

One black butterfly,
wings frayed, beats against the wind
not going his way.

gray December day
gray squirrels rustling dead leaves
gray stone at your grave

Incoming ocean
rolls each new load of bubbles
over children's heels.

North Carolina Haiku Society Contest

1988

Sun probes the tidepools.
Tiny creatures shut their shells
~~waiting sea's return.~~
for deep seas.

Sun rise in the swamp -
mist & musk rise slow & soft.
~~June sun inches up.~~
~~Bog mist, musk scents lift slowly.~~
Cranes rise fast and loud.

Sent Feb. 24-78
 Yuhuborn Hailu
 Society, San Jose
 Arizona, Sept. 78

This one
 NFSP 79

The artist ocean
 pours ^{sprays all its} blends cool blue watercolors
 on ^{anyone} with this red heat wave
 on June
 roses blue watercolors
 against ~~this~~ heat wave
 June's

blends
 pours (anyone/watercolors)
 on this red-heat wave
 with

The seedling cedar

he tried to kill in the corn
^{thought he killed}
 now ~~shades~~ his old age
 shades

Blank canvas waiting
 Behind my eyes for spring shades
 Mixed green metaphors
 Greening
 saying
 April
 coming
 painting
 spreading
 bursting
 stroking

Gray squirrel, brown nuts,
 ancient ritual of fall—
 a
 the forest's future

prints of soft blue
 watercolors
 on this red heat wave

The artist ocean
 pours ^{sprays all its} blends cool blue watercolors
 against ^{anyone} this heat wave
 on June's red

Seasons Palette
 For All Seasons

Blank waiting canvas
 Behind my eyes for green
 now coming true
 green
 pigments
 life green
 pronounced

A painted
 The green time springs
 pales
 stems
 The Canvas behind my eyes
 indelible shades

Glenna Holloway
1028 Apple Lane
Lombard, Ill. 60148

THE FORGIVEN

Glenna Holloway

The seedling pine I
Tried to kill in my herb bed
Now shades my old age.

~~The~~ ocean of summer
 ocean of summer
 bring your cooling ^{spume}
 bring aquamarine spray
 across this heat wave
 out to quell this heat wave
 quench
 4.
 hunt your aquamarine spray
 watercolor spume
 blow
 for
 bring
 sand

summer sea long summer ocean
 blue coal watercolor spray
 paints blends your watercolor spray
 into this heat wave
 in red
 with this red
 on

The summer ocean
^{out}
 paints blue watercolor spray
 spume
 sprays

The sea of summer
 blends cool blue watercolor spume
 sprays
 on this red heat wave
 with

small creatures in fall
 Brown animals
~~Bring~~ fall creatures perform
^{the}
 the ritual of, nuts -
 future food and homes
 forest

{ Red and
 Brown squirrels, brown [nuts]
 ancient
 ritual of fall -
 the forest's future
 gray
 * Red squirrel, brown [nuts]
 ancient ritual of fall -
 the forest's future

when he speaks a her
 sleet plots ^{falls} across the sun ~~right~~ rays - slant of sun
 diagonal words ^{calm} sleet ~~spatters~~ the sunny day
 ice ^{patterns}
 sleet covers trees
 sleeted ice

~~Bill's present~~

*This batch
still needs work*

*Tanka - haiku
they sound
maybe stanzas*

3. Poetry

g. American Tanka

17/161

BEAUTY IS

Until you notice

Iridescent filigree

wings of lowly flies
Of a lowly fly,

Truth to see eludes your eyes

In loveliness of lotus.

longing looks at

5 first you must find

~~*Gaze beneath*~~

Gaze past the surface

~~*of everything around*~~

~~*all the things you may see*~~

Of all expectations, see

in miniature

I said ita'not

It'll never be

the same thing as

to grow into
graduate into

Mrs. R. W. Holloway
3811 Carole Dr.
Doraville, Ga. 30040

The summer ocean
sprays cool blue watercolors
on this red heat wave

22
x 16

132
22
352

The sea of summer
blends blue watercolor spray
with this red heat wave

16
x 22

32
32
352

The summer artist
blends sea spray watercolors
with this red heat wave

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT IN HAIKU

The art of summer
The summer artist
blends watercolor sea spray
with this red heat wave

by Glenna Holloway

The artist summer
Art of summer blends
blue watercolor sea spray
with orange heat wave

Have you never seen
Iridescent filigree
Even in fly's wings?

summer artistry
blends watercolor sea

Summer artistry
sprays blue watercolor sea
over red heat wave

Summer artistry
sprays
blends blue watercolor sea
on
with orange heat wave

Summer artistry -
blue watercolor sea spray
over red heat wave

★ { artful
The artist ocean
blends cool blue watercolors
with this red heat wave
sprays pastel watercolors
on this red heat wave

blends cooling watercolors

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NFSPS-80

The seedling cedar
hoed under the parsley bed
now shades our old age.

Beneath

THE FORGIVEN

Glenna Holloway

The seedling pine I ^{he}
Tried to kill in my herb bed ^{his}
Now shades my old age. ^{his}

little better

The seedling cedar ^{had}
hoed ~~down~~ in the ^{union} ~~as~~ ^{city} ~~bed~~ cabbage
under the herb bed. ^{mustard}
now shades our old age. ^{parsnip}
^{corn}
^{eggplant}
^{flower}
parsley

Perfection is white,
the equal blend of each hue -
hymn to the spectrum.

reluctant model
Spring models shyly
slow, shy
shy model Spring comes

~~Spring comes~~

The model spring
Spring = a shy model
stark canvas keeps her posing
mixed green metaphor
help her to pose
blank canvas keeps her posing
to pose

an equal blend of ~~each~~ hue

looped in the spectrum
spurred
stared

Spring models shyly
stark canvas keeps her to pose
mixed green metaphor
new models are shy

praising the spectrum

hymn to the

icing the spectrum

freezing

gift of the spectrum

hymn to the spectrum
of
for

Glenna Holloway
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VIEWPOINT IN HAIKU

Glenna Holloway

June bug bouncing on
Lily stamen—springboard of
Sticky gold beach balls.

