A Dictionary of Haiku
Classified by Season Words
with Traditional and Modern Methods

by Jane Reichhold

AHA Books

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Paper publication as: ISBN: 0-944676-8-1
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**A Dictionary of Haiku**

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from the web version

published in 2000

and available at

http://www.ahapoetry.com/aadoh/adofinde.htm
Introduction

The Japanese have long wondered how writers in English could ever hope to write haiku when one of the most-basic writing tools was unavailable to them. Every Japanese writer owns one or more *saijiki* (sigh-gee-key).

A *saijiki* is a dictionary of haiku in which the poems are arranged, not alphabetically, but by seasons. Within the five seasons (New Year's Day has a separate section) are usually the seven different categories: Season (weather aspects indicative of that time of year), Celestial Phenomena (stars, sun and moon), Terrestrial Phenomena (geographical aspects such as mountains, fields, rivers, etc.), Events (or holidays), Life (terms dealing with the daily life of humanity), Animals (deemed appropriate for each season), and Plants (often those most conspicuous for the season).

Within each of these categories the poems are listed in a prescribed order of appearance according to the natural world. In spring (and *saijiki* traditionally start with the first and best season) plum blossoms are listed before cherry blossoms because the plum blooms first; slush comes before new grass. In many cases there is a natural sequence; in others - as in animals - it is very arbitrary.

However, for the user, this all makes perfect sense.

It is spring, a haiku writer is feeling the urge to express his/her feelings. Before going on a walk for inspiration, the *saijiki* is consulted to see what has touched others and how they have formulated their thoughts and feelings. The *saijiki* is at once a source of ideas and a guide for what has been done and what is yet possible.

Renga (a genre of linked poetry) writers are very dependent upon a *saijiki*. For example, if one is expected to write a summer link and wants to use an animal or insect it has to be one that corresponds (according to tradition and other *saijiki*) to summer. You may be seeing butterflies all over in your summer day, but unless it is designated as a summer butterfly, a plain old vanilla butterfly is a spring symbol.

In America, *saijiki* have been misunderstood because certain knowledgeable persons have used Japanese *saijiki* to "carbon-date" haiku according to the assigned designations as set by the literary center of Japan - Tokyo as a way of criticizing the poem. I feel readers, given the chance to read haiku ordered by seasons and categories, can come naturally to an understanding and appreciation of the use of *kigo*. *Kigo* [season words] are accepted designated nouns and noun
phrases which have been traditionally classified according to season. A season word is authorized by literary authorities who accept a haiku using that word and publish it as such in a saijiki.

This brings up another reason no other English saijiki has been compiled. The North American haiku scene, at least the most vocal and visible, has largely ignored the use of kigo. At this point in English haiku, very few writers understand the historical position of the kigo, and even less of that number make use of it.

Renga writers, also, are rarely interested in following the rules for sets of seasons for the various links, partly because they had no available standard reference with which to check.

However, in the summer of this year [1991] I read the first saijiki published in both English and Japanese. Koko Kato, of the Ko Poetry Association, in Nagoya, Japan, edited a saijiki containing about 1,200 haiku from authors around the world. Among other revelations, I found it to be an excellent solution to a problem I have long pondered.

For as long as I have been publishing haiku - since 1979 - one of the problems for me has been to find a way of presenting a number of haiku to the reader which overcomes certain drawbacks of the genre.

Because of the shortness of a haiku, it is too easy for the eyes to race across the lines without pausing to savor either the language or waiting for the series of images to arise after each poem.

Various solutions are always being experimented with: haiku with illustrations, haiku one to a page, haiku written in all capital letters, haiku on cards, very small or short "books" of haiku. Sometimes the haiku are arranged in sequences, which makes them more cohesive in the reader's mind, but further defeats the purpose of slowing down the inquisitive mind. Still, when faced with a book of haiku, my first impulse is to read it from beginning to end.

I wanted to make a book in which is this is physically impossible and mentally destructive. Reading too many haiku at once is the same as eating the whole box of assorted chocolate creams.

My dream reader would have this book next to the other dictionaries on the desk, or leave it laying on a nightstand, (or even in the little room of great relief) where, in an idle moment when the soul is soft and open, there is time to snatch a glimpse of a poem or two. Soon finding something to ponder, the book would be closed and laid down with the mind far away in the realm of imagining.

Yet, I wanted the reader to be able to easily find a haiku which was enjoyed or remembered. To my mind, listing the terms alphabetically facilitated this with less dependence on indexing.

I love looking up one word in a dictionary and then reading further down the page to see which words surround it. I also feel that when one "needs" to know something, it will pop into one's awareness and while looking up one poem,
another one, never yet read, will reveal itself. Fellow addicts of dictionary (addiction airy) reading will recognize the above symptoms and aha! understand that for haiku to be put into a dictionary form combines the best of my two compulsions.

The haiku in *A Dictionary of Haiku* are arranged into seasonal categories because, for me, a sense of the season is vital to enjoying and understanding haiku. Lacking our system of seasonal buzz words, it is very often difficult, or impossible, to know if an individual haiku (and here I refer only to English haiku) is set in autumn or winter. By putting many haiku together by season, it was my intention to let the season mood of one poem resonate with the next one, causing them to have the same vibration indicative of that time of year without the over-use of the actual words spring, summer, fall and winter.

Japanese *saijiki* have the individual items within a category listed in the arbitrary order of their natural appearance during the season which is often a matter of debate. In Japan, probably 90% of the adrenalin used for writing haiku goes into the arguments about the use and usage of *kigo*. By listing the subjects within a category alphabetically, it avoids the above while it creates leaps within the subject matter of a season spanning such a distance so the reader will stop reading at the beginning of the next subject-word.

Though I have consulted available *kigo* lists from the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of United States and Canada, those compiled by Kiyoko Tokatomi, and Koko Kato's *Four Seasons*, I have deviated from them considerably. For the Japanese reader and friend/defender of *saijiki*, the first category, especially will be a jolt to the senses. Usually this section is labeled "season" or "climate" and the *kigo* express the essence of the time of year with venerated expressions which imply the emotions we equate with the season.

As English writers we too work with these sensibilities but lacking set phrases to stand for them, have had to express these human concepts and emotional states much more subtly. In the English/Japanese *saijiki* these haiku would be listed as "non-seasonal."

I felt by making a list of essences or moods of the seasons which embody our emotional states relative to that time of year, haiku which do not blatantly state "spring" but which emote the airiness, gentleness, freedom of spring, could be given their rightful place. Many of the *kigo* for the season/climate category (such as "bright skies" or "south wind") could more accurately fit into celestial phenomenon leaving a category free for emotional states, which to me, as a much a part of any season as a bird or flower.

One of the reasons the Japanese have so many *saijiki* is every editor has a new idea of how to categorize the indefinable and infinite. Using the knowledge available to me, the Japanese works in English recommended, I have organized my material in a way unlike the others.
I've borrowed ideas and inspiration from the concept to accomplish goals I had for bringing a number of unrelated haiku together in one volume to increase an awareness of the season for readers and writers. I hope you will find some poems here to please you. May they inspire you to write and treasure your version of your experiences.

Jane Reichhold
Gualala, California
October, 1991
SPRING

Spring Moods

anticipation

she lifts her head
da tapping at the window
is only rain

rain
opening the window
a light heart

a south wind
polishing my face clean
for this journey

spring winds
the old lady tries again
to tidy her hair

spring mists
on these long evenings
someone's coming

an unknown boat
coming into the harbor
touches me

walking to work
our sleeves touch
starch on silk

asking for a ride
his answer dotted
with music

static electricity
garbled introductions
they lean together

panty hose
she crosses her legs
with whispers

woman and her pillow
curled around a notebook
dawn's first light
light
imprinting the stone
rings

awe

as one of us
the child watches
an earthworm

being loved

warm under quilts
the young couple lie quiet
in the place of one
rain drops
falling around the bed
her hair pins
his body a bow
his arrow shot me
full of flowers
spring storms
at their climax
thunder rolls away
rain shower
afterwards he reads to me
all of his poems

eyes
into eyes
lights
after lovemaking
all is quiet until
rain begins again
a woman's cry
the shower begins
with lightning
orgasm
an explosion of flowers
in wind chimes
tangled in sleep
on a sea weed strewn beach
lovers
flooded river
sides flowing together
lovers touch
dripping
spring rain and your body
in mine
driftwood lair
lovers hidden from view
found by the wind
lying in a river
words of love
in the current

boredom

rain
idle fingers strumming
the dulcimer
one ear
listening to the river
wet with rain
rain dripping
one hour
into another
these long days
watching the sky fade
with closed eyes
river winds
flipping white pages
without poems
rain erases time
one hour reused
the whole day long
in this rain my house
a stone in the stream
I a female fossil
scattered
among driftwood
drifters
companionship

touching his face
the slope of her forehead
echoes
new friends meet
snow-melt streams
into the river
walking
the river comes
along too
meeting an old friend
at the mountain stream
a bear
silence
around lovers
a silver cord
lovers in church
giggling at the term
immaculate
afternoon rain
into my sleep
your pencil moves
book covers
renewing a friendship
somewhat faded
clipboard
unable to tell
your poem from mine

complaints of lovers

daybreak
the person you love
is not perfect
without love
sea kelp growing
a holdfast
alone
but not alone
the sun - the moon
so easy to love
yet she always fumbles
locks and keys
organ drone
mother's warning
about choirboys
rain complaining
of the steepness of the lane
to his lover's house
parting
at the river
weeping willows
unwanted child
wearing a name
that doesn't fit
crying at dawn
gulls
and a lonely woman

desire

morning fog
dreams not buried
deep enough
spring sunshine
the strangeness of his perfectly
normal thumbnail
sunny sea winds
shoulders ache
for the want of wings

kids laughing
in the neighbor's house
the childless couple
moonlight moving
with the gate as the servant girl
takes an evening
unemployed carpenter
l-o-v-e
tattooed on his knuckles
Saturday rain
the desire to buy something
extravagant
Saturday rain
desire by a warm stove
for an affair
static electricity
a silken sleeve is drawn
to the amber
white surf
wanting to keep the ocean
free of oil wells
waterfall
delicate forms
for a spirit
buying
Scotch magic tape
as it were

dreams

dinosaur claws
taken to a rocky beach
a dreaming mind
ballet movies
all night her dreams
tip-toe
dreaming I was
the sleeve of your coat
I learned your secret
acrobat family
mine - if I ran away
to the circus
roar of the surf
sleeping on the beach
a child dreams
napping
among driftwood logs
sleeping
awakening
furniture
with chipped veneers
ephemeral

up and down
driftwood lairs of lovers
come and go
tide pool still
as if it is tomorrow
I'm not here
fading
condolence cards
the sting
sea spray
a rock writes
another name
spirals
the world tied together
with double helixes
a watch
left out in the rain
timeless

excitement

three fingertips
pressed to a cheek telling
of a new love affair
tide turns
leaping white into the cove
our eyes
raindrops
in a waterfall
glory-rush
surf's surge and boom
brushing my teeth
in a stranger's bathroom
each white wave
mounts the black rock
differently
waves crash
in the trickling away
another crests
hour by hour
the wave-white sea
becomes the wind
spring run-off
a little more - a little less
humans get so excited

**expectation**

waist
long-gone encircles
a child
rented house
the ocean's roar
in mother's womb
tugging at my sleeve
the a wind a voice
saying *mommy*!
the widow
taking swimming lessons
from the life guard
on a bridge
a young couple discuss
old lovers

**expansion**

nest
the fullness of spring
with eggs
lunch
time by the brook
spring-fed
always further
down the road frogs
and the dark
on the long pier
a tall father tells his son
how deep the ocean is
winds on the beach
going inland to remind you
of my love
thin and pale
the air of spring
leaving in flowers
smooth seas
upon jagged shores
the power

expectation

a love affair
building a fire
in a strange stove
the new couple
one looks upstream
the other down
dropping sticks
in the flooded river
their fortune

happiness

rivers
taking care of us
small fishes
earth
each spot layered
with stories
sunshine
on the hobo's back
hitchhiking

song
from a fence post
meadow lark
the night is shortened
by your letters on the pillow
here beside me
coming together
your nearness
my music
hope

the road before us
departing clouds bright
with a rising sun

increase

so much rain
this year how the kids
have grown

jealousy

turning green
each wave crests
higher than the last

thunder
his first date
not hers

joy

spring rain
your gentleness seems to know
no sorrow

to off-shore rocks
spring comes rowing
lovers in a boat

parents
showing the newborn
to the rising sun

lips
take from the springs
whistling

lust

cut crystal rainbow
shining where he wanted
to touch her

warming
her feelings of love
the hot springs
ducks
paddling around
lovers
incredible thrusting
the mountain raises
all of us

flooded river
rubbing low skies
electric current

a woman's slit
sliding over granite

spring

the urge to scratch

the earth with a hoe

randy again

her voice on the phone says
"... he wants me"

treasured gift
her smooth stone calls

as the phone rings

gentle breathing
night rain comes alive
tapping on the window

society dame
flirts with an unreal cowboy
her teenage romance

dawn's faint hour
awakens under closed eyes

a shiver of pictures

desiring you

rain drums
in my ears

love duet
everyone in the music class
crosses their legs

pearl buttons
undoing her blouse
two soft ones

patterns

your words open

the iris
new life

tumbling surf
water voices of children
within the womb

heavy surf
that sound I heard before
being born

soft things
inheriting a pattern
in time

desert wind
naked as the crack
where I was born

silence
baby's blue eyes
without tears

fingerprints
the tiny scars
for life

lying in your lap
the dense smell of musk
a birthday gift

the poise of coming
forward waves on a beach
a baby's first steps

passion

this need to love
mountains give to spring
flowers

downpour
your fingers
inside me

sun setting
emerald waves free
our passion

illuminated
in the light from the barn
their first kiss
rain
pounding in love
all night
rain on the roof
wet around us
on the sheets
kisses
in your open mouth
the rest of you
in and out
of the river's mouth
a tongue of sea
opening my legs
to the flooded river
currents meet
jerking off
the love scene played
by marionettes

peace
deep humming
waves unrolling
the bay
relaxed
cherry flowers unfold
peace
across the fence
with his cherry in bloom
I can forgive him
planting peas
a harvest today
of peace
asleep
morning seas quiet
pink
raised up
within the protection
a mountain unfolding
pleasure

a touch of silk
cressing her body
glistening sperm

vacation
utterly exhausted
by pleasure

seduction

local flirt
two pair of wool socks
below a backless dress

standing still
his glance begins
the dance

silence
between eyes
love lights

her hem
the wind lifts
a little fog

giving him
a bite of her
oldest apple tree

- for Marlene Mountain

deep sea green waters
sheltered by a cove slipping
into something frothy

unfaithfulness

rented house
rows of ocean waves
seem unfaithful

a strange house
the new nightgown
seems unfaithful

youthfulness

a young girl
chewing gum in conversation
with herself
river childhood
banging a bucket
boat sides
tea house
a child feds the koi fish
his fortune
how proudly it waves
the American flag T-shirt
on her young breasts
wet dreams
the man in the moon
was once young
young poet gives
to Jane his book of poems
"For Maggy, with love"

---

**Spring Occasions**

**April Fool**

no April Fools
these crocus buds closed
against the snow

**Ash Wednesday**

the guru speaks
evening steals upon us
with wide-open eyes

**baptism**

stained glass
above the baptismal font
a babe spotted red

**decorating graves**

canning jars
overflowing among the graves
roses
Easter bunny

Easter bunny
leaving a basket
of kittens

Easter eggs

Easter Monday
finding a solid chocolate egg
under fake grass

Earth Day

earth day
my pencil bounces
as a tree falls

Easter

high mountain village
church organ reedy as willows
the noisy brook

telephone call
the addressed Easter card
not to be sent

Easter morning mountain
my shadow crosses
Death Valley

Easter Sunday
hikers arrive
in Cathedral Canyon

after the storm
a sunny Easter morning
finds opals

atheists' vacation
Easter weekend
in Death Valley

Fathers' Day

Father's Day
he names his son
after me

late again joke
gift-wrapping popcorn
for Father's Day
Father's Day
she mows the lawn
and whistles

Good Friday
Good Friday
buying Easter candy
the second time

Graduation Day
Graduation Day
sweat and mothballs
grass so green

          graduation
where green banners wave
grass grows long

          graduation night
the owl printed on a balloon
seems the wisest

gun salute
gun salute
from a hilltop monastery
monks chanting

Lent
religion
on the remote coast
buoy bells

May Day
May day
removing her wedding band
the last cloud

Memorial Day
Memorial Day
so many flowers broken off
on the ground

          Memorial Day
wild flowers overpower
the flags

          cloudy
a crowded sky
Memorial Day
Memorial Day
the passion flower opens
wholeheartedly

Memorial Day
the honored guests slept
through the parade

Mothers' Day

Mother's Day
giving the old cat
a dish of cream

Mother's Day
the daughter's call
about her divorce

Mother's Day
wearing the silver earrings
from Mexico

Mother's Day
deciding the cat
must be spayed

Mother's Day
all of her flowers bloom
along the road

Mother's Day
the photo of her
afternoon

Mother's Day
give-away puppies escaping
the banana box

Mother's Day
seaside restaurant special
crab balls

Saint Patrick's Day

wearing of the green
for a real Irishman
a black & blue eye

toy rabbits

during the hailstorm
the stuffed Easter rabbit
clutched in her arms
wedding

last day of frost
buying the bride
a bread box
rehearsing vows
in the middle of the night
frogs
honeymooners
boats in the harbor
anchored together
smiles leaving
her bridal jitters
at the altar

Spring Celestial

air

fibers
so fine mornings
green the air
before it comes
the knowing of rain
in the air
sea air
each cell fills
with salt water
morning air
tightly rolled
in her curlers

breeze

morning breeze
in the flooded river saying
"find a spring green stone"
morning breeze
coming in the window
surf sounds
clouds

clouds
the sky divided
into puddles
waves
churning up high
clouds
clouds
touching the sea
with rain
free to fly
some of the ocean
in wind-driven colors
wispy clouds
splashed across the sky
sea foam
a point of land
breaking through the clouds
sunshine
pines
under great white mountains
clouds
changing forms
all around the Buddha
clouds in a blue sky
clouds
flooding the river
with spring
spring cloud melt
flooding river willows
green leaves
journeying
spring clouds blow over
packed suitcases
rolling down
rounded ridges
rain clouds
a cloudy day
the silky softness
of fresh-washed hair
spring winds
between the tops of bent grass
bottoms of clouds
  silence
in high winds a cloud
turns around
wispy clouds
a white-water view
  of the sky

fog
  the pyramid
morning fog and sun
slanted by redwoods
treetops green
leaving in fog
clean blue
a winter heart
flying into spring
low clouds and fog
sunrise
pouring into the valley
  fog
  cliff side
the edge of fog
  bright green
step by step
a hole in the fog
walking away
moon radiance
filling the river valley
  fog
  sea fog
darken the trampled grass
  beach path at dawn

hail
  on the green hill
piles of dark clouds
full of hailstones
after lovemaking
hail falls between us
she buttons her blouse

hazy moon

a hazy moon
pinpointed by the lights
of fishing boats

light

silence
wafted by light
many colors
a range of light
morning colors flow
out of the high Sierras
morning light
the sound of waves
on your sleeping face
without lights
the brightness of a blue sky
full of stars
dawn's faint hour
squeezes in heart-run veins
light in every limb
light touching
where only rain goes
trespassing
tides
light comes and goes
as ocean
first light
the cove still dark
with low tide
dawn light
rocks and water
full of fire
wings of dawn
birds unfolding
the light
the dark moon
pulls out of the ridge
morning light
stars bend down
morning seas light
dawn
ocean so wide
and weighty
yet dancing with light
sunrise
out of two feet comes eight
foot long shadows

crack of dawn
the thin line
of birds peeping
curving an ember
of a not space place
crack of dawn
morning waves
to burnished water
a radiance
ancient cypress
leaning over the light
at sunrise

lingering cold

morning bright
meets cabin cold
on quilted mountains
as is the dark
without the sound of rain
the room grows cold

