

FIELD

A HAIKU CIRCLE

*rooting out
chaparral
roots*

*"Tilling a small field
to its limits"*

©1989
Don Eulert
Edited 2018

INTRODUCTION

*a haiku a day
even frog pays attention
to breakfast and moon*

I. The Field

Imagine it's New Year's Eve, and instead of lights and noise, the people's representative chants a haiku. Then citizens by the millions attend to brushing their own haiku for the occasion.

For new to sagely writers and eaters of haiku, this book invites you to read a haiku a day, starting on New Year's. And to write one too. This book started that way, a contemplative practice to ensure that no day goes by without its attention. And watching for an "A-ha!" a day seemed a fun and righteous thing to do.

For years, persons in my workshops have been listening to that haiku-a-day sermon. Then those same challenges to psychologists-in-training, about how they'd be better therapists if they wrote a haiku a day. They would learn not only to give up ego and be present, but also to weed the field, where subjectivity grows so close to perception.

One year, it came time to put preaching into practice.

II. Honoring Traditions

In Buddhism's journeys from India to the Chinas to Japan, how myriad its scrolls and contemplations! Perhaps the intellectual and poetic expression of Zen Buddhism on this continent begins to catch up with an attitude of reverence and contemplation carried across the

Bering Strait tens of thousands of years ago by our First People. Without contradiction, poems in this book address reinhabitation, and attention to, these People's seasons of sacredness and hard sustainability in the high desert.

Let us remember Harold Henderson, along with R.H. Blyth, elders of all who debate and influence the shape of haiku in the English language.

Introducing the founding issue (1963) of *American Haiku*, Henderson discounted haiku's 5-7-5 syllable "fetish" and many of the Japanese conventions, saying that--if there is to be a real American haiku, we must work out the standards by trial and error. He suggests that haiku should simply arise out of a genuinely felt moment, and that haiku for the reader "be the starting-points for trains of thoughts and emotions." In his own haiku and in translations, Harold liked a little rhyme, too.

Founding and editing ***American Haiku*** (with Jim Bull) meant not only the opportunity to read new haiku by the tens of thousands, but also the task to judge them, by some criteria. The best of the first issue was a 5-3-6 by J.W. Hackett:

*Searching on the wind,
the hawk's cry
is the shape of its beak.*

Hackett's haiku fits perfectly this guide: "The way present things come together in nature to give a momentary glimpse into the oneness (Ah-ness) of all things."

To get dynamic tension, a short poem like haiku needs juxtaposition. A haiku that might become a "starting-place for trains of thought and emotion" begins with a non-didactic Zen attention. Then maybe a couple of things come into awareness simultaneously, with a little surprise. We recognize "suchness." That's the way it is! The common place and the universal expressed though them are identical.

A juxtaposition by OMB Southhard makes us think anew about watermelons and moons and such, while a cosmic

wind ties it all together:

*Fluttering the vine
the night wind: under the moon
a watermelon.*

Southard used a strict-syllable-count discipline, and has a unique tension/attention theory about a punctuation break in the middle line. It would take four image-characters to paint the above haiku, like many of his breath-taking "moments."

Many effective haiku are structured by point/counterpoint and resolution-- like the sonnet, about the same age in Western literary tradition. Something organic about

that. But in the hands of rule-

smiths, as Lucien Stryk notes,

the sonnet has almost expired. Not so haiku, which maintains vitality in its link with nature. Instead of discoursing,

a haiku image, with compassion,

enters the moment.

Hackett comes to mind again:

*Bitter morning:
sparrows sitting
without necks.*

From someone who ought to know better, many of the haiku in this book butt against convention. Sometimes too much fun! carried the day, and sometimes longing gets in, instead of contented solitude and *sabi* grace. It's been immensely helpful that publisher Jane Reichhold honed many of these poems to the genuine "A-ha!" moment.

Fun is #273, where each line begins a set, for six linked haiku all in one breath. Also on the edge of literary convention, the reader will find some minimalist arrangements of 4-5, archetypal words, and set-ups for a concrete poem, ready to brush-paint. Some join the old-fashioned waltz, 5-7-5 beat. A traditional dance of its own by now,

this convention brought a special

"gracefulness" to English language haiku.