a Palette for All Seasons

Spring model shyly -
Stark connoisseurs best pose
Mixed green metaphor

The artist ocean
sprays azure watercolor
an June's red heatwave

Gray squirrel, brown nuts -
Ancient collage of autumn -
The forest's future

Perfection is white,
the equal blend of all hues -
hymn to the spectrum

First prize
\$10 p & p 81

accepted for
Modern Lyrics Anthology
Porter Press 82

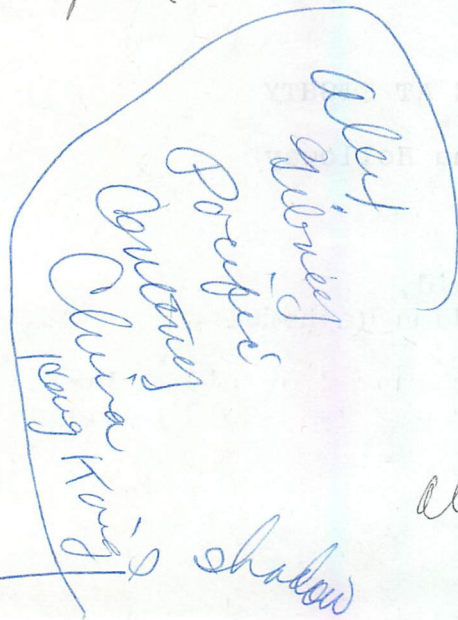
White egrets

In Coasting plumage 5
posing in their reflections
waiting posed pond
fishing

animal

Straddling
the state line

standing in



Latus
Mississippi

Geode

my eyes
best to see
Noch saw
dominal Noch saw
values on an ant geode
flaming blood saw
purple saw
purple crystals

4

house
old Mustang lost

6 the battle for his mares
7 bleeding into his pond
reflections

~~Stallion~~

~~but the lost~~

3 the deposed stallion's

~~the stallions fight~~

~~takes his~~
watches the victor

Sees his rival take the mares
round up

all the mares & ~~hurry up~~
lead

~~that~~

takes his mares to the river 7

~~the~~
to the mares following
gallop off
with his rival

drinks his bloody reflection

mine the best eyes to see

asking methyst geode
mine the first eyes to see

supposing purple crystals
balancing the geode
cutting / my eyes first to see
inside

Diamond blade saw
~~trailing ancient grodes~~
 cutting ^{one} methyst
~~through~~ ^{inside} methyst
 lining ancient grodes
 saw tooth crystals
 exposing purple crystals 7
 human eyes never have seen 7
 no eyes ever saw before 7
 deep purple sawtooth crystals 7

Diamond-blade saw
 exposing cutting purple methyst
 revealing slicing 2 than the
~~inside~~ in ancient grodes—
~~deep purple~~ ^{purple} sawtooth
 exposing purple crystals
 no eyes ever saw before
 whining through a ^{quartz lens} gray rock
 halving the ^{nodule} a grode

Great blue heaven
 looking ^{over} the pond passing in the pondscape
 passing in ~~the deep~~ reflection
 his ~~reflection~~

J. K. M. S. I.
 Diamond
 (MS 50)

ADDIE AT EIGHTY

Glenna Holloway

It's hard, she said,
always being so damn grateful
for snow shoveling
or getting a couch moved or rides downtown.
Afterwards I knew she was scolding herself
for getting crotchety.

Once she told us how
some nights she'd think
about white lightning--
the kind the old sheriff used to make
and stash away for years to mellow.
You knew it never had dead birds or frogs
in it and wasn't colored with tobacco juice.
It was a kind of slow pure white
that takes some of your breath away
but leaves your tongue intact
and contents your throat and gut
like a good honeydew melon only warm.
That's how it oughta be, she said,
to grow old.

Diamond blade saw
whining thru a gray ^{an old gray} ~~quartz~~ ^{rock} 7
halving the geode
revealing purple ^{perfect} crystals 7
no eyes ever saw before. 7

Tanaka

cleaning
coyote expanding ~~the~~ ^{his}
his territory
straddling the state line

coyote on the
coyote claiming ~~the~~ ^{his}
the midway point of his range
in

(coyote expanding
his range, ~~claiming the highway~~
straddling the state line
iniquitous)

hand green leaves
gulls & shellers
seaweed the beach
showing the storm's wrath
collecting
in the storm's wake

Sudden sun
splitting cumulus gray sky
lending me a shadow
shine

Snowfall
giving away secret visit
to his neighbor
announcing his secret
visit coming home
making it plain where he'd been
where the fog went

gulls & shellers
seaweed the beach
in the storm's wake
showing the storm's wrath
collecting
showing the storm's wrath
collecting

the green's true life

Glenna Holloway

After drink
 Minute -
 The apple tree in bloom
 g herself
 downtown.
 making it seem more real -

sh away for

to the O.R. River 3

and find that keeping time.

Being under anesthesia 8 5 2004 1994

Between Charned Beams
Blackened Millen (arch)

unfused. becoming dark 6
between 45 -
shorn black horns

Barnes

After the village burned
ground burned in
between burned houses
between burned houses

gulls and shell hunters
shunting jay
in the storm's wake
on the storm ~~tittered~~ beach
stunor

Coyote expanding his range
straddling the state line
on the highway
road

financed blooming red
between black and
fallen roof beams

Watching a man
watch his wife
listening to Pavarotti

Caught in snowfall
the straying husband
won't hide where he's been.

desert beyond
chilled snow
suddenly above tail line
dropped by a hawk

Snowfall;
no more secret visits
to his neighbor
lock door
Caught in snowfall
can't get home in secret

his secret tracking him home

caught in snowfall
straying husband
won't hide where he's been
tracks home
his secret
the ~~home~~
can't get home in secret

GLENNA HOLLOWAY
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THE FORGIVEN

Glenna Holloway

The seedling cedar
We hoed down in the herb bed
Now shades our fear of old age.

It grew beneath sage
And basil, its strength unseen
Till we returned from summer.

GLENN HOLLOWAY

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ALASKAN SYNOPSIS

Hooked jaws, racing reds--
salmon bore through the current
to spawn and to die.

Ptarmigan, part brown,
part white, wait in dwarf willows
for all things to match.

Clouds of snow float down.
Hares bound on oversize feet,
clouds of snow fly up.

Waving you good-bye,
winter won't melt on my hand.
Clocks tick without sun.

Today hangs lighter
at my window to the east.
Spruce flavors the wind.

Dormant rivers crack,
gurgle, start moving seaward.
Bush plane engines roar.

AGENDA FOR THE BOTTOMLANDS

Glenna Holloway

The morning's colors
show seasons changing places.
Cows watch quietly.

The still pond collects
the old bull's reflection, dark
in leftover ice.

Faint green grows stronger
in midday warmth and lengthens
its reach for heaven.