April weather
all the changes
leave us cold
spring presses
cold into shadow
shapes
curve of the sea
cupping her breasts
cold hands
still cold
spoons in the sandbox
all empty

long day

shining glass
of unlit kerosene lamps
this long evening
expanding the warmth
the yellow flowers
of longer days
old snow
soften by bird song
a longer day
a long day
unfolding rock crevices
with light
the long day
holding my eyes
against the sky

morning

rocks give way
morning light rolls over
eastern peaks
morning
drawing lines on the sea
one for the horizon
morning
wetted by the light splash
of small waves
morning
side of the mountain
awake
early morning
the weight of paper
waiting for poems
ocean terrace
lifting to the north-born fog
morning
morning light
dreams climb the dark wall
of the obelisk
  yawning
sea fog in the valley
rolls into morning
  morning sun
pulled over the ridge
  by sleepy eyes
morning sun
coming down the cliff
  the ocean night
morning fire
blazed forth at last
sun through the fog

moon

  a morning moon
your face in sleep
  turned to the wall
  a calm sea
  refusing to accept
the morning moon
  balanced at dawn
a full moon slides into the sea
  without ripples
  too perfect
the day moon rises
  from snow-capped peaks
  wild surf
tears in the night
  a tender new moon
morning
  a touch of sea waves
and the moon melts

mist

  sea light
filling the valleys
  with mist
moving against mist
crumbles from the cliff
stream down
pink misty mountains
gather between the peaks
the rising sun
morning mist
filling the spaces
of night birds
lacking a redness
the gray mist of morning
not yet an argument
mists
leaving the lake
high
fire angels
river mists at dawn
manifest
ocean roar
at the open window
a breath of mist
mist
softens the hills
incoming waves

passing of spring

passing of spring
water trickles over rock
into the koi pond

rain

a wooden gate
the sky begins to crumble
the upright posts
narrow brook
in pouring rain
the smallness
rain
falling in the brook
once again
salt shaker
in dawn's pearly light
the pouring rain
in this rain my house
a stone in the stream
I a female fossil

March rains
filling the zodiac
with fish
running from the hill
the haste of rain water
in twisted paths
tops of waves
on mountain ridges
rain
such a rain!
changing into
a clean nightgown
falling
with the rain
into bed
rain
coming to the wakeful
sleep sounds
waves
wind flowing over mountains
in rain
a sound falling
in the night bird feathers
spring rain
falling
the amount of rain
in a haiku
sky waters
young between trees
on a high wind
spring rain
the night sound
of bird feathers
after the storm
a thing in the dark
somewhere drips
rain clouds
the tide turns
small ripples
a rippled pool
a rain cloud falling
into the sea

**raindrops**

round puddle
in spaces between raindrops
   circles
edge of the roof
raindrops dripping off
seconds of the night
   raindrops
drowning in the pool
   rings as tombs
   raindrops
wetting rocks dried
   by low tide

**rainbow**

spindrift
the setting sun
   in a rainbow
   segments
morning rainbows
   in a wet net
   clouds
drifting into sea foam
   rainbows
   rainbridge
crossing the river
   rainbow

**showers**

after a shower
stars also shine
   brighter
May showers
the wind so gentle
rain is round

April showers
your sticky diamonds
dry on my leg

a white wave breaks
in the death of tumult
  a rainbow

sky

  morning faces
  ocean and sky
  soften pink

  waves breaking
  a paler blue washes
  across the sky

  line of mountains
  stretching the eye
  a clear sky

snow

  for the maiden dance
  light fluffy flakes
  of April snow

  snow mixing
  my breath
  with spring

stars

  a morning moon
  nearly touching Venus
  with my finger

    darkness
    dawn light enters
    filled with stars

    faithful 'till sunrise
    of all the heavenly lights
    only the morning star

  morning stars
  alone with me
  the beach
morning stars
the call of the sea
over the dunes
in the morning sun
thousands of night stars
still in the dew
still a few stars
as if they will stay
all morning
in the marrow
of my own bones
a morning star
forest clearing
a circle of stars
spinning out

sunshine

sunshine
making light of it
salt water wave
opening the cave
the morning sun
slips in
filling the bay
an incoming tide
of sunshine
silence
in a rain shower
sunshine
in spring sunshine
around the granite stones
spaces green
sunlight
in a slurp of coffee
Sunday morning
on the far ridge
an arch of fire burns
into Sunday
morning sun
creeping from up to down
in the sleeping holes
sunrise

sunrise
coming thru the mountain pass
a yellow line
ocean sunrise
the colors of a grandson
running on the beach
sunrise
slipping into view
bird songs
the sun rises
petting a yellow cat
with warmth
walking east
drawn to that place
the sun rises
sun rise
giving me a new name
and a shadow

Vernal Equinox

first day of spring
on the calendar
by the snowy window
rising from earth
the spring equinox moon
grows round
desert springs hot tub
the canyon rim warms
with spring's first dawn
spring equinox
fitting into winter
a saucer and cup
double helix
earth hangs
in a woven net

wind

coming inside
spring wind has filled
my pockets with cold
wind
rubbing the lake
the wrong way
sea winds
smells diluted by distance
flow thin as light
lace curtains
whipped by spring winds
billows of clouds
cloud wind
blowing colors in and out
of the ocean
high winds
memories
of flight
stars bend down
into the wind of whitecaps
morning light
no trespassing sign
torn down by spring winds
the open sky road
a south wind
ironing work shirts on the line
at thirty knots an hour

---

Spring Terrestrial

beach

a wide beach
the many suns
of foam
beach diamonds
a new day crystallized
in sunny surf foam
beach logs
bleached silver
beach rain
incoming waves
unroll a foamy carpet
of gray skies
spring
unrolling on the beach
a great white roar
morning
especially high on the beach
sleeper waves

brook
lost sleep
in a babbling brook
loud as the cold
all the noise
of spring-flooded stream
bright green
forgotten brook
running the centuries down
locked in rock

cliffs
jagged cliffs
falling water torn to shreds
smoothes rocks
sea cliffs touch
soft edges of water
nights

fields
black winds
the moonless earth
deeply plowed

flooding
wheels of water
rims rolling all night
the spring flood
spring rains
swirling flooded waters
driftwood
flood waters
spreading valley to valley
mud
clouds
flooding the river
bubble sounds
spring floods
the river valley
in high spirits
cloud sound
the river flooded
without a duck
bridging
the flooded river
my fears
up-canyon winds
rushing flood waters
the wrong way
carried along
with the flooded river
muddy thoughts
white pussy willows
above a muddy swollen river
fat raindrops
flood waters
filling on a deserted island
a wine bottle
spring
comes to the river
flooded
drop
by
drop
the river floods

*glub glub*
the flooded river
drinking stones
all the noise
of a spring-flooded river
back in the wind
spring floods
the river valley
up to my toes
spring floods
grasses on a high hill
lowered
swollen stream
flowing sideways
into fence rows
blue into blue
flood waters rise
in a pool of iris
rising flood waters
tonight's moon is less
than yesterday's
flooded delta
in the rocks
many cracks
eventide
desert mountains flooded
with pink

heat shimmer

desert sounds
out of the sun
clouds moving

heat waves

rippling grass
wind moves up the hill
light waves

hills

coastal hills
from curling waves
a new green
hill rise
trees lending themselves
to the land
high tides
sea mists in coastal hills
new green grass
blue veils
badly wrinkled - barely smoothed
rows of coastal hills
surf rolling
morning sunshine
into green hills
coast hills
one dark rainstorm leaves
a green shimmer

lake
the spring lake
rising up to sit
on the bench
ripples
the lake ear listening
to us

mesa
skystone
dropped by a mesa
a light shine

meadow
after the storm
small waves on sea meadows
meek sheep
flute melodies
across green ocean waves
spring meadows

melting snow
the bones the stones
the last snow melts
again a river
coming between trees
slanted sunshine rivulets
melting snow

mountains
soul shape
between soft evening peaks
a valley cradle
coastal mountains
catching the rain clouds
wet slopes
rising at 6:00 am
a wobbly blue line
of distant mountains

morning air
the mountain smells
as if it had slept
up the mountain
on the yellow line
someone goes down

mountains
folding into a valley
bird wings

muddy road

sunshine on
the way to your house
a muddy road

oasis

desert oasis
finding in the water
more "o" sounds

trickle
life in a granite wall
water

puddles

floating clouds
down from the mountain
a puddle of rain

in mud puddles
in a strange sky over
a stranger land

rain drops
in a puddle crowns
of light jewels

skystone
rounding the matrix
a puddle

in puddles
the pattern of raindrops
dyes the hills green
rivers

light
winding through the forest
a river
rocks twist
the river smoothes
each one
evening skies
dark comes to the river
cloudless
light
drawing in the river
boulders
low clouds
squeezing earth
into a river
streaming in
morning light electrifies
the river
river wind
from valley to mountain top
dampness
after the shower
the smell of pine soap
in the forest
pencil
a color of trees
wet with rain
river sound
its shape moving
one
a bright eye
following the light wood
carried by the river
seeping
between rocks a river
begins nameless
tumbling
wood at high tide
into a river
river valley
letting the sunrise
into the sea

rain
the river beginning
on the roof

amber clouds
in skies shallow with rain
a moving stream

along with the rain
going down the mountain
to the sea

rivers
converging
raindrops

clean bright blue
redwood shadows
on a muddy river

wind in pines
rushing to the river
rain

clouds
hanging around the river
rain drop spirits

sunshine
in the mud-yellow river
rain

spring rain
a dance with tiny steps
tree roots growing

run-off

playfully tossing
river smooth stones
spring run-off

spring run-off
leaping into the sky
falls

spring run-off
down the face of the rock
jagged joy
sea

in the beginning
before we awake
there's the ocean
daylight
leaping out of dark seas
a wave
heaving seas at dawn
you breath as lightly
as the sky
refreshed by sleep
morning seas
calm and clear
the face of morning
sky shining on the ocean
a blush of pink
land breezes
gentled by rolling
hills to the sea
morning sun
finding off shore rocks
yet another one
waving every wave
the ocean wild
as early spring
surf sounds
wall to the outer world
pale green and white
the bay
curving into the sea
spring
wide ocean
ending in little waves
covers bare toes
dawn
the moon with me
sinks into the sea
morning
coming from the night
the flat ocean
underfoot
the ocean rearranges
its rocks
morning mild
waves bring to the shore
misty sunlight
undercurrents
surf roar to Vivaldi
on tape
spinning around
the earth curls
each row of waves
spring waves
curled water
coming unrolled
into the cove
a big wave brings
a bit of sun
gathering energy
a wave rises up
in me
weaver winds
the white world of waves
spinning

springs

mountain spring
a damp breathing
from a rock
lipssucking from the spring
a life sound
rocky spring
lips taking a sip
from lips
taking from the spring
words of praise
holy water
tide - high

many days of rain
the ocean at high tide
covers it all
tide turning
around rocks
around the sea

tide - low

low tide
a giant wave still fills
the narrow gorge
a month of rain
low tide returns to us
a favorite beach
low-tide rocks
resting on the ocean's bottom
this morning
hearing secrets
a low tide whispers
about the rocks
pale green
the ocean's bottom
at low tide
low-tide rocks
the sun in a rack of clouds
far out at sea
deep enough
the ocean covers a rock
with small white waves
sea caves
hollow at low tide
buoy bells
whispers
rising up to come ashore
transparent waves
emerald pools
the color of sleep
at low tide
tide - incoming

incoming tide
wets small rocks
each with time
pulled from sleep
spring high tides
crash and roar

tide pool

magic light
shining from rocks
tide pool
opal light
glancing from salt
waves
land shaped
by the heavy blue wind
underwater

waterfall

mountain stream
sparkling waterfalls
washed by snow
falling wind
water catches sunlight
in white plumes
water
exploded from living rock
falls
tear-wet
the tiny waterfall
no one photographs
canyon walls
slide into the valley
water sounds
water smoke
rising up the waterfall
rainbows
a shower of light
over the canyon rim
a waterfall
river bed
a sheet of water
torn to mist
speed-rush
a beach waterfall dives
into the sea
mill race
spring sunshine
pushing the wheel
waterfall
at the top of the hill
Buddha
stone lantern
a trickle of light
in the waterfall
water falling
the crystal parts
of a rock fall
speckled rock
drops from a waterfall
blur
concave rock
the convex bulge
of the waterfall

Spring Livelihood

balloon

a popped balloon
breath
a breeze again

birth

washing the newborn
ties with rainwater
cloud to earth
newborn
wet with the water
unrained
April winds
a birth announcement
in the wrong mail box

breakfast

flood waters crest
someone by the river puts water
in a coffee pot
breakfast coffee
the excitement of an ocean
in my cup
threads of smoke
breakfast fires of neighbors
tied together
pale spring sunshine
spread over breakfast toast
quince jelly
beating egg yolks
two yellow butterflies
twist in the fog
early morning rain
the dry sound inside the cabin
of oatmeal cooking

building

for sale signs
yet nobody can own
the river
a bit of sky
pushed aside
the new house
walls
of knotty pine
raindrops
sound of rain
as a dry roof
arches
arches
splashing rain
on a tin roof
raindrops
flattening the roof
till it shines
running away
from four corners of the roof
patter of rain
mashed thumb
out of it flies
a purple oath
return of the cold
flesh by her thumbnail
splits and bleeds
across the canyon
the neighbor hammers
on an echo
sky blue
the faded quilt warm
in the rain
cloudy day
the pattern in the native rug
looks like rain

change of clothes
spring sunshine
warming the wool
of winter socks

childhood
used clothes
childhood and peanut butter
buying a dress
sun and skin
turning cart wheels
a young girl
sliver of moon
a peeled willow wand
in a boy's hand
flickering shadows
the way children imitate
ballet dancers on TV

**exercise**

rain on the roof
reading in the novel
of hurrying feet

balance act
with a gust of wind
a crash of bowls

Tai Chi on the beach
one gull watches
with outstretched wing

surf sand
sinking in
human feet

**fasting**

fasting
the sunrise brings
nothing to eat

**fatherhood**

the macho man
all of his children
just like him

**fishing**

on the pier
the old farmer tells us
how to fish

as the tide ebbs
fishermen appear
on the sand

ocean fog
fishing boats
in the sky

evening
the river full of fish
fishermen
dusk lake
sinking into darkness
fishermen's voices
gone fishing
the fly-specked sign hangs
from one corner
foreign
the fishing boat pushed aside
our familiar kelp
the blue boat
a hole in the sea
filled with fish
Sunday morning
a fishing breeze tugs
at his tie
fishing
green spots in the river
catch the light
river edged
by the squeak of boots
fishermen
surf fishing
when they saw our catch
beer appeared
tied to the pier
the fishy smells
of empty boats
fishing
in the clear pool
a reflected branch
thoughts
dangling in the river
a fishing line
in the fisherman's pail
his gourmet names
for small fry
the childless woman
fishes with her man
bracelets of salt
river fog
untying the boat
from a long pier
tarnished
the silver knife turns red
against fish skin
cleaning her nails
my husband's lover
sells fish
morning light
catches fishing boats
far out at sea
scattered
from lighthouse to lighthouse
glow of fisherfolk
sunset
dark on the sea
fisher boats
low-tide rocks
coast dwellers going home
with a few groceries
fishermen
the one with a pole
watches a gull

fly swatter

no guests
the fly swatter lies
on the Sunday papers

gather shells

picking up shells
ah! there's an old one
moon in a tide pool
hermit crabs click together
after my morning hum
applause
looking for shells
above the dark sand
the sun rose
a box of sea shells
finding your letters
of long ago
a smooth stone
covered with barnacles
points homeward
low tide weather
salt-stained trouser legs
sandy pockets of air
on the beach
a broken sea shell thought
the forgotten dentist visit

kites

kite string
a child's name spoken
in a high wind
a kite
raising from sea mists
rainbow colors
watercolor class
the painted blue sky
becomes a kite
beach
the hermit's kite
soaring gulls
flying a kite
gulls above the beach stare
at the old couple
a downed kite
the child whispers
"sh, it's sleeping"
winds dies
as the string goes limp
"wake up kite!"

lovers

driftwood lair
lovers hidden from view
discovered by the wind

midday nap

beach nap
plugged into the power
of incoming waves
motherhood

her swollen belly
giving a shape
to baby clothes

her waist
long-gone encircling
a child

flood-swollen stream
the pregnant woman waits
at home

young mother
with a squeaky toy
explains the birthmark

doctor's office
the new mother sings
off key

stars come out
counting baby toes
one by one

a womb
home to a womb
daughter

mountain climbing

mountain climbing
pausing in the level place
to dance

music

wind soughs
in harp strings
chords

melody
from the ocean's surface
a ripple of harp

another song
the drone of a dulcimer
rain on a cedar roof

old melody
picked out of the air
one note at a time
a minuet
and you
sharpening pencils
singing
gentle sounds of rain
silence a voice
water flowing
around the round notes
organ music
out of a dark cloud
the piano solo
*arpeggio* of rain
cat's cradle
all of the strings
of a clarinet
gentle breathing
before the performance
rhythms of rain
water colors
the flute concert
steals gray
flute concert
taming the wind storm
with a symphony

**newly-weds**

hailstorm
the bride's first pea soup
uneaten
rain drops
a blanket of gray silk
on the bed

**painting**

the beach
into watercolors
blowing sand

**photographing**

bright colors
of her photograph
when he lived
planting

early spring
only the hoe handle
is warm to touch
the rock
carried yesterday pulls on	onight’s shoulder
such a spring day
dad spades his garden
wherever he is
dark moon
something moves deep with
a carrot seed
strawberries planted
the blister on her palm
glows bright red

plowing

April snow
black plowed earth
turned to white

prayers for rain

raindancer
from his face drops
beads of sweat
with water
begging the soil soon
for lettuce

repairing fences

nail in a fence post
warming in the sun
for the first time

sailing

foggy yacht harbor
boats and sailors
still asleep
rocking gently
late in the morning boats
still asleep
snowmen melting

snowman
bowing down
to spring

as the snowman shrinks
the day is lengthened
by the March wind

spring sunshine
the snowman too
loses his head

spring housecleaning

stove black
simple life spring
house cleaning

cabin bed
a blanket of mold
greening spring

a spring storm
the bath brush bristles
bent to one side

freshly washed jeans
haiku in the pocket
are also clean

laundry hung out
the old cat and I
sit together

a day of sunshine
captured on a clothes line
covers the bed

spring cleaning
the last of the lint
in my navel

rotting April snow
the refrigerator defrosts
automatically

fog rolls in
bare windows curtained
with sea green silk
seaside house
in a sunny corner
waves of warmth
incoming tide
moving the chairs
to the porch

shopping
scene from the steeple
a field of umbrellas
has come to market

soap bubbles
breath taking
liquid air swirled rainbows
in soap bubbles
faint shadows
on the earth at eclipse
soap bubbles

wedding
grandmother's shawl
wrapping it about her shoulders
she decides to marry
torn silk
blown into a mist
Bridal Veil Falls
buying a moonstone
with a bogus check
the wedding gift
wedding ceremony
shaping his hand
into a club

weeding
liver of lamb
tomorrow will weed
hills of potatoes
earth cools the wood
of a smooth handled hoe
even song
wild grasses
unable to escape
the chopping hoe
wind chimes

dawn
wind chimes melody
by a light breeze

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SPRING Animals

abalone

shades of art deco
lying on the beach
abalone shells
mouths
dissolving rock faces
abalone
colors of seafoam
in the abalone
a cup of fog

anemone

tides turning
anemone
open

barnacles

designing barnacles
foam on the shore
of shells

bees

still stinging
yesterday's bee
dead
bees at the oasis
bringing desert sun
in to drink
bee lines
exciting the air
between flowers
beetles

a bulldozer
the small black bug
backs up

baby birds

breakfast
fat lips of baby birds
open the day
picnic in the woods
papa brings a prize bug
to baby birds

baby rabbits

morning magic show
now you see the baby rabbits
now you don't
the ears of a rabbit
aglow in the morning sun
and down a hole

birds

sunrise
on the ridge a white ring
around a bird's eye

birds
filled with air
fly into it

the tempest returns
to a rain puddle
a bathing bird

bird feathers

bird feathers
in the night sound
spring rain
fading the colors
of a peacock feather
an iris blooms

joined by listening
the breath of disciples
in baby birds
above the snow
at the level of bird song
spring begins
from afar
a bird's beak opening
the gentle air
adding scrollwork
to a summer morning
bird song
white sparks
from a bird's beak
the first notes
air of rain
filled with drops
of bird song
bird call
two notes
of my pulse
between rocks
at low tide
bird song
first light
in dawn's forest
a bird peeps
geometry of birds
in the clearing a triangle
of call to call
the guru speaks
the microphone picks up
bird song
bird song
nights
where you touch me
bird song
the wordless poems
of early morning
sunset
the last light
bird song
thunder smashing
bird song against the earth
petals on the ground
twilight
the calls of birds
growing dark

