

This Week's Montage

—New England Sketches

Comparative Haiku

selected by

Allan Burns

I woke up, by a quick transition, in the New Hampshire mountains, in the deep valleys and the wide woodlands, on the forest-fringed slopes, the far-seeing crests of the high places, and by the side of the liberal streams and the lonely lakes; things full, at first, of the sweetness of belated recognition, that of the sense of the bedimmed summer of the distant prime flushing back into life and asking to give again as much as possible of what it had given before—all in spite, too, of much unacquaintedness, of the newness, to my eyes, through the mild September glow, of the particular rich region. I call it rich without compunction, despite its several poverties, caring little that half the charm, or half the response to it, may have been shamelessly 'subjective'; since that but slightly shifts the ground of the beauty of the impression. When you wander about in Arcadia, you ask as few questions as possible. That *is* Arcadia in fact, and questions drop, or at least get themselves deferred and shiftlessly shirked; in conformity with which truth the New England hills and woods...the mild September glow and even the clear October blaze were things to play on the chords of memory and association, to say nothing of those of surprise, with an admirable art of their own."—Henry James, "New England: An Autumn Impression" from *The American Scene* (1907)

Peter Yorn (b. 1949)

Bruce Ross (b. 1945)

paul m. (b. 1963)

heavy with seed
sunflowers
turn to the earth

among fallen apples
the stallion
stamps his hoof

clouds uncover the moon—
in the snow at my feet
the wing-print of an owl

cool morning—
colors slide
up and down the spider thread

coming out of the woods—
the sound of crickets,
the empty sky

stones in the rootmass
of a fallen tree—
winter stars

the mountain path
winding up
at a snail

1–5 & 7 from *Turn to the Earth* (Saki Press, 2005)
6 from *The Heron's Nest* 9.2 (2007)

early morning woods—
the young deer just
stares and stares

only the first note
of a white-throated sparrow
light summer breeze

summer solstice . . .
long before sunrise
the vireo

a yellow leaf
motionless on the pool
evening cicadas

blue winter sky
the little peck holes
up the pine

late winter chill
the porcupine tips up
a fallen branch

Thoreau's gravesite:
the smell of woodsmoke
on the cold spring air

1 from *Modern Haiku* 14.1, 1983
2 & 5 from *Simply Haiku* 1.6, 2003
3 from *Acorn* 22, 2009
4 from *Acorn* 19, 2007
6 from *Simply Haiku* 2.6, 2004
7 from *Modern Haiku* 25.3, 1994

spring thaw
a stone wall luminous
with map lichen

spring tide
recognizing a seal
by its scar

waiting for the heron
to turn my way—
winter rain

under an ancient elm,
the abandoned eggs
of a swan pair

winter sky
sketching the trees
with a thin lead

unemployed
the uneven edge
of a quahog shell

quick-running brook . . .
a stone from the bottom
lighter than imagined

1–6 from *called home* (Red Moon Press, 2006)
7 from "Pilgrim Stone," 2008

Previous Montages

September 13: *Fall Migration*
September 20: *Autumn Colors*

Next Week's Montage: *The Little Truths*

Kobayashi Issa
Ferris Gilli
Cherie Hunter Day