

EarthRise Rolling Haiku Collaboration 2020

Year of the Nurse

Seed Poem:

its ghostly cry
falls from the sky, invisible
skylark

— William J. Higginson

*from “Lunar New Year,” a renku by William J. Higginson, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, and Penny Harter, published in Elizabeth Searle Lamb’s *Across the Windharp* (1999)*



Poems appear in order posted.
Poems in response to poems other than
the seed poem appear below and
to the right of the inspiring poem.

her eyes and soft voice
I see Florence nightingale
Radhamani Sarma

soilsíonn dia
san uile ní —
sa víreas féin

in all things
god's radiance —
in the virus itself
Gabriel Rosentock

theatre assistant
always ready to mop
a patient's brow
Robert Kingston

nurse station
a round of applause
for the virus survivor
Robert Kingston

morning fog
Dad tells the nurse
he had a good night
Barbara Tate

Sunrise
blinds the
night nurse
Tom Trowbridge



my niece declares
she's found her calling —
first 16 hour shift

Bona M. Santon

nurses station
patients in wheelchairs
leaning to one side

Amy Losak

countless babies
delivered by lantern light
country midwife

Edna Beers

cherry blossom
the tired look
of a nurse

Nikolay Grankin

first snow
i call a nurse
to look at it

Nikolay Grankin

nasal pre med
the staff nurse
punctures the moon

Robert Kingston

dawn
i heard granny's song
from the nurse

Nikolay Grankin

registrar
a blue mask hides
deep dimples

Erin Castaldi



shooting star
the night nurse names
my newborn 'hope'
Agus Laulana Sunjaya

her needle piercing
straight sunbeam of smile-
on my face
Radhamani Saarma

newborn's first cry
soft delicate touch
of nurse's hand
Radhamani Sarma

retired nurse
each night she fluffs
the cat bed
Louise Viera

Eleven is an Even Number: The Covid Chronicles

different windows
the movement of the sun
around confinement

house arrest
the plague runner
enters our breath

friendly cat
its owners become
the front line

street applause
we recognise our heroes
are nurses under fire



birthday cards
in their protective casing
the evening shudders

blinkered sun
two metres translated
in wrong numbers

nightzoning
streetlights pick out
the sputum

Easter Quarantine
the daylight sparkles across
yet another nail

Easter Sunday
I fill another hollow
with antiseptic

Easter Internment
moonlight carries a warning
across my backyard

new day rising—
I spread the butter
and talk to my egg

Alan Summers, weird laburnum

in ICU rooms
health care workers give their all—
know that we see you
Clysta Seney

seeing their faces
as she tries to sleep
in a hotel bed
Debbie Scheving



sex of newborn
first from the mouth
of nurse
Radhamani Sarma

breaking
my reflection
irises in the window
Rich Schilling

beginning a shift..
he leaves the scent
of clorox
Nancy Brady

someone's someone
working without a mask
M. R. Defibaugh

COVID-19 chaos—
the nurse activates
her CALM face
Corine Timmer

spring duties-
nursing newcomers with love
day after day
Luisa Santoro

where angels dare
a ward full of nurses
without PPE
Robert Kingston

somewhere between
wakefulness and sleep
the nurse's smile
Vandana Parashar



one in
every other family
and thankful for them

pacing themselves
without any sleep
health professionals

dawn
acknowledging
the shift change
Michael Henry Lee

night duty
she puts someone else's
baby to sleep
Vandana Parashar

low mood
the mental health nurse
told no-one
Tim Gardiner

applause at last
mother was a nurse
for forty years
Tm Gardiner

some are born
to inspire others ...
Florence Nightingale
Natalia Kuznetsova

attending to me
on my sick bed
she became my wife
Adjei Agyei-Baah



what are the odds
a joke with the nurse
that I might die

note: I had a procedure that had 1 in 200 chance that I could die, so I asked if I was number 199. Nurses have a terrific sense of humour!

Alan Summers

the elderly
appreciate her smile and
her warm touch

Kanjini Devi

closing the front door
she takes off her mask
waning moon

Anna Maris

a retired nurse –
the new day erases
all the memories of her

Tomislav Maretić

spring rain
the chemo nurse
calls me Bill

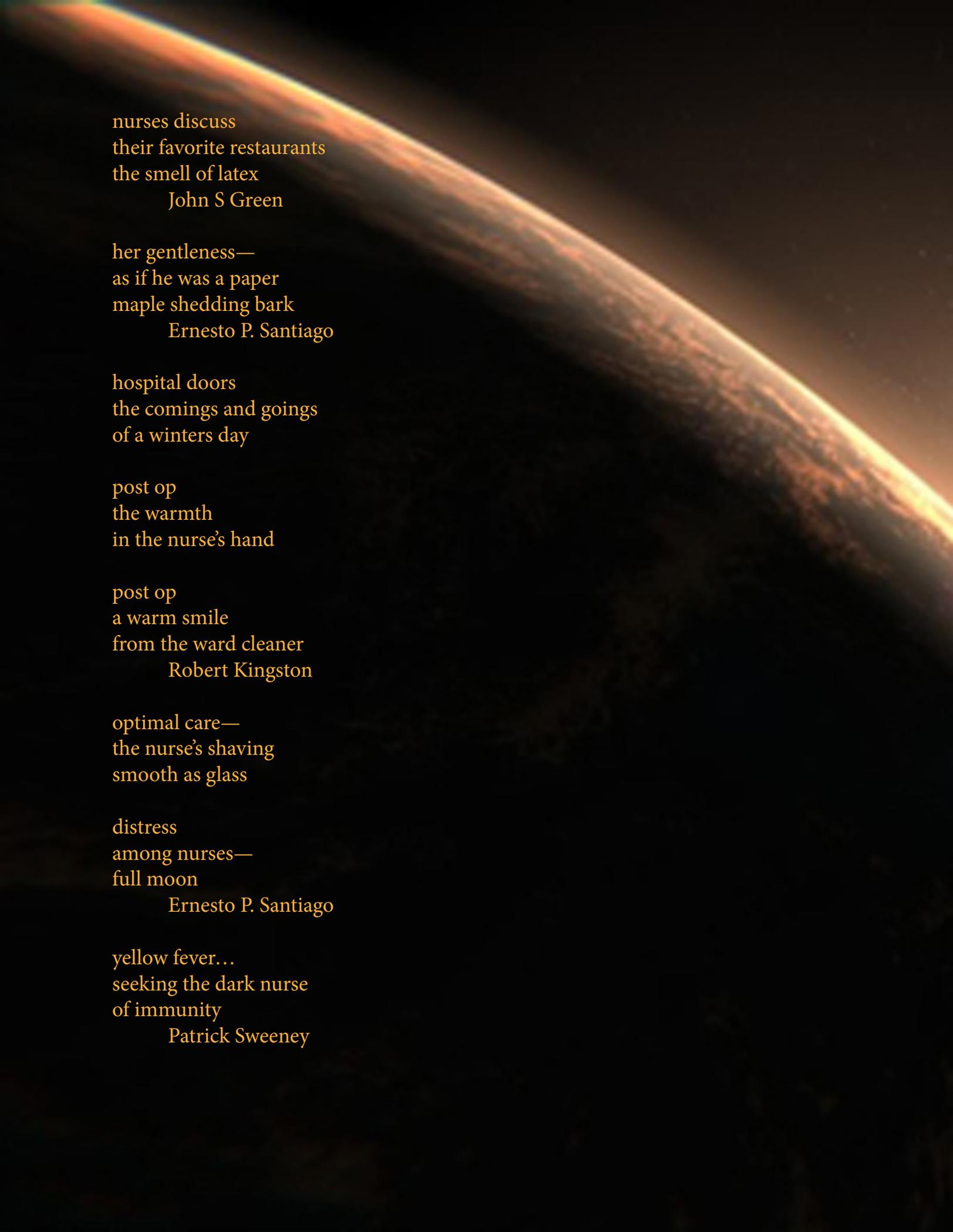
Bill Kenney

dawn light
a nurse's shadow
crosses the threshold

Joanna Ashwell

the elderly bask
in the glow
of her warm smile

Kanjini Devi



nurses discuss
their favorite restaurants
the smell of latex

John S Green

her gentleness—
as if he was a paper
maple shedding bark

Ernesto P. Santiago

hospital doors
the comings and goings
of a winters day

post op
the warmth
in the nurse's hand

post op
a warm smile
from the ward cleaner

Robert Kingston

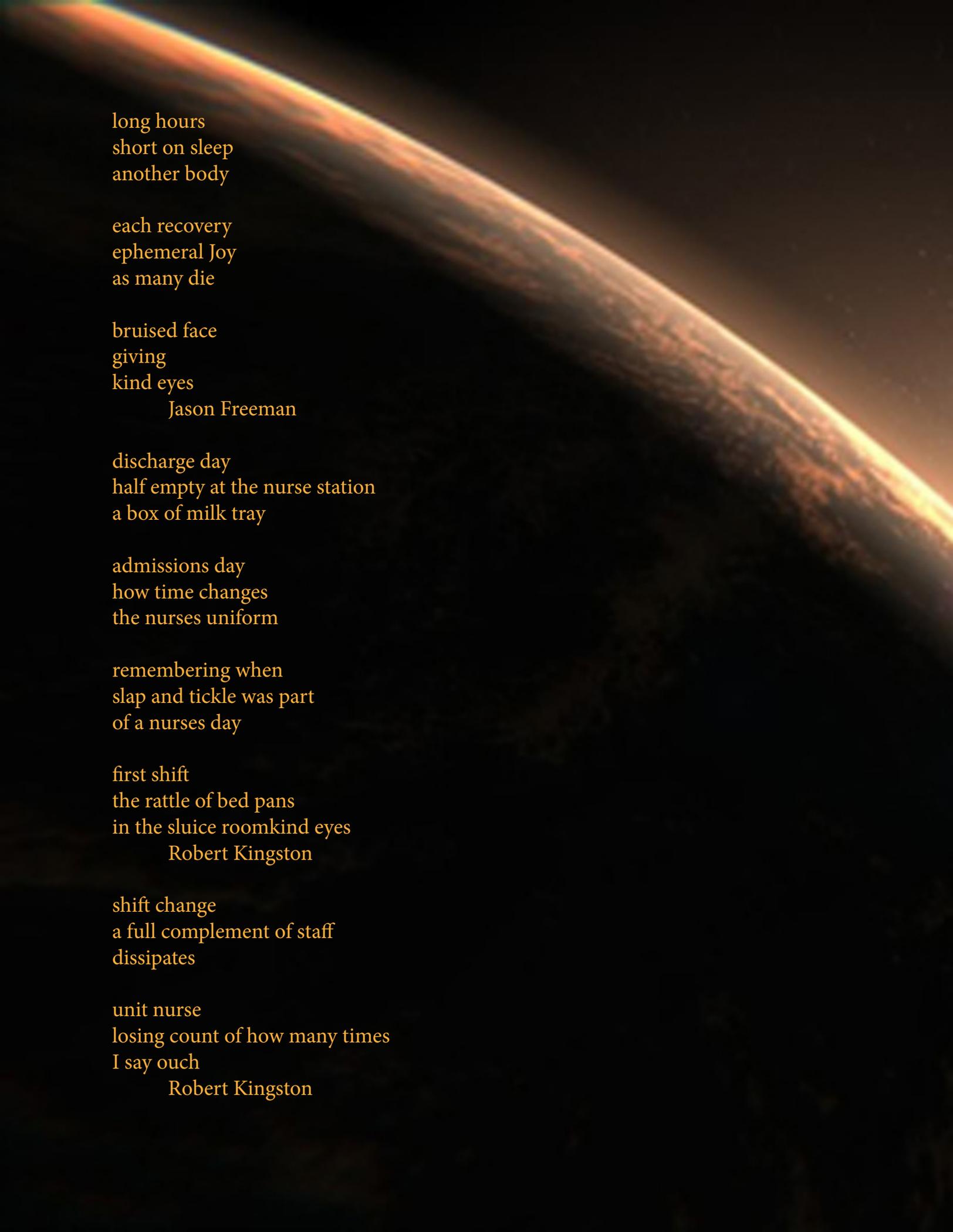
optimal care—
the nurse's shaving
smooth as glass