**blackbirds - red-winged**

blackbirds
tying cattails
to the sky
not yet spring
a blackbird leaves a branch
shivering

**bluebirds**

dawn song
the sky lightened
by bluebirds

**blue jays**

raindrops
the pitter-patter
of blue jays
bordering
the wooded path
blue jay cries

**caterpillar**

my eye
the spot on the larva's back
where wings emerge

**cat**

dry scraping
cat paws on a wooden floor
early morning rain
my chair
too small for the cat
by a tail and a leg
two feet plus two feet
the cat jumps down
to the chair's four feet
all the edges
of a yellow cat
all cat

free-to-a-good-home
turns out to be
full of kittens

in the dark
the young cat
full of kittens

a yellow cat
stalking the coward
in the mirror

pacemaker
old puss purrs
on his chest
toothbrushes
the swish of cat claw
in attack

listening to Mozart
with her tail over her nose
the cat's ears flatten

the kittenless cat
her uneasiness at dusk
petted by grandma

a radiance
clinging to the ends
of cat hair

black and jagged
in the yellow cat's mouth
a mewing bird
curled up asleep
the cat after eating
a snake

paint brushes
Lilac the cat drinks
rose water

the cat
wants in and out
April snow
moving tall grass
on a wind-rippled hill
cat fur
bird song
eaten by the silence
of a cat
the guru speaks
a cat climbs a ladder
to sit on the roof
open window
the cat stares into space
as the guru speaks
the guru murmurs
two cats fight
over a dead bird
violin concert
the cat scratches her tummy
and walks out
Beethoven's Fifth
the cat gives birth
to another kitten
looking the same
the now-tuned harp
well-fed cat
paw print
catching the morning sun
in wet sand
a sitting cat
her one eye reading
my book
white whiskers
a spray of milk
on a pink tongue
a cat dreaming
her striped tail switches
into a snake
the old cat
too sick
to cover it up
a sliver moon
sinking into delirium
the sick cat
among the stars
unseen planets
the cat dies

cats in love
up and down
on wooden stairs
cats in love
howling desert winds
in salt cedar trees
mating cats
howling tomcats
two old guys discussing
impotence

chicks
bulging
within an egg the chick's
blind eye

chickadees
sprinkles
between raindrops
chickadees

cormorant
a black rock
the sea wave explodes
a crown of cormorants

cows
leaving cows
on a sea cliff meadow
a tiny man
sea cliff meadows
heavy fog lifting
two ... no, ten cows

crab
crab balls
on the menu - no wonder
they walk funny
crane

raising his foot
a crane scatters stars
sunk in the pond

cuckoo

knowing of cuckoos
I refuse to send to her
a Mother's Day card

eagle

tense neck muscles
watching the eagle
in morning's swift flight

eggs

within this egg
festival of the seventh day
a heart beats

fawn

morning
wearing the gentle colors
of baby deer
thunderstorm
covered with a caul
the fawn is born
after a thunderstorm
drops slide down her flanks
the fawn is born

firefly

lightning
fireflies peek at themselves
in a puddle

fish

a waning moon
scales of a ling cod
fly from a knife
carp banners
in the slipstream
of spring
young
the lily pads you can see through
white koi fish
river ripples
in the tiniest
fish scales

finches

chirping here and there
finches draw magic diagrams
in the spring air

frogs

a rain barrel
overflowing
one frog
ocean's roar
a sound in the frog's mouth
home again
bellowing
frog voices in spring air
damask curtains
scattered clouds
shaped by frogs
croaking
twilight
neither night nor day
frogs and bats
abandoned theater
the moon spotlights
a frog-prince
in the shallows
a child learns to swim
by frog eyes
frogs
sitting in the river
all of us
creaking voice
frog joints as stiff as mine
rainy days
pond ripples
heartbeat of a frozen frog
warms again
a new puddle
frogs joining
old star light
frog silence
pond shadow
in my ear
monks chanting
only at first are they
still temple frogs
frogs
naming the first stars
aloud
quiet waters
frogs all listening
to my shower
leaping into the river
the frog watches me
still as a rock

grunion
floating the moon
the silver tide of grunion
ride on the beach

gulls
sea gulls
soaring above cliffs
freshly painted
morning light
from dark rock crevices
gull wings
rounds
a sea gull circles
surf songs
high winds
blowing gulls
into blue-white
hermit crabs
  ebb tide
  shells walking into the sea
  hermit crabs
  a hermit crab
  having for breakfast
  someone else
  borrowed shell
  taking home a fluted whelk
  and hermit crab

heifers
  taste of butter
  heifers in the meadow
  sunshine flowers

hummingbirds
  spinning mobile
  home to hummingbirds
  unmoved
  humming bird wings
  the rhododendron blossom
  that flutters

killdeer
  waiting for the wave
  the killdeer practices
  his cry of surprise

kitten
  curtains
  calico
  with kittens

lambs
  twin lambs
  newborn in the wide meadow
  stand touching
  evening
  climbing a gentle hill
  lamb and mother
  the cry
  sleet turning to snow
  a newborn lamb
sheep folds
squeezing out
a newborn lamb

parting fog
on wind barren meadows
birth of a lamb

larks

rivers to the sea
bending with the songs
of meadow larks

shell-veined
breast of a lark swelling
sea cliff meadows

soaring
the bird out flies
its name

larva

bubbles
larva in pond scum
fly away

limpets

cold wind
on the beach only limpets
feel at home

migrating birds' return

whispering welcome
to our winter-weary selves
returning geese

milk goats

goats to be milked
lower under heavy skies
bucket cloudy white

minnows

minnows
rippling river sand
two-year old toes

spring
minnows patterned
by fallen leaves
a point of land
out in the river
a minnow

moth

cloudy dawn
on my pillow
moth wing dust

nest

in a mouse nest
one pink nose
on a cat

spring floods
tiny fishes swimming by
a bird's nest

nest
filled with spring time
eggs

forming eggs
the roundness of a breast
in a nest

silence
around a bird
the nest

lady carpenter
by her house the bluebird
builds her nest

within a shell
eggs laid warm
in a hollow nest

nightingale

shadows hatched
nightingales
in morning light

oyster

oyster barbecue
a mother of six watches
the pile of shells
pony

moving into the sun
the pony takes with him
some mountain shadow

feeding her ponies
all of her stories
the precious hours

the pony's path
good luck signs
each step

spring winds
running over the pasture
lift the pony's tail

puppies

free puppies' eyes
in dirty store windows
filmy blue

ebb tide
a young puppy searching
for place to pee

robin

blushing a bit
the rising spring sun
on the robin's breast

at the bird feeder
robins fighting
over wives

she doesn't notice
a child with the doll carriage
the mother robin

a robin sings
as if it was he
who planted the garden

rooster

a rooster crows
by just that much
the day is longer
salamanders

tiny salamander
a look as long and ancient
as your mating

sea shells

silence
from a sea shell
a heart's mirror
a whorled shell
pale ear pressed in sand
surf sounds
in one sky
x-ray photos of sea shells
wet wisps of fog

sea lions

sea lions bark
and then turn back
the sea is pink
sea lions bark
their breath comes ashore
as mist

shorn sheep

into the sunny meadow
shorn sheep covered
with night cold
after the storm
small waves on sea meadows
meek sheep
days of the week
sheep enter the fold
of night
white waves splash
on the hillside
scattered sheep

slugs

sleeping late
on the doorstep
two slugs
waiting for rain
the slow way slugs
make love

snails - land

  a phi-based spiral
  unwinds a snail's
  slippery path

snails - sea

  periwinkles
  signing secret names
  in wet sand

snake

  following a snake
  the river wiggles
  down canyon

  squatters rights
  debated by the snake
  in the lettuce

  nervous
  the thin weed touched
  by a snake

  winding the road
  a snake
  into a flat tire

sparrows

  a twitter
  nest-building sparrows
  a passing shower

spider - spring

  door chimes
  the spring spider moves
  eight legs

  rainbows
  sunlight segmented
  by a spring spider

starfish

  a day moon
  on glistening low-tide rocks
  golden starfish
lying on the beach
arms spread - legs together
  a starfish
    sailing
to dream the dreams
  of starfish
curve of the sea
fitting into the dome of sky
  starfish
  starfish
seeing blue sky
  for the first time

stork

storks have returned
  suddenly this old barn roof
  brooding

swallows

  home again
fluttering in the eaves
  barn swallows
  spotlessly clean
the swallow's nest
  made of mud
from the broken bell
the chatter of swallows
  nest building

tadpoles

dark barrel
sun in the tadpole's mouth
metamorphosing
on the same day
tadpoles get their hind legs
  bulging eyes
clouds on the pond
popped by kisses of tadpoles
coming up for air
termites

strange faces
in wind-curved cypress
termites
ticks

fresh picked
a bouquet of flowers alive
with ticks
thrush

pouring drops
from pitcher to inkstone
a thrush sings
rain falling
the thrush pulls up a worm
inch by inch

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SPRING Plants

apple blossoms

light carried in my arms
apple blossoms from a neighbor
on my doorstep
clusters talking
together in admiration
apple blossoms
sun transformed
into apple blossoms
the ground is level
the dam is broken
spring cascades into valleys
as apple blossoms

apple trees

apple trees
dead white before flowering
fuzzy buds
spring sunshine
too-early guests wait
under budding trees
abandoned orchard
desert apple trees bloom
pioneer spirits

beans

pea soup lunch
out in garden rows
planting beans

beeches

without rain
beech leaves unfolding
slick and shiny

blossoms

knotted fragrance
on spring bare branches
blossoms
cloud blossoms
brush strokes between clusters
story-telling branch

silence
in the blind wind's dance
blossoms

moonlight
among blossoming trees
a white parasol

silence
the blossoms
dance

bracken

a cascade
bracken sprouts unroll
spring

budding birches

snowy mountains
green shadows of budding
birches
mountain curves
unfolding in new green
birches
white and thin
the light of spring
where buds dare
budding limbs
clouds raked
into new trees

bushes
without a word
each man goes outdoors
talks to the bushes
late spring
lawn dwarfs disappearing
into a leafy bush

buds
shapes of space
a flower folded
in a bud

California poppy
expanding the warmth
the first poppies
in spring sunshine

calla lily
dizzy
at the end of its spiral
calla lily whiteness
late spring
a dried-up streambed
full of lilies
on all four sides
of the long-gone shack
calla lilies

cherry blossoms
mountain hollow
in the radiance of fog
cherry blossoms
hearing bells
cherry blossoms shaken
by a breeze
cherry blossoms
firelight comes down
to bare earth
fragrant
the sound of cherry blossoms
rattled by wind
lace
on her Sunday dress
cherry blossoms
cherry trees
in full bloom he photographs
his fat wife
amidst the cherries
he photographs his wife
the pimple on her nose
cherry blossoms
their only warmth
cool in moonlight
still beautiful
the barren woman admires
flowering cherry
a young beauty
cherry trees bloom
after transplanting
putting smiles
on cherry blossoms
photographers
balloon man
cherry blooms float
on tree-trunk strings
spring sunshine
floating among cherry trees
gay balloons
ah
the exhaled breath of tourists
cherry flow-ers
shaming the ladies
in bright colored clothes
cherry blossoms
cherry blossoms
a truck goes by advertising
"Wonder Bread"
cherry blossoms
permitting picnickers
a fragrant lunch
a child
offers the cherry flowers
a bite
after viewing cherries
he blows up a paper sack
and pops it
a bee alights
on a page of poems
cherry blossoms
across the border
soldiers and a cherry tree
relatives of mine

cherry budding

a spring nap
downstream cherry trees
in bud

cherry petals

a long journey
some cherry petals
begin to fall
garden waterfall
cherry petals float to earth
in the sound
beacon for bees
a pink and white fan
of cherry petals
the fragrance
filling empty lunch boxes
cherry petals
waterfalls
cherry petals
also
clogging the stream
the scent of cherry petals
in the air
old couple sleeping
under trees twined together
cherry petals
turning to leave
cherry petals flutter around
departing guests
in the remote valley
spring arrives with hail
bruised petals
a fire
above sun-warmed bricks
cherry petals
pencil poised
nothing on the paper
but cherry petals
evening clouds
tinted pink in clusters
of cherry petals
weeping willows
over the stream clogged
with petals

**cherry trees**

vacant skies
cherry trees bloom
all the white light
pale skies
cherry trees capture
all the white light
tree trunks
dark nails hold festival posters
cherry time
scarred trunks
of cherry trees
a bee walks on
cherry tree trunks
twisted tapers with white light
flower fire
Yoshino cherry trees
nodding over a book
borrowed from the library
a cooling breeze
Yoshino cherry trees
in Santa Rosa
lace on blue sky
wearing nothing under
cherry trees
daffodils
old man napping
in spring sunshine at noon
daffodils nod too
mile markers
daffodils gone wild
on highway one
rejection slip
the daffodil remains
unmoved
rainy day
spilling out of a pitcher
daffodil sunshine
daisy
sea fog
the far meadow dusted
with daisies
dandelions
spring warmth
dandelions bloom
more suns
in the shade
a spot of sun
a stray dandelion
ferns
under ferns
the roar of the creek
seeping in
first flowers
bowing on short stems
flowers first day of spring
in the wind

flowers
rain colored
by the light falling
into a flower
bedtime
sea winds laid in
closed flowers
footprints
in cracks of granite rocks
flowers
blushed with pollen
her nose in a flower
wet on purpose

forget-me-not
tiny blue stones
paving the path to you
forget-me-nots

fuchsias
morning sun
finding the fuchsia
already pink

gardens
garden dreaming
the many shapes and colors
with fragrance

grass - new
March snow
footprints turning back
into grass
new grass
echoing from yard to yard
lawn mowers
green

green
the knowing name
of glen spirits

redwood
when one is cut
green sprouts

spirit dwelling
holes in rocks
sprouting green

hawthorn

hawthorn hedgerow
on new-ploughed earth
scattered petals

iris

a roundness
pushing outward
the iris opens

this iris opens
the furled flag
of other worlds

blooming/withering
on one straight stalk

iris

a ballerina
unfolding the iris
other music

never known to bees
the iris withers in rooms
of a maiden aunt

on a stalk
the butterfly wings
an iris

waiting with it
one iris withers
evening
opening
the iris
the poem
iris blooming
the seventh one opens
differently
sky
entering the iris
as it opens
eyes
enter the iris
open wide
a breeze
bumping blossoms
bees
folding paper
the faded iris
withers
shape-changing
in the witch's eye
an iris opens
arching
the iris opens
a rainbow
spreading sepals
one more poem
opens the iris
windfall
the broken iris blooms
high in a vase
iris blooms
leaving the clear calyx
its purple touch
messages moving
without muscles
iris fragrance
a blue cup
on the table an iris
half open
fading the colors
of a peacock feather
an iris blooms
applause
sepals of the iris
unclapping
eyes in secret places
deep in the purple middle
of an iris
eyes
on the purple petals
of iris
eyes
entering the iris
half-closed
trinity in
blue, gold and purple
iris
listening for purple
the iris opens
with a pop
a shared shape
iris leaves
swollen with buds
purple blue
without moving a muscle
the iris opens
all male
even when in bloom
bearded iris
blue iris
pool rippled water
in the leaves
her anger
painting the iris black
the child in her

lupine
sea side meadows
ocean's lupine
a deeper purple
last light
the brightness of lupine
growing low
lettuce
  home-grown lettuce
  the taste of well water
  green

lilac
  a hill
  under a cloud
  of lilac
  between the fields
  a break in the evening mist
  three lilac bushes

lilies
  light
  buried in a bulb
  lilies

magnolia
  snow melting
  magnolia buds
  higher

mimosa
  sunlight
  taking just one spray
  of mimosa

miner's lettuce
  two sides of a pond
  here miner's lettuce
  there a skim of ice

narcissus
  sea cliff meadows
  the bull sneezes
  narcissus

new leaves
  silence
  columns of earth sprouting
  new leaves
  spring
  morning finds a new sign
  on every leaf
leafing trees
in evening's purple glow
no longer bare
filling
a spring-flooded river
new green leaves
edges of oak
extended by new leaves
bright as blossoms
sea wind
pushing up the mountain
new green leaves
pale light
cool in the dim forest
new leaves

onion sets
planting onion sets
the roar of surf
that much louder
onions planted
pushed into soft earth
bombs in Libya

pansies
pansies
in a canning jar
baby photos
peeping through snow
the folded up faces
of pansies

peas
winter ends
a row of peas covered
with earth

plum blossoms
plum blossoms
the smell of white sheets
with white...
plum blossoms
a fragrance in the air
star-shaped
plum tree
remembering us
that time
plum tree
throwing off its bareness
pure white perfume
where sleep the birds
with dry feathers
a white-plum night

primrose

primrosed
the spring sun
among green leaves
days measured
by wild primrose clocks
crocus calendars

radishes

in the mailbox
a bunch of radishes
from a neighbor
roots of radishes
sand caught in tiny hairs
her laughing lips

pussy willows

gone fishing
the only takers
pussy willows

redbud

bed springs creak
by snow-melt freshets
a redbud branch

rhododendron

far from malls
city women in the woods
pick rhododendron
It's May
the somber pine forest
pink with rhodies
mountain bouquet
the whole forest full
of rhodies
raindrops
opening rhododendrons
at dusk
outdoor shower
rhododendrons stare
at my nipples
leave the laundry
rhododendrons can be
our bright colors
chattering visitors
finally silent before
the rhododendron
fog
the first rhodie
fares
after blooming
the rhododendron bushes
sink back into the woods

roots

root circle
a pool of water
growing in a tree
dark soil
pushed from a seed
a blind root
spring rain
a dance with tiny steps
of tree roots growing

rose

white rose petals
transparent in the night sky
a not-round moon
fragrance
tied in a knot
rosebuds
curling
painted roses
where the roof leaks

**safflower**

a field of safflower
there at the top of the hill
leaning on the sky

**saplings**

dead cypress
in its wind-shadow
saplings
transplanted
saplings from the far ridge
all these thoughts

**scotch broom**

between rain
showers the slanted rays
of the scotch bloom

**sea weed**

escaping spring
tangled in sea weed
a sharp smell
blue sky held by
still wet laver leaves
held by a rock

**seeds**

under the earth
newly planted seeds
part of the moonrise

**seedlings**

seedling
larger by a drop of water
caught on its leaf
an arched back
the seedling bursts
into the light
shepherd's purse

shepherd's purse
 growing as high
 as my hip pocket

strawberries

bending low
 a heart leans to the soil
 picking strawberries

tendrils

everly morning
 vine tendrils curl and hold
 the day still

trees

river veins
 and tree root muscles
 green leaf skin
 trees held together
 upright white pillars
 of light
 silence in wood
 between the growing
 rings
 everything green
 yet some trees naked
 with moss
 cold light of day
 it makes the trees stop
 night whispers
 whirlpools
 from earth to sky
 tree sap

trillium

deep in the woods
 the May month trillium
 deep in a dream

tulips

tulip fields
 the elegance of folk
 wearing wooden shoes
standing before
a wide field of flowers
one tulip
bright by the candle
the tulips also
are burning

wild flowers

picking wild flowers
the early spring sun
in my hand
wild flowers
abandoned by the road
a strange car
sea fragrance
rising from the cliff
breath of wild flowers
desert
wild flower colors
all rock
a meadow
made by a violin
wild flower notes

wild lilac

puffs of smoke
logging trucks' exhaust
among wild lilac
hillsides
clouds in the bushes
of wild lilac
lost on the mountain
the smell of wild lilac
sickening sweet

wild mustard

sunshine
count by wild mustard
passed to the gorse

wild plum

ancestors
the wild plum
blooms again
willows

time
unmeasured by willows
swaying
water-dowsing
the willows tremble
in spring floods
slanted sunshine
the river breaks and dapples
beneath the willows
spring rains
the willow strings
raindrops
long hard rain
hanging in the willows
tender new leaves
spring
high in the willows
flood waters
wind murmuring
as it spreads pollen
the arched willow
nude beach
the first ones out
pussy willows
spring bare sun
by winter's high waters
willows laid low
water witching
willow wands
bend the river
willow shadows
the length of a nap
on the river bank
contrails
pussy willows fluff
in spring skies
moraine crevasses
a line of willows
winding the creek
river willow
heavy drops on
glistening wands
willow branches
holding together
raindrops
April storms
green willow wands
sweeping snow

young leaves

spring rain
young leaves the fragrance
of moistened soil

This ends the SPRING section of *A Dictionary of Haiku* by Jane Reichhold.

