old love letters in
your eyes

what must I do with this heady scent that
haunts my dreams?

wild geese in the sunlight—shadows
ripple across the lake

morning fog—the aroma of coffee climbs
the stairs

beneath his coffee cup, a hidden love note
unopened

autumn, dreams unfurl like colorful
leaves

Carla Sari

winter dawn
the unceasing screech
of a hawk

ebb tide
the jellyfish steals
the moonbeams

summer twilight
the old man next door
breaks into song

neap tide
a cormorant skims past
heading to sunrise

heat wave
the cat's fur ruffled
by a fan

wedding party
toasting he recalls how
we met
sitting on a park bench
both let down by our lovers

overgrown
 with banksia rose
 encircled by silver birch
 the house of my dreams
 still homeless, I look on

Ann K. Schwader

night thunder—
 shadow of a moth
 on the screen

slow arc
 of the sprinkler
 fading summer

rusty wheel
 of the flicker's call
 late raspberries

a silence
 of crickets in the night
 first frost

light breeze . . .
a leaf takes its time
down

Orion
rises toward dawn
white moths

autumn sun—
last leaves flicker
into the blue

Adelaide B. Shaw

almost spring—
walking through town
strangers smile

contrails
piercing through purple clouds—
slow traffic home

high tide
filling rock basins
eroding them

washing the car
each swing of the hose
sprays a rainbow

we speak softly
in the heavy spring fog
all edges blurred

the heavy air—
a pause at midday
to collect myself

nothing to do...
we sit and listen
to the pulsing heat

a cool evening—
gone from the garden,
the scent of summer

advancing spring—
flowers bloom and fade
in an eye-blink;
through all the seasons
our love endures

early morning bird songs
carried on the damp breeze—
the day begins slowly
playing out the melodies
of April

crabapples in bloom,
one white, one fuchsia,
limbs entwined;
through the years each has blossomed
with the help of the other

even in chilled earth
daffodils poke through;
the wait get easier
in the warming sun
another day passes

gulls soaring above
the spongy marsh;
fiddler crabs burrowing
and we stand here
somewhere in between

an old woman,
her face ruttled with wrinkles
pushes through wet leaves;
I inhale deeply
the scents of autumn

blustery winds
 slowing down in the afternoon—
 I slip
 into a holiday mood
 with tea and ginger cookies

New Year's breakfast—
 an elegant table
 with longtime friends;
 the talk is more of the past
 than the future

they call me Grandma
 these children of my children;
 not of my womb,
 but still I feel the bond
 as if the cord had been mine

each with a cane
 arm in arm the old couple,
 leave the cafe;
 in this life together
 and surely in the next