distress
among nurses—
full moon

Ernesto P. Santiago

yellow fever...
seeking the dark nurse
of immunity

Patrick Sweeney



long hours
short on sleep
another body

each recovery
ephemeral Joy
as many die

bruised face
giving
kind eyes
Jason Freeman

discharge day
half empty at the nurse station
a box of milk tray

admissions day
how time changes
the nurses uniform

remembering when
slap and tickle was part
of a nurses day

first shift
the rattle of bed pans
in the sluice roomkind eyes
Robert Kingston

shift change
a full complement of staff
dissipates

unit nurse
losing count of how many times
I say ouch
Robert Kingston



gently cleaning her crevices
rolling her body
as if still breathing

venting in the lunch room
air blue with
humanity

I hold her hand
that squeezes mine
with a smile

taught never to run
it alarms the other
residents

handover
from the harried
to the fresh and clean
Nancy Liddle

leaving the nurse
his fortune
childless tycoon
patsy turner

nurse grandmother
we say mammary glands
instead of boobies
Kristen Lindquist

torrential downpour
her twelve hour shift
goes on and on
Barbara Kaufmann



morning chill
the warm voice
of the nurse

the nurse enters
with a bright smile
lavender blooms
Billy Antonio

lifting patients
until she became one
windblown tree
Katrina Lehmann

on to the fire
without a hose
today's nurses

mid-evening
the nurse's re-stapled mask
leaves an opened cut

sharing a vent
the nurse and his
covid-19 patient
wendy c, bialek

nurse's day off
serging new face masks
from fat quarters
wendy c. bialek

winter freeze
the nurse
tucks me in
Bruce H. Feingold



she saves them all
in her dreams –
wild violets
robyn brooks

endoscopy-
in a cauldron of eyes
he swallows his pride

blood test
a new shade of pale
in the braggarts face
Robert Kingston

midnight shift-
a nurse pauses to
spread blanket over a patient

daisy smile-
a nurse's stethoscope listening
to a child's heartbeat

a visit from
my nurse blotting
the blue of hay fever

consultation-
a nurse's sweet voice healing
my doubts
Neelam Dadhwal

nurses' strike
doctors' dilemma
ends how
Radhamani Sarma



nursing home—
nurses are family
and funeral directors
wendy c. bialek

midnight shift—
a nurse pauses to
spread blanket over a patient

daisy smile—
a nurse's stethoscope listening
to a child's heartbeat

a visit from
my nurse blotting
the blue of hay fever

consultation—
a nurse's sweet voice healing
my doubts
Neelam Dadhwal

unable to distance
how nurses become
part of the curve

even when it's off
the nurse's mask
still feels on

in the midst of covid-19 —
nurses become
funeral directors
wendy c. bialek

fingers of god
my emergency nurse
has monk's ears

Marietta McGregor, publ. Blithe Spirit, August 2018



jaundice moon
the nurse's comforting words
my first night

PPE shortages
handwashing
with gloves on

bruised tissue
“you’ve hands of an angel,” she says
as I inject
Claire Vogel-Camargo

shooting star —
the palliative care nurse
fetches pethidine
Marietta McGregor, publ. Cattails Senryu Section, September 2015

park ave.....
strong nurses bring patients
to refrigerator trucks
wendy c. bialek

another hospital
named for a nurse
who washed her hands
Marietta McGregor

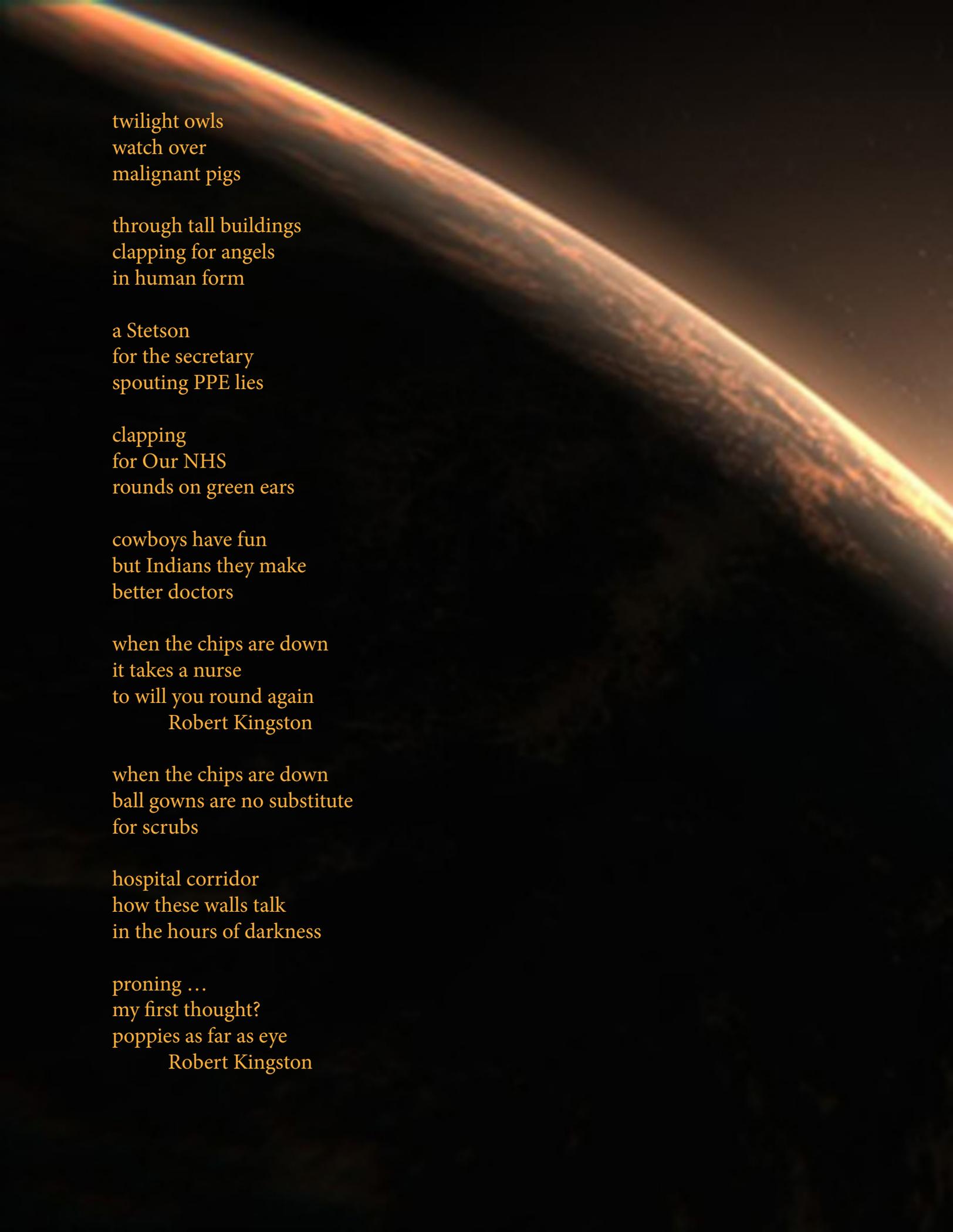
During the Crimean War, Florence Nightingale was instrumental in introducing basic hygiene practices in hospitals. She is honoured today.

<https://theconversation.com/florence-nightingale-a-pioneer-of-hand-washing-and-hygiene-for-health-134270>

Prince Charles opens the Nightingale Hospital in London.

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-52150598>

after pandemic
who will treat
the nurses' ptsd
wendy c. bialek



twilight owls
watch over
malignant pigs

through tall buildings
clapping for angels
in human form

a Stetson
for the secretary
spouting PPE lies

clapping
for Our NHS
rounds on green ears

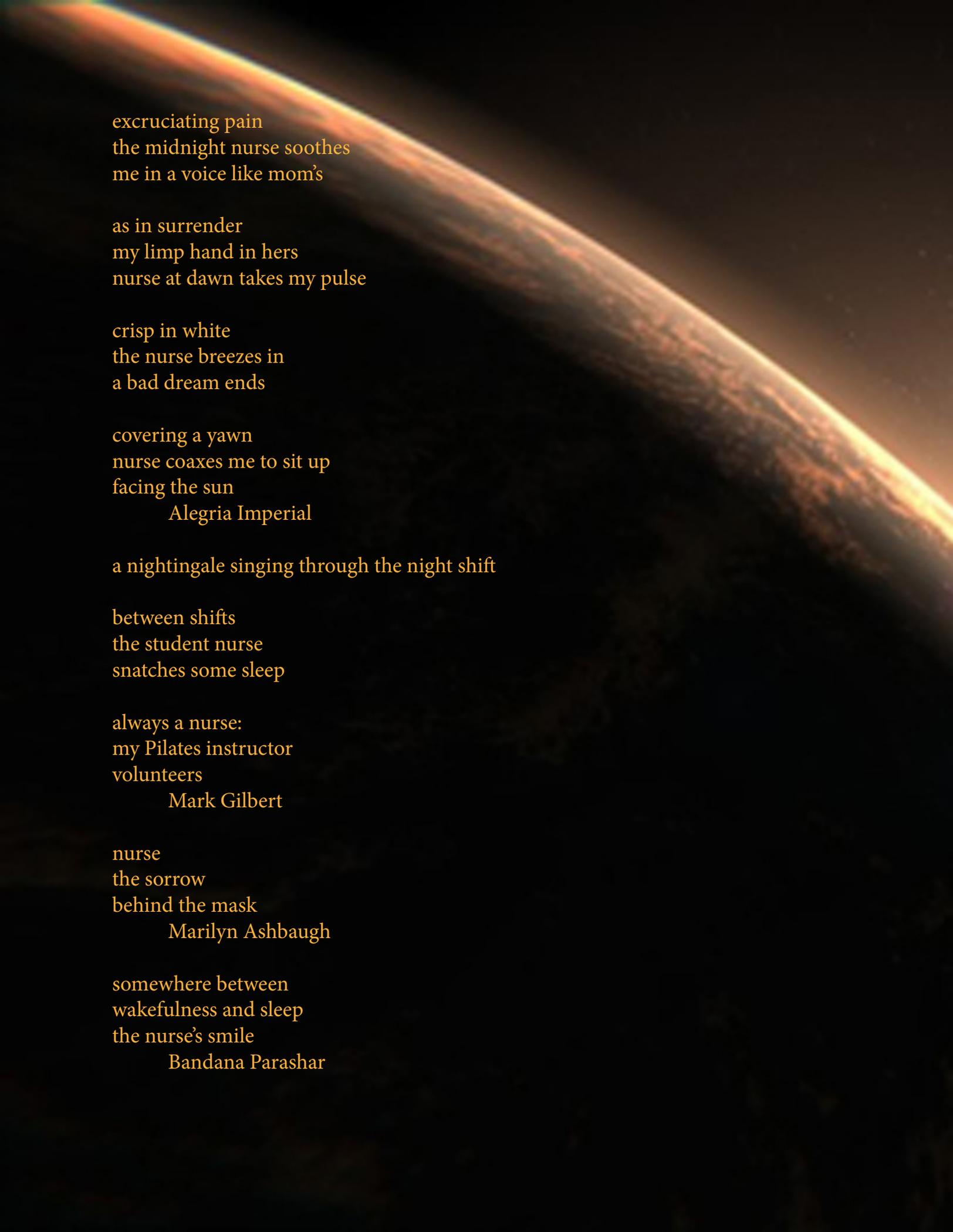
cowboys have fun
but Indians they make
better doctors