**SUMMER Moods**

**being loved**

wind perfumed
from a woman's shoulder
desert night

**after loving**

leaving the beach
only she has sand
on her back
sand
where lovers laid
a shallow depression
summer sun
drops of sweat mingle
with sperm
eyelids closed
the naked sleepers
curled into fish
lying naked
open to summer stars
this old couple
the whole bed
yet he lays his head
in my hand
sea fog
hiding morning-mussed hair
places you've kissed
sweeping the floor
sunrise on papers
left by lovers

anger
he's angry again
alone on the porch
with a red star
hot air
his arguments
on my face
crumpled silence
after the argument
moth wings
our angry silence
old faithful geyser
blows off steam
this heat
the harp too
out of tune
the neighbor lady
scolding her child
is also god

being lazy
picking up sleep
where you left it at dawn
afternoon nap
sun from the east
ocean waves from the west
our entertainment

dancing
dancing on the beach
I jab a stick into the sky
to break up the blue
white dance
in the beach walk skirt
folds of moonlight
I come to you clothed
only in the dampness of fog
and our dancing

delight in the new

hard glances
the sun on the sea
a virile man
she
showing him a sea cave
and more
almond nails
pressed into brown skin
a faint perfume
moon lights
houses of hermit crabs
my damp blanket

desire to travel

star paths
the tender roots
of passion
voices
bridging the stream
stepping stones
your voice
tying me to the desert
toast pops up
airport phone call
the heart leaves
without luggage
flying
the mountains bend down
to our meeting

dread of autumn

koi dart and hide
from the net dipped
coming of autumn
departing summer
and when it's gone
the river's low
one leaf floats
in the sand castle's moat
end of summer
circus acrobats
come to the end of summer
leaping and falling

dreaming

asleep in a boat
to dream the dreams
of water lilies
desert nights
the clarity of dreams
warm and real
dream dancer
sleeping without a pillow
on scarred boards
remembering a dream
and then the circus
was over
eyes closed
knowing by heart
the rest

– for Virgilio

enjoyment

days so complete
words become the calls of birds
the high tide wind
only borrowed
this summer day
this beach
wet silk
cupping her breast
night river
outdoor shower
bathed in sun colors
of hot water
slipping into the pool
naked divides the night
sun-warmed waters

    gentle nights
    of desert wind
    a woman's breast

touching myself
your name
on my lips

placing the flute
against her lips something
slips into place

fickleness

    British pub
    an unfaithful man blows
    suds from his beer

getting into bed
    the stranger
    even browner

eating melon
bites given on the point
of his knife

fullness

    the blood circle
    mother and daughter wading
    in the surf
    I'm not old
all night my eyes have held
    the ancient stars
    with the ocean's roar
    I climb the hills home
    not alone
    sweeping bare floors
the summer empty cabin
    very full

happiness

    glowing
    a flag unfurls
    native happiness
long summer day
how many animals
I've been
on a bright sunny day
comes your smiling face
light added to light
just two stars
yet our eyes are closed
in ecstasy
high cliff
the heart beats the blue sky
like a flaying stick

kissing

kissing
together in a glass
our toothbrushes
desert kisses
hotter
than ever before
morning stars fade
waking a small bird
our lips

laughter

summer night
empty mountain road filled
with our laughter

- for Kenichi Sato

laughter added to the heat
my lover’s farts can't kill
mosquitoes
angel wings
propelled through the air
by laughter

loving

tongue
tasting
pink
shapes
pure light the face
of a loved one
blue spots
tattooed with love
from his teeth
lovers
pulse of fire gods
in bubbling waters
lovers
cradled in caves
lovers
hot tongues
the little language
of lovers
lovers
the lamplighted lane
a way away
nights
the grove of little trees
swollen with lovers
moon white water
lovers in the secret cove
Saturday night
just as tangled
paths in the berry patch
lovers
lovers
heat of a summer night
fill the moon
making love
the unevenness of boards
on the porch
skin
touching
whispers
a butterfly
from your finger
light touches
following wet tracks
into the secret garden
he enters
hovering hums
mosquitoes watch us
making love

memories

packing
between unworn shirts
sea sounds
moments of forever
beach day chitin
fossil in lava
gazing into fires
seals in my mind
wind-water pictures
red marks
from your white teeth
mosquito bites
curving sandstone cliffs
the yellow school bus
where time stands still
memories
over a river of sunlight
a time bridge

oneness

the narrow bed
we breath each other
all afternoon
on bare arms
the noon-day sun melted
hot metal sweet
before the summer storm
rises the close smell
of two skins
after paying
the whore seems to be
someone's sister
applause
scenery painted
by a one-armed boy
openness

company's coming
over-friendly flies
buzzing at the door

prostitute
now a freeway rest area
her mother's home

outdoor fun

finally it's Friday
the passion flower blooms
wrinkling the bedspread
crawling on the bed
tendrils of passion flowers
thick on the porch
shadows of leaves
cover the open holes
her flute forgotten
the sun and hunger
watches without winding
on a summer day

panic

tourist fear
the ocean will ruin
Land's End clothes
clapsed hands
holding the nervousness in
his thumbs
in rain in sun
how do you run from your hours
window box zinnia?
shelling peas
the pregnant woman asks
"Is forty old?"
silence
in a knot hole
stares

pride

traveling through
Basho in your town
you in mine
relaxed

beach party
losing in the sand
her many years

a world closed
the roar of surf
plugs my ears

quiet evening
all the wind
back in the flute

on vacation
the summer sun
far out to sea

relief

summer stars
finding all the familiar things
edged with morning

campfire embers
all the demons nearly gone
in the morning sun

distance softens
and rounds the hills
our relationship

satisfaction

his penis in her
lightning strikes
very close

a gentle rain
in me
your poems
curve of a wave
holding perfect
a summer day

satisfaction
the cooling breeze
between lovers

my head
resting on the pillow
of your voice
we share these hours
  gifts with many small parts
  complete together
beaches where no one goes
  their share of sand
  gentle waves
  tiny cabin
distant shelter of woods
  and sky within me

**temptation**

caught between rocks
  seaweed in the rising tide
  seems to wave to me
  smooth sand
  following waves
  back to the sea

tired

  summer weary
  the sky leans down an arch
  of cypress
  asleep
  holding your breath
  in my hand

**wanting to be loved**

  beach-blown
  my sea-foam body
  awaits your hand
  hot night
  legs spread wide
  where sleep should be
  neon lights blink
  glances pass underneath
  dark lashes
  hung over the bed
  the unpainted painting
  mosquito netting
SUMMER Occasions

circus

  swirling dust
  excitement flickers
  within the tent
  circus
  red flags flutter
  hearts
  acrobats
  unfolding the circus tent
  first
  outdoor circus
  in the center ring
  a butterfly
  juggling sunshine
  on clapping hands
  little red hearts
  outdoor circus
  sun on the brightest costumes
  fading
  family circus
  acrobats lifted high
  on joined hands
  champion
  on the flying trapeze
  a butterfly
  hearts flying
  on the high trapeze
  a blond young man
  trapeze artists
  catching the sun
  each other
  mountain village
  in the one-ring circus
  a balance act
  juggler
  the children's eyes
  in his hands
juggling illusions
the circus man
with many balls
circus bleachers
old enemies crowd
close together
circus
backstage the heat
everyone squirms
tinsel flash
under shiny sweat
goose bumps
magic act
wondering where the scarf went
when the wind blew
high wire act
on the ground children dance
arms outstretched
intermission
all the real clowns stand up
and smile
between acts
the quiet music
of bowing trees
clown act
without a tent
the wind as wild
part of the joke
clapping for stagehands
who fix the pole
empty morning light
the trampled grass circle
of the circus tent

dog days
dog days
a bitch in heat
laceless shoes
Flag Day

a field of stars
square and curved
the American flag

sea winds
cutting into a blue sky
a square of flag

Fourth of July

Independence Day
all the fireworks
in your eyes

sparklers
in the night sky
stars
sun burnt
and from fireworks
star-crazy
patriots
etched in their eyes
sparklers
sea shells
and sky rockets
beach holiday
another wave
the last sparkler
a bent wire
Independence Day
the empty flagpole
poking stars
Independence Day
the lower road bridge
collapses
two crows
and a sea gull having someone
else's picnic
Independence Day
the county courthouse
blown sky-high

-Point Arena's Hall of Justice
Independence Day
the parade majorette
with the shorter skirt
  holiday
  a marshmallow wind
  on browning bodies
  5th of July
the portable ice chest
drying inside out

**school's out**

  a single mom
  the paper days until
  school is out
  summer breeze
  the shouts out of school
  children again
  summer skies
  the clearness of children's voices
  out of school
  school picnic
  someone very young teaches him
  to boogie
  school picnic
  the ticket seller raises her fingers
  as she adds

**Summer Solstice**

  Mid-summer's Eve
  lately bracken fern
  invisible
  mid-summer
day and night balanced
  no wind
  a broken shoe string
  summer begins
  barefoot
  holes in the hammock
  thoughts run through
  my mind unfiltered
black pine
against the never dark sky
Mid-summer's Eve
Midsummer's Eve
her brief white gown
shortens the night

Tanabata
- a Japanese holiday to celebrate
stars and romance

Tanabata
and beside me tonight
an empty pillow

vacation

seaside vacation
unwinding the kite string
unwinding
in desert sand
cinder temples seem to be
from China
Grand Canyon
tourists sucked out of California
by a big hole
Grand Canyon
deeper with each camera click
the tourists' smile
in the roar
of Yosemite Falls photos
kids' scared smiles
under Cathedral Spires
two ancient Sequoias
and a trash bin
quacking ducks
on my favorite beach
tourists coming
clouds come and go
just as quickly on the beach
tourists
Lake Tahoe
tired eyes stare down
at a tiny rivulet
desert poverty
even dirt has been left
in the casino
bare tops
Death Valley tourists
on a hot day
tourists
overlooking Badwater
each with a Coke
tourists in Italy
Pan's pipes and the Crucifix
in one museum
out-of-season tourists
at San Juan Capistrano
hummingbirds
scenic spots
full of a century
of tourists' eyes
mountain gorge
before the great view falling
asleep
snobbish hotel
the rusty old cars
of employees
around the pool
their nipples exposed
men!
mountain river
shriveled to harmlessness
summer tourists
surf sounds
then my motel neighbor
turns off the shower
lying on the bed
layered with other lives
motel night
motel morning
the strange bird's song
in another migration

vacation
finally relaxing
fog dissolves

vacation ends
one last splash of a wave
I am gone too

---

SUMMER Celestial

afternoon

drowsy-colored
the summer afternoon
weighs nothing

air

desert air
invisible smoke of sagebrush
  clear
  softness
  desert air flows
  through giant rocks

breeze

coming to sea cliffs
the off-shore breeze raises
  a flower fragrance

cloud

beach tent billows
in the summer blue
  white clouds
  desert sounds
  out of the sun's way
  clouds moving
  morning downpour
  raised to new heights
  afternoon clouds
dancing lights
clouds sprinkle the sun
across water
clouds
colored by open wall
a driftwood lair
curving with the land
a rainbow of clouds
moves out to sea
ocean clouds
here and there
a sailor's wish
sea clouds
film long exposed to
a white water river
shell-shaped
the highest peaks
swirl clouds
majestic peaks
making majestic clouds
we shield our eyes
clouds
canyon walls
of Yosemite
thunder
rolling up the mountain
great white clouds
after the rain
breathing deeply
white valley clouds
western peaks
the last clouds
set afire

coolness

between boards
shadows on a sunny porch
a slender coolness
light
rippling the lake
with coolness
the August moon
rises with the coolness
of a thunderstorm

daylight
daylight
in paths of falling stars
flights of birds
daylight

day moon
alone
climbing the afternoon peaks
the day moon
daylight

day stars
sparkling
on bright water
unseen day stars
daylight

dawn
first light
pouring into lava mountains
cloud red
dawn
with the light
winds
daylight

dew
morning sun
the twinkle of stars
still in the dew
daylight

downpour
sudden downpour
now we outdoor folks
own a waterbed
daylight

drought
drought white
a withered tree hangs
over the bath tub
unearthly
silence of a drought year
drying
daylight
constipation
from dry desert winds
only farts
rustling on the roof
leaves of a drought year
in the rain gutter

fog

behind me
fog closes in
the Golden Gate
ocean fog
hangs in the pine trees
a white hammock
sunrise finds
fog in the valleys
fingers in sand
fog
the sun and I shout
the morning
evening fog
a door slams
softly

heat

crackle of paper
an afternoon of shopping
the heat
hot night
sleep too
has melted

heat shimmer

vibrating crystals
the heat
moving mountains

heat waves

heat waves
bringing to the desert
an ocean view
heat wave
the nautilus shell
unwinds
horizon

a high wave
bumping the horizon
curled by blue
evening
drawing a line of pink
mountains
on the horizon
waves by the buoy
bump the sky

hot day

incoming tide
covers sun blackened rocks
with a hot day
sun in a towel
drying a wet body
the hot day

light

summer light
spun into a handmade rug
lambs wool
gazing at sunset
the dark road home
filled with light
last light
rising out of the cliff
seven gulls
today's light
goes into the sea
an open window

lightning

power lines
lacing the sky
with electricity
out of darkness
that covers stars
lightning
forked lightning
the river begins
in the sky
car lights curve
nights along the coast
flashes of lightning
in a streak
lightning across the floor
a scorpion

long day

long day
waiting for the cove
to fill with water

longer day
the sun lingers
in the warmth

moonlight

moonlight
unfolded from clean sheets
covers the bed

moonlight
a child's high voice
above the darkness

morning

pink and blue
birth of ocean-sky
morning

nearly awake
sea-gathered morning
on sleeping faces

morning light
things of the day
taking shape

morning light
the open eyes
of basket shadows

springing up
into colorful cliffs
morning sun
morning winds
eases the slender moon
from the ridge

noon

noon clouds
on lava mountains
burned shapes
noon clouds
a dark spirit shape
on lava buttes
noon sun
straight down
the steep cliff
noon
turning low hills
into clouds
noon-day sun
rolling the fog out to sea
the round ball

night

as night
the bump and thump
of ocean waves
night lights
in the secret cove
moonlit sea foam
nights
showing us inside
mountains
desert lake
night enters the blue
coolness
evening skies
in a high mountain lake
open to night
nights
a window
to another world
partly cloudy

partly cloudy
packing the few things
to leave the ocean

rains

summer rains
the umbrella also
wet waiting for you
vacation
the weather report
all wet
summer rains
drumming
your fingers in me
rain stops
we sleep
still dripping
whisper of rain
on a sunny day the surf
wets my feet
late summer rain
surprising
an open window
rain lets up
colors come to life
with a breath of wind

rainbow

clouds
curved in sea foam
rainbows
waterfall
completing the rainbow
a woman's body
waterfall
coming apart
rainbows
rainbow hour
across the lake
mountains of sun
out of a wave
rainbows of high tide
arching wind

**rain clouds**

under rain clouds
the far valley full of light
at sunset
broken rain clouds
one sunset slips
into another
broken rain clouds
slanted sunset light
moving mountains
low clouds
skirting the mountain
a line of white
ragged rain clouds
blurring the sharpness
of lava peaks

**rain drops**

sweeping the porch
bright prints of raindrops
followed by splashes
desert wash
variegated stones speckled
with raindrops
hot humid day
in a sudden breeze
raindrops of wind chimes
wind
in a dry riverbed
raindrops

**rising sun**

towers of rising sun
spread over the dark lake
wispy clouds

**short night**

short night
colors of a sighing
in the wind
sky

painting skies
soft hills brush clouds
warm colors
evening colors
fire rock mountains
enter the sky
evening skies
the pink of hills rises
above them
evening blue
shadows from the hills
float to the sky
without stars
the sky eases pink
into the lake
drifting out to sea
sky colors warmed
in the hills
between the two elms
how that patch of blue changes
in the high wind

south wind

a south wind
the yellow cat lies down
under a chair

solar eclipse

fire-white halo
at the moment of eclipse
I notice your face
solar dust
visible during eclipse
all over the room
dappled forest floor
the eclipsed sun
in a myriad of leaves
under trees
a thousand crescent suns
eclipsed by leaves
stars

spindrift
falling into the sea
stars
between stars
harp chords stringing
unearthly lights

sleepless
another bright star descends
into sea mist
glass in granite
tide pools glitter
stars

all the stars
at my feet
the flashlight wavers
crossing darkness
of deep space
each star

flat sea night
faint wake of clear eyes
gazing star to star
Venus and the moon
in conjunction with
my blankets and me
twinkling with laughter
stars
my old flashlight
low desert campfire
a shower of sparks
again stars

white water
the path to the valley
full of stars

a window opens
on the midnight sea
all the stars

a shower of stars
dampened by the roar
of a wave
a rim
of wild foaming surf
crab nebula
high winds
stars spinning by
in perfect circles
Venus
watching you sleep
with me
into the sea
a shower of stars
dark edge of land
night sky
so filled with stars
gulls do sleep
open window
stars drift in
on sea mist
stars
in a basket broken
on white stones
my staring eyes
creating in the night sky
one star after another
stars
scratched in the night
light wheels
sunset
the show begins
with stars
velvet nights
the desert wind
warm with stars
a blaze
out of the big dipper
a shooting star
sharing the night
atop a remote mountain
the brightest star
extinguished
a candle leaves the night
filled with stars
summer night
every star
also hot
hot night
all the stars out
naked
counting stars
two small eyes
close in sleep
night of stars
on her lips his
stars of night
twinkling stars
splashes of light
on dark wet oars
August night
the melon moon seeding
the stars
riddles
the stars
answer
woods so still
one can hear the stars
burning close

storm

storm purple hills
green grass hills pinned
with a wet blue fence

summer moon

summer moon
feeling our love
warm the night
summer moon
in our eyes
only each other
summer moon
listening to our words
hides in the pines

summer moon-viewing
kids squat in a circle
to knuckle-shoot marbles
meeting the moon
on ash meadows
summer hiker
melted a hole
the moon slipped in
a summer sky
summer moon
on the tails of fireflies
fire flies
summer moon
a jar of fireflies
by a sleeping child
hot weather
the inflated moon rises
in the heat

sun

seaside sun
burnished by waves
salt air
hot tub
a blazing sun
enters the ocean
rolling east to west
the desert sun flattens
low hills
cooling shadows
the curve of rock
around the sun
desert sun
greeting the morning
in a hot tub
purple skies
melting into lava peaks
sun glow
without wind
desert sun slides into
the narrowest crack
dark brown
the desert sun tans
wooden buildings
golden granite
rolls to the horizon
a desert sun
desert sun
on leafless things
growing