More a way of being in the world than a way of writing, haiku supposedly see without ego. Thus it was surprising, by the end of this circle, how many personal pro-

nouns appeared. But Robert Hass notes that even Basho takes us into "the deeper mysteries" through what Haas calls "the scent of a particular human life." Finally one hopes all the haiku attend to Basho's guide: Follow nature and return to nature."

Thanks, also to Sam Hamill and Basho's ghost: "Abide by rules, then throw them out!"

III. Simple Truths

Study and strivings over many years were overturned by my twelve-year-old daughter's spontaneous expression on a trek in New Mexico:

*Look! By that red flower
the mountain is waiting
for its butterfly*

In a certain presidential election, hometown guy Bob Dole of Russell, Kansas, just couldn't resonate. Suppose he had revealed his heart and enlightenment by offering haiku about wind in wheat fields, the drift of snow over an abandoned homestead. Or would such a thing would require too much change in politics?

*write about haiku?
green-winged moth at the lamp
just disappeared*

1

wind at midnight
 pipe-chimes bell December
 then January

2

New Year's day
ravine water carries away sand
this fast

3

raking a circle
pulling orchard prunings
from morning's new grass

4

dipper's bucket
over the north mountain
capped with ice

5

even pines bend
to this cold night wind
carrying hearth-smells

6

to welcome me back
she didn't clean or bring flowers
except in one room

7

horizon
whinny of our neighbor's horse
cold full moon

8

high desert winter
creaks from a run of new frogs
and an old Grak! Grak!

9

after the storm
the sun comes up
through ice on branches

10

time outside time
after a slow rain all night
snail on the doorstep

11

after the snowstorm
a wind-ruffled hawk
on a power pole

12

a dog to the east
 after coyote's dinning
a dog to the west

13

Some things
are not allowed to be said
that coyote says

14

it woke you up too
 half-moon come into the space
 between these oak trees

15

what a night sky
 what little
 we see of it

16

night log burned
 the color of dawn
 in the wind-chimes

17

 dark
under the ice
 water

18

moonless night
somebody walking towards us
 the old white mare!

19

Black heads say yes!
The slate junco return
to the morning path

20

owl journey
dark moon
flight

21

black water-bird
wings curving into sunset
mother-of-pearl

22

red-headed woodpecker
on the back of the wood chair
the red one

23

towards midnight
coyote from the south
the open rain-clouds

24

using this side road
some unknown woodcutter
took all the big oaks

25

after thunder
rain falls through the mist's
silence

26

candle's reflection
in the window
rain tapping
on the roof

27

undressing for bed
beside tonight's fire
of apricot prunings

28

stream around boulders
without waking up
you move closer

29

night rain still dripping
sunrise draws arrows
from a clear sky

30

a frog
a towee
the sound of water
on granite

31

ah my world
the heartfelt singing
of this season's frogs

February

32

a herd of wild geese
grazes February's meadows
in the high desert

33

cold fingers
on each blade of grass
drizzle-ice

34

a nail glows red
in the fire-pit ashes
moonset in fog

35

almond-shells
flare in a winter fireplace
white coals

36

under our pillows
for the full moon
fresh sage

37

clearing chaparral
forests of moss and fern
on a boulder's face

38

moss fern in a cleft
four shades of green on granite
are still not the truth

39

last Fall's leaves
the yellow crocus
on thin stems

40

bedtime
spider starts to lattice
my child's chair

41

that moving star
10:40 flight from Denver
three coyotes talking

42

winter wind
eucalyptus leaves collect
long bent shadows

43

wild mustard up
waiting all by itself
for another rain

44

February wind
chords on dry branches
of trumpet-vine

45

on the window sill
leavings of wood ants
winter morning sun

46

the night's sounds
finally no difference
breathing

47

big voice at night
for as small as you are
winter frog

48

here's a pink quartz chip
from the mosaic laid
by last night's hard rain

49

February night
phoebe roosts on the porch post
where her nest will go

50

over the music
Stravinsky was saying
owl outside!