Rain drums loud and fast,
flowing silver curves in fields,
predicting tall corn.

Soon we can forget
cold floors, shivering shoulders.
Sun will light the hearth.

Naiker

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In May our Great Lake
works itself into a froth
chasing children's heels.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
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This October sea
works itself into a froth
chasing childrens' heels

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

This October sea
works itself into a froth
chasing children's heels.

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

Nine gagging snow geese
rise to form a slow arrow.
One white quill drifts down.

GLENN HOLLOWAY
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Fireweed growing
between fallen chimney bricks
and charred roof beams

Tundra ice thaws
streams trickle, blue bursts free
Bush plane engines roar

High tide chases us--
rolls of pale bubbles
faster than our heels

The tree's first apples
hang in shade of branches
smelling of sun.

August 2. Haiku

Jesse Bel 1987

15

Gray November day--
gray squirrels rustling dead leaves--
gray stone at your grave

Very effective
in eliciting a melancholy mood.
Good juxtaposition of
graphic objective images.
I feel impact would be
greater without
punctuation.

The judge was
Charles Wickson.
He forgot to
sign
his name.

However, since
it still isn't in,
I decided to get
this on the way. I
just hate getting
all this stuff
out twice.

Be happy &
keepin' laugh.

Jza

Hi Glenna,
Congratulations!

We had just 46
entries @ 2 entries
for \$1.00. Makes

\$23 - half for lock
of us - \$11.50 enclosed.
I have had the results of
this contest in for over
a week but was waiting
for the other August
Contest Judge to report.

One black butterfly,
wings frayed, beats against the wind
not going his way.

gray December day
gray squirrels rustling dead leaves
gray stone at your grave

Incoming ocean
rolls each new load of bubbles
over children's heels.

11. Haiku Award

The tide meets us here,
a roll of sparkling bubbles
faster than our heels

~~See~~ We meet the June sea
June tide meets us here
a roll of flashing bubbles
faster than our heels

1987

Penna, 87 - Jan. 15 - ✓

Ank., Apr. 30 - ✓

The tide catches us -

1988

8th

4th Hm
5

30

Dec. 11 - ✓

Jessie
Poets
Quarterly
Winter 86

WINTER INHERENT

A loon's sudden cry
shrills through wet autumn twilight.
Sound of a shiver.

Changing wind carries
the scent of arriving deer,
the musk of rutting.

Colors freeze and drop.
A single crimson leaf clings
to the sumac branch.

Very nice.
Good images evoked.

Sy Swann
S.D.

to spawn, to finish.

ALASKAN SYNOPSIS

mon HM Jessep.

a hungry to spawn
to end.
finish

hungry to
spawn, to end

Hooked jaws, racing reds--
salmon bore through the current.
The end is spawning.

Ptarmigan, half brown,
half white, wait in dwarf willows
for all things to match.

The single cry of a loon

A loon's ^{wing-thrust} ~~single~~ cry: ^{done} twilight
shrills through ~~autumn's wet darkness~~,
making night colder.
A sudden new chill. shiver. Sound of sudden cold.

Cold comes suddenly,
The cold is sudden

sound of
A sudden
shiver.

alone now
Two bones
bound
past,

Clouds of snow float down.
~~Deer~~ legs race by, white t^{ails} flared.
Clouds of snow fly up.

ears splayed

Leaving in ~~winter~~ ^{January} February
sleet does not melt on my hand
waving you goodbye.

1987
Poets Study Club
2nd. Jan. 17

stones race by on wide feet
padded

a bone passes oversized feet
Hones race ^{their} on oversized feet
spin ^{down} by on
pass
crash on

~~nothing that~~
~~falls on me~~

~~the winter falling on~~
~~my hand doesn't~~
~~melt~~

falling winter doesn't
melt
on my hand

waving you

~~Atlantic, Nov. 5~~

Afternoon sun
bouncing off the garbage can
turns the blowflies' wings
iridescent, shimmering
like this August heatwave.

sun bouncing off
the garbage can iridizes
the blowflies' wings.

sun bouncing off
the garbage can lid iridizes
the blowfly's wings

A single loon
shrills through wet darkness,
~~November~~ grows colder.

suddenly a single loon
autumn grows colder

didn't
send

1986
Japan
Dec. 12-

1986 Ohio, July 10 -

~~shrills through wet autumn darkness
The night turns colder.~~
A loon's sudden cry

Bees in the lilies
Struggle to get airborne
legs loaded with gold.

Japan, Dec. 12
1986

Summer ocean
Chases the children's heels
nosing over the sand

Japan, Dec. 12
1986

Tonka 5-7-5-77

Son hunching off
the garbage can at

Afternoon sun
hunching off the garbage can
turns the blowfly's wings

blowflies'

indescant, ~~making me think~~
shimmering

like this August heat wave,

DEATH: A STARRING ROLE IN THE CELESTIAL SCENARIO

Death never was the enemy we thought,
nor is it sinister or strange. Our acts
could not go on without this pivot tip
that makes the drama work. Our close is brought
about by saturation, emptied facts,
not death. It gives us earthly drive and grip,
this old unbroken contract to equip
us with an exit that repels/attracts,
spares us rote lines, dull plots, staled breath

The tide meets us here,
a ~~fringe~~ of sparkling bubbles

chasing
on the children's heels.

OR:

Tide catches us here
a rail of tumbling bubbles
fringe sparkling
faster than our heels.
too fast for our heels

Early twilight chill,

blue threads of smoke: hen pheasants

move faster through corn stubble.

morning

the

check

Humigon, half brown,
half white, wait among
in ~~sway~~ willows.

until they match
for something to match.
~~until~~ all things

Twilight brings the fringe,

Early twilight chill, ^{two}

blue threads of smoke: hen pheasants

race for the ~~thicket~~ ^{three}
corn field.

Kansas, Oct. 15, 83 — ✓

Child hiding window panes

~~yearling doe, don't lose~~

~~Your The yearling doe licks
its dim reflections in pond ice.
waiting for the spring
but it does not thaw.
but they do not melt.~~

The white tail doe licks
dim reflections in pond ice
but they do not melt.

Essee Peet, Jan, 27 — ✓

Summer
August ocean waves
spill overloads of bubbles
on the children's heels.

1986 NFSPS, Nov. 15 - ✓

ocean waves³
chase ~~the~~ children's heels across the sand, &
overflowing bubbles¹⁷
Spilling all their bubbles

Two chipmunks nuzzling
the fall kind ~~seed~~ orch their cheeks,
ignoring such threats.