sunrise
cloudy sunrise
all the bird song colors
on rounded raindrops
a warm glow
over lava mountains
sunrise
morning rise
the desert sun comes
cooled
to return
to this place the sun
rises higher

sunset
waiting for sunset
the eastern hills redden
at our impatience
sunset
from below the canyon
night
sunset clouds
Grand Canyon
in the sky
sunsets
below the canyon rim
another world
sunset
snapping twigs
a campfire
warm/cool
the mountain/valley
sunset/moonrise
blood-red skies
sweeping out to sea
sunset

sunset
lava mountain
fires again
incoming tide
to cover wet rocks
the glare of sunset

sunset
beyond land's end
fire into water
Pacific rimmed
fire explodes into water
sunset sky

sunset
a hunter hawk drops
back into his shadow
setting sun
on riverside cabins
windows of water
back in their cars
sunset leaves
in the tourist's eyes

sunsets
into a valley
a column of light
sunset
a vacation ends
in the sea
red hot skies
coming home at sunset
fire gods
on the stairs
the sinking sun
climbs up again

sunset
a western range rises
as night sky

sunshine

sunshine
a path through mountains
east to west

beach houses
blowing bright sunshine
between them

desert salt lake
preserving the last
sunlight

off and on
the message of sunlight
on a calm lake

sunlight
the yellow tablecloth
rumpled by our laughter

sunspots

blown about
by magnetic storms
sun spots draw us

thunder

stuttering
rolls from hill to hill
thunder

Yosemite falls
thunderheads gather
more at the top

electricity
into tree roots
thunder

heavy thunder
dropping down
of light rain
thunderstorm

thunderstorm
yet on the far ridge sunset
perfect stillness
thunderstorm
in the stovepipe
soot falls
old film
on remote mountain TV
thunder and lightning
quiet now
everyone talking
about the thunderstorm

twilight

twilight
some of the light underwater
in a white stone

wind

wind time
desert clouds blow
light into sunrise
desert wind
pale blue shadow
moving slightly
desert winds
blowing mountains
into the sun
summer winds
lined by the appetites
of spiders
rock formations
someone in the wind
with a fantasy
sunset winds
a screen door opens
and closes itself

wind - cool

red rock walls
the cool wind
as wide as holes
curved
blue side of the rock
of cool winds

wind - warm

warm wind
children's voices
melt in the night

----

SUMMER Terrestrial

bay

a quiet bay
with seaweed and rocks
the sun at rest

beach

a forest walk
ending at the beach
roots
morning beach
blue sand still quiet
in the tracks
cold wind
on the beach
foam fans
beach fire
flowing into waves
flames
rushing in - rushing out
the wave's mini-vacation
on the beach
darkening beach
the warmth of a person's eyes
for the sinking sun
scattered in sand
embers of a saltwood fire
face to face with stars
shell beach
wind blowing through
a train whistle
city folks
playing on the beach
board games
city voices
on the beach
the litter
sunny day
blown on the beach
clouds of sea foam
damp beach sand
where a naked witch squats
her heart
lonely beach walk
losing in the sand
car keys
tracking
the cliff-bound beach
noon clouds
beach fire
pale calla lilies
flame bright
again on the beach
drifting with dreams
she tracks sand
the beach
blowing sand
in water colors
a windless day
the beach colored
sea foam
pocket beach
after the climb back up
sand in mine
gravel beaches
the corners of the river
elbowing
summer fog
the beach wrapped up
in itself

bridge

wooden bridge
words found by a splinter
in bare feet
bridge timbers
a rumble in the creek
flowing under them
bridge song
vocal chords
of the river

brook

meandering brook
my good intentions
melting away

canyon

canyon wash
  clean
  and dry
  canyon
  closing out
  sea sounds
  rain-torn
canyon walls
  catch the sun
canyon walls
  slip into the valley
  river gravel
  noon clouds
  finding in the canyon
  opals
  wall by wall
the canyon releases blue rock
deep night sky
box canyon
in a dried up wash
ancient river rock
ancient river rock
running once again
down a muddy canyon

paint box canyon
the river a rainbow
of rocks

oldest rose
stone canyon walls
folded in time

caves
cave walls
turning to sand
footprints

translucent wall
in the sea cave
a shell

cliff
avalanche
blue sky presses
into the cliffs

cliffs
sloping into the sea
gull wings

sheer beauty
cliffs drop straight down
raising spirits
taking sunshine
into a secret cove

steepest cliffs

green growing
steeper than seacliff meadows
a lush smell

coastal range
coast ranges
distance spills
into the sea

cove
leaping up
a wave comes into
a secret cove
cupping the eye
the quiet cove
on a rocky coast

crater

Uhebehe Crater*
the inverted mountain
made of wind

* in Death Valley, California

crater rim
our kissing
with open mouths

creek

taken by a creek
both feet exploring
wet

desert

desert
flapping in the wind
the whole town
desert
a stretched horizon
of silence
desert town
tropical fish store
well stocked

- Twenty-Nine Palms, California

dunes

sand
curing the glare
high noon
sand dunes rimmed
creosote bushes bloom
sunset colors
rain-wet dunes
scraped with yellow light
of sunset showers
noon shadows
following the contours
of desert dunes
living in desert dunes
the ups and downs
of curved sand
    hot spring
in desert dunes noon
memory
dunes
mountain peaks
as hot and dry
retreating
from the eastern world
coastal dunes
night dunes
in the warm places
    ants

dust
drought
on the way to church
dust devils in the road

earthquake
earth
    awake
    quake
    remodeling plans
    the whole house sways
    earthquake!
    trembling
    the earth touches
    us all
    shoreline highway
    moving over the sea cliff
    off shore rocks
    earthquake
    in the Thrifty drug store
    prices fall

harbor
    beyond the bar
dancing lights the sun
    in the harbor
hills

the hills
touching each other
at the river

-(one of my favorite haiku of mine)

washed
hills dribble down
muddy waters
painted hills
morning freshens
the colors
hills
mounding up a cloud
full of thunder
dirt-poor farmer
high on the hill
a priceless ocean view
mountain woman
cadence of rolling hills
in her breast

- for Marlene Mountain

hot springs

desert storm
from underground
hot bubbling water
hot springs
not far from the desert sun
fire spirits
bubbling hot springs
in dry desert sands
fire opals
between us
hot springs salt water
our electricity
hot springs
soaking from earth
happy bodies
desert nights
in the hot springs
all the lives
nights
in the hot tub
dreams
soaked in hot springs
crystal-filled waters
home in the stars
mineral hot springs
all day wearing crystals
bare
islands
white bones
rolled between islands
stars
sprinkling in the sea
islands

land's end

land's end
a rock crumbles
in damp sand
sweeping
out to the lighthouse
a long sand beach

landslide

landslide
years slipping away
from the cliffs
landslide
the cliff reveals
its other age

lake

leaving
the lake waters
calm
valley lake
below sea level
dried salt
dark blue
coolness crosses the lake
in ripples
without stars
the sky eases pink
into the lake

**meadow**

meadow knowledge
by sleeping on the ground
death isn't bad
foaming between rocks
fragrance of seaside meadows
at high tide
the stillness
between tides
meadow fragrance
midnight meadow
lying in moonshadows
poison ivy

**mountain**

turning the earth
as mountains rise
they crumble
riverside cliffs
the current recycles
mountains
jagged blue
flames of evening
mountain peaks
lost paint box
mountains have borrowed
all the colors
desert misers
in a wide blue sky
one low mountain
lying in a meadow
kneecap to kneecap
with the mountain
desert
hoarding
mountains
morning mountain top
my shadow crosses
Death Valley
jagged mountain peaks
sharpening my pencil
for another scribble
snow mountain lake
desert river damned
LA Toasters toast toast

noon sky
red rock mountains
jut into blue
tunnel
through the mountain's heart
headlights
mountain echo
ages waiting
for its return
desert mountains
all four seasons
melt into one
desert mountain
all four directions
meet in one
stone mountain
a gravel road winds down
the slim edge

mountain pass

mountain pass
the setting sun
meets the moon
writing
on mountain peaks
tablets of stone
summit warmth
wrapped around
by mountains
between mountains
desert night wind
on a full breast
mountain peaks
watching a million years
pass by
dizzy
wobbly line of mountains
at the summit
mountain top
silence slammed
by a car door

mountain stream

mountain stream
bell tones of rocks
barely wet

oasis

summer
at the oasis
evening cool

ocean

dawn seas
the ebbing light
leaves shell pink
ocean waves
tide sends winds
home to the ridge
sea foam
blowing from a wild surf
gulls
given depth
by a passing cloud
ocean colors
ocean wild
no need to see
a whale
summer day
the ocean invents
aquamarine
holding hands
a blazing log
-and ocean roar
squirting water
between old rocks the ocean
plays with itself

**pebble**

mighty river
a white line through
this pebble

**pond**

torchlight
inviting rocks by the pond
to dance on water
green round pond
lily pads of late summer
mossy pennies
summer departs
the stagnant pond
stays right here

**reef**

alone in the storm
anchored to a rocky reef
clang of a buoy bell

**river**

narrow river
opening just a crack
the wide ocean
white with foam
the ocean enters
the river's mouth
reservoir
an ancient river
refilled
river days
a stream of light
flows by
river mouth
bridged
by gulls
redwood roots
the river's course
bends and twists
deep below
running in the sea
other rivers
rushing river
brushes the air
with white ripples
walking the mountains
the river goes along
with us
mid-morning
the river refreshes itself
with a little breeze
the earth turns
now and then
the river bends
hot sun presses
water into a river
summer flood
from the river
winding up the river
a stream of cool air
sleeping
valley river sounds
dream
sleeping
below the noisy river
the other one
stopping by the river
sunlight
a bank of fog
rocky stream
a dropped feather
dyes it blue

riverbed

dry riverbed
covered in the mornings
with puffy clouds
resting
the river
in its bed
streambed
bent to fit the earth
a fallen willow

rocks

face to face
with ancient rocks
the tourist touches hers

sea spray
a rock drawn in the air
its water shape

mountain boulders
breaking up
the light

desert rocks
listening to the music
of water

monoliths
holding the rosy sun
against blue night

broken rock
half hot
half cold

rocks
legends
in sand

rocks
leaving clearly
sand

rocks
in veins of ore
roots

magnetic
lines in the rock
writing it down

evening reflected
by glowing granite
lighted from within

rocks
at the foot of the bed
waves splash
water falls
on Japanese landscapes
sea rocks
a crack
in the monolith
one star
the top of the rock
in the bottom of the pool
bright with sun
cracking a smile
faces in sandstone
slanted sun
splashing each other
centuries in the surf
brother rocks
after the rain
all the desert colors
in wet rocks
red rock walls
echo
blue rock walls
forces of nature
a sense of theater
with rocks
mountain peak
stars burned into rocks
glitter all day
high tide
lapping the fire
in a rock

cracking a smile
faces in sandstone
slanted sun
splashing each other
centuries in the surf
brother rocks
after the rain
all the desert colors
in wet rocks
red rock walls
echo
blue rock walls
forces of nature
a sense of theater
with rocks
mountain peak
stars burned into rocks
glitter all day
high tide
lapping the fire
in a rock

**salt flats**

road to the moon
between ash meadows
salt ponds
reflected
on the moon
salt flats
Death Valley
salts a bright blue lake
at twilight
earth fissures
lacing the pond
dried salt
the line
between water and hills
a salt sea
desert beach
green moss white
with salts
lining the hills
edges of the sea
with salt

sand

rolling over
into dry sand
the 7th wave
snow-capped peaks
then the wave spreads
over a sandy beach

sea

dark and growling
from land a summer storm
becomes a glass sea
lying low
before storm clouds
a smooth sea
distant horizon
sea miles marked
by different colors
water drawing
a straight line between
sea and sky
splashes
return to the sea
a dance

sea stacks

sea stacks
the white smoke
of spindrift
sky country
  two crows land
  with sun on their backs
  sky country

spindrift
  undercurrents
  below spindrift
  a mellow flute
  spindrift
  above the ocean wave
  a prayer flag
  spindrift
  a cloud hangs
  where a wave broke

stones
  night fall
  yet not one stone
  moves
  painting stones
  a mountain brook moving
  tree shadows
  alluvial fans
  the valley heat
  on stone fields
  shimmering
  above the hot stones
  summer sea
  one stone
  climbing the mountain
  in my shoe
  covered with stones
  the stream makes a path
  to the river

streets/roads/paths
  fire in the mist
  rushing down the highway
  far mountains
  mountain path
  the roundness of the earth
  arches between my feet
poem maps
under summer feet
paths
midnight car
lining the coast
with highway one
headlights
on a rain-drenched pass
slanted sunlight
yellow line
on a black highway
last sun rays
desert highway
the poet writes a haiku
on the yellow line
mountains
twisting roads
in us
following the river
following the sun
through mountains
rivers
building roads
in mountains
desert paths
the smell of water
paving the way
without moving
our road goes from town to town
changing its name
a summer shower
the asphalt road
rising in steam
beach road
summer smooth
from sandy feet
a mountain
bends in the road
heaped high
mountain road
going and going and yet
time stands still

freeway
a truckload of art
passing tanks
dust
the road disappears
in itself
road
winding around the mountain
mountain views
down from the pass
still the black road
wiggles

stream

in the stream
waiting for wind ripples
to move the mountain
this beach stream
hangs our sandals on two fingers
runs to the sea

surf

an open window
surf sounds
square
night surf
the bright waves
of flame
surf's boom
sun beats into water
sound on metal
earth spins
surf sounds
in dry sand
boiling seas
into a wild surf
a hot sun
swamp

black cypress
draining into the swamp
strands of color

tides

home again
a pulse of tides
in our blood
tilted
this side of the ocean
dries in the sun
dry rocks
bubbling up between
the incoming tide
incoming tide
the sun-dried rock
wetted
rattle of rocks
at high tide the stars
an earthly tone
night tide
black rocks blacker
as a dark moon
freshly washed hair
receding tide leaves
wet rocks
high and low
tides weaving
sand
the tide turns
a whoosh of wave
splashes white
pictures
in the burning wood
tide lines
rippling light
night tide flows back
to a sunlit sea
high tide
sharing a small beach
with wet feet

tide pool
melting
in a tide pool
sun on still waters

tremors
depth in the earth
tremors in our knees
magnified
after tremors
in the fear and trembling
frog voices

valley
rocks
crumble into valleys
evening colors
deepening
the lowest point in USA
night shadow
jagged mountains
the wide slope of valley
smoothes the air
mountain shadows
tracing valley contours
across the sky
layers of color
the cliff eases into valleys
blue dusk
San Joaquin valley:
sand walking valley
after all my years
Queen Valley*
mother earth
full of gold

* a mining area in Death Valley

empty night sky
fills the desert valley
with city lights
the breaking wave
cough drop colored
cool mint
between rainclouds
sunlight slants
deep into valleys
mountain greatness
the gentle easing
into valleys
rainclouds
blowing into the valley
sunset's golden light

village

bell tones
of the country side
village names

volcano

evenings
setting the sky on fire
lava mountains
red into black
summit passes
into sunset
mid-day
heat of volcanoes
still in the rocks
lava rocks flowing
with the river
night-long shadows
lava rocks
flowing with the river
dry summer heat
black lava
pushing into bloodred
sunset peaks

waves

sunshine
the tops of waves melting
into hard metal
sun in front
of each crested wave
its own radiance

night air
breathing deeply the waves
wet dry sand
walls of water
waves in rock
a tearing sound
waves crash
in the curve of the bay
unbroken by man
wave upon wave
sun beats the water
into a hard curve
earth turning
a wave rounds
the blue green
elephant rock
stomping on the beach
ocean waves
asleep
yet waves remember
to come ashore
a wave breaks
out in laughter
two people
waves
unrolling
seafoam
mounting up
a wave rides a rock
ashore
rolling in waves
the white foam clouds
thunder
solid waves
flowing into the surf
dunes
arching into the sky
the wave takes on
more blue
teary eyes
seeing with binoculars
salt waves
white laced waves
tearing silk
across the sand
each wave curves upward
catches a gleam of sunlight
then moves on
seas of silk
shapes without scissors
waves torn asunder
waves
feeling
time

waterfall

a woman
a step down
a waterfall
taking to the waterfall
the everyday worries
washed away
mountain waterfall
fog flows backwards
into clouds
breath of angels
air of waterfalls
up one's nose
foot of the falls
tourists stopped
in their tracks
foot of the falls
the roaring opens
tourists' mouths
writing its name
on a granite cliff
water falls
quiet river
all of the wind
out of its falls
water drops
a radiance
in the falls

woods
beyond the campfire
darkness draws together
the woods at night

SUMMER Livelihood

airport
airport
up in the smoke
faces I've met there
waiting area
mom and dad's faces
grounded
airport carpeting
the dizziness
above and below
before boarding
a finger on the wingtip
cold and sweaty
among strangers
sun rises without a night
flares on metal wings

bare feet
barefoot
her sweat socks
still do
smooth sand
chasing children down the beach
their foot prints
beachcomber

watered silk
bright surf catches
her pants leg
a huge wave
rolling up her pants
still wet
missing the malls
on the ocean beach
she gathers shells
the fat child
gathers the most sea shells
pockets bulging
high tide
the beach leaves a mark
in her book
afternoon wind
all the beachcomber's words
blown out to sea
heat wave
on the beach crowds
cool fog
cold beach walk
on sun-warmed car seats
two sweatshirts
curls of waves
yet on the beach all day
her hair goes straight
smuggler's cove
stones wash on the beach
the size of skulls
a special beach
I put a pebble in my mouth
before leaving
car doors slam
essence of starfish comes
home with us
beachcomber
gift of civilization
a hairbrush
beach bums
at a sermon of gulls
one tries to sleep
smelling the light
on her tanned shoulder
home from the beach

biking

cyclist
picking up a nail
from a crosswalk
flat country lane
a man on a bike
slices the sky

boating

tourists
too tipsy to drive
out in a canoe
choppy waves
the small boat between
two worlds
behind the speedboat
water bent and broken
mends with ripples
streaked with gold
sunset in the rich folks' harbor
the tallest mast
in a canoe
a man eating a banana
peeled
a summer day
drifting by
in a canoe
river's bend
wave lengths of setting sun
broken by a canoe
rowing on the lake
boats filled
with empty sounds
stopped down
by the river's pace
drifting boats

studying waves
he drifts off
to sleep

cabin
cabin closed
the waiting in the woods
as we come
the tiny cabin
listening to pine wind
its very own planks
early summer
cabin walls leaking
late night cold
back again
in the summer cabin
winter dreams
tin roof
hearing the edge of a cloud
wet with rain
warm dry air
the river low in August
a door opening
leaving for home
summer cabin floors
swept bare

building a hut
camping
man's first home
a wall of green wind
pillared by pine
driftwood logs
slanted sunlight
a driftwood shack
remembering other times
places
fights forgotten
neighbor kids building
a club house
the open window
screened with a web
leaf shadows

camping
remaking the bed
the river flows by
the campground
nearly awake
sea-gathered light
on sleeping faces
environmentally sound
wiping the new-age camper
with recycled paper

circus
summertime
the way to the circus
childish voices
carousel
the sun goes around
up and down

city life
Berkeley sidewalks
the rest of my education
on the street
selling peace buttons
he buys the mulatto a coffee
room for the night
street woman
her tits at home
in T-shirts
city park
hands of the blind
sparrows
cutting grains

home from haying
the weight of a wooden rake
on sun burnt shoulders

a giving sound
wheat leans into
the mowing machine

it is still hot
tractors coming home
with headlights

fan

sound of a fan
blowing a cool hole
back into summer

paper and sticks
the coolness of a ocean
painted on a fan

forest fires

dry wind
the smell of smoke
bright red

hot moon
marked and spotted gray
by forest fires

plowing a firebreak
the dry earth
a cloud of smoke

clearing a trail
it only seems clean
after a shower

fruitstand

fruitstand
the girl-watcher pinches
a peach

garden

your long letter
a garden around me
tall white summer skies
gardens
voices among flowers
patterned paths

gardening

evening song
the scythe set a stone
leans on the fence
snapping beans
she doesn't look up
when the gate slams
garden spider
at home in a hat
dangles at my ear
a new hoe
chopping the grasses
of last spring
cabbage gardener
seeing white butterflies
in a new light

going home

long walk home
the incoming tide
refills footprints
hot stones
footprints of swimmers
going home
homeward bound
our days of vacation
in brown skin
driving in time
rivers flow backwards
as we leave the sea
going home
down the mountain road
sunset
leaving
the ocean waves
come back
tracks on the beach
all the feet have returned
to the city
welcome home
the far ridge filled
with thunder
coming home
to the rest of rain
all day long
the way home
a scent of open fires
clinging to my wrist

ginko * success
finding back home
sand between my toes

*ginko - Japanese for a walk taken with the purpose of writing haiku

the weight of eyelids
home from the beach
full of sand
home again
a bath and the towel
with a blue border

hiking

hikers rest
at the waterfall
coming down to earth
heavy sweating
the taste of mountain
on a hot day
squeaky knee joints
canyon river sounds
coming up the hill
canyon springs
where water rest in light
travelers pause
going down the mountain
its rocky river words
still in our ears
tired bones
back-packed in
a mountain hike
"the back of my hand"
he said
and we were lost
looking down
the tops of trees
rooted in the canyon
hitch hiker
leaving the no-camping area
his pack all lumpy
one path
heel to toe
and warm
mountain climbers
their voices higher
than the rocks
climbers
effortless the assent
of their voices
soft pink hills
the hiker invited to rest
way over there
in the valley
stretched to the setting sun
soles of hiker's feet
hikers resting
yet the mountain moves
its morning shadow
humming
"Pomp and Circumstances"
mountain hikers
mountain hikers
morning as wide
as spirit shapes
Sierra hike
taking John Muir's word
home again