R.K. Singh

Sitting cross-legged
the Hutch receptionist
behind the glass

Pausing between bites
on the guava tree
the parrots

Diving in the sky
apsaras on the stone caves—
god-touch in motion

To reach the branch
raising her other arm—
twisted hibiscus

Spring returns:
autumn in my courtyard
unending

With sweated smile
stands behind the broken fence
his aged father

Grzegorz Sionkowski

mountain spring—
a butterfly's shadow
from stone to stone

autumn morning—
in the new mirror
new wrinkles

my father's words—
trying to recall
his voice

bird song—
the sky clears up
in each puddle

this stone
left by a lizard
still warm

Sue Stanford

new lover
a flock of sparrows
clear the dishes

hot train
one sits
another moves away

white ruffles
a black swan extends
a leathery foot

Brian Strand

#5

August
shaded gold
becomes monsoon—
berries rot beneath the
bramble

#13

over
the stubble
carrion crows—
the gamekeeper heads home
for tea

Marie Summers

cool breeze . . .
one by one
the leaves

migrating geese:
dark streaks
in the sunset

prairie grasses
not one refusing to bend
with the wind

passerby
a butterfly leans
into the blossom

garden walk
the sudden lift
of bees

winter passing . . .
a spider webs
my door closed

your love for me—
the snow melts
as it hits the earth

looking both ways
to cross the street—
her shadow

sap moon . . .
still mourning you
years later

midwinter
the sudden chill
of bathroom tiles

zen garden
a bit of the sun
in the koi pond

bedtime
our goodnight kiss
heavy with mint

Dietmar Tauchner

winter dawn light
her blue skin
before I touch

my uncle's death
didn't make me cry
but a movie

museum
on a black monitor
me

waiting for asylum
day in day out
the sun's silence

late winter sun
a birch grows out of
the drunkard's abandoned house

Indian summer
taking a nap in the park
the homeless man

sea of stars
beyond blizzard clouds
my love for you

in bed
in the gap
between us
spring light

Alan Taylor

in the woods
some sky has fallen—
bluebells

an old cottage—
spiders have re-hung
the door

dawn—
spiders ensnare
the dew

a silent forest—
 the moon emerges
 from an owl's eye

a bloom opens
 then closes—
 butterfly

the man
 reels in his kite—
 sunset

a child
 holds the sky by a string—
 blue kite

A. Thiagarajan

road to station
 on the laptop case
 morning sun

gentle breeze
 the fragrance introduces
 her passing by

early morning
the crow barks
at the puddle

autumn evening
in dad's diary
my first letter

dark sky
the only one out
is the floating leaf

morning
along with him gets in
a butterfly

sudden darkness
dogs bark on the road
dotting my way

train cancelled
he starts solving
crossword

end of term
lizard all alone
on the writing board

long day
shadows crawl
at snail's pace

sunrise
lotus leaf holds
a mercury drop

dawn rain
hilltop temple rests
in the puddle below

sudden drizzle
drum beat joins
driver's hum

early morning
coffee aroma sneaks
into blanket

highway
car in front takes away
afternoon sun

first rain
statue washes itself
of droppings

vacation over
a cockroach rushes out
from shoes

so cold
the rat doesn't come out
for the bait

after cooking at 5star
chef returns home
for mom's dinner

brief rain
on the balcony rim
row of pearls

in bed
she exchanges side with him
for warmth

lightning
lovers adjusting dress
at beach

in the pool
how many fish open mouth
her nakedness

CarrieAnn Thunell

rain sliding
down leaves—
cat-stretched windowsill

another flat
the cold bike pump
ice-moon

reaching
past my sneezes
to pet the cat

the hiss
of brewing espresso—
a cat streaks by

the moment
of sunset on red leaves
alone

the new trainee
fumbles my blood draw—
white starflowers

a cat peeks
from the homeless man's
wool coat

auburn hair
a cold face turning—
the setting sun

paper air plane
stow-away—
ladybug

beaks
peel back the night
with song

Flat-bottomed clouds
burn in the noonday sun.
I inhale
cloud vapor. Carry them
till I make rain.

*Las nubes de fondo plano
queman en el sol de mediodía.
Inhalo vapores
de nube, los llevan hasta hacen
la lluvia.*

His unused cup bobs
 in the wake of his leaving—
 The train
 whistles a lament
 ruffling unturned pages.

*Su copa no usada
 corta tras su partida—
 El tren
 silba un lamento que eriza
 páginas por mover.*

Harvest moon:
 overripe, swollen and low,
 a babe dropped
 in the womb. No wonder
 ancients saw portents.

*Coseche luna:
 pasado, e hinchado.
 Un bebé dejó caer
 en la matriz. No es de extrañar
 antiguo vio los presagios.*

Caught
 fondling our camping gear
 in winter,
 I darn his backpack
 just to sniff stale camp smoke.

Planning
our fifth hiking season.
I dream of that
long-ago moonlit kiss
under a staircase of stars.

Tangled
in his sleeping bag—
the roar
of my mate calling for coffee
and help with the zipper.

The scent
of wood smoke and coffee
arrives
before his cupped hands
filled with wild berries.