when the chips are down
it takes a nurse
to will you round again
Robert Kingston

when the chips are down
ball gowns are no substitute
for scrubs

hospital corridor
how these walls talk
in the hours of darkness

proning ...
my first thought?
poppies as far as eye
Robert Kingston



excruciating pain
the midnight nurse soothes
me in a voice like mom's

as in surrender
my limp hand in hers
nurse at dawn takes my pulse

crisp in white
the nurse breezes in
a bad dream ends

covering a yawn
nurse coaxes me to sit up
facing the sun
Alegria Imperial

a nightingale singing through the night shift

between shifts
the student nurse
snatches some sleep

always a nurse:
my Pilates instructor
volunteers
Mark Gilbert

nurse
the sorrow
behind the mask
Marilyn Ashbaugh

somewhere between
wakefulness and sleep
the nurse's smile
Bandana Parashar



her touch of the curtain
the morning light streams in

just a second
of passing out, the hands
of a nurse

Adjei Agyei- Baah

end of night shift
she draws the curtains
to the sun-light peaks

Sonam Chhoki

blossom viewing
aglow on a nurse station
screen saver

Michael Henry Lee

coming to
the nurse's smile
and a cup of tea

children's ward
he moonwalks
the medication trolley

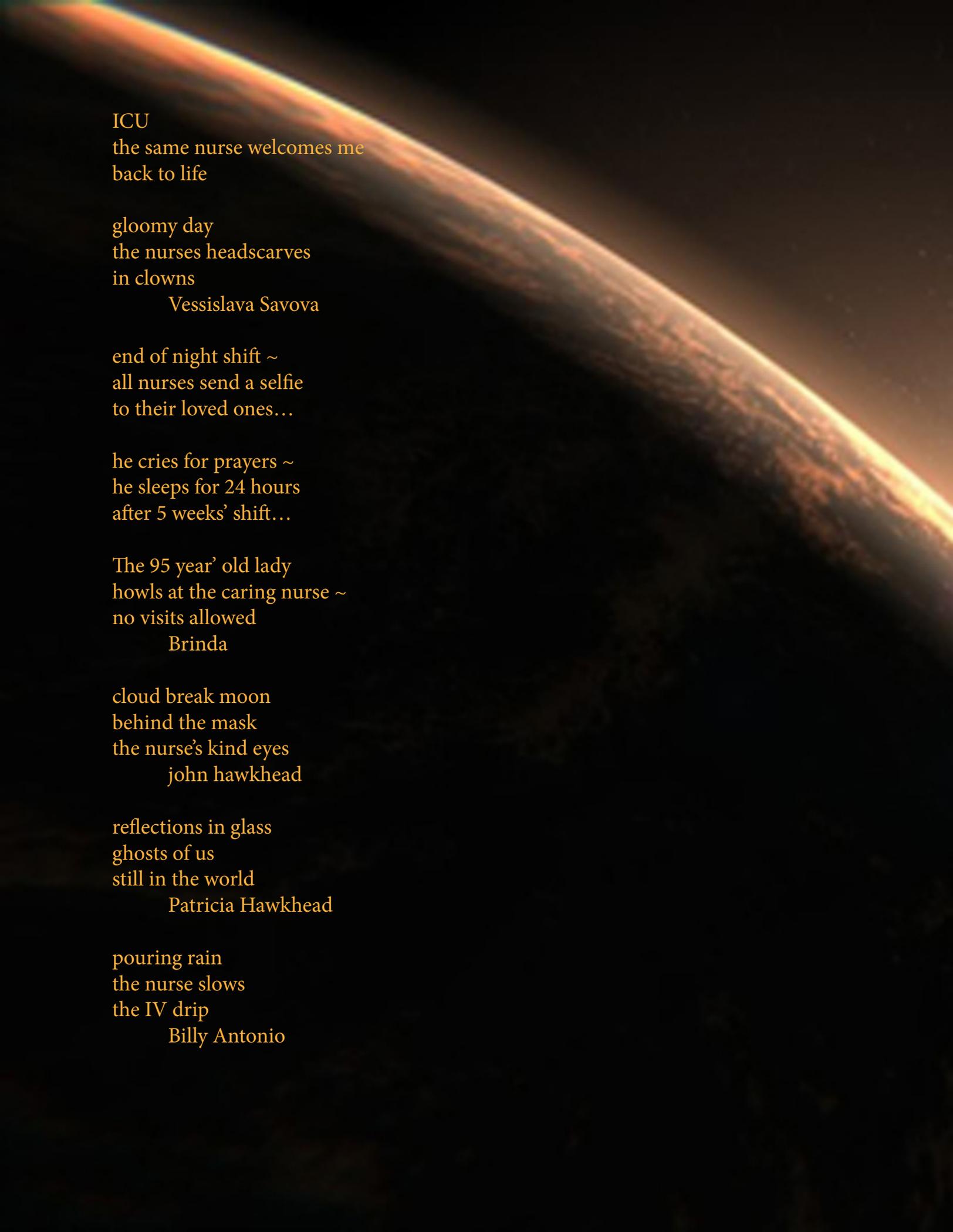
Sonam Chhoki

hospital car park
where her red Honda used to be
gleam of hoar frost

Sonam Chhoki

ICU nurse
the chapped lips
under the mask

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo



ICU
the same nurse welcomes me
back to life

gloomy day
the nurses headscarves
in clowns
Vessislava Savova

end of night shift ~
all nurses send a selfie
to their loved ones...

he cries for prayers ~
he sleeps for 24 hours
after 5 weeks' shift...

The 95 year' old lady
howls at the caring nurse ~
no visits allowed
Brinda

cloud break moon
behind the mask
the nurse's kind eyes
john hawkhead

reflections in glass
ghosts of us
still in the world
Patricia Hawkhead

pouring rain
the nurse slows
the IV drip
Billy Antonio



isolation ward
the nurse's gloved hand
in a dying palm
Marta Chocilowska

Those who mop floors
as those who mop brows fulfil
an essential role.

No evidence of
compassion in politics.
Manufactured words.
Oonah V Joslin

through rising window
many- more than dreams
birds in her eyes
Mónica Margaride

the scuba divers
with masks and oxygen tanks
swim with the nurse sharks

butterfly tattoo
on the nurse's hand
wings open and close
Sari Grandstaff

labor and delivery
the nurse voices
my pain
Tia Haynes

school nurse's office
student with low-grade fever
waits for test results
Sari Grandstaff

hospital garden
a nurse picks up
a tiny forget me not
Eufemia Griffo

summer meadow
the nurse's blue eyes
behind her mask
Marion Clarke

for the nurse
who has lost her smell
origami rose
Sonam Chhoki

night nurse
gently she wakes me up
with pills in her hand
Madhuri Pillai

her touch
on my child's forehead
as gentle as mine
Marion Clarke

took me years to stop saying
my brother-in-law
is a male nurse
Sari Grandstaff

hospital window
a woman sings
a lullaby for her child
Eufemia Griffo

stretching my legs
around the corridor and back ...
she holds my hand
Madhuri Pillai

Cocooned tight, soft voice
Pours the salve of compassion
Despite dimming light
Lisa Demiralp

Compassionate eyes
Convey caring and concern
Above facial masks
Laura Murphy

the dead of night
the nurse rests her cheek
on the palm of hand
Marta Chocilowska

disturbed sleep . . .
the nurse reliving
her mistakes
Stella Pierides

night shift
the desk nurse writes herself
into the injury book
Robert Kingston

New Corona virus—
new midwife's and new mother's
eyes meet, over their masks
Mary

clapping for her –
the nurse takes the wrong
turning
Stella Pierides

“Houseparty”
four of her patients died
during her last shift
Frank J. Tassone

SEED POEM

-haiku sequence-

Motto:

where culture begins – a rustic rice – planting song

Matsuo BASHO

sowing words
to the appropriate whey
a book comes to light

sowing rice
the young farmer hums
an ancient song

sowing corn
behind the farmer
hungry crows

green wheat field
in the purple twilight
waving slowly

the blue eyes
of the wheat field;
two chicories

end of the field –
a new lit way for
the harvest sanctified

bringing offer
under the icon of Virgin Mary
a crown of wheat ears

drinking together
a cup of sake in the honor
of new harvest

Vasile Moldovan



another shift
our niece recycles
another mask

Frank J. Tassone

first almond blossoms
she rearranges his pillow
for a better view

Sonam Chhoki

finishing touches
some roses for the patient
with no visitors

Marion Clarke

this cold in my bones
my mind wanders
unknown places

Eufemia Griffo

practicing squats
for core strength –
ambulance nurse

Stella Pierides

a nurse
walks into a bar. . .
someday

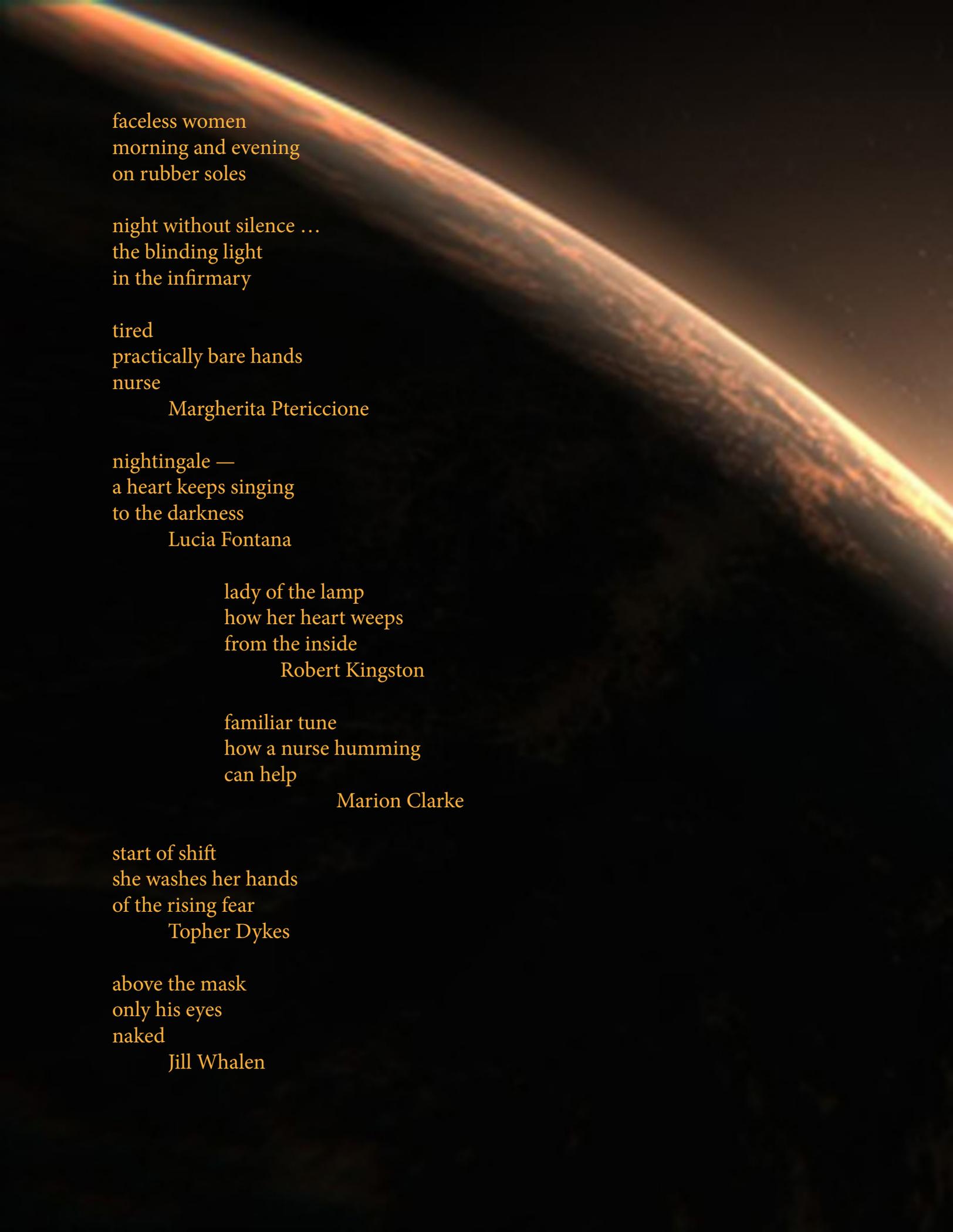
Ben Teal

finishing touches
some roses for the patient
with no visitors

Marion Clarke

christmas eve
she leaves for her night shift
my sister the nurse

Vanessa Proctor



faceless women
morning and evening
on rubber soles

night without silence ...
the blinding light
in the infirmary

tired
practically bare hands
nurse

Margherita Ptericcione

nightingale —
a heart keeps singing
to the darkness

Lucia Fontana

lady of the lamp
how her heart weeps
from the inside

Robert Kingston

familiar tune
how a nurse humming
can help

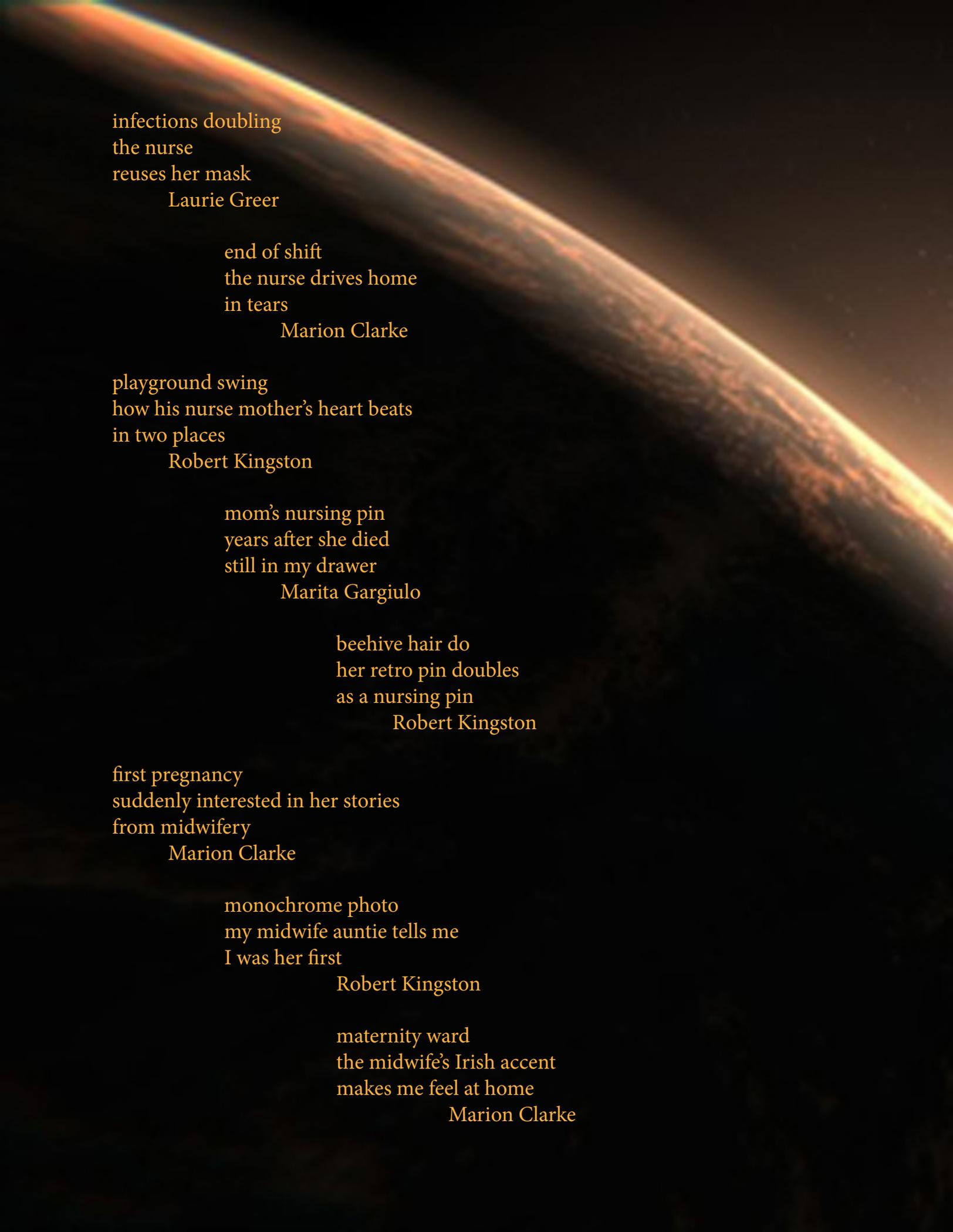
Marion Clarke

start of shift
she washes her hands
of the rising fear

Topher Dykes

above the mask
only his eyes
naked

Jill Whalen



infections doubling
the nurse
reuses her mask

Laurie Greer

end of shift
the nurse drives home
in tears

Marion Clarke

playground swing
how his nurse mother's heart beats
in two places

Robert Kingston

mom's nursing pin
years after she died
still in my drawer

Marita Gargiulo

beehive hair do
her retro pin doubles
as a nursing pin

Robert Kingston

first pregnancy
suddenly interested in her stories
from midwifery

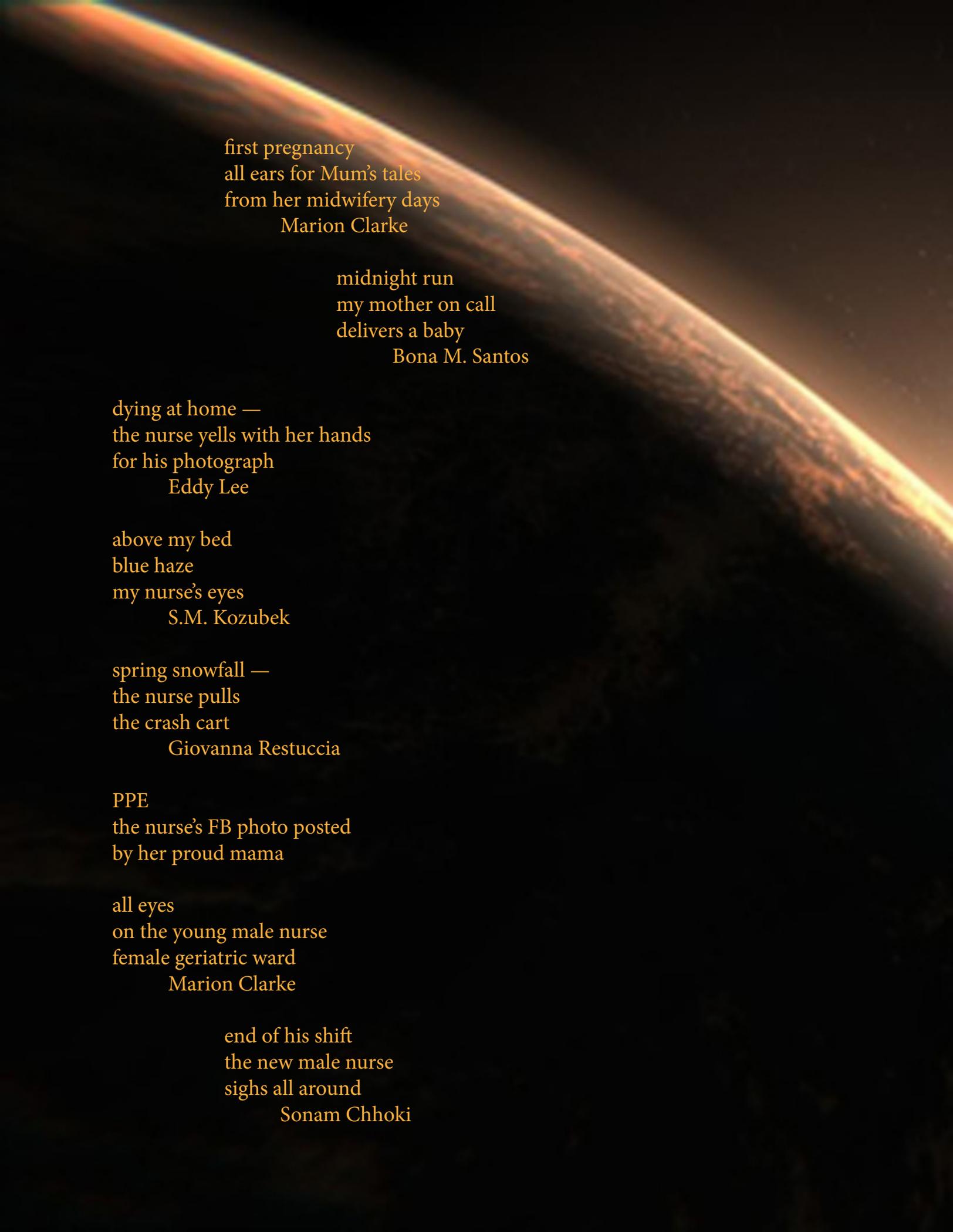
Marion Clarke

monochrome photo
my midwife auntie tells me
I was her first

Robert Kingston

maternity ward
the midwife's Irish accent
makes me feel at home

Marion Clarke



first pregnancy
all ears for Mum's tales
from her midwifery days
Marion Clarke

midnight run
my mother on call
delivers a baby
Bona M. Santos

dying at home —
the nurse yells with her hands
for his photograph
Eddy Lee

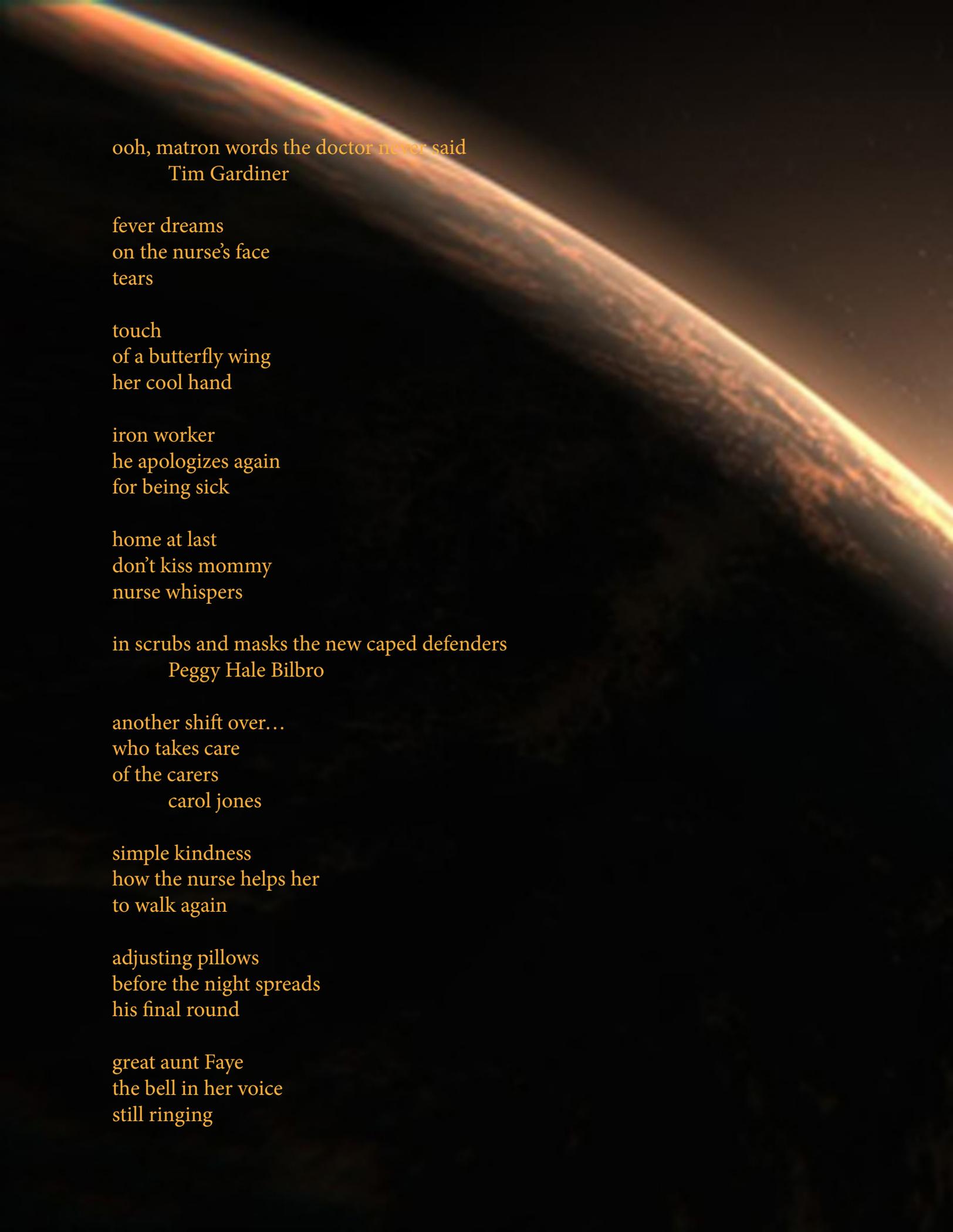
above my bed
blue haze
my nurse's eyes
S.M. Kozubek