Gray Mauder Bay
Gray squirrel nestles

may thank you grace.

Leavenworth, Nov. 1 -

Birds hunting thru leaves
scorching dead

each more shadow than substance, the's

Autumn shades turned alike
The same colors all +

Gray squirrels ^{colours all} stoning
naiding

my bird feeder ⁴ stuff checks
the

~~White~~ or Ignoring

gone the finches
in finch throats

gray sparrows

Young 2
chipmunks
Two specimens raiding

the fall bird feed stuff their cheeks
seed pouch

Gray & Hustling

1. Binds ^{search fallen} ~~searching~~ dead leaves
ch. 18 on pasture

2. Colors all the same.

3. all the same color
all the same shade now
dull

A Gray
Gray Attache
day

Gray
squirrels
~~running thru~~
~~bottom oak leaves~~
dead

Colours are ~~the~~ memory.

Graduus one
dark gray.

gray stone at your
head.
grave

John

Chenierre Ametson

VERNAL EQUINOX

I don't want to see spring-- days long as nights--

You and I began almost fifteen months ago.
You wore your old hunting boots
hailed from the trunk when your car stalled
in the blizzard and you walked the rest of the way.
Your ears had turned to American Beauties
just out of the florist's refrigerator.
The real ones never arrived.
Under my long white dress I wore fleece sweat pants.
The church's vintage furnace picked that day
to sigh its last. Only three guests came.
We said our vows in the preacher's study,
his glasses so fogged he could not read his lines.
Some people said it was a winter.
But we loved it away from our second.

Now I could tell the grass in is green.
The coldest hurting the h
crumbling and parting green.

You said I'd make you
But all I did was make
make the bed and some
then turn to answer that
and tomorrow's knob came
oot socks,
ep dish pie
at the door
d.

1861-1987
Jesse Paul
Sept. 15, 1987

High tide meets us here--
a roll of flashing bubbles
faster than our heels

One black butterfly,
wings frayed, beats against the wind
not going his way.

One black butterfly,
wings frayed, beats against the wind
not going his way.

One black butterfly,
wings frayed, beats against the wind
not going his way.

- Byline
2-24-88

My style is accessible
modern without being obscure in approach & idiom

Simple in the mid idiom ~~without~~ ^{without} ~~keeping~~
keeping in mind the music of the craft without which
it isn't poetry. My poetry is accessible
~~but still enough to let the~~ ^{one mind} ~~there are~~
several levels of thought including the
mysterious & symbolic but not at the
expense of accessibility.

Mark Mark

John Wilson - Navy Pier - Lake Erie Group

The hunter's moon ascends
above deer tracks, bloody snow,
wolf cries rising.

Nine gagging snow geese
rise to form a slow arrow.
One white quill falls down.

An egret waits, stilled
in pond reflections. Wind blows
his courting plumage.

Ascending hunter's moon
above deer tracks, bloody snow,
wolf cries rising.

Haiku

Three migrating cranes
brush full moon's page with winged strokes
like ancient haiku.

Spring wakes Eden genes,
recalls old gates—a garden
we cannot forget.

Fall's salmon are red
and weary in clear shallows.
The bear's claws are quick.

Fall's salmon are red
and weary in clear shallows.
The bear's claws are quick.

Fall's salmon are red
and weary in clear shallows.
The bear's claws are quick.

A BIRD FOR ALL SEASONS

Glenna Holloway

He comes in the rain,
A gourmand for my rose hips.
Absorbing red with his nips,
He darts it around
The garden, brings it closer,
Concentrated, fletched with light.

He comes in the snow
To eat my carmine berries.
No wonder his flame is bright.
He keeps the color
I crave in my winterscape
fanned high and warm via flight.

He comes in the spring
For sunflower seeds I serve
So he won't do his courting
Elsewhere. She's taupe-streaked,
Not vivid, but she's sporting
The light beak, getaway tail.

They come in summer
For my ripening cherries
Selecting the deepest shade.
I could use netting
But I'd rather trade my fill
For songs and wings that won't fade.

Spring

Sun punches through
the blister it burned
in wet sky

After the chase:
steam from cat fur
rising with morning mist

Jagged lightning splits
the night. A fox bares
lightning-shaped teeth

Seedling pines
I tried to kill in my herb bed
now shade my old age.

Glenna Holloway
1028 Apple Lane
Lombard, Ill. 60148

BEAUTY IS

Glenna Holloway

Until you notice

Iridescent filigree

On a lowly fly,

Truth to see eludes your eye

In loveliness of lotus.

Haiku:

On the trash can lid —

the iridescent filigree
of the blowfly's wings.

This is how one gets the tension between objects for haiku. The ugliness of the trash can and on it the loveliness of the fly's wings... but the fly is an ugly pest. Yet, it has beauty. Even the trash can brings us a chance to see things as they are. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. This is haiku as different from poetry. The above is tanka, but is too poetic in its statement. Getting used to a new editor's requirements will take a little time, but please submit again. Send me some of your own favorite haiku. Read Henderson and Blyth's haiku. There will be a list of rules soon. This will help too.

L.E.Harr

Dear Glenna --

Thank you for your submission -- I hope you will bear with me while we make the change-over from what was to what will be the case in HH.

As of now, I prefer haiku UNTitled. All other short poems have been excluded from the HH pages unless they are haiban, tanka or senryu.

The poem of yours I like and hope to publish is The Forgiven, although I would want to omit the title. In haiku, it is better to leave out reference to I, me or mine. How you would get the point across without this is a dilemma, but:

The seedling pine
how often it survived the hoe --
Now shade in old age.

Do you see that in this manner you say what you want to put across without saying it as in your version. This is the essence of haiku. Say it by in-
direction. Your thought in this one is excellent It shows the originality I'm seeking for HH. Please work on this one and re-submit it. I would like to see it in print. Also June bug -- but the intellectualizing in it makes it poetry, not haiku. If you add two lines of 7-7 to it, it might become a tanka (5-7-5/7-7) but I would prefer haiku submissions. Haiku is a "wordless" poem. Eric Amann says.

a blight
Seedling pines blighted
of herb beds
Scenes of seedling pines
blight of youth herb beds
moon gardens
now shade for old age
forgiveness the hoe
forgiving hoes
~~moon gardens~~
somewhere moon gardens

Sent Haiku Highlights Jan. 28, 1973

✓
Seedling pines survived
hoe and curse in the herb bed--
now shading old age.