Lao Tsu,
I'd like to know—
who that was
who chased you to the city's gate
to bid you write The Way?

Geert Verbeke

TSUNAMI:

in the harbor
everything devastated—
a cresting wave

the earthquake
displaces the water mass—
forgotten shipwrecks

due to curiosity
people stay at the shore—
no warning system

a great wave
in the harbor waters—
orphan songs

tidal waves—
between the driftwood
a teddy bear

your mother died
the cover of her coffin
creaks in your mind

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

on his head
a knotted handkerchief—
the fisherman

a ballerina
on impossible toes—
elderly woman

on her shoulder
a fat Siamese cat—
both stray

simple voices
singing in the subway—
only small coins

talking with the rain
and the rustling of leaves—
mum has Alzheimer's

the stone angel
from the end of his wing
an icicle

sitting on a bench
a yapping tyke on his lap—
the garden gnome

she smells sweet
the girl next door—
our first date

breathing together
in a personal rhythm—
my mum and the sea

on the steps
in the site of pilgrimage—
the trampled flowers

Robert D. Wilson

pine trees carry dawn across the horizon

morning twilight . . .
a salmon swimming
through your breasts

twilight dawn . . .
everywhere
her outstretched hand

this evening
the same mirror
as yesterday

ready for spring
the bearded dragon
takes off his clothes

this morning
a gray whale
swallowed the sun

winter morning . . .
living between
the same mirror

the wind
tonight a whisper
tickling reeds

the possum visits
me this evening
as she does every night
when the moon
is somewhere else

if i release you,
carp,
will you dive
with me into
the sun's reflection?

having no recourse
but to stand with the stars,
a strand of trees
weighted down with
clumps of cloud

egret
patiently waits
in his shadow
for the sun to paint
him another color

he retreats
into the womb that
bore him,
towing shadows
towing shadows

Rafal Zabratynski (RaV)

ONE SUMMER DAY

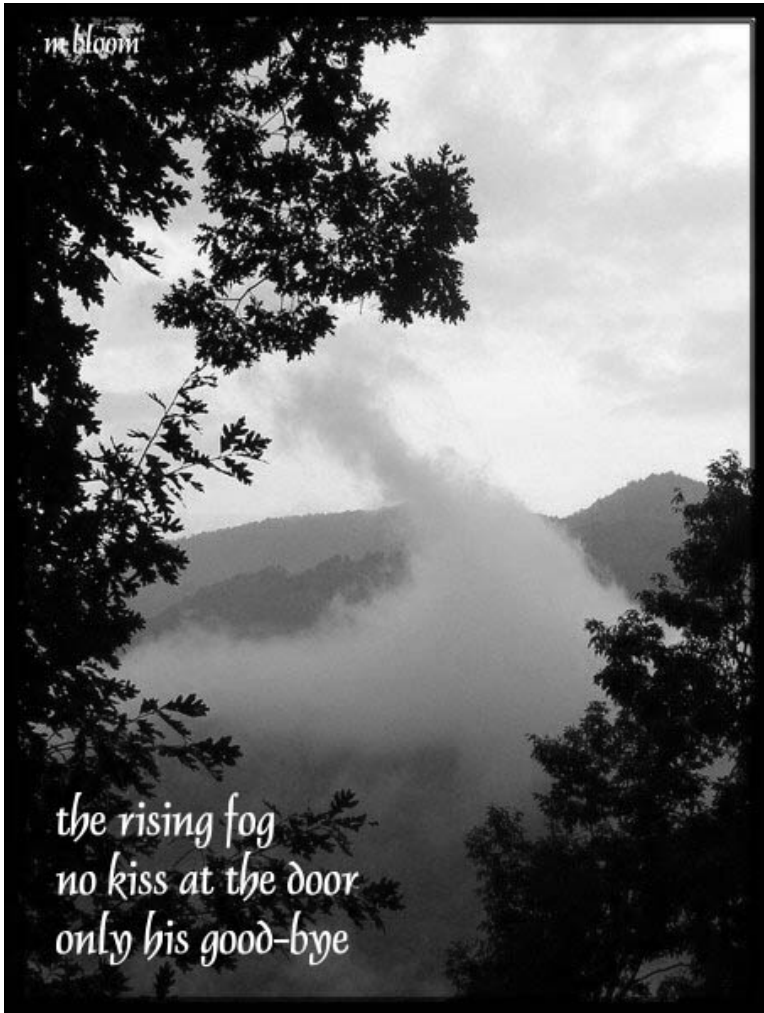
a sugar crystal
walks away with the ant—
morning coffee