spring snowfall —
the nurse pulls
the crash cart
Giovanna Restuccia

PPE
the nurse's FB photo posted
by her proud mama

all eyes
on the young male nurse
female geriatric ward
Marion Clarke

end of his shift
the new male nurse
sighs all around
Sonam Chhoki



ooh, matron words the doctor never said
Tim Gardiner

fever dreams
on the nurse's face
tears

touch
of a butterfly wing
her cool hand

iron worker
he apologizes again
for being sick

home at last
don't kiss mommy
nurse whispers

in scrubs and masks the new caped defenders
Peggy Hale Bilbro

another shift over...
who takes care
of the carers
carol jones

simple kindness
how the nurse helps her
to walk again

adjusting pillows
before the night spreads
his final round

great aunt Faye
the bell in her voice
still ringing



flowering tulips
retelling the story
how she survived

back from the shelter
she names her new cat
after the nurse

deep gratitude
when nothing is expected
rainbow windows
Xenia Tran

last breath . . .
a nurse turns mother
toward the light

pandemic
the beak she wears
on her mask

empty womb . . .
a nightingale comforts me
through the night
Debbie Strange

distant star
I wonder about my school friend
who studied nursing
Marion Clarke

hospital window
a trail of dew draws
my thoughts
Eufemia Griffo, Otata, Sept. 2018



nurses
nursing
nurses
 kjmunro

rainbow-coloured scrubs
for the performance poet
cancer nurse
 Marion Clarke For Cathy

discharged
the smile of a nurse
takes me home
 Adjei Agyei-Baah

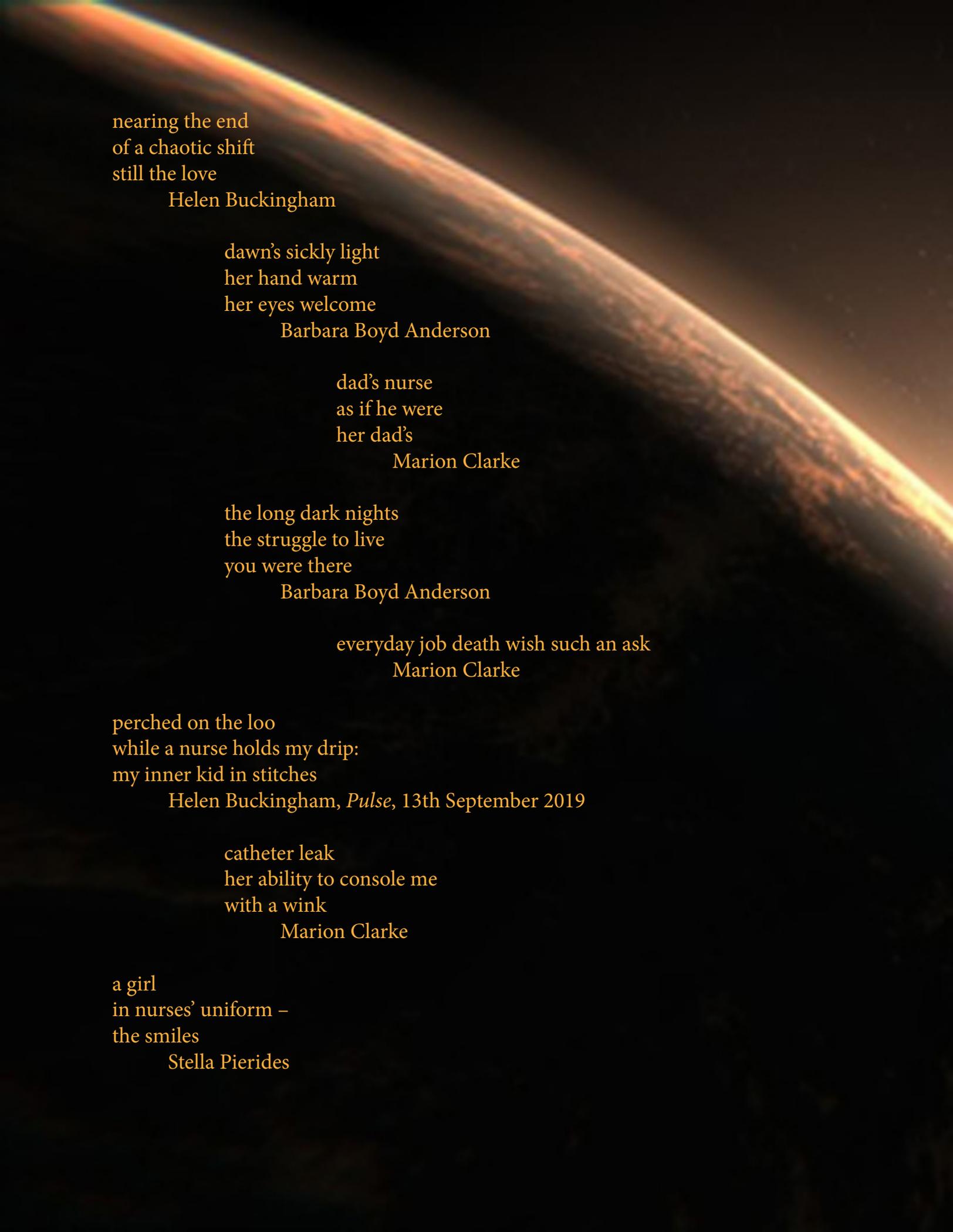
hospice care
he calls the nurse
mama
 Terri Hale French

 covering the body
 while weeping
 over her mask
 Lorraine Padden

20 hour shift
the nurse cries from fear
& desperation
 Pamela A. Babusci

care home...
her frequent falls
his strong muscles
 Stella Pierides

nursed to her end
questions remain
who killed the bat?
 Robert Kingston



nearing the end
of a chaotic shift
still the love

Helen Buckingham

dawn's sickly light
her hand warm
her eyes welcome

Barbara Boyd Anderson

dad's nurse
as if he were
her dad's

Marion Clarke

the long dark nights
the struggle to live
you were there

Barbara Boyd Anderson

everyday job death wish such an ask

Marion Clarke

perched on the loo
while a nurse holds my drip:
my inner kid in stitches

Helen Buckingham, *Pulse*, 13th September 2019

catheter leak
her ability to console me
with a wink

Marion Clarke

a girl
in nurses' uniform –
the smiles

Stella Pierides

neo natal
if only one might have
been hers

Michael Henry Lee

maternity ward for a little while her child
Marion Clarke

front line an angel in a plastic garbage bag
Gary Hittmeyer

night watch dad determined never to leave us

hospital video call
he tells me I love you
in every languages
Eufemio Griffo

past midnight
after comforting the dying
she returns to me
Ron C. Moss

Quietly checking
On sleeping patients' vitals
A gentle, soft touch
Laura Murphy

everything feels safe
she places a face mask
on her nurse doll
wendy c. bialek

mask peeled off
longed-for morning coffee
hours after midnight
Marietta McGregor

holding it in
the double duty nurse
conserves ppe
wendy c. bialek

little thought
for what the nurse carries
home . . .

Robert Kingston

nurseline
she keeps talking with me
'til my nosebleed stops
wendy c. bialek

she holds her tears
until no one can see
her strength under pressure
Linda L Ludwig

how the nurse on the phone
empowers me—
my first child's seizure

compassion fatigue no bed deep enough
wendy c. bialek

only a nurse
describes snowfalls better
than a poet
Dan Campbell

Balm of Gilead
wanting so to heal
her raw hands
Liz Ann Winkler



night shift
her crisp packet
carries the ward

corridor painting...
the nurse from the ward
asks if We'd like tea

grabbing
daylight stars
she tells us
it's normal
Robert Kingston

first light
night nurses coffee
cold in the cups
carol jones

lip service...
each nurse knows
the power of words
Robert Kingston

night closes in ...
knowing what to say
and when to
carol jones

hospital bedside
enough silence
to hear a pin drop
Robert Kingston

Thursday 8pm —
a mass applaud
to raise the spirits
carol jones



Seaman's hospital
blacked out windows
in the waiting hall
Robert Kingston

sequestered in a hotel
a tired nurse messages
her own feet

it's a kind of magic
nurses handling
hot pies

end of shift
the old nurse leaves her smile
with the new nurse
Rashmi VeSa

accustomed
to her wail- nurse injects
sedatives
Radhamani sarma

lady of the lamp
how her heart weeps
from the inside

ringing out the waves
a ferry blasts
for carers

rings of hope
in the ferry's wake
for carers
Robert Kingston

nurse's lullaby
lifting
the morning mist
cezar-florin ciobîcă



urology
the nurse asks
if I'm married

hospital lounge
on the radio
nothing else matters
Pere Risteski

off duty
the blue lights they see
in their dreams

home visit nurse
extra to her workload
unflinching care
Ingrid Baluchi

twilight thickens
into the cry of a baby
shooting stars

i.m. Mary Agyeiwaa Agyapong
Alan Summers

NOTE: Mary Agyeiwaa Agyapong is a British nurse who worked and died on the wards despite being nine months pregnant.

Emergency room
nurses still remember
my Batman underwear
Dan Campbell

breaking down
on the hospital steps
a nurse's intentions
Brendon Kent

the thermometer
longer in her mouth
the chatty patient
Sonam Chhoki

hailstones–
her soft glance
on my wound

falling leaf–
the nurse replaces
vase water

milky moon her whiteness over the tired eyes

nursing home greeting with the first smile
Pravat Kumar Padhy

behind closed curtains
closing
her unseeing eyes

long shift
longer still
the drive home
Sonam Chhoki

nurses know
an economical fold
toilet paper
Judith Hishikawa

nurses' scarred faces
in intensive care
the shape of their mask

wild pansies ...
the nursing staffs'
war-torn faces



worn on the chest
of whoever it is
the nurse's face

PPE shortage ...
the nurse with the patient
holds her breath
Brendon Kent

into the darkness
of my hospital room
the night nurse
Victor Ortiz

waiting for her replacer
who never came, nurse
starts a second shift
Adjei Agyei-Baah