**hitch-hiker**

hitch-hiker
on the picnic basket
several small bugs
hitch hikers
a car full of flies
going to LA

**kids**

sun on her knee
stuck on raspberry jam
dripping through toast
August beaches
for moms and crabs
the nitty-gritty
teenagers
tumbling on the sands
over-playful waves
afternoon quiet
the grandson's crayon
melts on the porch
evening clouds
stretched low on the horizon
a child's name being called

**lace**

on her breast
brightness next to shadow
of lace
ocean foam
all night the loveliness
of a lace gown

**laundry**

laundry day
the gardenia blooms
clear white
billowing white
filled with a summer day
clouds on a clothesline
laundry dries
a change of sea wind
dampens it again
bottom of the basket
the sandy beaches
of dirty clothes
    home again
the mountain that remains
    laundry

lighthouse
    land's end
    the low star turns
    into a lighthouse
    the lighthouse
    mirrors over the sea
    a yellow pyramid

lollipop
    two lollipops
    wrapped in cellophane
    matching sisters

mid-day nap
    a noon nap
    rock shadows
    restless
    picking up sleep
where you left it at dawn
afternoon nap
roadside rest stop
getting out of the car
    all the tiredness
    not really tired
a summer day
lays down to rest
    beach sand
    measuring a poet
    stretched out
    waking
    shadows from a nap
    have moved

mountain climbing
    slick rock faces
    climbers' strain
against the rope
dots of shadow
climbing the mountain
flute notes on both sides
to the summit
to view the lowest point
in the valley

movies

ridge dark
in town
a good movie
outdoor movies
around the old films
moths
after the show
the smell of rain
on hot asphalt

nakedness

summer afternoon
the coolness of white
naked on a quilt
moss-green bank
the woman reclining nude
as is the river
nude beach
nothing new
under the sun
naked
on the porch
passion flowers
newborn
swimming in the river nude
on your birthday
on the nude beach
from her tits to her toes
it's Saturday night

outdoor concert

outdoor flute concert
the second movement
the wind
singing low
sea-white fog disappears
in an outdoor concert
following strings
stars hum along
with the guitar
harpsichord
tightened spinal cords
jangle
hot summer night
all that jazz
shared by neighbors
going insane
radio rock
a block away
stop light
music from other cars
perfume

pastimes

in her hands
coming out of the hills
clay pots
beach clay
in her hands palm prints
a vase for flowers
how quiet
the cove where divers left
their trash
dune buggies
in the desert night
electric fireflies
dune buggies
nights in valley lights
parked
inspiring view
eating cereal
with a pencil
row upon row
torn from a notebook
mountain lines
sea painting
a child’s water color box
full of sand
watercolor paper
stopping a wave
with a brush
sunlight
trying to paint highlights
on tops of waves
waves
following the brush
into a watercolor
watercolor class
the beach giving lessons
in making waves
a Sunday painter
the lighthouse just as big
as a gnarled thumb
dried up
in a box of paints
summer sea colors
a hummed tune
painting a wave
realistic
in exchange
for a special rock
flute notes
a gentle breeze
river willows not moving
lost fishing lines
looking up
from the crime story
passion flowers
as everyone knew
poets who write by the sea
are all wet
empty
desert notebook
fills with sand
the book closed
yet hearing the poems
thunderstorm
green faded ribbon
the English lute
hangs songs on a nail
sounds of a harp
drifting into the forest
into birdsong

- for Elizabeth Searle Lamb

in rows
bees and his lips
at harmonica holes

- for Jack Stamm

tuning the dulcimer
legs of a spider
crawling out
country market
the humane society sponsors
a flea market
alone
the world stops
just to find it

picnic

raspberry jam
on a peanut butter sandwich
high noon lips
weathered picnic tables
after the summer shower
mustard stains wet

photograph

ocean view
tourists taking photos
leaving trash
tourists
taken by the view
snapshots
curved
on the ground lens
a wind-swept pine
sunset
when the show's the best
the lights go out
canyon rim photo
after the click he sees
his toes in space
loaded with cameras
donkeys with a master's degree
in photography
worn smooth
the wind-swept cedar
everyone photographs
in the desert
a sudden whirring
camera's automatic rewind
crumpled
silver sunshine
on a photo

pool
summer afternoon
filling the pool
with neighbor's kids

pregnancy
at the gynecologist
knitting a baby blanket
for the seventh grandchild

relaxing
restless waves
tourists
newly arrived
restless sea
houses of folks
taking it easy
night rocks
in beach fog
drunken voices

for Caitlin Steiner
newcomers
digging their toes in sand
cliffs of California

reliving history

playing my flute
Indians
ten thousand years ago
aborigines
my mind still fits
the grinding place
desert
bare bones
living

roughing it

watering the desert
a small yellow stream
between her feet
uphill
a load of firewood heats
wheelbarrow handles
mountain lights
the glow of candles
in jelly glasses
rusty pump
cussing and swearing
it goes again
campfire
cooking clouds
in oyster stew
outdoor plumbing
showering with stars
sandy soap
outdoor shower
in a path of moonlight
surf sounds
outdoor tub
bathing in the scent of pine
still on the trees
city girl
how to brush her teeth
with a wet finger
in the tub
heat of the day
goes down the drain
squatting over earth
just as I pee
thunder
drought
the scorched earth
where he always pees
sleeping on the floor
an Indian rug curls up
beside me
wakeful hours
bending a square of moonlight
a rag rug
dried prune faces
guests when they hear
we have only a privy
stern child
on the wall behind the hippie
her baby picture

**sandals**

all day outlines
dust on her sandals
where toes were

**sleeping outdoors**

hot weather
wearing the day
all night
summer moon
patterns on the porch
a crazy quilt
summer evening
the porch swing moves
a new moon
high tide
waves breaking loud
around my pillow

night bushes
the candle's flame
red in animal eyes

lost
in the night stars changing
the summer sky

a canopy bed
covered with summer stars
airy blankets

mountain winds
sleeping all night
with open mouths

asleep
light from the sea
in her face

dawn
stars turning into
mosquitoes

waking up
the itch of bug bites
brand new

sight-seeing

Grand Canyon
a hole in the ground
filled with mountains

Point Arena lighthouse
snags the morning sun
and $3.00 each

unfenced precipice
he remembers as unpaid
life insurance

Japanese journey
Sacramento rice fields
and Mount Lassen

stars
carried into caves
tourists' candles
Indian cave:
songs still
wind
cave dwellers
the grinding stone
hollow
bringing home
memories
of Indian caves
caution:
in the petrified forest
no smoking signs
harbor town bells
on Saturday night
buoys
rock woman
facing into desert sun
her sky-blue eye
Holland
flattened against the sky
warmed at the edges
Salton sea
its blue also covers
the far hills
on every road
canals with drawbridges
for pictures
country villages
the sloped roofs huddle
against green growing
before their doorways
in the hour before darkness
people as statues
in the museum
yellow flowers floating
a glass paperweight
seeing my face
in the crowd I bought
the mirror
straw hat
	naked breasts
wearing only the dark lace
shadows of her straw hat

her straw hat
asleep by the garden
of noon-day sun

sun bathing

eyes closed
only my breast to view
the sea

off-shore breeze
coming to land
on bikini bodies

cooling the sand
the fat lady's shadow
on a hot day

evening deepens
the tan on her legs
with varicose veins

grains of sand
days of a life
lying on a beach

silence
to seek and wrap around
the body nothing

tanned
except for the places
a fly sits

bodies
given to the desert
sun

hot bathed body
dried by desert
stars

sun-bathing
conservationists
saving water
sunburn

evenings
drawing closer to the fire
sun-burnt faces

surfers

green waves
florescent with surfers
in mod wetsuits
sleeping in the sun
only surfer dreams
ride the bright waves

surfers
black suited
among seals

sweat

rationed water
in the desert
our wet places

bright blue armpits
the indigo blouse fades
into a hot day

beach day
evening turning
flesh to fire

summer illness

lumbago's dull pain
a summer breeze frisks
by the bed

feverish
on a hot day defrosting
the refrigerator

summer colds
the neighbor's dog barks
when we cough

on one hand
the liver spots of aging
poison ivy
summer lovemaking

churning seas
love-making
in the hot tub
making love
into hot tub foam
falling stars
an undriven nail
cought in the lighthouse
at land's end
between our legs
dancing flames
in a fire place
log to ashes
clocks
our love-making
after the tryst
the red candle gutted
yet comes sunrise

swimming

ocean waves pound
the tattoo on his arm
blue skin
the rocky river
our knees a buzz
with the current
swimmers
afternoon heat
underwater
salt crystal ripples
washing shells on my feet
toenails
sitting in the river
rhythmic waves between my legs
does it for me
taking heat
down from the ridge
into the river
hills and valleys
a woman lying flat
 in the river

an old woman
swimming the August stream
the mossy smell

catching the big one
a fat old lady hauls out
on the nude beach

swimming alone
the drag of undertow
mom calls

tea garden

tea house
fresh air fills the cup
with green tree

tourist

date groves
palms waving
at single tourists

bound by a bell
strangers in the street
of ancient churches

good for the tongue
names of Norwegian
home-cooked food

sidewalks of Paris
the smell of coffee
on a foreign tongue

nasal tones
long bread under dark blue
elbows

tourists at sunset
in canyon walls
a sea of red eyes

closed in sleep
all the eyes
seeing the canyon
tourists
still keeping alive
ghost towns
dry river bed
round rocks moving
into tourist's cars

traveling

airport parking lot
bubble gum sticking to me
my home town
going home
car doors close
out the river
going down the road
rocky river rhythms
in our legs
lost
eyes on the map
miss the turn
mid-morning hunger
driving right past
the chocolate hills
a sign
at the fork in the road
fine dining
freeways
car motors
cursing
granite boulders
rolling along the roads
tiny tin cars
driving home
the wrecked car
still there
a trip
with maiden aunts
coming apart
after traveling
the hot tub filled
with strangers
sea side darkness
leaving the city bright
not-knowing
dancing in bed
next to the nightclub
motel sleeplessness
Grand Canyon
so very huge
no room in the inn

vacation

desert vacation
the first day back
into a mountain stream
stars
in the hot tub
two on vacation

vacation home

for rent
on the door
magic runes
rented windows
190' of ocean view
on Mastercharge
window to window
oceanside vacationers
eyeball to eyeball
roadside bench
everyone drives
right on by
sea escape
the cliff house hangs
out in space
between
two views of the sea
a color TV
six o'clock news
we turn to watch the world
of a picture window
my bare legs
on the stranger
legs of chairs
shutting the door
not shutting out
surf sounds
a cup of coffee
the cruise ship steams
into another window
by the window
a fireplace joins
the lighthouse
vacation
the first day
without rain
seaside summer
hearing the foghorn
then nothing else
vacation house
sitting on the porch
gift-rapte

visiting shrines

Indian cave
shadows deep in cracks
from other suns
pepper trees
hot as hell
at the mission
circling the mission
a flutter of wings
just pigeons?
jet age
still in the ancient mission
an offering of fire
church yard
colors of fallen stones
raised by flowers
mission church
a roof of song in rows
of starlings
at the shrine
pine needles crisscross
the holy spot
holy place
sitting on sacred rocks
itches

visitors
guests
the only ones on time
are the stars
sun through fog
visiting children blow
soap bubbles
kids discover
spooky white in beach sand
grandma's ankles
child finally sleeps
stars come out singing
a lullaby
sign
palm reader
open
Gypsy lips
curve into a smile
future revealed
all during supper
the city boy sits
on the tractor
how he inspects his fields
the man with visitors
from his wife's family
visiting
how good to see her oven
dirtier than mine
sun cookies
the kids ate them all up
before the eclipse
company
serving zucchini bread
repeatedly
his relatives
serving zucchini bread
disguised as special
visiting relatives
the narrow bed holds
us together
an old album
in the granddaughter's lap
rose petals
summer guests
taking it with them
back to town
deserted road
first the tourists leave
and now the geese
three lizards
together on the mountaintop
- and we talked

wicker chairs
creaking with the weight
the noon-day sun heavy
in wicker chairs
new cushions
on the lawn chairs
thick moonlight

wind chimes
wind
moonlight in wind chimes
still

zoo
in the zoo
tiger lilies
growing wild
a wild lion
caged in his eyes
small children
children's eyes
in the snow leopard's cage
touching his spots
SUMMER Animals

ants

raisins
in the oatmeal
ants
heat
creeping over sand dunes
fire ants
cool desert shade
moving across hot sands
fire-biting ants
a stream of tourists
meeting in the desert
ants
a line of ants lead
to the body
beginning to crumble
bone white
ants carrying away
the darkness

bats

stars
carried into caves
bat eyes
adding ribs
to the colors of midnight
a bat

birds

unfolding wings
an up-canyon wind
a bright bird
surf rolls
power in the sand
low-flying birds
going home
birds across the lake
in nests
bird tracks
for each line of dust
a short life poem
a house in the woods
my cage for me
to live among birds

birds fly on
stepping stones of a still pond
cloud to cloud

landing
a wing spread with light
folds into feathers

what is a branch
and what is a bird leg?
the answer flies away

bird song

desert sound
in the bird's open beak
only the wind
mountain meadow
bird call arcs to call
in answers
dawn
desert silence an oasis
of bird song
desert morning
bubbles in the hot spring
bird song
breakfast
campfire coffee cups
of bird song
one bird calls
the not-yet sun
in barren rocks
desert birds
music in their beaks
running water

going to sleep
songs of birds
growing dark
night
call of a bird
without color

**blue birds**

summer sky
in and out of the nest
bluebirds
growing up male
color flows into his wings
baby bluebird
between pines
the summer sky sings
bluebird songs
branches bend
a streak of feather
sky blue
sprinkled breast babies
with cinnamon shoulders
rare bluebirds

**blue jays**

picnic
a babbling brook
of blue jays
naptime
blue jays, too
blissfully quiet
up with the birds
country living with families
of blue jays
winding up
the blue jay alarm clock
early sunrise

**bugs**

May morning
electric with the hum
hatching bugs
yellow bugs on the lettuce
squished
are yellow inside also
these bugs!
yesterday I squashed
those bugs

butterfly

clapping
praise without hands
a butterfly
fluttering
the butterfly has no time
for a name
eyelash
curves a glance
teases a butterfly
a flower lifted
from the stem floats
a butterfly
even while resting
butterflies go on dreaming
of flight
waiting at the corner
only a butterfly
and this lovely girl
walking
with a butterfly
here I too pause
end of summer
following it out of sight
a butterfly
before the hot sun
white on the butterfly's wing
melted transparent
a face among the flowers
then the butterfly
folds its wings
butterfly colors
the air woven
with healing
a broken crayon
the path of a butterfly
drawn by a child
high fashion
butterflies decorate
my garden hat

caterpillar

ignoring the sign:

*no overnight camping*
tent caterpillars

cat - in summer

a yellow cat
melting in the August sun
summer days
the cat's milk
swimming with ants
hot in August
summer's heat
caged in the stripes
of a ginger kitty
to and fro
in a hammock
a cat purrs

cicada

buzz of cicadas
pushing quicksilver
up the thermometer

a shrill cry
overheated the cicada peels
out of its skin
soft morning air
the quiet afterbirth
of the cicada

chipmunks

a show
for the price of peanuts
three chipmunks

chuckwalla

dirt road sign:

*four-wheeled drive only*
chuckwalla tracks
cormorant

buoy bells
from rock shadows
cormorants

cows

sea meadows
as rocks and cows
rocks and cows
sunset
the great bull closes
both eyes
cooling cows
the tree extends its shadow
over a yellow one
by the bullpen
a fence has torn off
a red shirt

cuckoo

hearing the cuckoo
calling out for a lover
morning seems so young

dogs - summer

dog days
hoping the stray pup
comes back
backyard circus
for the price of a penny
the neighbor's dog barks

doves

morning fog
the calling of doves
many small circles
cooing doves
lengthening the coolness
of shade trees
a hollowness
waiting for the dove
to call again
doves
lingering by the dark door
feather light
swing still
the rope squeak
of a dove

eagle

mountain climbers
resting in an eerie
eaglets

mountain peak
an eagle leaves it
moonlight

finches

sea cliff home
nestled by cypress
house finches

fingerlings

our kisses
on our legs
fish kisses

salmon fingerlings
swimming by the nude beach
eyes bulging

jumping in
a river of fingerlings
our bodies too pale

firefly

lightning
fireflies above puddles
peek at themselves

fleas

on my ankles
the cat ignores the bites
of her fleas

fledglings

a little clumsy
the scrub jay teaches
fledglings to fly
flies

company's comin' 
even the flies buzz 
at the door 
drone of flies 
curved as desert sand 
around noon 
before one's very eyes 
heatwaves shimmering 
flies 
if only flies would nap 
among the cats and books 
on wicker chairs 
surf rolls 
life in the sand 
beach flies 
fly wings 
fanning summer 
hotter 
helping him out 
the fly is crushed 
against the door

goose

tucked in bed 
warm summer days 
of goose down

gnats

sand dunes 

drying the wings 
of each gnat 
shadowed river 
transparent wings of gnats 
the only light

goldfish

desert pond 
in the national park 
goldfish 
passing summer 
as shadow nears the pond 
koi quickly hide
summer passing
the ripple on the koi pond
an orange fin

**grasshopper**

here grasshopper
at pepper plant restaurant
aphids!