51

moon down
the stars
far
skulls

52

crow
crow
or echo

53

bamboo leaf
bends to follow the stream
rows back up

54

which is closer
the silhouette of trees
or the sky between?

55

outhouse path
by lantern each spear of grass
wears a blue jewel

56

the big tin clock
goes on talking to itself
I click the door

57

pay no attention
it's a mouse under the roof
where no trap can go

58

in the silence
after all-those-frogs
a single cricket

59

insect perfume
the beetle carried outside
on my hand

March

60

keeping at my work
woodpecker at his work
keeping time

61

orange tip
on the butterfly's wing
the March sun

62

fire in moth's eyes
at the lighted window
this March night

63

on each cat-tail
waiting for mist to rise
a blackbird

64

instead of mushrooms
we left for one more night
fresh coyote dung

65

the mushrooms gone
before we can name them
from the book

66

all night the moon
will let you look at her
tells you nothing

67

shadow
on the stone wall
mothwing

68

mockingbird replies
to the moon in the canyon
to the garden chime

69

the candle out
today's surprises not over
your step from the dark

70

dry wash sand
dented at night
by invisible animals

71

on this willow trunk
washed up in last year's flood
green branches

72

planting strawberries
the two fingers she eats with
she jabs into earth

73

at sunset
insect helicopters lift
above the horizon

74

finding in the loft
the butterfly's empty shell
your body

75

shooting star
and everything sounds the same
poor-will

76

March milky way
queen-of-the-night perfume
around our heads

77

crow from the river
wind in the trees
says something

78

equinox midnight
four-voiced cacophony
three coyotes and me

79

equinox of Spring
even the branches of trees
float on over

80

in the fire
sugarbush root warbles
 Spring in the morning!