long hours shifts
pizza carton boxes piled up
in the nurse office

diagnosis
the nurse at the door
dries my tears
Marina Bellini

third miscarriage
the nurse's advice:
"Be kind to yourself!"
Sonam Chhoki

it's a spider night
we huddle under stars
surveilling us
Alan Summers



discharge summary
the nurse's patience goes
unmentioned

Rashmi VeSa

giving hope –
the warmth in the
nurses voice

Carol Raisfeld

dawn
a nurse lights
two candles

Bernadette O'Reilly

the first raindrops
hit the pond and he
pops the question

their faces reflected
in the pond's
intersecting ripples

Laurie Greer

two dollar raise
but no PPE
expendable

Ruth Powell

Red Cross nurse —
a tourniquet fashioned
from the surrender flag

Jim Kacian, Heiwa Peace Haiku 1993 Judge's Prize

















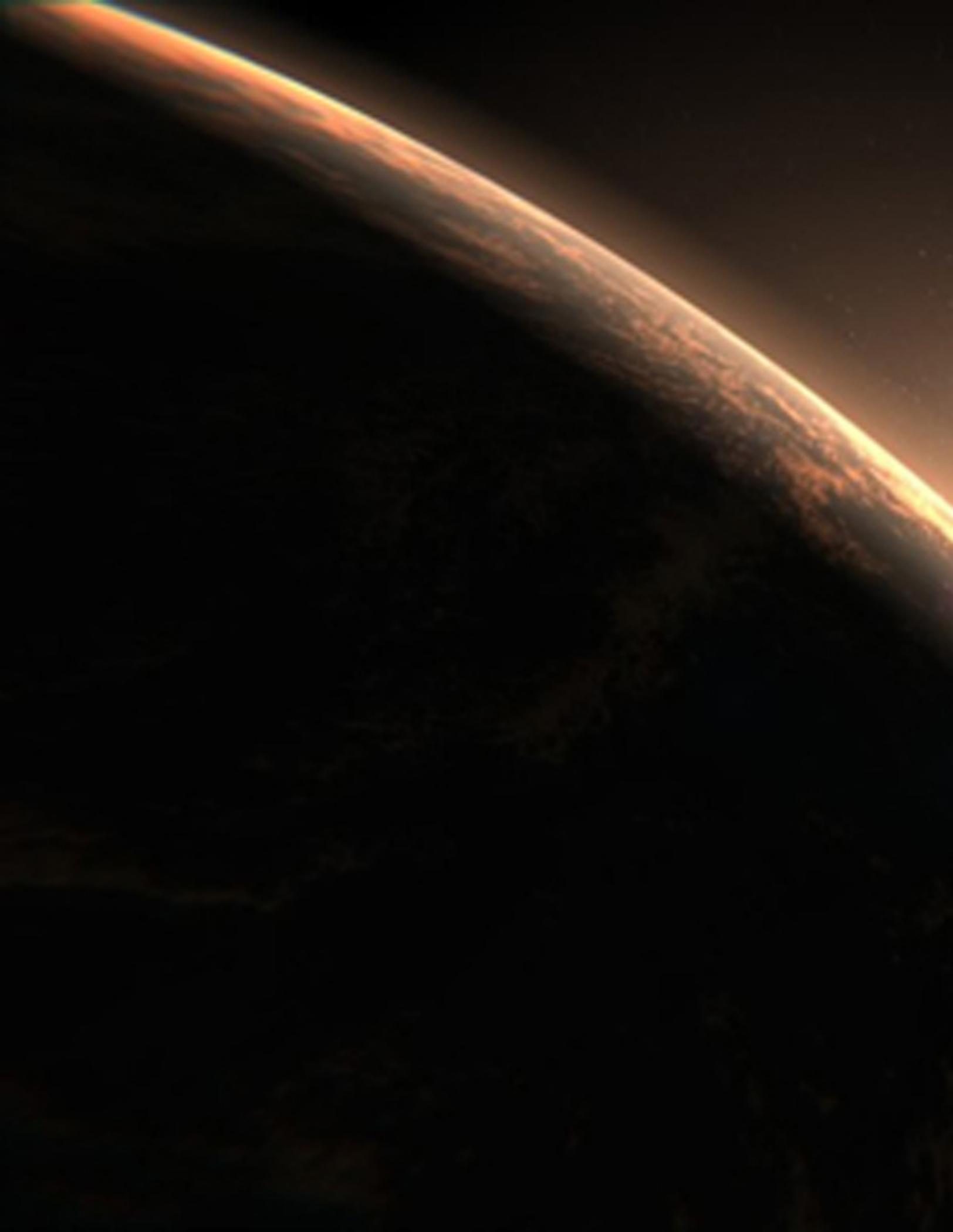














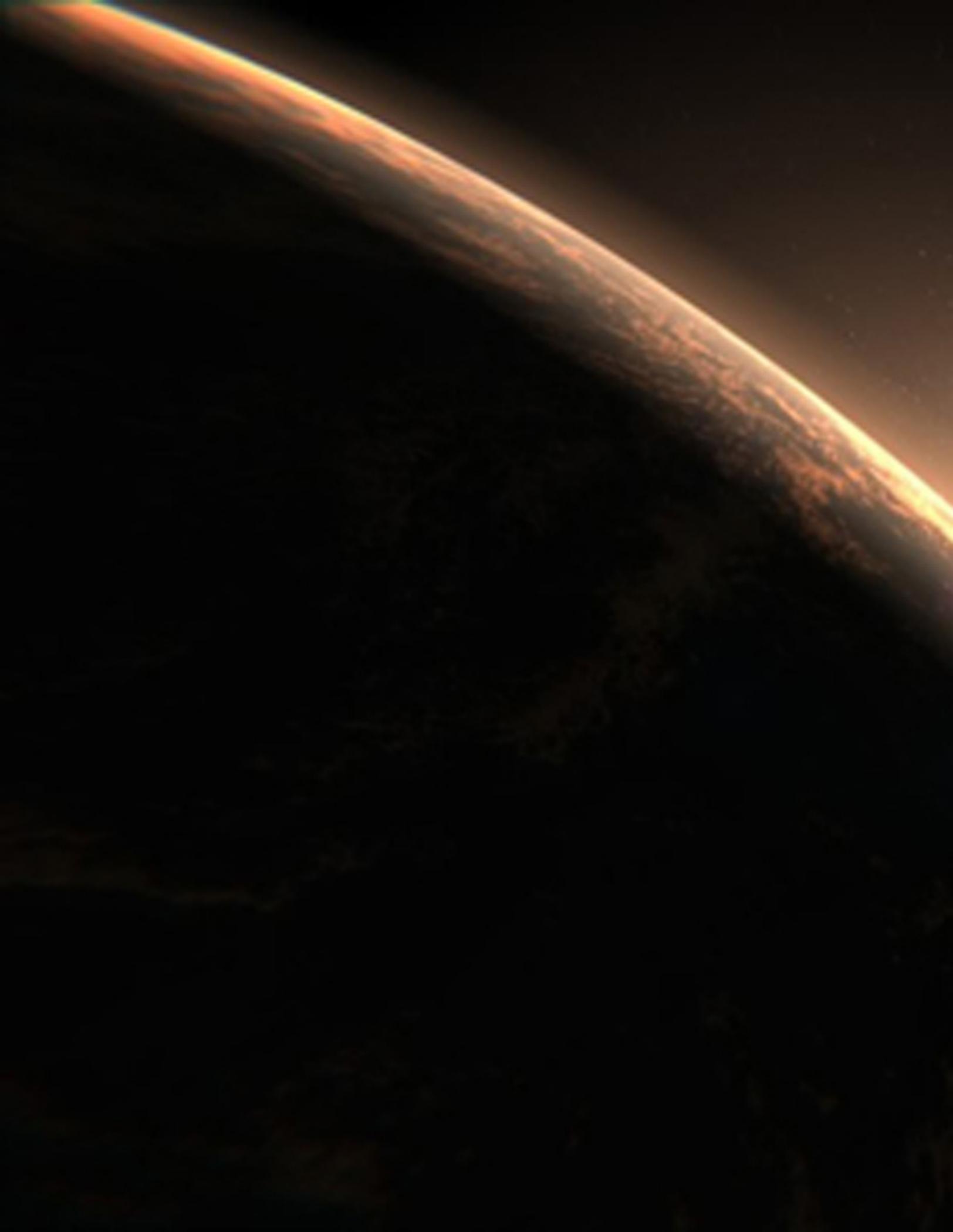












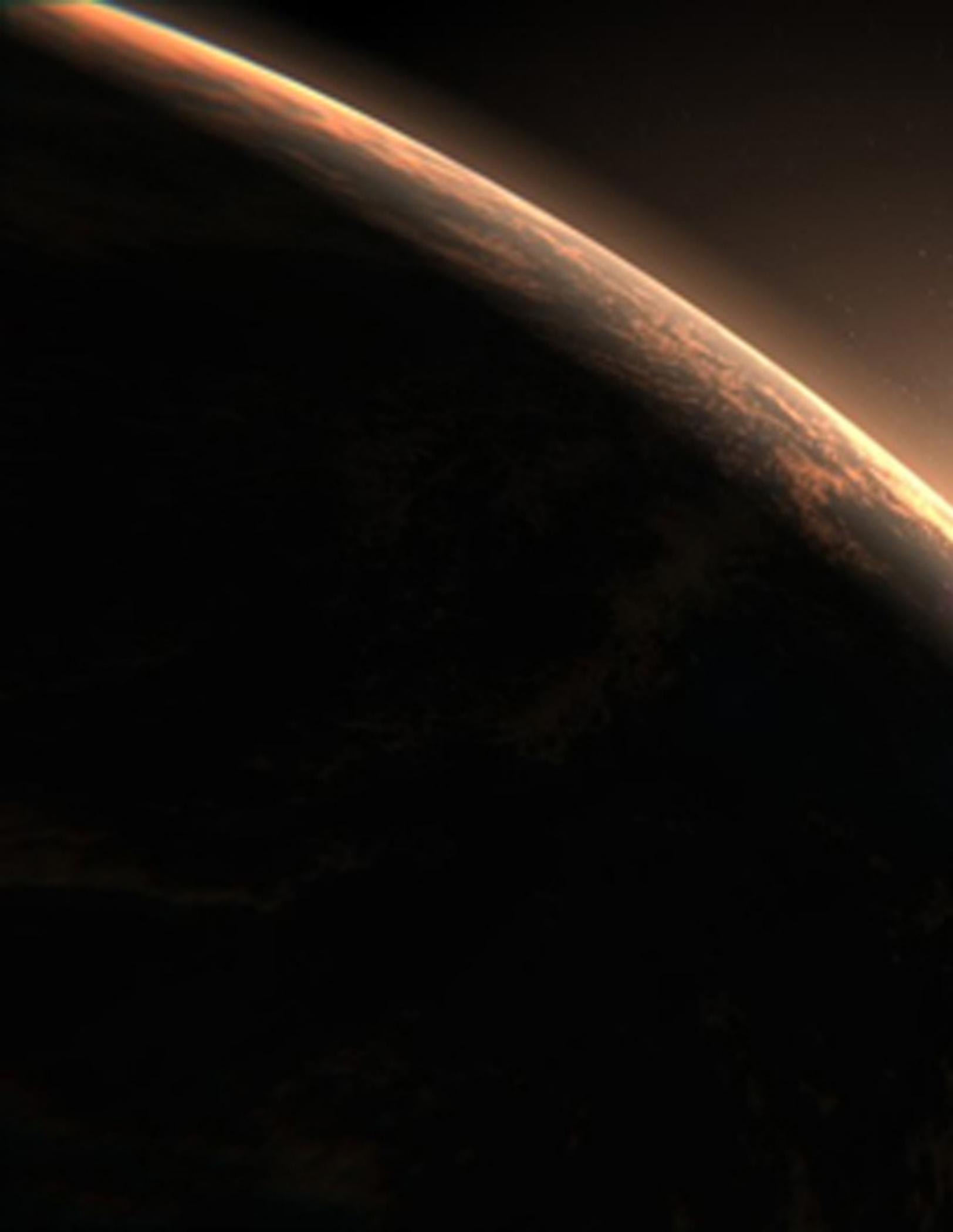




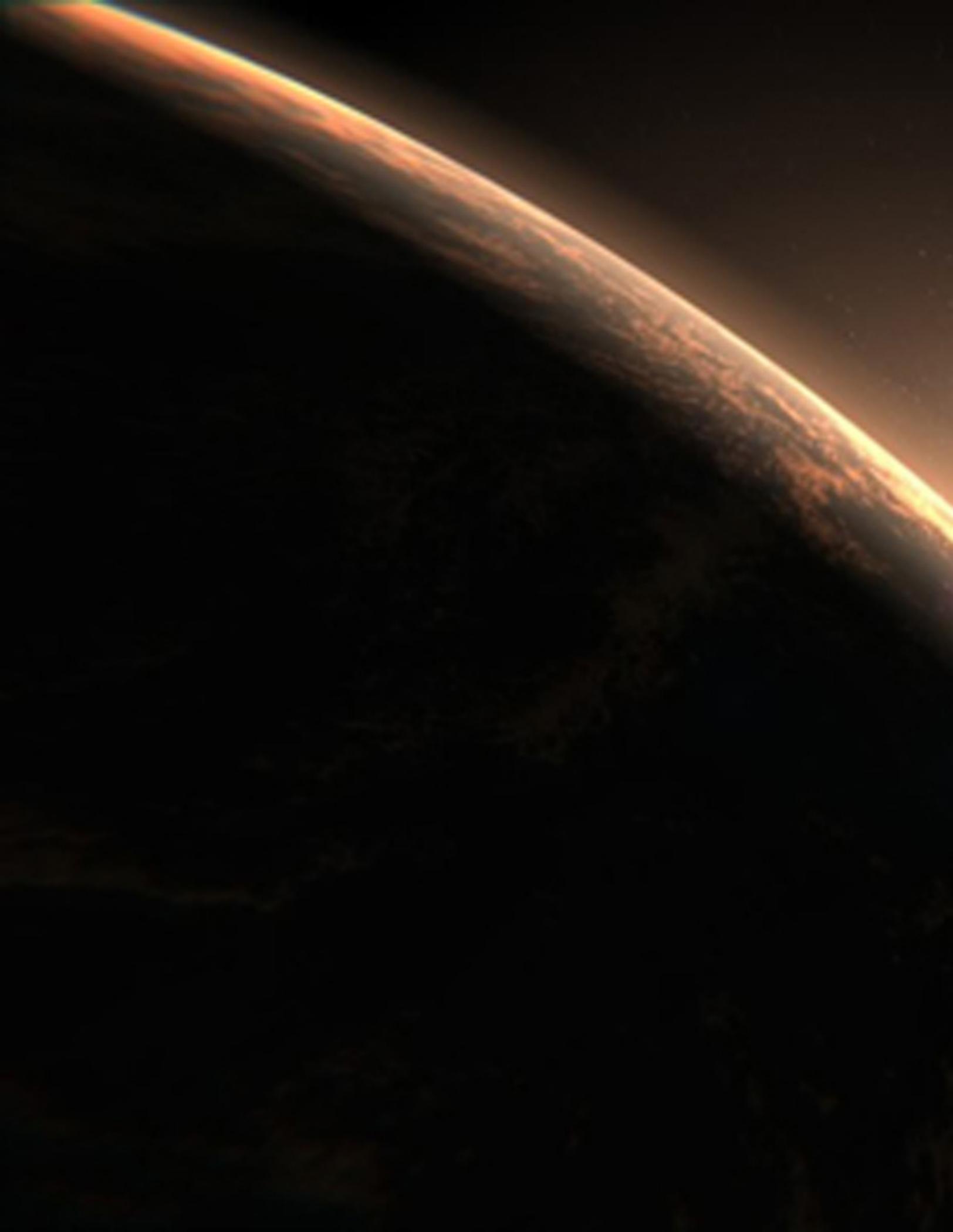










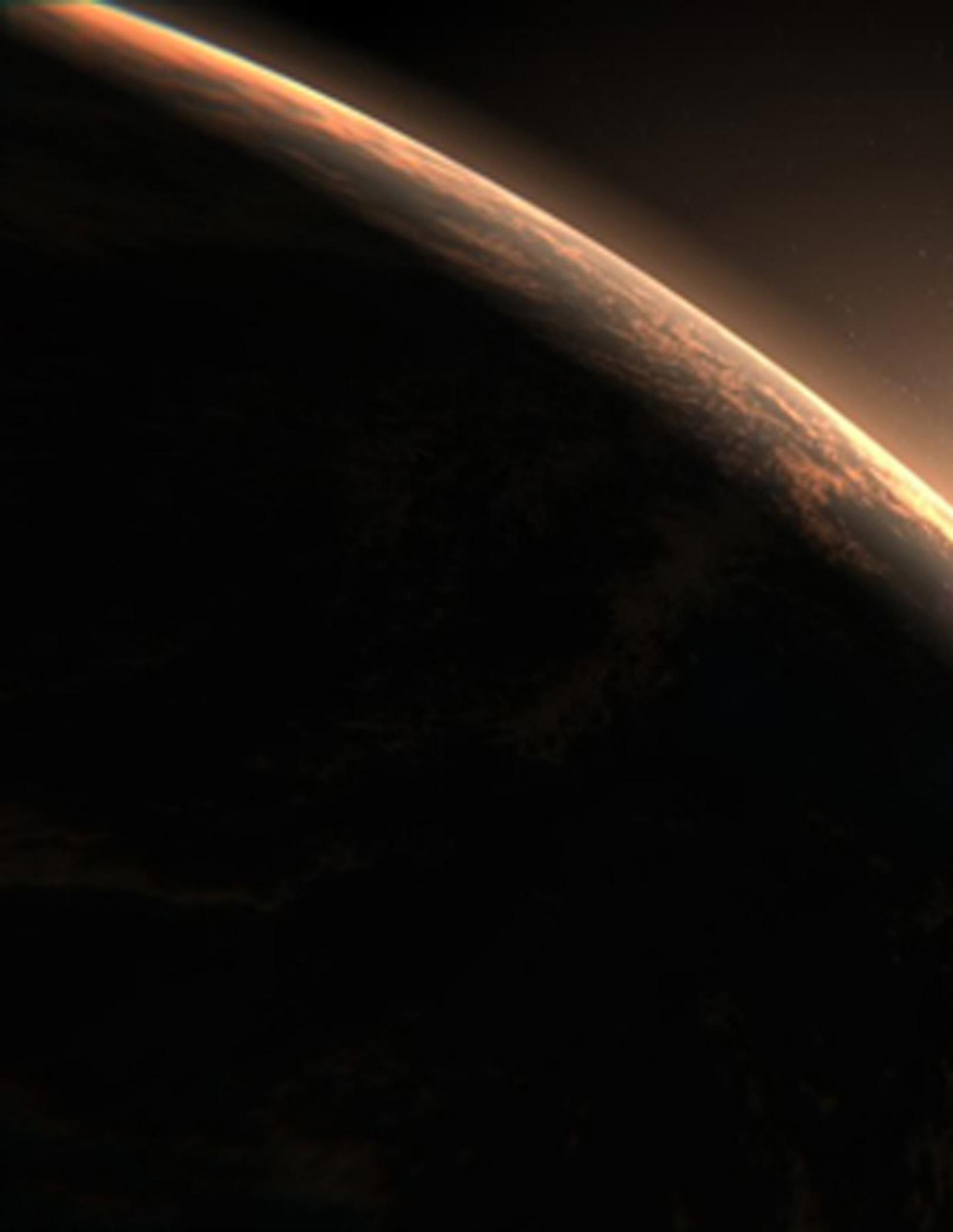














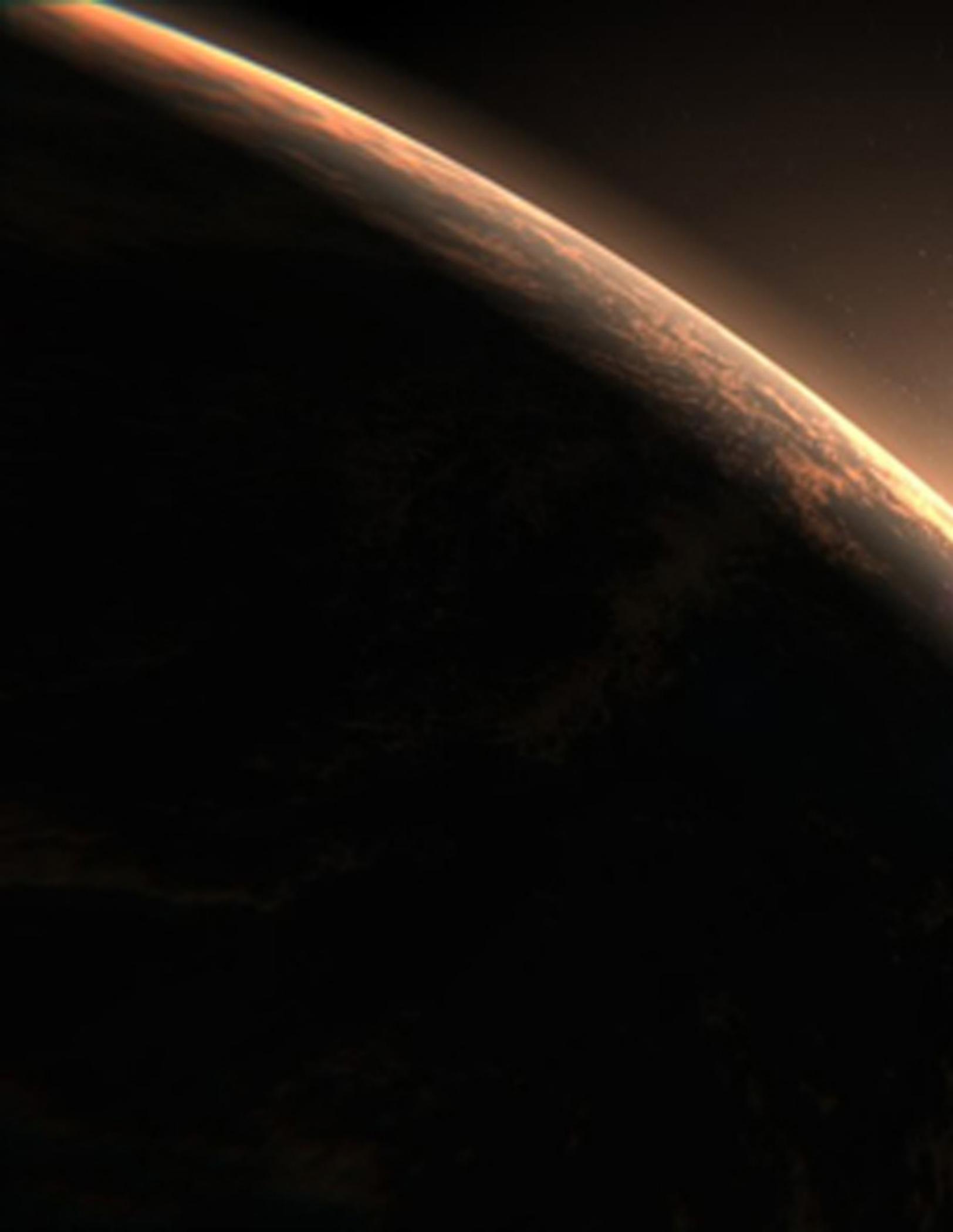










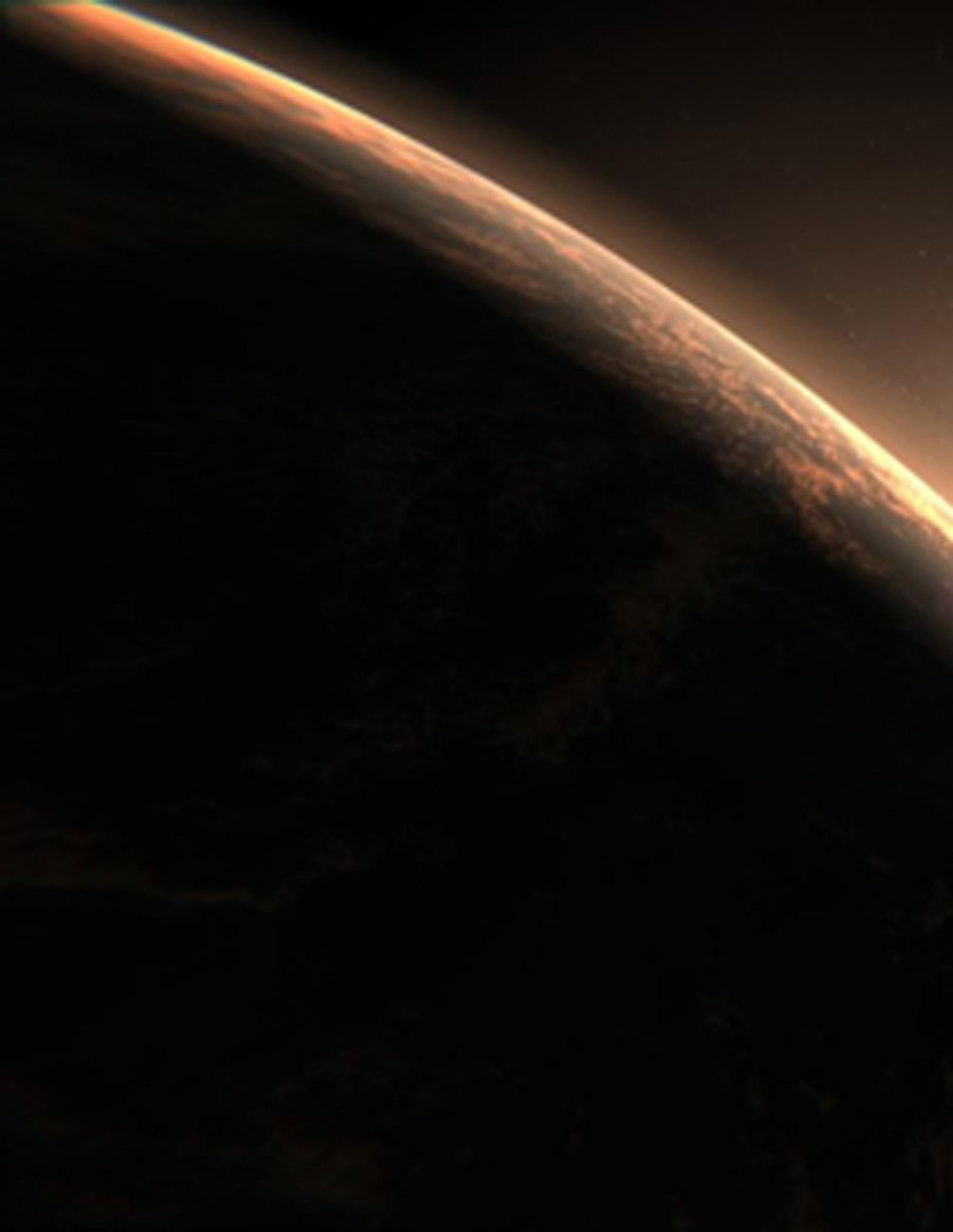




















moonless night
the slow wing beats
of a barn owl
— Maureen Sexton

*

early spring walk
a blue fairywren hops
through the grass
— Maureen Sexton

*

mauled lamb
the distant harshness
of a crow's caw
— Maureen Sexton

*

sea froth
white cockatoos flying
in a cloudless sky
— Maureen Sexton

*

lighthouse climb
a seagull struggles
against the wind
Creatrix Haiku Journal #27
— Maureen Sexton

*

birdsong
the comfort
in caws

— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy *Blithe Spirit* 26.3

*

spring drumming the sparrows out of this world

— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Four_Pests_Campaign

*

gold rush . . .
sparrows tumble out
of our eaves

— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

*

shining cuckoo in transparent absence

— Hansha Teki

*

a tui
chimes descant to
its shadow

— Hansha Teki

*

a twitter of insignificance from the cygnet

— Hansha Teki

*

cold moon
a crow shifts into
its shadow

— Brendon Kent *Blithe Spirit* 26.1

*

rooftop pecking order shuffling apostrophes

— Brendon Kent *Under the Basho* 2015, *Yanty's Butterfly Anthology* 2016

*

turning crows
the distance smokes
a yellow tractor

— Brendon Kent *Sonic Boom 3*, *Yanty's Butterfly Anthology* 2016, *Re:Virals* 2018

*

our argument...
a robin in the birdbath
breaking ice

— Brendon Kent *Blithe Spirit* 27.1, *Under the Basho* 2017