**gulls**

breaking waves
the screams of gulls
soft sand
skimming waves
spindrift feathers
  a gull
along the cliff
wing tips of gulls
at eye level
high tide mark
gulls search
another time
before us
the road flown
by two sea gulls
gull wings
lifting the light
from the sea
gulls
playing with the wind
their shadows
blue white
swirls in evening skies
gulls
cutting up
a cove's high seas
the soaring gull
sea birds home
on shores of booming surf
the unused songs
Sunday beach
a sermon of sea gulls
one goes wading
mountain overlook
twinkling above the sea
a flock of gulls
sea gulls
over land and water
smoke from fire
tearing together
fish entrails
gulls' laugh
on rocks
the first sunshine
a gull

**hawk**

lunchtime
overlooking the road ahead
a hawk

**hornets**

fog billows
the gray streaks
of a hornet's nest

**herons**

end of summer
walking the riverbank
just a heron

**hummingbirds**

a flutter of flowers
hovering in the heat
hummingbirds

**lady bugs**

roof newly shingled
nestled under pine cones
lady bugs

**larks**

surprising
tourists on the beach
meadow larks
above wild flowers
the song of the lark widens
the meadow higher
flowers songs
while looking out to sea
meadow larks

lizard

stones
a patterned shadow moves
on lizard legs
a hot wind
secrets of dunes
from a lizard
a patch blue sky
the belly of a lizard
filled with flies
flying water
into desert lizards
gnats
wind echo
in round rocks
lizard eyes
eyes
painted on cave walls
lizards
ancient eyes
on cave walls
lizards
lizard eyes
a summer cooled
by the glint
a dry scrape
as the door slams
lizards run
summer
a brown twig becomes
a lizard
salt cedars
gray moving to touch
lizard skin
heat exchange
in a sudden breeze
two lizards
giant boulders
the lizards arrive late
for the flute concert

mayflies

mayflies
a pair of birds
playing catch

moles

heart pounding
the tiny animals that scurry
within the earth

mosquito

added to stars
swarm of mosquitoes
obscure the view
the sting
of a summer alarm clock
mosquitoes
late letter
worded with mosquito bodies
my blood
summer melting
mosquitoes' sound
in a harmonica
drowned mosquito
it's dangerous to swim
in my navel
swatting mosquitoes
how lightly goes a life
at sunset
dead mosquito
no longer interested
in biting me

moth

braiding in her hair
last night's dream
a tiny moth
Gypsy circus
in the tent
moths
against my cheek
a touch of powder
moth wing
fog thickening
into the lampbeam
a moth
a garden lantern
attracting a few moths
and all the stars
silver gray words
a quiver of moth wings
in hard green eyes
nights
a moth at the window
star-crazy

nestlings
up under the roof
between our legs small birds
fly into nests

osprey
osprey
silver between his talons
spindrift fish

peacock
spreading his tail
corn flung in the flight-fan
draws the peacock

pelican
wave to wave
pelicans follow flashes
of lightning
pelicans
clowning tops
of waves
rabbits

among cholla
cactus soft
on the cottontail

seals

soft-eyed seal
watching a lone man
and his daughter
wave within a wave
riding one a seal
his heart pumping
curve of waves
leaping seals thicken
translucent waves
barking seals
their breath comes to the mainland
as mist

slug

waiting for rain
the slow way slugs
make love

snake

winding creek
the snake's tongue
forked
in a trail
of manshade shadow
snakeshadow
desert road
snaking through
low hills
sidewinder
getting us off the trail
without a step
a jog
in the trail
a sidewinder
unwinding a cobra
a ring of round notes
from the flute
curved rocks
looped in the trail
a sidewinder
rocky river
in its sound a rattle
snake
rattlesnake
coiled into a spring
of rust
flute concert
for the finale
a rattlesnake claps
downtown Point Arena
from trash bin to weed patch
a snake
on snake lips
two kicking frog legs
a snakey smile

skunk
arched over
the skunk's back
stripes of moonlight

spider
spines
in the desert
tarantula legs
paths
crisscrossed by appetites
of spiders
wind yo-yo
up and down a silken thread
breeze-riding spider
a wobbly line
of black writing
a spider walks by
the spider crawls
two legs to the left
then three forward
plaid bedspread
a small spider playing hopscotch
the quick broom strumming the dulcimer
misses a spider
over the mirror
in the angel's white eye
a spider nest
eating insects
at the bird's ankles
spider legs
at home
in the spider plant
one

swallows

a rented house
for free the swallows build a nest
ocean breezes
playing with feathers
cliff swallows
dark waterfall
swarms of cliff swallows follow the stream

swan

at dawn
white flies into light
the sky with a swan

tiger

pawing tigers
how soft and hairy
grandpa' hand

titmouse

little gray wives
a swarm of titmice
cleaning the bushes
ticks

a picnic
ticks on me also
are fatter
companions
taking a walk
ticks on me

water ouzel

stream dweller
a small gray bird sings
water songs

water hen

nude beach
eyes of water hens
floating ahead
desert lake
roosting place dark
with water chickens

warbler

her nest in the eaves
in our house we call her
our warbler

whip-poor-will

that hollow sound
as the whip-poor-will unfolds
itself from sleep

worms

cabbage leaves
white worms mate
for life

wren

as little as a wren
alive as friend
the wren is
SUMMER Plants

apricots

devouring apricots
the fine hairs of her mustache
moist and juicy

azaleas

a huge bow
on woody stems
azalea pink

bananas

grabby hands
in the picnic basket
bananas

bamboo

bamboo
waving candlelight into the night
wind
soap bubbles
blooms on bamboo
beside the shower

bay trees

trespassers
the scent of bay leaves
down on the beach
sea winds
in the mountains
bay trees

beets

thinning beets
finding now and then
a fat one

bell flowers

Chinese lantern
the brightness within
a bee
blackberry

barbed wire
the best berry bushes
double-thorned
in foggy moonlight
blackberries float in cream
her nails are blue

borage

double-thorned
end of the path
borage deep in bloom
quiet thoughts

buckwheat

fan-leafed
white water surges through rocks
sprays of buckwheat

buttercups

buttercups
peeping through fog
opening to the sun

cabbage

a sea of cabbage
at the end of each row
ocean waves
hot summer day
cabbage leaves grow
in their stillness

cactus

overcoming rocks
a stream of cacti
slowly spreading
desert ways
branching all over
cholla cactus
alone and asking
to be touched
teddy bear cholla
writing
desert poems
pencil cholla
desert sunset
colla cactus sticks
to the light

calla lily

beach fire
pale calla lilies
flame bright

carrots

old hands
pulled carrots
let go of earth

cauliflower

severed and warm
a head of cauliflower
continues to grow

cedars – red

red cedar
in a row before evening hills
dee purple

sunrise
in the red cedar
home again
curved walls
a split cedar frames
the gorge

cedars – salt

a breeze fanned
out of desert heat
salt cedars

salt cedars
cooling desert winds
bird wings
afternoons
turning in salt cedars' sky
gold-green

cherries

red hearts
with centers of stone
under cherry leaves
chinquapin
  outdoor tub
  a chinquapin groves
  bathes in the heat

cottonwood
  oasis
  a bird's nest softly lined
  in the cottonwood
  at the oasis
  wearing the coolness
  of willow and cottonwood

cow parsnip
  ocean front
  on the most expensive lot
  cow parsnip

creosote bushes
  creosote bushes
  afire with morning sun
    fuzzy seeds
  creosote blossoms
  sunset rain clouds
  familiar perfume
  sun's burning heat
  grows green and tall
  creosote bushes

daisy
  rain colored
  the light circling
    a daisy
  going around
  yesterday's bath water
  today's daisies
  one flashlight
  in the daisy meadow
    stars

dill
  dill weed
  hung to dry by the back door
  scraps the windy wall
a sunny porch
shaded with an umbrella
drying dill

duckweed flower

river water
shaping clouds
duckweed

dune grass

among dune grass
silver bleached logs
and a perfect day
waves
dune grass
waves
dunes
in knotted grass
a perfect star

elm

an arch of elms
so vast something of mine
is carried upward
twilight storm
the heaving dragon
in the old elm

farewell-to-spring

summer visitors
at the cliff’s edge
farewell-to-spring

flowers

out of earth
the flower shape
of a hole
a swinging gate
on both sides the flowers
open - close
windy weather
calling the flowers by name
each nods
flower shapes
in dried mud
blooming
desert flowers
their colors too
are hot today
flowers by the door
nameless except for the color
of these blue days
where do they go?
these flowers by a path
summer's passing
gathering flowers
unexpected guests
come to dinner
days
opening/closing
flowers
depth of a flower
flying away with the bee
some mystery
coming home
flower
by
flower
canyon walls
crumbled flowers
float out to sea

foxglove

magic hand
even in the meadows
foxgloves
foxgloves
everything's funny
in this heat

gardenia

night unrolls
another gardenia
more white
gingko leaves

fanning my cheek
a gingko tree loans us
its papery leaves

grains

bearded grasses
the same age
as the August sun

the meadow mowed
blue sky presses down
ravens in the grain

bales of straw
without cow curves
lying in the meadow

grass

late summer grasses
above their roots the seeds
nearly touching

sheaves of grass
water that does not break
flows in ripples

long grass
bending over road ruts
curve the valley slope

walking home
after the circus
how dry the grass

sea promontory
wild-winged grass seeds
birds fly up

bending a bit
summer grasses watch me
enter the pool

stalk of grass
a thin shadow joining others
for the night
gladiolus

picture taking
such a lovely day
  gladiolus

green apples

green apples
crowding on the branch
  full of sunshine

green plums

green plums
tapering the hardness
  swift-passing days

green leaves

silence
  of a green leaf
  eaten by a worm
  silence
  of summer leaves
  pure laughter
  silence
  in a grove of green leaves
  ancient suns watching
  silence
  green leaves sly smiles
  more knowing

hibiscus

sunshine lights
  on hibiscus leaves before their
  own dark

hollyhock

hollyhocks
pink light shining
  as a cup
  cupping
  pink light without hands
  hollyhocks
Joshua trees
Joshua trees on the ridge flute notes
higher and lower
Sunday morning
desert sermons
of Joshua trees

juniper
juniper shade
sleeping with tourists
on cool lava rocks

leaves
smoke shaking
from its folds leafy trees
along the railroad
summer departs
all the warmth left
in leaf fires
out of earth
the heart shapes
leaves

lettuce
a gift
for the town gossip
a head of lettuce

lily
holy of holies
in the scroll a lily
unrolled

lily
each day
celebrated by lilies
opening
sunset
still the orange lily
awake
swollen belly
the tiger lily bends its stripes
stretch marks
lunchtime
lilies above the book
reading
what to serve for lunch
that matches the lilies
found at the door

**lotus**

point blank
the whiteness of lotus petals
spinning
left nor right
all sides open
the lotus

**live oaks**

live oaks
rooted in a petrified trees
I have a photograph
rolling down
a petrified log
acorns
fitting in
with granite boulders
sacred oaks

**marigolds**

marigold
squinting in the summer sun
wrinkled nose smell

**marijuana**

marijuana leaves
my neighbor's garden
in a stolen car

**melon**

muskmelon
for desert
the new moon

**mesquite**

fanning a breeze
out of desert stillness
mesquite trees
mesquite green
moving to touch
  lizard skin
desert dinner
dates and honey mesquite
  without water
  lying down
under mesquite shrubs
  shade and I
mesquite trees
choosing the best spots
  for shade
desert wind
finding voices
  in mesquite

mint
mint-pickers
  stained with fragrance
  fingers wave hello

mold
damp windowsill
mold writes in the notebook
  little black poems

monkey flower
fault line
  opening
  monkey flowers

morning glory
morning glory
  unfolding dewdrops
  blue skies

moss flowers
stone Buddha
  essence still blooming
  in moss flowers
thatched roof
growing again
  moss
musty smell
of old furniture
a mossy bank
ancient stumps
with faces in the moss
tourists peek inside

**palms**

desert hills
unfolding coolness
in a fan palm
for desert rain
hot winds rattle
dry palms

**palm - date**
date farm
selling coolness
in brown bags
the most ancient
palm-green filtered
dates of light

**passion flowers**

passion flowers
climbing on the bed
lovers on the porch
lovers
twining on the porch
passion flowers

**peaches**
evening orchard
where the sun sank in
peach sky
ripe peaches
the heaviness tips the days
into summer

**peppers**
a plate of peppers
red warming up
August's afternoon
phlox
  stone Buddha
  here the phlox too
  grows straight

plums
  midnight
  the dark smell
  of ripe plums
  warm rain
  purple in a plum
  lips

poppy (California)
  hill country
  golden parachutes land here
  poppies spread wide

poppy (Oriental)
  sleepy garden
  red parachutes land here
  in the poppy's dream

poison ivy
  summer day
  with poison ivy
  even hotter

raspberry
  berry picking
  the stain of love
  colors my cheeks

river moss
  painting the river
  low in summer
  moss green
  heaven on earth
  low in river clouds
  of moss
  up and down
  on pillows of moss
  river ripples
rose

rose gardens
just inhaling deeply
feels like stealing
rose breeze
leaves of a bush
shiver white
a cut rose
that voice spirals
into galaxies
still spinning
the Gypsy's rose falls
in his lap
musk
rising from the petaled labia
a red rose
swirled to the center
stillness without moving
rose petals
ruby lights
darkness in a rose
crisscrossing
ocean cliff
deepening sunset
wild rose

rosemary

bathing outdoors
in the rosemary bees
rubbing buzzing

roots

lightning strikes
in the roots of trees
patterns echo

sage

sand sage
dunes brushed clean
by spiky flowers
sagebrushed
rain
drops
sagebrush raindrops
mixing with earth odors
in hot springs
desert air
invisible smoke of sagebrush
clear

sea rockets

surf boom
on the meadow
sea rockets

seaweeds

waves washing
rocks covered with palm kelp
tropical landscapes

shore pines

coming from the sea
light on shore pines
blue-green waves
shore pines
sharp shaped by wind
of Point Arena
seaside
curved by shore pines
rounded rock

smoke trees

writhing on hot sand
the meager shade
of smoke trees
heat of the day
on the desert floor
smoke trees
desert
filling the dry river
smoke trees
flowing
from rock crevices
smoke trees
**snapdragon**
snapdragons
bowing low before the rain
of the sprinkling can

**stonecrop**
sheer cliff
ever-bearing
stone crop

**strawberry**
open fields
on the tip of his tongue
a strawberry
tasting
of wild strawberries
your tongue
our tongues
strawberries tasting
each other

**sweet peas**
sea fog
swirls in the wild
sweet peas

**sweet potato**
vacation house plants
the sweet potato vine
in a mason jar

**sunflower**
a kerosene lamp
filling the pitcher
with sunflowers
sunflower
in a month of petals
counting the days
thistle

shiny wet
the sketch of thistle down
in black ink
behind the new fence
his one weed gazes at
my stand of thistles

thorn

wind echo
thorny trees sough
'round rocks
desert thorns
holding sunset
on the summit
thorns
summer's afternoon
holding still

tomato

tearing off
yellowed tomato leaves
the old woman pauses
tomatoes cooking
suddenly it's August
I'm six and home

trees

guilt trip
summer dead brown trees
driving route twenty
sentinel peak
the best view watched
by the oldest tree
thinking -
the oldest trees refuse
to cross the river

vegetables

classical music
vegetables rotting
in a basket
all those tree fruits
and summer vegetables
now this child

- for Julia Johanna Ewerth

wallflowers

sea cliff meadow
thick with wallflowers
unable to hold the wind

water lilies

water lilies
centers of the pond
close at night
in still ponds - lilies
in their centers - silence
the shore - far away

watermelon

summer's heat
swallowed up by the gap
in the watermelon

weeds

hill meadow
mostly upright
citizen flowers

wild flowers

wild flower walk
greeting the spirits
with Latin names
wild flowers
the twitter of swallows
passing through
shaping
petals of wild flowers
ocean breezes

yarrow

from the beach
the bottle with a message
yellow yarrow
yucca

root system
of the dried yucca
lizard family

zucchini

green fires
zucchini growing
with the heat
summer revenge
taking zucchini to the neighbor
whose lettuce we ate
having an old friend
for dinner
the largest zucchini

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AUTUMN Moods

abandoned

still standing
where others lived
abandoned cabin
abandoned
a photo of someone's eyes
moving in the wind
one bird
its cry so human
alone

accepting aging

wringling up
along the shore
an old ocean
mom leaves
the door partly open
her many years
cricket shapes
arthritic knuckles
of shortened days
child's fingers
trace on grandma's hands
the liver spots of aging
an old sea crone
remembering mermaid tales
as true
hot flashes
blushes of youth
getting old
grandmother squeezing
on her driver's license
the name of many men

arguments

box canyon walls
being with someone
you hate
in box canyon
the narrow-minded couple
argue
after the quarrel
chewed cheeks
saying the words

belief in spirits

sacred grove
a spirit trade
oaks and I
fairy ring
all past secrets
come to light
spirit circle
journeys from thing to thing
pass-me-not
mountain wind
the spirit eye sees
traveling far
sunset
illumination of other worlds
clouds
flute notes
in spirit rocks
answers
leaving
in a dream soul
in the lizard
morning cliffs
two crows play tag
with spirit shadows
spirit pictures
etched in sandstone
the unseen hand
spirit bodies
waving from cacti
plastic sacks
Nevada spirit lands
garbage blowing
in bushes
spirit in retreat
cleaning first the black stove
a cup of cold water
mission spirits
in swallows and pigeons
birds of paradise
morning light
stretches down the cliff
its spirit shape

decay

waiting room
a patch of sunlight
wears out the chairs
recycling old glass
the rocky beach
jewel-covered coves
windless surf
how easily the old folks
are entertained
worn-down hills
folding into earth
an old dog sits
elephant parade
the old aunt absently fingers
her throat
clown's old car
when it falls apart
papa doesn't laugh
    surprised
in the dark blood
    is black
his hot cheeks
whitened by moonlight
the reformed poet
    a howling wind
at the deep ache
    a broken bone
weathered palms
the scythe well-sharpened
worn in the center
    an old woman
carrying a balloon
dusk lowers
    footsteps
a language of cripples
    writing
death by death
with the passing of a friend
my own nears
afternoon sun
on grandma's brown hands
star wrinkles
the stable roof
shingle for shingle
coming down
Ikebana
centered around the leaf
    with worm holes
    cracked
the antique china cup fills
    a break in my lifeline
rented house
wishing my night gown
had all its buttons

autumn path
a stick talking to stone
the blind man's way

fears of deception

moonlighting
the thief employed
as security guard

petrified forest
you buy a souvenir
for your lover

your lies
as many sizes of the moon
I should believe?

heartless
the moon's bright body
attracts lovers

garlic toes
clinging to his voice
the salesman

prayers
our feet stuck in sands
whispering about us

casting doubts
clouds on the hills
on her face

used car salesman
a banana peel lies
three feet from his

after lies
seeing by moonlight
whose who is what

emptiness

cold crescent moon
sound of a boat leaving
with the departed
mother's death
the umbilical cord to earth
empty
empty
the vacation house watches
us drive by
her heat
even the ashes
not cool
without them
hanging on to things
of parents
seeing the old home
to fill the emptiness
chattering birds
a nest
found in autumn
the empty sky
empty afternoon
eyes and ears fill
with tears
as empty as
Sunday afternoon's envelope
your rejection is
filling the washer
with an empty heart
your blue shirts
autumn storms
locking emptiness
into summer cabins
tiredness
filling the emptiness
evenings
used tires
loaded on a truck
without wheels
sea fog
walking the valley
with empty hands
endings

crossing the road
shadow of a stop sign
stops

fears

shadows
of an upright stone
splashing waves
lifting a shadow
the gull frightened
by waves

grief

stone mountain
saying good-bye to him
was even harder
(For Charles B. Dickson)

jealousy

jealous lovers
at sea storm clouds
with purple waters
slender moon
so little fire
yet you go to him
tides
sorting beach debris
a jealous woman

leavings

leaving home
rain drops in my eyes
for clearer vision
grandkids leaving
the only smiles
on pictures they drew
leaving
the low tide beach
fills
facing one another
the chairs open and empty
as guests leave
weak fall sun
chairs by the café sit
on each other's lap
leaving
dust holds your footprints
and me
walking on rocks
where tears splashed down
dad's farewell
wind-filled rain
tears at the leaves
someone is going
guests gone
the only stars
in the sieve
guests gone
huckleberries ripen
in the silence
noodle soup
memories of your visit
in the left-overs
kissing good-bye
she feels the edge
of his pocket
leaving Germany
raindrops in my eyes
tears

lingering summer thoughts
autumn's summer heat
on a white paper you drew
a smiling sun

loneliness
to sleep alone
in the light of the moon
madness
loneliness
crossing the great plains
high tension wires
a lonely day
yet in the afternoon
a breeze comes by
alone
in the desert
wind
on the porch
mold-speckled pine needles
my waiting for you
a son's call
white waves of long distance
returning to shore
kids gone
sea waves return to shore
each alone
foggy Saturday night
a woman's whiskey-raw voice
pours from a radio
singing low
sea-white fog disappears
beneath the pines
divorced parents
the cries of the neighbor kids
deep in the woods
the waitress' tip
lying in spilled beer
small brown coins

longing

dreams
burning desire
burning
burning pine
smoke blown about
my longing
deer at the salt lick
so my memories of us
will you return too?
loss
fireplace sunshine
dark in the burned-out cabin
weeds
too late
lovers looking in windows
of closed shops
touching your left sleeve
at this moment of parting
how cold is your coat
watercolor class
a blue sky pinned to the wall
falls
a deaf child
in autumn hearing
the sleep of seeds
lost
in hidden valley
the trail
on the gramophone
a church in Holland
where you are tonight

passing time
early morning sun
on the face of the clock
time change
time was
my eyes in the empty place
where the clock isn't
golden clock hands
sunshine slants through leaves
passing time

past life experiences
moon dreams
a spotlight turns on
past lives
fingernails
windows to the past
lives
white waves returning
to shore their call
for me to come home

regrets

low-tide walk
now deep at sea
my path
at the waterfalls
a woman remembering
a love affair
at least the moon
when it's full
comes to my porch
ribbon knots
tighten a lump in the throat
as it was that night...
heavy heart
such a color evenings
weighs nothing

rest

taking a rest
I let the city noises
leak out of my ears

sadness

pillar of sorrow
the hours alone
touching it
deep sighing
waves climb the beach
and disappear
earth turns
shadows on a face
fade and reappear
stepping stones
go wobbly and uneven
tears falling
autumn sadness
yet before the leaf falls
the swelling bud

eyelash splash
curve in the folding
a wave of tears
the cutting edge
your words where the moon
touches night
yet another pine
is the moon ever free
of the earth?