Lorraine Ellis Harr, Editor
4102 N. E. 130th Place
Portland, Oregon 97203

Bees on lily spires--
~~one~~ struggle to fly with legs
full of sticky gold.

RET. FEB 7 -

Fir waiting alone
while wind winds-up a twister-- ✓
such calm green valor.

*weighted
loaded with gold dust
grains*

Sun on trash can lids--
iridescent filigree
in the blowfly's wings. *SOLD ?*
FEB. 7 - 1973

The wind spread a feast—

dandelions, cress, mushrooms— ✓

woodland tossed salad

Woods searching for green
came to a frozen brook. East ✓
smiled, melted and flowed.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

Spring wakes Eden genes,
recalls old gates— a garden
we never forget.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

3 lines

Three migrating cranes
brush the moon's page with winged lines--
an ancient haiku

Ascending hunter's moon
above deer tracks, bloody snow,
wolf cries rising.

The hunter's moon ascends
above deer tracks, bloody snow,
wolf cries rising.

An egret waits, stilled
in pond reflections. Wind blows
his courting plumage.

A lone loon's cry _____ JAL, Nov. 28, 88-
in October's last hour:
Night chills and darkens.

Ignoring the swarm _____ Amelia, 3/28/88
one black bear got the honey.
One bee got bare tongue.

The tree's first apples
hang in shade of branches
smelling of sun.

Drab birds fly across
the sunset for an instant
glowing bright orange.

Where the lake curves,
sun dips into the water, reclaiming
its missing half.

A lone loon's cry,
scent of leaf mold and autumn rain--
night chills and darkens.

Nine gagging snow geese
rise to form a slow arrow.
One white quill falls down.

August sun rises,
swamp mist, scent of musk lifts.
Cranes ascend swiftly.

June sun inches up,
swamp mist, musk scents rise slowly.
Cranes ascend swiftly.

June sun inches up 5
~~sun~~ mist, musk scents light 7
cranes rise hurriedly 5
just & loud.

hog mist, musk scents light slowly
musk scent, hog mist light

Amelia, 3/28/88

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

A loon cries

A loon cries
in October's final hour
Night grows colder

Two eagles flying:
 sound of wet sheets
on windy clotheslines

One yellow owl eye
 opening at moonrise:
one mouse runs.

October sea
works itself into a froth
chasing my heels

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

Two eagles flying:
 sound of wet sheets
on windy clotheslines

One yellow owl eye
 opening at moonrise:
one mouse runs.

October sea
works itself into a froth
chasing my heels

The seedling cedar

he hoed down in the herb bed

now shades his old age

Snow

Face down in snow
the fallen tombstone buries
the family name.

Glenna Holloway
First Prize Painter R.

Her for nipples open
hiding her smile

catcher sea
~~waiting itself~~ in a froth
chasing children's heels
my

18
eagle flying - 4
~~sound of~~
Outstanding like wet sheets 4
on a windy clothesline 5
day 7

Amusing in the wind
on a wind blown clothesline
eagle flying - sound
of wet sheets on wind blown
clothesline

GLENNA HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

Summer ocean
working itself into a froth
chasing children's heels.

Sunset and herons--
long-legged hunger
posed in last reflections.

or

Sunset and herons--
last reflections
of long-legged hunger.

Seedling pines
I tried to weed from my garden
now shade my old age.

New island--sea cooling
fiery fountains below
Madam Pele's gift.

Blood on first snowfall--
coyote howling at moonrise--
other rabbits hide.

Fireweed flowers
between fallen chimney bricks
and charred roof beams,

Sun probes the tidepools.
Tiny creatures shut their shells
till the sea returns.
waiting sea's return.

Sun iridesces
the wings of swarming horseflies
tormenting the colt.

sun iridesces
the wings of swarming horseflies
tormenting the colt.

a single loon's cry
a foghorn in early dark.
Sounds of sudden chill.

19

3rd 14m
Jesse Paet
for July 14th
ridge: ~~Damn~~
groce

Hooked jaws, streaking reds,
salmon bore through the current
as water turns cold.

Mrs. R. W. Holloway
3811 Carole Dr.
Doraville, Ga. 30040

THE FORGIVEN

The seedling pine ^{he} ~~I~~
Tried to kill in ~~my herb bed~~ ^{the corn row}
Now shades ^{his} ~~my~~ old age.

~~Tried to dig from the corn row~~
~~weed~~

by Glenna Holloway

(Cedar)
The seedling hemlock
he thought he killed in the corn
He tried to kill in the corn
he tried to dig from the corn
he had been in the herb bed
~~He tried to kill~~

Growing in the corn
a seedling pine he tried to kill

~~He tried to~~

He had under the corn row ^{Leaked}

Mrs. R. W. Holloway
3811 Carole Dr.
Doraville, Ga. 30040

Bring
Back Behind ^{our} my eyes for stippling
mixed green metaphor

Summer The artist's ocean
sprays azure watercolor
on June's red beach waves

Gray squirrel brown netts

Fall Ancient tapestry of fall
collage of autumn
The forest's future
future's from ~~leaves~~ ^{leaves}

Winter Try to remember
One must memorize
Past pigments and revere white
the ^{equal} presence of all hues.

Almost Revere white
the ^{true and} equal presence
of all colors
of every color

Work Perfection is white:
the blended equal presence
of every color

Palette
for all Seasons
4 Haiku

FIRST PRIZE, HAIKU
poets Patrons 1981

poets
subject
Mural

Full circle
Perfection is white;
the ~~blended~~ ^{blended} equal presence
of every color.

The seedling color
We bled under the compass
Now shade our allage.

16. President's Award

FORM: HAIBUN (alternating haiku + prose)

37 lines

20

RED STONE IN APRIL

A scalloped inlet mirrors the desert-varnished
monolith that dwarfs our green tent, the beached boat.
Light lingers, but sun is blocked by red stone.

Flame crackles sage wood
warms yellow sand, evening air
flickers against cliffs

Behind sounds of muted voices and music down the
narrow peninsula, we hear only the occasional splash of a
fish. We can barely see the widening circles in the
deepening dark.

Rays burst over hills
edge drab clouds with silver
reveal rippled calm

The white V follows us past walls of orange and red,
--over and over, the same; different. We stop in a water
cave, rocking gently on green fathoms as we stare at
mineral paintings on curved walls.