81

silky flycatcher
how many moths does that make?
 the sun's first light

82

now call it Spring
 purple lupine bloom
 in the place we lay

83

the moon lifts
 behind your sleeping profile
her thin face

84

 silver rim
on the wine glass
 the crescent moon

85

plumblossom
 fallen in your wine-cup
 on my tongue

86

here take it
a plum blossom has dropped
into this wine cup

87

putting on her green lace
the March willow
beside the naked cottonwood

88

in the graveyard
petals of a tiger lily
 dragonflies in mate

89

my father a year dead
same blue heron
one foot raised
same still pond

90

one in the morning
the mockingbird starts warming up
three trees away

April

91

after two days of rain
a goldfinch on the treetop
bobbing in the sun

92

frog has come back
elbows above the sink drain
where we wash lettuce

93

two scrub-jays argue
on the fence holding blackberries
barbed-wire voices

94

now that you tell me
burdock cooks up like rhubarb
I look on it kindly

95

moon earlier
you were caught in pine needles
but here you are

96

some light thing
just flew over from the west
from your direction

97

the flowerbox
 (do horses eat geranium?)
looks good over there

98

what stopped them
 those frogs gone all quiet
 like I meant to be

99

spider
rolled out a silk carpet
 on our doorstep

100

owl tells
how it is in the eucalyptus
at the very top

101

the same sun behind
 purple veins of iris
 a spider web

102

hummingbird
 scolding
hummingbird
 on thin twigs

103

dry reeds
 playing in water again
Spring harp

104

in the top of the third oak
the nesting she-hawk
pipes again

105

lost six months
here's my old tobacco pouch
 chewed by coyote

106

dragonfly

the cat stands on one back foot
but it's away

107

under the high sun

mucking out the springhouse

cool leaf-rot mud

108

mucking out the spring

when the water turns crystal

what a bath we'll have

109

out the door for wood

this chilly April night

the singing frogs

110

windmill

dark flower

moon

111

evening mist closes

yellow clover blossoms

butterfly's wings

112

tonight garden rabbit

in this space under the gate

there will be a rake

113

mockingbird at dawn

after an evening of wine

who wants an encore

114

butterfly

last year's sycamore leaf

lifts

115

above the bird nest
a eucalyptus branch bends
new green feathers

116

three diving hummingbirds
the odd one gets the flower
or almost did

117

in moonlight
with her petticoats raised
double-trunked oak tree

118

some white blossoms
have grown into apple shapes
pear into pear

119

a bobcat track
on the path this morning
after breakfast

120

hear the waterfall?
or coyote above the rocks
or frogs down here

May

121

first monkey flower
the yucca standing sentinel
can get some rest now

122

a shimmering net
sunrise on silk lines
held by the breeze

123

breeze says "Let's go!"
to the silk left hanging
on last year's cattail

124

slowing traffic
that bundle of gladioli
tied on his bicycle

125

she puts out the cats
legs dangling from her arms
in the full moon

126

frog
water-bug stuck to its leg
going somewhere

127

my son is sad
house lizard we named Freddie
won't stop to chat

128

around midnight
some of us gracking frogs
go silent

129

quail excited
in dirt turned up
by a gopher

130

in the basket
harvested broccoli
and a pale-green frog

131

you'd swat at it too
if a green beetle this size
landed in your hair

132

spikey podspl
the wild cucumber
throws its smooth seeds

133

May without rain
Hatfield Creek runs
shallow

134

waterspider limbo
between the reed
and the reed's shadow

135

tonight in the pool
where a heron left no goldfish
stars in the water

136

through sagebrush
erect quail runners in line
head feathers bobbing

137

sunset
you are on the rock
singing
here

138

who's behind me?
wild oats on triggers rattle
after each step

139

a wild cucumber
splits its spiky pod
drops eight smooth seeds

140

young owl
after the third crash landing
Noooo! Noooo!

141

the weight of my son
lifted to the phoebe's nest
see how they grow!

142

wild oats wave
white flags of empty seed hulls
to orange poppies

143

queen-of-the-night
smells like one's love
after dark

144

queen-of-the-night
worth our getting up early
eh, hummingbird?

145

applause on the roof
for the season held over
one more May rain

146

rattlesnake
sensual bellydance
with castanets

147

at sunrise
hummingbird dashes around
shakes each monkey flower

148

each cloud the same
with something different
to say

149

cutting the dry stalks
memory of purple iris
backlit by sunset

150

storm from the west
cottonwood lets go
its load of snow

151

nobody I know
would grow eggplant for pillows
but see its dark shine

June

152

June morning fog
flashing among oranges
hummingbird

153

June again
vine-flowers cover the porch
of the abandoned house

154

night mist
has covered the Milky Way
but look at that moon!

155

white blossoms at night
lichen on the granite
moon's face

156

freed from one flight
butterfly in the spider's web
into another

157

this shark's tooth
fifteen million years old
in better shape than mine

158

Mariposa Lily

 lifts a cup to Owl's Clover
last month's purple

159

the ripest berries
half-eaten by scrub jays
for our breakfast

160

after sunset
the desert wind's warm face
 stars at its back

161

Monkey-flower
 pack-rat nest in its roots
 hummingbird up top

162

Hatfield Creek summer
 young heron without much tail
 watches the shallows

163

waterspider
 the shadows under you
 make faces

164

black-and-white Holstein
in June grass at sunset
 heads bowed

165

she goes up the rock
 with the rattlesnake innards
for the hawk to see

166

these work pants
 earth-stains never quite wash out
 from their knees

167

these hard peaches
 which looked ripe in sunset
line our sills

168

orange crayfish scales
raccoon hieroglyphics
 in the dry creek's mud

169

clumsy-looking stork
flying out of sunset
 I lock the gate

170

June-fly humming
 courting dance music
 this late afternoon

171

Solstice
 sunset
sitting silent
 rock

172

Summer solstice
 can your ears see the deer
 running through leaves?