scorching sun
the asphalt creeps
under the soles

cool shower
the heated pavement
steams

double rainbow
not a single soul
to share it with

a puff of wind
tickles the feet—
evening drink



Haiga by Minerva Bloom, from the back cover of
Haiku Harvest, Volume 6, No.1.



HAIKU HARVEST

Journal of Haiku in English

Denis M. Garrison is the editor and publisher of *Haiku Harvest*. He lives in Maryland's Hunt Country in northern Baltimore County with his wife, Deborah. A 1974 Towson graduate in English literature, he edited Towson's literary magazine and taught creative writing for Johns Hopkins University's Free University. His poetry is published in *Poetry Scotland*, *Nightingale*, *Verse Libre Quarterly*, *Simply Haiku*, *Ribbons*, *Nisqually Delta Review*, *Moonset*, *Wisteria*, *Roadrunner*, *Stirring*, *World Haiku Review*, *Haiga Online*, and many others, in his chapbook, *Port of Call and Other Poems*, and in his books, *Eight Shades of Blue* (haiku) and *The Brink at Logan Pond*. Garrison's short fiction has been published in *Stirring*, *The Writer's Hood*, and *Talisman* and in his book, *Three Odd Tales*. He has edited the webzines, *Ku Nouveau*, *Haiku Noir*, *Templar Phoenix*, *Haiku Cycles*, and *Gunpowder River Poetry*. In 2005, Garrison was a founding editor of *Loch Raven Review*. In 2002, he was a founding editor of *Amaze: The Cinquain Journal*, the primary print and web resource for this intense and beautiful poetic form, which has led a renaissance of classic cinquains and new polystanzaic cinquain forms. Besides his work with cinquains, Garrison created three poetic forms, the cinquku, a set form for tanka, the crystalline, a haiku couplet, and the nautilus, based on the Fibonacci sequence and the Golden Mean.

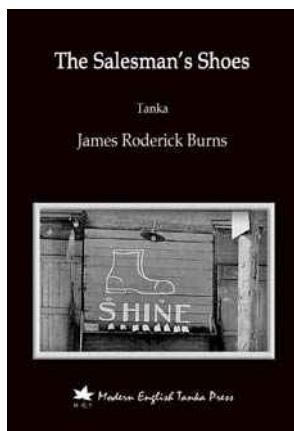


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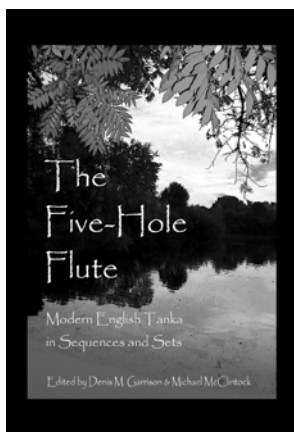
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Denis M. Garrison & Michael McClintock, Editors
ISBN: 978-0-6151-3794-0.

THE FIVE-HOLE FLUTE affords the reader an impressively compact and rich overview of modern tanka, cinquain, and haiku, and of the changing shape and power of these forms when arranged in sets and sequences.