A new leaf floats
eddies on dark water
from treeless canyons

We climb a rubbled rock slope to a high sanctuary, a
restored Anasazi ruin, Reeboks and Nikes following paths
once walked by thong sandals, callused bare feet. Young
voices assault a stillness heavy with presence. We inspect
barely-adequate shelters, storerooms for sparse provisions.
We wonder at the stamina of an unseen people.

A lizard skitters
an ochre trail to refuge
petroglyphs on sand

At the stone rainbow, we hike a dry trail once
threatened by water, to read a greened copper plaque
telling of those who found this landmark. We take
pictures from many angles trying to catch on film the
awe we feel.

Canyon wren's song
trills below the massive arch
echoes rock to rock

2

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

Dear Mr. Spiess:

Thank you for the note and the dealer idea. I noodled around with it below. The last one seems best to me both in smoothness and appearance but I'm still trying to master the form. Hope one pleases you.

Please include your guidelines in my SASE.

like sanctified relics
two imbedded flies--
the dealer doubles the price of amber
or
dealers double the price of amber

two imbedded flies
like sanctified relics--
dealer doubling the price of amber

like sanctified relics
two imbedded flies--
doubling the price of amber

like sanctified relics
two flies imbedded in amber--
dealer doubling the price

20 XI 95

Dear Glenna ~

I certainly find that you have been working on this haiku, but still a couple of problems - the main one being that one of the "objectives" of haiku is to present the suchness of entities, the thing in itself, not as being something other than itself or even like something else. Therefore, simile & overt metaphor are extremely seldom

→

used in hokku. Consequently the making of the piece
of amber like a sanctified relic is not particularly
appropriate.

The point of this hokku is to indicate the value of
the piece of amber because of the two imbedded flies,
which you do do, by the dealer's doubling of the price.
Comparing this to piece of amber to a sanctified
relic is stretching things rather far.

Cordially,

Bob

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

Those willow saplings
the grizzly nibbled and scarred
now shade his old age.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

drops of digger's sweat +
spadefuls of clay =
next week's terra cotta pot

last race of summer--
jockey wreathed in roses
and steam from his horse

sun punches through
the blister it burned
in dark wet sky

three migrating cranes
cross the sunset--
winged haiku

clouded July moon--
moonflower opening
its own light

like sanctified relics
two imbedded flies
soaring the price of amber

Dear Glenna - This
one has good
possibilities. But
instead of rising
smile (which freedom
works out well in haiku)
why not have a dealer doubling
the price of the price of amber
with the two imbedded flies.
There would be a correspondence
between "double" and "two."
Also readers could possibly intuit
that because of this rarity, it is
somewhat like the rarity of religious
relics.
Cordially,
Bob

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

How vermilion bright
the fireweed makes the tundra,
how hurried the bees.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

Leaf green spreads its shade
to deepening warmth, lengthens
its reach to the sun.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

Changing wind carries
the scent of arriving deer,
the musk of rutting.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

Stilled water, loosen
the young doe's thin reflection
from winter's mirror.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

Fall's salmon are red
but weary in dark shallows.
The bear's jaws are quick.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

So strong the night winds
the luna moth tries to cross—
so fragile its wings.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

Three migrating cranes
brush moon's page with winging lines
like ancient haiku.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

Rivers water down
the glitter of autumn's gold
and bank the spilled change.

~~Alaskan~~
~~Potter Synopses~~

PJP

Alaskan Synopses, ~~Late October~~

A loon's sudden cry
shrills thru autumn's cool darkness.
The night grows colder.

Hooked jaws, racing reds,
salmon come thru the current
to end in spawning.

Ptarmigan, half brown
half white, wait in dwarf willows
for all things to match.

1987

Issee Pool Jan. 18

Clouds of snow float down.
Deer legs rock by, white tails flound.
Clouds of snow fly up.

Leaving in winter.

Sleet does not melt on my hand
waving you goodbye.

1986 PD, Aug 1 - ~~***~~

FIRST

\$5.00

SECOND Best of Best

\$5.00

DEATH: A STARRING ROLE IN THE CELESTIAL SCENARIO

Death never was the enemy we thought,
nor is it sinister or strange. Our acts
could not go on without this pivot tip
that makes the drama work. Our close is brought
about by saturation, emptied facts,
not death. It gives us earthly drive and grip,
this old unbroken contract to equip
us with an exit that repels/attracts,
spares us rote lines, dull plots, staled breath

\$8.00
8

1986

1. A loon's sudden cry.

AUTUMN TRYPTICH

Suddenly a loon

A single gray loon ^{autumn's wet}

~~shrills through wet autumn darkness.~~

3. The night turns colder.
_{grows}

Ohio, July 10 - ✓

A single loon
shrills through wet darkness.
Suddenly I'm colder.

Hooked jaws, racing reds,
salmon bore through the current
to end with spawning.

Ptarmigan, half brown,
half white, wait in dwarf willows
for all things to match.

- wrong count

Jan. 1987

Jessie Park, Jan. 18 -

1986 -
Jennings Park, Nov. 30 - Dec. 5

Haiku:

Small grass-stained boy
summer under
his fingernails

gold glass bowl
on my window sill
repeating the sunrise

fireweed growing
between fallen chimney bricks
and charred roof beams

You leave in winter.
Snow does not melt on my hand
waving you good-bye.

Creeks spread curving spokes—
the silver armature for
summer's parasol.

LA, Sept. 4, 82 - 31 ~~11~~ (510) 3

Phoenix, Pen Women, Jan. 30, 83 - ✓

Arizona, Sept. 15, 83 - ✓

Caddo, Nov. 83 - ✓

CS Monitor Nov. 24, 83 - ✓

Enit, Jan 8, 84 - Jan 19 ✓

Modern Maturity, Feb 4, 84 - Feb. 18 ✓

East West Mg. Nov. 4 - Nov. 29 ✓

Three migrating cranes ^{ing}
brush moon's page with winged lines—
an ancient haiku

brush the moon's page with winged lines

This spacing

Three migrating cranes
brush the moon's page with winged lines--
an ancient haiku- over 1 space

Modern Haiku, May 7 - 14 ✓

Indiana SFPC, Sept. 1 - ✓

Kansas, Oct. 15 - ✓

1985 Autumn Magazine: May 3 -

Spring wakes Eden genes,
recalls old gates—a garden
we cannot forget.

1. Kansas, Oct. 15, 82 — ✓
- Rhode Island (1 of 3) Oct 30, 82 — ✓
- Rail Frock, Cal, Sept. 15, 83 — ✓
along with herons + old man
- 1985 Etenuty, May, May 3 — ✓

Haiker

The salmon is red
and spent in rippling shallows.
The bear's claw is quick.