173

Solstice morning
 in eucalyptus flowers
organ chords of bees

174

green wheat in June
 small cups of warm milk
 lift in the wind

175

 night storm
eucalyptus flower-caps
have sleeted the ground

176

one bee in the garden
over there the sugarbush
hums and wriggles

177

frogs pay no attention
to the Screech! Screech!
of the nighthawk

178

on crossed shovels
it doesn't scare the blackbirds
my old hippie shirt

179

a towhee
beside the strawberries
in the rat-trap

180

there's that crow again
wheeling high in the wind
pretending she's hawk

181

she stops pulling carrots
when one hand can't hold more
green-scented fans

July

182

even in moonlight
cottonwood bend to the sun
the first of July

183

water after dark
to the pine trees you planted
moon in the bucket

184

green apples
have grown into apple shapes
pear into pear

185

at sunset
a deer in the chamise
swims blossom-deep

186

take this staff
if you're out to pick plums
on tip-toe

187

Thanks, Mrs. Plumtree!
You give such gracious answers
to my handshake

188

what we grew
in a salad for supper
plus cheese

189

the junco quivers
hard eucalyptus seed pod
won't let go

190

in waving grass
the rolling songs of larks
a one-note cricket

191

ground squirrel
balancing its tomato
on the garden fence

192

on the top branches
we'll leave those peaches
for curved-bill threshers

193

should I pick
first watermelon
 wait another week

194

just one frog croak
 July silences the creek
 beginning tonight

195

moon-waiting
 no more mosquitos
 than should be

196

she deals cards
a blue-speckled moth
on her knuckle

197

a distant scream
 about two feet away
 mosquito

198

talons down
a hawk takes off with a snake
 in Scorpio rising

199

 moon
 dark windmill
 owl

200

July wind
in the grass
brown
thrush

201

at a city desk
 I watch ants on the window
 think of meadowlarks

202

windmill shadow
on the parched chaparral
spining tales of water

203

the bolt catches
on the new windmill shaft
the smell of water

204

Summer breeze
Southern Cross and Milky Way
and cottonwood leaves

205

a cottonwood clatters
getting the alarm of wind
from a cedar's whistle

206

two black dots
hawks far up on the bruise-blue
thunderhead flower

207

cool breeze
from the July storm
thunder-roll
for a blanket

208

missed the rain
but the windmill is pumping up
a storm

209

you should be here!
rain splashing up from puddles
finally this July

210

July rain
sudden on granite boulders
moss forests

211

July morning
after summer's first rain
hundreds of mushrooms

212

open for sunset
African gourd blooming
in the pine tree

August

213

first of August
ears of Hopi corn grow
longer than their husks

214

yam leaves
through pumpkin's elephant-ears
you found a way

215

cricket
vibrating the light
behind eyelids

216

hummingbird moth
all the way into her mouth
pink lady lily

217

bat
above the melon patch
three-quarters moon

218

summer evening
yellow gladioli bend
to the pink lady

219

deer tracks
around the roses
empty stems

220

picking bird-pecked figs
I leave two perfect ones
for you to find

221

mid-day heat
all the ants underground but one
in spider-silk

222

sunset
through a fly-specked window
gold light

223

against the sunset
the pattern of all our lives
the zig-zag of bats

224

branches on the ground
drought-hungry deer overnight
in the orchard

225

sunflowers
lining the road from the field
watch sunset too

226

silent
spinning all night
spider at my desk

227

North star in August
coyote say he's home too
on north mountain

228

summer morning
from a peppermill sky
hundreds of blackbirds

229

poppy seed pods
long purses of summer gold
saved up for next spring

230

summer wind
a movement in dry leaves
lizards mating

231

August dusk
while we talk the rocks stay warm
for quarter-moon-rise

232

dawn in dry August
old water-paths in granite
full of shadows

233

coming home
first she waters all her plants
from the orange pitcher

234

two boys get dizzy
climbing the windmill's shadow
spinning on the ground

235

lightning
ahead of the thunderstorm
cricket's silence

236

thunderstorm at dawn
ruby-throated hummingbird
and your warm body

237

desert thunderstorm
 drops hang on sage branches
 tiny cups of tea

238

between cloudbursts
pruning apricot branches
 overexuberant

239

all summer night
the afternoon thunderstorm
drips
drips
from oak leaves

240

each tip of grass
with a spinning crystal globe
can make you dizzy

241

The hawk lifts
 three fingers on its raised wing
 Benedictus

242

beside pumpkins
 their golden eyes half-shaded
we wait for moonrise

