

*This Week's Montage*

—*Winter II*

*Comparative Haiku*

selected by

*Allan Burns*

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.”

—James Joyce, “The Dead”

*Martin Shea* (b. 1941)

*Jim Kacian* (b. 1953)

*Jack Barry* (b. 1959)

winter drizzle . . .  
the street-preacher's heels  
rise from the box

the thin dog  
takes up the winter sunlight  
onto its back

waking at night  
in a train on a bridge—  
snow falling

freezing winds—  
passing him  
by, a friend in the street

every head bent  
to it,  
the slanting winter rain

walk's end—  
the cold of his hand  
shook mine

the long night  
of the mannequins—  
snow falling

1 from *The Haiku Anthology*, 3<sup>rd</sup> edition, edited by Cor van den Heuvel (W.W. Norton & Company, 1999)  
2-7 from *waking on the bridge* (Red Moon Press, 2008)

silent dawn  
the bird's nest  
full of snow

chopping wood  
someone does the same  
a moment later

winter seclusion  
tending all day  
the small fire

all winter long  
smoke on the horizon  
in the same place

bitter night  
the stars seem nearer  
seem farther

dreaming  
in the sleeping bag  
of butterflies

New Year's dawn  
light first gathers  
in the icicles

from *Presents of Mind* (Katsura Press, 1996)

passing headlights  
snow gathers on  
the horse's back

snow light  
not telling you  
the whole dream

frost in the windows  
the crescent moon's  
two sharp points

wind through barbed wire  
a mourning dove turns  
and calls again

black pond  
frozen over  
the heron circles twice

the moon through black trees  
one distant owl  
answers another

looking back  
after crossing  
thin ice

1-2 from *All Nite Rain* (Down-to-Earth Books, 2009)  
3-7 from *Swamp Candles* (Down-to-Earth Books, 2006)

*Previous Montages*

*December 13: Halcyon Days*  
*December 20: Winter (I)*

*Next Week's Montage:*

This is the final *Montage* gallery.  
Thanks for reading.