Allyondria, Aug 1, 83 - ✓

Fall's salmon are red
and weary in dark shallows.
The bear's ~~claws~~ are quick.

Penna. Feb. 1, 84 - James

Modern Haiker, May 7 - 14 ✓

Autumn's red salmon
are weary in dark shallows.
The bear's jaws are quick.

1985
Penna, 85 - ✓

(3)
13

Creeks spread curving spokes—
the silver armature for
summer's parasol.

Caddo, LA, MAR 31-83 — ✓
June rain

Alexandria, Aug 1-83 — ✓
bottom version

3

1984

Rivers water down

the glitter of autumn's gold

and bank the spilled change

— East West
Journal, Mar. 4-29 ✓
Moken Haiku, May 7-14 ✓

Rivers squander gold
borrowed from autumn trees then
bank the fallen change

Early twilight chill,
blue threads of smoke. Three pheasants
rope for the corn field.

1986 Jesse Poet:
Jan. 29- ✓

(5)

2 haiku

Those willow saplings
the grizzly nibbled & scarred
now shade his old age

Such chilling wind
the luna moth flies
across

Two willow saplings
the bear once nibbled & scarred

so thin its pale
wings

Two willow saplings
the bear once nibbled and scarred
-now shade his old age
~~now shade his old age~~

~~luna moth flies~~

So strong the east wind
the butterfly flew across—
so frail its white wings.

tries to cross

~~luna moth flies~~

So strong the east wind
the butterfly flew across

So strong the east wind ~~th~~
the butterfly flew across
so frail its white wings

the new butterfly crosses—

Such determined wind

~~Such determined wind~~

~~So strong the east wind~~

1984
PS of Kentucky
May 31 —

the luna moth flies across —

So thin its pale wings

1984

East West Magazine, Mar 4 — 29 ✓

with Modern Haiku: May 7 — 14 ✓

1985 PS of KY, June 30 —

VA Jan 29, 83 — ✓

118 (6)

Green leaf spreads its shade
to deepening warmth, lengthens
its reach for the sun.

1984

Leaf green spreads its shade
to deepening warmth, lengthens
its reach to the sun.

Good West May
Nov. 4 - Nov 24

Modern Haihu, May 7 - 14 ✓

Freshwater, Apr. 6, 82 ✓
Alexandria PW Aug 82 ✓

3 Haiku
on water.
revised July 82

Webbs of light and shine,
skeins of floss for dull margins—
river's artistry.

Streams spread slender
Rivers ~~raise~~ *curving* their spokes—
the silver armature of
summer's parasol.

Kansas, Oct 15, 82 ✓

Stilled water, loosen
young doe's thin
the secret fawn's reflection
from winter's talons.

Mirror

*misery
fading
thin
small
pink
hungry*

1984 East West Mag, Nov. 4 — 29 ✓

Modern Haiku, May 7 — 14 ✓

Calligraphy By Night

3 migrating Crows

brushed their winged strokes across
the watery moon's empty page

In silent silence
we read their cryptic beauty
like an ancient hidden scroll.

Their script is peace

The text

lyric

message

In every language

the text is peace

the kind that lingers for days and recurs at night,
spindrift on a shade, a shape, a shell.

He suffers academic bends when he ventures beyond
his pressured cells. Still, he does dream—
of whales! With scientific love of facts, with all
his faith we'll find them, with all he owns vested
in my baptismal immersion, equipping my camera eye,
he's readied and reeled my whale of a dream. I long
to hand him the treasure he loses, thread him through
the ripe literals, align him with wide-angle after-image
then apply the kaleidoscope heat to seal it in place.

Our boat plows a trough in ripe Bahama blue; dolphins play
in our froth, arching parentheses splashing confetti-shine
over their sharky dorsals, rollercoastering along like kids.
Later in Caribbean moon-trail over Silver Navidad banks
we hear them nattering, clicking, whistling,
mammalian Marconis recording arcane intelligence.
Can these little whalekind talk with mammoth kin?

Near midnight our search ends with singing. Humpbacks!
Humpback whales are singing—choruses, solos, duets—
charging, curving, watercolor chanties. We reel in
their voices on our spools to convince ourselves
of their pinched-chainsaw, four-octave-gamut tomorrow.

Three days we chase horizons, circle our bowl,
never see them. Bottle-green goblets incessantly overflow
heads of foam. Sometimes the brew rises, writhing
with opal skins. Cerulean has a taste, not rich as royal,

WLP entry Nov. 15, 1984

~~Clouds of snow~~ ^{bit} ~~come down~~
~~Deer legs race past, white tails fanned.~~
~~Clouds of snow fly up.~~

~~Clouds of snow~~ ^{float} ~~felt down,~~
~~Deer legs race~~ ^{plus} ~~past, white tails fanned.~~
~~Clouds of snow fly up.~~

Kansas P.S.
Oct. 85 — ✓

⁵
June lightning zigzagged.
The bobcat reflexed with sound
through lightning shaped teeth.
^{omit}
^{is}
^{plural}

Leaving in winter
Snow does not melt on my hand
warming you good-bye.

~~June lightning zigzagged~~
~~A bobcat reflexed with~~
~~replies makes his~~
~~responds with sound~~
~~thru lightning shaped teeth.~~
~~A bobcat makes a low sound~~

~~thunder stutters a fox~~
~~A fox growls at thunder.~~
~~Expecting thunder,~~
~~without thunder. A fox growls~~
~~A startled bobcat responds~~
~~replies~~
~~fox rolls low growls~~
~~soft~~
~~deep~~

June lightning zigzagged;
A startled fox rolls deep growls
thru lightning shaped teeth.

Kansas P.S., Oct. 85 — ✓

CHICAGO: FIRST LADY OF THE LAKE

She moved leanly through Indian twilight,
shabby and unmet, slogging through swamps,
trailing her long skirts over skunk cabbage and mud.
She stumbled on shores that bullied her
with dares and promises others never heard.

She lay on the flats in bosomy youth, gazing
blueward— high hollow blue, pale-seamed
with wet blue, cerulean and blue-gray—
seasoned shades priming the canvas
waiting for a subject,

waiting for her to quiet her urgent hunger, waiting
for her to find a wintersmith husband and breed
a breed taller and sturder than the emptiness.
She, without first-glance beauty,
without dowry or lineage— a razorish termagant
on Tuesday, demure as dimity on Wednesday,
sometimes racy as red sequins on Saturday,
Sunday-caring through the long rains
gone white and heavy on her head, an enigma—
fine figure, unfathomable sum.