243

say, Mr. Moth!
this night window is patrolled
by white-bellied frogs

September

244

stubby almond tree
green branches harvested
 by pack rats

245

brown hats on
over the chaparral
September yucca

246

a red-tailed hawk wheels
around the quiet windmill
blades fixed

247

harls of spider webs
under the rising sun
a path of colors

248

through oak leaves
even in early afternoon
pieces of sunset

249

clack clack
windmill on the hillside
this still summer night

250

in granite sand
desert's thin spines
and snail-shell

251

Summer sparrows
in the stacked green wood
find something

252

if not for the path
this patch of four-o'clock
would grow everywhere

253

on the house post
snail and shadow snail
in lamplight

254

she's still here
if you're looking for the cat
by the gopher-hole

255

If not this rabbit
standing up where grapes were
then one just as smart

256

a red leaf
on this September tablecloth
and no frost yet

257

sudden at midnight
the wind pulls its noisy sheets
over silence

258

Santa Ana
desert winds have their say
all night

259

in this wind
even the crow's voice
is blown away

260

long before dawn
the east wind comes around
with yesterday's heat

261

afternoon shadows
mixed in mortar laid on stones
building a chimney

262

end of summer
stalk of wild oats with flags
held up by sage

263

what a sunset
two crows honk overhead
and drive into it

264

equinox midnight
on the blue tablecloth
a moth with green wings

265

equinox dawn
the stars appear changed
by change

266

chaparral animal paths
crossing this path
hundreds of choices

267

time for a nap
on the warm afternoon rock
grasshopper

268

spider by the rock
its web full of dried leaves
and blossoms

269

look quick! lizard
on the stump or in the leaves
or another one

270

bobcat!
into a creature's eyes
for a moment

271

leaves on the ground
night branches wind-swinging
and stars above that

272

moon invited guest

here she comes dressed in black lace
of oak leaves

273
after sunset
shadowless all shadow
under this live-oak
a quick bird
a black dart
after sunset
shadowless
all shadow

October

274
in dry October
pulling bean-vines off the fence
planting snowpeas

275
stones not yet carried
but see how they will look
walled around the house

276
midnight caller
the gate creaks and swings open
the desert wind

277
above willows
where I thought the creek was dry
great blue heron

278
pretty soon the sun
will backlight the orange cat
asleep on the roof

279
ah! red-tailed hawk
the disgrace of meaninglessness
is not for you

280

butterfly kite
 what could it be dreaming
in October's wind

281

wasps made these lanterns
 hollowed out apples
 red paper skin

282

in noon sun
 we turn the pumpkin
 moon-side up

283

red dragonflies
now a skinny blue one
 by itself

284

wild geese flying
above the top of the tree
with green leaves

285

this hollow pumpkin
 a filling station
 for rabbits and jays

286

lonely midnight
 into the lamp's circle
 a tarantula

287

 flower
 dark owl
 moon

288

snail puts out horns
 checks right and left
 bows to the path's work

289

above this firepit watch
the stars' explosions
change the universe

290

October moon
has caught Venus
between its silver horns

291

here's a new world
pack-rat's tunnel
under the boulders

292

above the lantern
under the eaves
a mouse darts back

293

pink lady lilies
knots on their foreheads
gone to seed

294

pink pearls
she is giving them away
naked lady seeds

295

red geraniums
blooming in their box
beside the outhouse

296

in the dry east wind
star thistle with moon in it
stops for a rest

297

October wind
you can see it hands and feet
tossing colored leaves

298

workday paths
in the moonlight
 silver ribbons

299

frog on the eggplant
and frog on a tomato
 their skins shining

300

hello there
 I see your tail is growing back
house lizard

301

guests warm their hands
around the open fire
 a slow dance

302

coyote's footprints
 where yesterday I too dug
 for that gopher

303

road-runner
 with your silly-looking gait
high tail

304

in the sugarbush
something moves something else
besides the moon

November

305

November sunset
 good hunting for the phoebe
 in the high desert

306

watch-toad

carried to the garden
sleeps in place

307

yellow flowers

on an oak branch at sunset
clusters of acorns

308

a hummingbird

out of the oak's canopy
loops the sunset

309

ruby throat-patch

under dark branches
gone for the night

310

in the dark

Hatfield Creek runs again
a crow calls

311

night sounds of the creek

where has it come from
with no rains?