*

darkening
the crow's weight...
winter deepens

— Brendon Kent *European Quarterly Kukai* 2017

*

colouring
a leafless bough...
robinsong

— Brendon Kent *Blithe Spirit* 26.1



origami sky
how you fold clouds
into starlings

— Brendon Kent *Haiku Vol.2* anthology 2017, Haiku University (Tokyo)

*

banditry of titmice
the longtails fleeting
through the air

— Alan Summers

“banditry” is a collective noun for titmice
http://www.moorhen.me.uk/iodsubject/birds_-_other_tits_02.htm

*

backroom chatter...
hedge sparrows voicing
the world's concerns

— Alan Summers

*

backroom banter...
house sparrows solving
our world's problems

— Alan Summers

*

hotel coffee room--
starlings sounding out
the partitions

— Alan Summers



dark news
the comfort
of crows

— Alan Summers *tinywords* 15.1

*

hard frost-
the snail-hammerings
of a song thrush

— Alan Summers *Muttering Thunder* 1

*

dark fields
tightly the vee of birds
into pockets of forest

— Alan Summers *otata* 11

*

cool morning
birdsong
light on a distant cloud

— Alan Summers *Modern Haiku* 1999

*

thirteen ways
to wear a pencil skirt . . .
the blackbird's outline

— Alan Summers *Brass Bell* August 2014

*



train whistle

a blackbird hops

along its notes

— Alan Summers *Presence* 47, THF Per Diem (September 2012): The Elements

*

powdered snow –
a crow's eyes above
the no parking sign

— Alan Summers Haiku International Association Haiku Contest 1999

*

a teaspoon of spice
crows bottle the wind in caws
and then release it

— Alan Summers Yamadera Bashō Memorial Museum English Haiku Contest 2016

*

Invisible crow
the lebanon tree utters
a call of three caws

— Alan Summers Only One Kagoshima Tree Haiku Contest 2015

*

night crows
the haystacks lose
their moonlight

— Alan Summers *Haiku* 2016

*

corn moon
the jackdaw shifts
its iris

— Alan Summers *Asahi Shimbun* (International Haiku Day 2015)

царевична луна
чавката помръдва
ирис

Bulgarian translation Maya Lyubenova, Tzetzka Ilieva, Vessislava Savova

*

in and out of lavatera
gang of hedge sparrows
to the birdfeeder

— Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit* 7.3

*

little sparrow
I regret nothing
flowers in the wind

— Alan Summers *haijinx* IV.1

*

summer wind
a sparrow re-rights itself
at the peanut cage

— Alan Summers *Wing Beats: British Birds in Haiku; Haiku Friends* Vol. 3;
Inking Bitterns

<http://area17.blogspot.co.uk/2010/03/summer-wind-sparrow-haiku-artwork-haiku.html>

*



all the demons
are in mourning
sparrowsong