After her wedding for better and worse,
feast and fire, splinter and gilt,
she took her time with the art of ladyhood,
(more earned than learned)
roughing in charcoal,
handling mixture and brushes her way, using
the flattering, fuming, prodding blues
waiting for their match, icing and steaming,
waiting for her to model her rising brood
with the back of her hand,
to teach them to pose substance on air and water,
add the warm colors to the palette,
and at last to put in perspective 3 million highlights
framing the time-stretched palimpsest of azure.

sweet
How vermillion bright
the fireweed marks the tundra.
hungry
How hurried the bees

carries
Changing wind defines
a new
deeper scent ~~arriving~~ deer—
the scent of
the musk of rutting.

1984
East West Mag.
Nov. 4 - Nov. 29 ✓

both
Modern Haiku, May 7 — 14 ✓

SEEING DARKLY FOR NOW

Off tomorrow's starboard
the morning's wings bud pink
beneath the ~~waxed~~ brow of the moon
and the sun's opening eye. We've come to launch
our own first light from sundry planes,
layered with homemade flight plans.
We are long past the wax and feather era
if not the disabling myths
but in our rising aura
we plod against the pull as earth inhales.
Our probing beams waver,
~~XXXX~~ pale against the vastness. Oblique rays
ricochet off melted sapphire mists; facets
of obsidian night reflect
our flawed designs and opaque facts.
Yet for all our yawing, for all the slipstream
flowed across the way of our species,
there is a benison-bright apogee
our inner spaces are programmed to compute.
And having gained it once, we complete
a holy circuit, imprinting our imperfect cells
with codes and coordinates
for our collision course with eternity.



storms stripped my maples.
a single crimson leaf clingssss
to my back screen door.

AT ANGLERS COVE □ A HOTEL/CONDOMINIUM
1001 NORTH BARFIELD DRIVE □ MARCO ISLAND, FLORIDA 33937
PHONE 813/394-8881

Storms stripped my maples,
A single crimson leaf clings
to my back screen door.

hooked jaws, ^{streaking} ~~streaks of~~ ~~redd~~ currents
salmon bore thru the ~~current~~
of ~~cold~~ October waters. ~~Autumn~~ current
Chilling waters
of waters turns
as water ~~turns~~ grows cold.

hooked jaws, streaking reds,
salmon bore thru the current
as water turns cold.

1986 Jesse Probst, July
AHM

hooked jaws, streaking reds,
salmon bore through the current
as water turns cold.

Out of wet darkness
rose a night bird's sudden cry--
and I am colder.

Out of wet darkness
rose a gray loon's sudden cry--
the night is colder.

G. R. Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

Three migrating cranes
brush the moon's page with winged lines—
an ancient haiku.

Glenn Holloway

¹⁹⁸⁷
Indiana, Sept. 1 - ✓

A loon's single cry
shrills through autumn's damp twilight,
a sudden new chill.

sun bouncing
off the trash can turns the fly's

Sun shines on garbage cans
making the blowfly's wings
iridescent

sun on the trash cans
makes the blowfly's wings
iridescent

sun bouncing off

the trash can turns the fly's wings

iridescent

Bees in the lilies

struggle to get airborne

legs loaded with gold

Memorandum

TO _____

DEPT. _____

~~I'd like to subscribe to~~

Encl. is my check for a sub
to MWPR. ~~I'd like~~ Please
send details of any factory comp. etc.
that you are sponsoring. I hope I
haven't just missed something.

FROM _____

DEPT. _____

DATE _____

Bees on rose stamens

Bees in lily cups -

one struggles to fly with legs
one tries to lift off with legs
loaded with gold dust
lined with sticky gold

Bees in lily cups -

one ^{fails} tries to lift off ^{its} ~~with~~ legs
lined with sticky gold.

stuck in

deep in sticky gold
~~thick with sticky gold.~~

Bees in lily cups -

one fails to lift off, its legs
thick with sticky gold
coated
armored
plated

gulls and shell hunters
searching the tide pools
shrill cries of discovery
searching the storm wash

burned Innuvit village
red fireweed blooming'
between charred black beams
between charred black beams

Old drunken fence post
leaning on rusty barbed wire
in the prairie wind
going under anesthetic
one foot keeping time
to the OR jazz
to the O.R. jazz
magnolia blooming after dark
making its oen moonlight

gulls and shell hunters
searching the storm strewn

after dark
the apple tree in bloom
making its own moonlight

gulls and shell hunters 5
~~shrieking discovery~~

searching the storm strewn beach 6 *the tide*
shrill cries of discovery 7 *poofs*

coyote expanding his range
straddling the state line

watching a man
watch his wife
listening to Pavarotti

Suddenly a single loon
shrills through wet darkness;
autumn grows colder.

Sun bouncing off
the garbage can lid iridizes
the blowfly's wings

The sunset

Sun inches up

light

Swamp mist, much scent ^{rise} rises slowly

Crowns ascend swiftly.

Wood on first snowfall shine
day to hauling ~~at the moon~~ light
other rabbits hide.

The egret waits, stilled
in pond reflections. Wind cleans
his caunting plumage.

Drab birds fly across
the sunset, for an instant
glowing bright orange.

Where the lake curves,
sun dips into the water, & claims
its missing half.

X Hunter's moon rises
on lights deer tracks & bloody snow.
The wolf's cry rises.

X A single loon's cry
in October's last hour -
night chills & darkens.
blockers & chills

A lone
single loon's cry,
scent of leaf mold & autumn rain -
night chills & darkens.

Nine gagging snow geese
rise to form a fast arrow.
One white quill drifts down.

August sun rises.
Swamp mist, scent of mush drifts up.
Cranes ascend swiftly.

Ignoring the bees
The mother bear found the honey.
One bee found her tongue.

Ignoring the swarm
One black bear got the honey.
One bee got home tongue.

Descending 6
Ascending Hunger Moon
above deer tracks, bloody snow - 7
Wolf cries rising,
cougher cries rise..
Yowls

Descending ^{hunter's moon} Hunger Moon
above deer tracks, bloody snow
Wolf cries rising.

/ Hunter's moon descending
above deer track, bloody snow
Wolf cries rising

The hunter's moon sets
over deer tracks bloody snow
Wolf cries rising.

✓ CALL SARA STEWART