312

sycamore in Fall

have stopped drinking
start to sleep it off

313

An acorn pops the roof

and drops into dry leaves
water-sound

314

put on a big hat

if you want to avoid fate
falling acorn season

315

acorn on the roof
your rapping for attention
drowns out the real world

316

between the thighs
of Iron Mountain and Woodson
today's red sun sets

317

crow
always has a lot to say
once out of sight

318

Datura
two rabbits seem to listen
to your white trumpets

319

--all the stars we'd miss
if we had a place inside
to piss

320

fall wind
tonight
spider will ride its web
all night

321

white seed-hulls
sway on wild-oats stalks
emptying wind

322

outside the garden
under the bush
fall has shed
a sweet cold melon

323

a hawk floats backward
above the buckled windmill
Santa Ana blow

324

in the fall wind
the chainsaw's warble
and turtledoves

325

gold-winged oriole
sideways on the cattail stalk
swaying

326

flecks of blue
even on the brown moth's wings
the sky through oak leaves

327

flapping my levis
left beside the bed last night
hello scorpion!

328

in windless heat
a sudden whistle overhead
a fan of blackbirds

329

the flight of geese
I almost run off the road
following their path

330

before sunset
how can so many white stars rise
cattails in the breeze

331

November cranes
which colored ring of the moon
is your target?

332

Fall constellation
sprinkled on the new season
a sharp taste

333

night mouse
runs up the lighted window
white belly

334

strawberry leaves
bright red in November sleet
a forlorn scarecrow

December

335

black caterpillar
my son still feeds you and waits
December the first

336

after the fall rain
sunset up Hatfield Creek
gold sycamore

337

season's first rains
this cabin fills with music
sheltering crickets

338

big dipper overhead
water over earth
earth over mountain

339

one almond left
in the yellow bowl
we go on talking

340

garnet
coals of last night's fire
simmer
breakfast tea

341

December's green grass
still strange after all these years
in Yuma country

342

how welcome the rain!
 placing the yellow bowl
 under a roof leak

343

first mushroom
 Barometer Earth-Star
 in wet oak leaves

344

 they don't even hear
the Screech of the night-hawk
 gagging frogs

345

before sunset
how can these white stars rise?
 cat-tails in the breeze

346

 clear stars
this bright December night
freezing bean blossoms

347

brush-firing
 after the first winter rains
 fork-handle soft and cold

348

pruning time
deciding the height of snow
 white cherry-blossoms

349

 pruning the plum tree
what mind is more shapely
 by nature

350

last night's freeze
 there were more eggplant
 under the leaves

351

December flood
clearing the creek's throat
winter cricket
tuning its fiddle

352

once pruned away
this apple-branch would leave
 what space?

353

December half-moon
 enough to see by
 and stars besides

354

last night of autumn
 under floorboards of the house
 a small knock knocking

355

staying up
 the big dipper overhead
for winter solstice

356

Winter solstice calm
 blowing over this world
 cold winds

357

two days of winter
prunings stacked in the orchard
 a rare bluebird

358

sorry lizard
 time for another fire
 in these warm ashes

359

rain in the granite
grinding holes left by First People
little sky mirrors

360

crow at sunset
hwa! hwa! hwa! of wings
passing overhead

361

New Year's full moon
held up by a pine tree planted
ten years ago

362

rubbing it to nothing
the last rag from a favorite
old plaid shirt

363

if it was just tonight
would we act any different?
the moon just past full

364

New Year's evening
clearing the window shelf
for next year's memories

365

New Year's glass raised
one more acorn on the roof
between then and now

*Ah, frog
the orchard pruning is finished
for New Year's day*