The works in this exemplary collection offer a glimpse into the extraordinary diversity and sometimes startling richness of the modern short poem in English, and disclose a fascinating but hitherto concealed dimension of literary creativity: the integration of autonomous short poems into new, coherent, interactive patterns that break free of the conventional stanzaic forms of longer narrative, epic, and lyrical verse. Several techniques are illustrated—including anaphora, thematic linking, antiphonal response, and more—demonstrating the manifold possibilities for grouping tanka, cinquain, and haiku in compositions that convey an expanded poetic experience, a compound literature having broad scope and unlimited potential for dealing with the many layers and complexities of human experience, thought, and emotion.

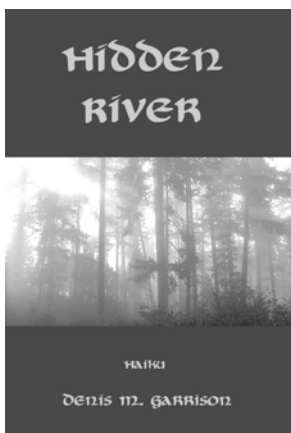
Resonant with the breadth and vision of literary collage, mural, and existential mandala, the short form poets of the twenty-first century reveal cultural and artistic roots not only in the ancient Japanese waka/tanka tradition, but equally in the subjective realism of the Impressionist painters and the short works of such Imagist poets as Adelaide Crapsey, the early Ezra Pound, T. E. Hulme, Amy Lowell, H.D., and Wallace Stevens.

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MODERN ENGLISH TANKA PRESS

Hidden River

Haiku by Denis M. Garrison

ISBN: 978-0-6151-3825-1.

“One wonders when they read the name of a man or even if they see his picture, what is he truly like? In my opinion, the best way to know a man is to study in depth what he puts down on paper. Denis Garrison would easily be recognized for the outdoorsman that he is by his haiku. Words and phrases such as: ‘hidden river,

plowed field, leafing orchards, hunger moon, old tin cup, rabbit spoor, river stones, bridle paths, spring-fed creek, woodpecker’s vibrato, fragrant hay bales, sparrow tracks in fresh snow, field of ripe pumpkins, scorched dirt, cowpies, frog song and fireflies, woodcutter’s cabin’ and so forth, appear throughout his book. Denis skillfully gives readers a strong but pleasant taste of nature in this fine presentation via the many outstanding haiku found around every bend of his ‘*Hidden River*.’ ” — an’ya, Editor of *TSA Ribbons* and *moonset* journal.

“Denis Garrison is an excellent poet; a breath of fresh air. He understands haiku and, as an editor of literary journals and the owner of a small book publishing firm, he realizes that, like any art form, one must pay their dues; putting in time, study, practice, and hard work. . . . With a fresh voice, Garrison writes poetry that resonates, doesn’t ‘tell all,’ and lingers in the mind after being read. . . . Garrison does not adhere to a strict 5/7/5 syllable formula. . . . Added to the haiku are good metre, more than one layer of meaning, and a unique way of viewing life. . . . This is the genius of haiku: using an economy of words to paint a multi-tiered painting without ‘telling all.’ Garrison does this well. His poetic canvasses only look simple. . . . however, level after level of meaning unfolds, calling to mind the way tones, tints, and simple brush strokes bring to life a sumi-e painting. Denis Garrison writes beautiful haiku. I recommend his new book, *Hidden River*, to all who appreciate the genre and to those who want a good model to emulate in their journey to becoming a better poet. His book will leave an indelible print in your mind.” — Robert D. Wilson, Managing Editor of *Simply Haiku*.

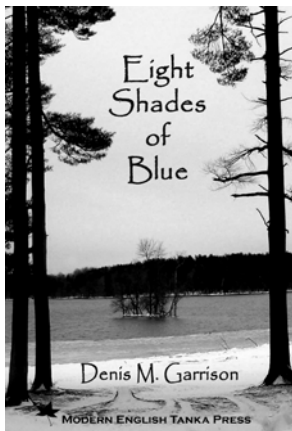
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Also from
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Haiku by Denis M. Garrison

Third Edition

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