— Alan Summers

*

turn in the weather . . .
a house sparrow sings
like buddha
— Alan Summers *Amaravati Poetic Prism* 2016

*

steamy windows
the spiral of sparrows
across our shadows
— Alan Summers *hedgerow* 111

*

dead sparrow
how light the evening
comes to a close
— Alan Summers *Haiku Canada Review* 11.2

*

fading photos
a goldfinch tugs again
at the spiderweb
— Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit*

*



lapwings
rounding up clouds
left in the water
— Alan Summers *A Splash of Water*

*

Easter Sunday
a For Sale sign leans
into birdsong
— Alan Summers *tinywords* 16.1

*

zigzagging...
the meadow buttercups
into a robin's song
— Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit*

*

skittish clouds
the lightning tree
grows a crow
— Alan Summers *Presence* 56

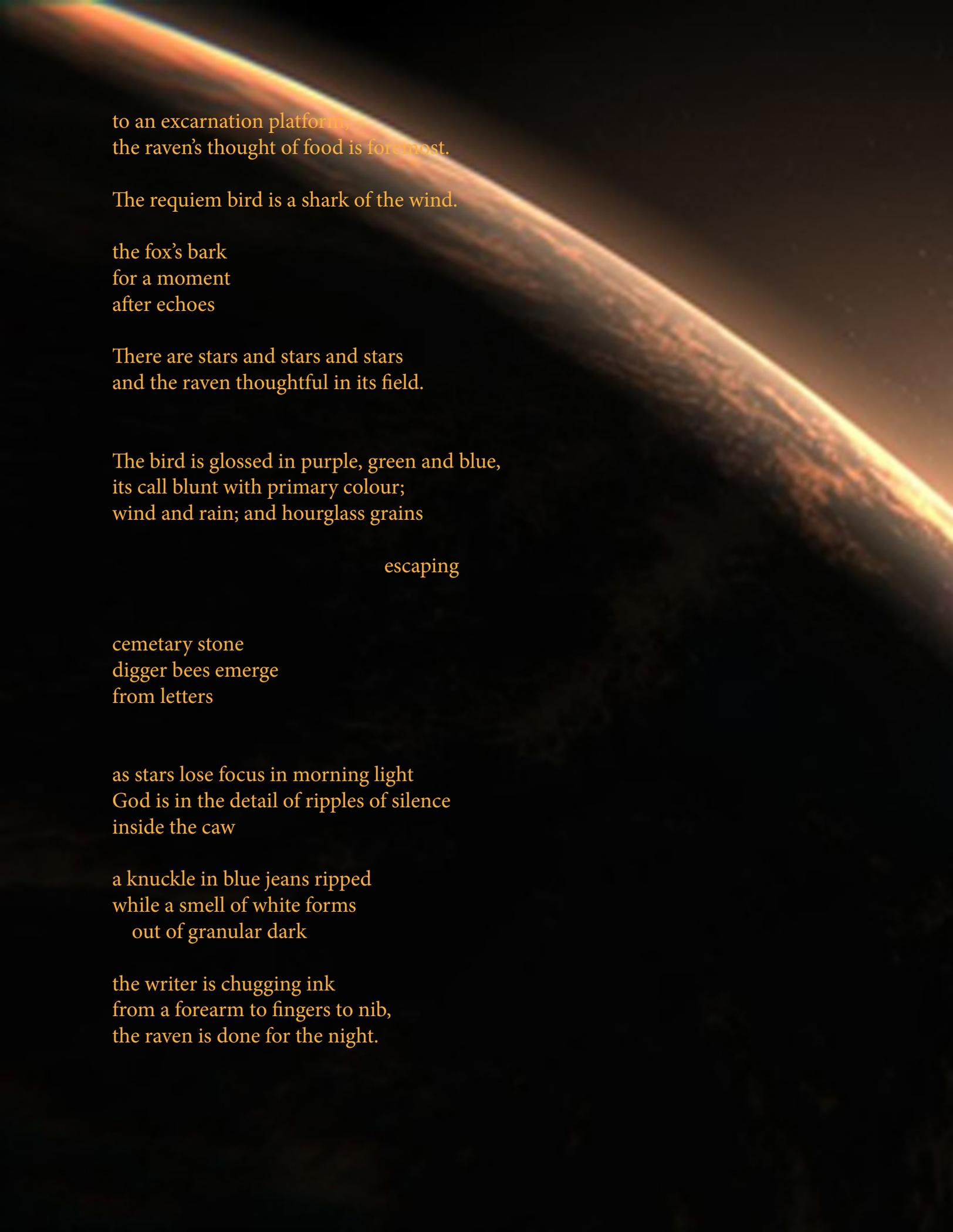
*

The Thoughtful Raven
after Ted Hughes, and Kurt Jackson

The raven grows out of swift strokes in a moment of midnight:

Corvid, sublingual,
in sixty-five vocalisations of its kind,

from worms to whales; battlefield and gibbet;



to an excarnation platform,
the raven's thought of food is foremost.

The requiem bird is a shark of the wind.

the fox's bark
for a moment
after echoes

There are stars and stars and stars
and the raven thoughtful in its field.

The bird is glossed in purple, green and blue,
its call blunt with primary colour;
wind and rain; and hourglass grains

escaping

cemetery stone
digger bees emerge
from letters

as stars lose focus in morning light
God is in the detail of ripples of silence
inside the caw

a knuckle in blue jeans ripped
while a smell of white forms
out of granular dark

the writer is chugging ink
from a forearm to fingers to nib,
the raven is done for the night.



rabbit dusk
goldfinches vibrate
across teasels

— Alan Summers *Blithe Spirit* 26.4
The New English Verse: An International Anthology of Poetry (2017)

*

an owl's empire
the flecks of light
in snow

— Alan Summers *Presence* 59

*

broken boats
the coastline tagged
with shearwaters

— Alan Summers *Presence* 56

*

this small ache and all the rain too robinsong
— Alan Summers *Modern Haiku* 44.1
naad anunaad: an anthology of contemporary international haiku, 2016

*

Westie, all snow-peak
Ears and tail, the beat of
Swan's wings on water
— Peter Cox

*



first light
the falcon leaps
into its wings

— Chad Lee Robinson *Mariposa* 35

*

from my balcony
a bird's eye view
of birds

— Robyn Corum

*

Coda:

one song
woven of many voices
the flock

— Jim Kacian