unknown

spirit of a place
a film
on the photograph
breathing heavily
atop the mountain gorge
a thick cloud
knuckles of night
cold without human flesh
tap along the roof
forces
holding rocks together
apart
mountain top
aglow with the unseen
moon
walking paths
the land fluid
without feet
after death
naming the unknown
heaven/earth
voices
familiar things
without shadow
doors
swinging pendulums
between outsiders
moon shadows
coming up the stairs
a creaking sound
between two birds
in bright shapes
a real name
flagstones
then the border blew away
in colored silk
surf sounds
someone was walking
on trackless sand
bad dreams
the shapes of dinner
eaten late
night bumps
all around the house
other things
spindrift veils
above the crashing waves
finer ones
without wind
a door opens
the candle goes out
a stand of trees
in a setting of weeds
someone kneeling
standing ajar
for the passage of souls
a door in October
incense
smoke in the wind chimes
faint tones of blue
bones
hearing sea winds of the dead
in flute tones
secret mists
on the broad river
lost shadows
lost shadows
on the dark river
time curves
a creaking floor
the moonlight goes
from room to room
moon path
on the water where I walk
a bridge to ...
sunset
the shadow steps back
into your heel
two foreign stamps
found in a dream book
borrowed
walking on the mountain
without a step
going inside of it
still alive
in knotty pine walls
dragon eyes
without words
angels' voices return
songs
giant forest
moving between trees
a deeper darkness
giant forest
walking the dark road
night trees
at the pass
a bright neon-blue bush
the future

the unseen

mineral waters
perfume the skin
a bright soul
lizard
in the slits of his eyes
my soul window
beach wind
taking off her prayer cap
unseen temple

worries

many night thoughts
the big dipper tilts
spilling over

AUTUMN Occasions

All Saints' Day

All Saints' Day
pumpkin-grin fangs
gone with the werewolf
All Saints' Day
goblins and witches baptized
with holy names
All Saints' Day
the Jack-o-lantern
full of gnats
All Saints' Day
the moldy pumpkin
grins with a harelip
All Saints' Day
filling the pumpkin's eyes
with raindrops
All Saints' Day
among the fall colors
angel food cake
All Souls' Day
the end table
bow-legged

black cats

moon shadows
the doormat comes alive
with a cat's leap
cemetery

Pleasant Ridge
all the caskets
side by side
sleeping peacefully
the Best Western Motel
by the cemetery
grate marker
as a cradle headboard
rest in peace
abandoned cemetery
iron keys cross the ground
no one going in
open grave
the iron shovel lifts
autumn fragrance
clods from the grave
sweet potatoes piled in a field
join at the fence
Death Valley
emigrant tombstones
mountain peaks

end of summer vacations

a blob of catsup
on the postcard
the missing kiss

funerals

mother
wearing her shoes
to her funeral
up in smoke
all those years
of her anger
the calling
of funeral bells
a shoestring breaks
an open mouth
funeral bells fill
earth gap
Funeral Mountains
at sunset a halo
of golden clouds
the bell tolls
rolling the full moon
out of darkness
burial
driving a car into the trees
behind the barn

ghosts

sundown
in ghost town darkness
two crows
ghost town
in an abandoned orchard
fresh apples
ghost town road
in a cloud of red dust
a dump truck
wind
in the waterfall
white ghosts
wind in the willows
ghost of a woman
basket gathering
white moon
filling Death Valley
ghosts
ghosts
in the Joshua trees
snake death
ghosts
Joshua trees
shape-changing
dark night
old sheets turning into
Halloween ghosts
in the fog
ghosts by the cliffs
change into gulls
godless month

the godless month
busy with preparations
for Christmas

Halloween

Halloween
being scared to sweep
under the bed
thunderstorms
the sky saying "boo"
on Halloween

Halloween weirdness
the old fence post sprouts
a pumpkin face

haunted houses

deserted house
wild roses still have a view
of the remote coast
vacant stares
from the vacant house
no one looks

Indians

natives
guided through the desert
by water spirits
desert wind
whistling through bird bones
Indian breath
Indian country
sign on a winding road
a broken arrow

In Zion Nat'l Park

Navajo sandstone
face of a rock
weeping
emerald pools
in Navajo sandstone
Indian red
Navajo sandstone
fissures opening
to heaven
painted
on Indian cave walls
lizard eyes

**prayer flags**

*At Odiyan*

prayer flags
ground shadows
in weird shapes
prayer flags
tinkling
bells

vehicles to heaven
pray flags surround
the used car lot

**lighting candles**

remembering mom
the same old fire
in an altar candle

an altar candle
lit for your soul journey
warms my hands

**pumpkin pie**

pumpkin pies
remembering with a grin
the Jack-o-lantern

**pumpkins/jack o'lanterns**

light
from the pumpkin's grin
a full moon

moonrise
wind blows out the light
in the pumpkin
carved pumpkin
admiring our art the moon
comes on the porch
enlightened
the jack-o-lantern
has a fat candle
alone
going to sleep with a grin
on the pumpkin
all the light
inside of a pumpkin
this dark night
light leaking
the grin of pumpkins
growing moldy
together
lifting the pumpkin
the curved stem
night dark
inside the pumpkin
its warm glow
scary Halloween
the candle in the pumpkin
goes out
watching our bed
the pumpkin's lid
smokes
bedside candle
putting it in
the pumpkin
shadows moving
on the bedroom wall
a pumpkin's grin
unable to sleep
the Jack-o-lantern watches
us all night
grandpa
gives the Jack-o-lantern
his snag-toothed grin

school

kite string
tightly rolled
first day of school
just moved
the chill of giggles
in the school yard
backpack of books
the schoolboy becomes
a deformed monster
first day of school
her bare foot tracks
still on the beach
mid-September
she writes her name for Daddy
in the sand
where we shook hands
in front of our old school
a dark bruise
after all these years
the high school band
still practices
still an old maid
the high school Latin teacher
on a sentimental journey
first day of school
on the mountain ridge
clouds without thunder
voices along the road
after the school bus goes by
only birds
river so low
all the polliwogs gone
school begins
beach afternoon
school girls drinking
from a paper bag

souls

sea horizons
the soul stretched
into bands of blue
in the headlights
thud of a dark body
a soul rushes by
Thanksgiving

colorful Indian corn
for Thanksgiving dinner
relatives from afar

Thanksgiving Day
an old couple on the pier
fishing
cold turkey
in bed on Thanksgiving
with the sniffles

Thanksgiving Day
seeing an old neighbor
after her surgery
thanks giving
the first cup of water
tipped to the earth

Thanksgiving Day
after the storm
beachcombing

Thanksgiving Day
grapes on an heirloom plate
half-eaten
desert Thanksgiving
cold turkey sandwiches
under the one tree

blood relatives
for Thanksgiving dinner
red beets

trick or treating

trick or treating
with kids only the moon
older than I

without a soul
faces grin in the dark
on Halloween

no one home
yet a face grins on the porch
Halloween
going into dark times
children dressed as grown-ups
begging

worship

from India
the strange white bird
in a yoga position
banner of belief
lace at the edges
crumbling
granite altar
water not wine
wind flowing
ancient shrine
just a roof
upon the path
chapel
hidden on the ceiling
pagan symbols
cloister walls
shutting in
the outer world
holy mountain
among the Bishop pines
bluebirds
late to church
daylight saving
unholy times
back home
covered with dust
magic sparkles

witches

before the coven
how the witches park
their cars
new age witch
in her Honda
a whiskbroom
magic symbols
drawn with blood
this holy space
eggshells ashbone
white of the moon
in a witch's spell
a little spilled wine
ageless women in the circle
of a full moon

wreath

falling from the wreath
frost
flowers
a wave curls
tumbling over a wreath
buried at sea

Veterans' Day

the Vietnam Vet
in his eyes
my debt

AUTUMN Celestial

afternoon

late afternoon
water leaking out
of the cove
afternoon nap
a visit with angels
how you snore
between fingers
the empty air
of afternoon
beginning of autumn

  cricket silence
  between scraping sounds
  autumn begins

bright blue weather

  the sky
  because it is that old
  that blue
  October's
  bright blue weather
  out to sea
    blue sky
  coming into the tree's shadow
    salt winds
  blue autumn skies
  folded into mountains
    purple shadow

cold night

  night winds blow
  on the cabin bed
  another quilt

close of autumn

  autumn
  taking a dirt road
  to the end of it
    a summer hike
  in mountain shadows
    finding autumn

clouds

  clouds
  turning off the lights
  outside the house
    mountain stream
  afternoon clouds washed
    out to sea
    shy before the moon
  she too slips behind
    autumn clouds
cold

mountain cold
good to sleep with me
white fish fillet
the sky fills up
with cooler air
after the shower
cool wind in the bathrobe
hangs on a nail
canyon click
nothing on film
like the cold wind

dark rain

in the dark of night
who would have thought
rain was round
dark castle
atop the mountain
rain clouds
one at a time
rain clouds falling
dark into the sea
rainy night
the path home
a black umbrella

drought

the roof
leaves in a drought year
in the rain gutter

dusk

dusk
last light caught
in tears
darkness
the wideness of things
fills the distance
at dusk
voices call out
stars
tangled branches
coming darkness
woven in
a wave breaks white
a gull folds its wing
as the sea darkens
autumn wind
the way it turns things around
at dusk
dusk
the room larger than the persons
filling it
dusk
shaking out the tablecloth
a whir of wings

eclipse
eclipse
white rocks in the garden
bright round

evening
just now
with the incoming tide
supper time
evenings
the long pale waves
come ashore
evening comes
wrapped in sea fog
tied with webs
evening sea fog
descending into sun-dried grass
sweaty lovers
evening ebb tide
the beach widens
into a flat sea
evening glow
dark the sea
shot with color
evening
waves come into the cove
one at a time
dust
so fine the evenings
golden air
evening as it is
the light lays hot
upon our eyelids
evening
corners move into the room
blown by dark
evening
in a secret cove
fog bound
evening wind
colors of the day
blown away
evening winds
the tiny bay filled
up to the cliff
eventide
somber at eventide
faces in sandstone
approaching autumn
equinox
autumn equinox
cool wind comes scented
sun-hot pine needles
autumn equinox
putting porch furniture away
getting it out again
fall equinox sun
coming through cedar box trees
anthology plans
fog
fog moves
as children's hands wave good-bye
Sunday evening
whiteness
fog erasing the landscape
history
sea fog
blowing in the valley
shapes of hills
broken fence
river valley fog patches
the gaping holes
sadness
fog leaving
the sea
fog shrouded
a sky without directions
the unknown way
ocean roar
washing dishes
with fog
gray foggy days
womb warm with light filtered
through a membrane
closing
the notebook
fog
more fog
in the notebook
nothing
alone together
behind us fog closed
the Golden Gate

**hurricane**

the wind's eye
against the glass
a hurricane

**Indian summer**

Indian summer
the cold on my teeth
iced tea
mist

moon spirits
the face of the deep
lightly misted

November spirits
playing in the meadow
wisps of mist

rolling hills
hiding stars
in autumn mists

moon

left and right
the moon bounces over
a mountain road

painted hills
the moon of white
is real

moon
full of blue light
desert cool

into valleys
a moon full
of valleys

headed out to sea
the tide-pulling moon
in the rear view mirror
desert tides
the moon shapes
sand stone

a little higher
another valley fills
with the moon

quivering branch
the moon climbs higher
in the old pine

opening the door
for more firewood
there's the moon
from barren trees
shaking wildly
serene moves the moon
fields flat with fog
the radiance of the moon
fenced with rough slats
moonsky
starlight bends and fades
into a halo
higher from earth
the mountain moon
brightens
radiance expands
the moon blows free
of a rumpled earth
white moon
filling the dry valley
with light
in hot springs
the moon warms itself
between us
gurgling
in mineral waters
the moon bathed
each step
up the mountain
the moon whiter
evening mountains
a line of milky blue
round the moon
a rack of clouds
arranged by the moon
in shapes of white
peeking thru pines
bright eye of the moon
my neighbor
crevices
in the face of rock
the moon
full white moon
the colored earth
rolls around
  rounding
soft old hills
an ancient moon

moonbeams

moonbeams
the tender roots of passion
flowers

moon crescent (three-day moon)

a crescent moon
earth cut off from heaven
  by the fog
  crescent moon
a bowl of brightness
  full of night

moon dark

hollow
in the dark of the moon
  howling
  a dark moon
the cold white rim
  of an enamel pan
close to my moon
Jupiter with all of his
  brightens the night
  face of the moon
in the hot tub
a swirl of bubbles
  moon clouds
cooling the mountain side
  a sunless shape
  spotlight
between rocks
  a bit of moon
  white light
burning up rocks
  moon magic
dark world
only rocks bright
where the moon goes

moving rocks
moon rolls over the mountain
none fall
doorknob
the moon looks down
on its tiny self

rocks
piled before the moon
drop back to earth

moon - full

the full moon
walking the island road
from sea to sea

full moon
ripples reflecting
unseen stars
so full
the moon brightens the room
with poems
all moon
filling the secret cove
with bright water
a full moon
drawing down to the sea
a path of stars
faint with dews
the full moon slides
closer to the sea
full moon
holes in stones
echoes
mountain
giving birth to white light
a round moon
full moon
sculpting sandstone
with light
full moon
letting him in
with the light
full moon
rising over ash mountains
alkali dust clouds
from earth
a light moon rises
tides
moonrise
in the rear-view mirror
sunset
full moon
covering the long dry valley
with light
desert cool
rising to the full moon
desert pool
a full moon
cutting a lock
from the cowlick
cabin alone
the greater moon waits
our return
a full moon
the crazy neighbor's lights
burn all night
closing a slim book
print shrinks in the face
of a full moon
bending the pine tree
with a windy sound
the full moon
filling the river
the complete moon covers
the hole in the bridge
touching her face
fingerprints on the full moon
clouds
a full moon
resting on hoary frost meadows
tundra swans
full moon moves
from poem to poem
through the pine
round moon
rolling from the ridge
grey stones here and there

**moon - harvest**

harvest moon
watching a mouse hole
the ginger cat
turning out the light
renting the room to the moon
for a night

**moon - hazy**

a hazy moon
steam no longer seen
from the hot tub
clear moon
rising from a mountain ridge
darkness on its face
smudged moon
marked by mountain fires
soot and smoke

**moon - hunters**

a hunter's moon
the o's of howling dogs
ring in the mists

**moon - late**

late rising
the lop-sided moon
half the night

night
without poems
then comes the moon
late moon
in the poor part of town
second-hand light
the tiny dawn
pine mountain releases
the late moon
ripe huckleberries
the moon comes up
streaked with purple
late moon
shivering before mountains
cold knees
a falling star
the nearly round moon
still not full

moonlight

clear night
moonlight coats
feathers
brushing moonlight
across night skies
wispy clouds
moonlight
on the way to dawn
vivid dreams
green water
curls into white foam
moonlight
pale violet sheets
in silver moonlight
native hills
moonlight
in the high desert
a river
moonlight
faces in the sandstone cove
laughing
one half a cup
of low-fat cottage cheese
in the moonlight
a window slants
from a rough stone fireplace
a square of moonlight
dancing around
in the moonlight
outstretched hands
nothing moves
moonlight touching wind
chimes
containing
a dish of moonlight
ritual salt
moonlight radiance
behind clusters of dark pine
white clouds
beach sand
wet with moonlight
ebb tide
moonlight
following raccoons
across the porch
alone
how cold the moonlight
on my bed
sitting in moonlight
the empty chair full
of radiance
in my bed
a spot of moonlight
the empty pillow
out to cool
on the porch cakes frosted
with moonlight
promontory
holding up moonlight
crevices of sea caves
moonlight
clothes from the dryer
fresh and clean
moonlight
slipping from her breasts
the white blanket
covered with moonlight
the face of the mountain
my wrinkles
a rock fantasy
shaped by moonlight
fears
moonlight highway
yellow crossing yellow
line of pee
mountain road
winding road
with a yellow line
mountain road
the glow in the moonlight
a night snake
moonlight
reflected from rocks
into haiku
a little higher
another valley fills
with moonlight
autumn leaves
arranging on the earth
silver moonlight
glacier-scarred rock
centuries of moonlight
echo
moonlight
in canyon echoes
stars
moonlight
your image on the mountain
echoes forever
eastern peaks
withholding moonlight
echo your voice
moonlight
in the mountain river
stars echo
moonlight
shaped by leaves of gold
silver
mountains
holding up the moonlight
the highest peak
two headlights
four white eyes
of moonlight
moonlight
broken to bits
by fallen leaves
draping moonlight
over your image
a leafless tree
rolling to the crest
moonlight touches each
tree black
autumn
leaves on the earth
silver moonlight
a black stove
warming a square
of moonlight

moon new

round rocks
the new moon rises
old
water striders
on a pale pond
moons
cactus spines
above the desert
a slender moon

moon - quarter

incoming tide
curves of spindrift flung high
a quarter moon
sewing by hand
slowly it comes together
the half-round moon

quarter moon
on the night table
a book face up

quarter moon
such a face of darkness
yet you go to him

my longing
voices ask the moon
for news of him

awake
waiting for the moon
him

waiting for moonrise
the scribbled haiku
illegible

washing dishes
that half of the moon
makes them shine

mountain winds
half the moon
blown away

reflecting
on the quarter moon
broken granite

alone in the hot tub
the quarter moon seems
only half there

moon rise

rising
above lava mountains
the cratered moon

sparks
above the rising moon
a plane lands

fire my companion
too faithful to go outside
see the cold moon rise
a rising moon
her scoop-necked blouse
moves with her breath
unable to hold back
moonrise
the cry of pleasure
over mountains
the moon rises roughly
scarred
moon rise
winds from those barren rocks
moving black pines
scratching his back
from crooked pines
rises the moon
pine needles
radiating light from dark limbs
moon rise
moon rise
waiting in darkness
all of us trees

moon rainbows

salty sea fogs
on closed meadow flowers
moon rainbows
mountain pass
night's bright rainbow
a haloed moon
full moon
in a veil of clouds
round rainbows

moon shadow

moon shadows
writing letters deep
into the night
in my moon shadow
the neighbor's gray cat
warms itself
moon shadows
when the wispy clouds
blow free
moon shadow
curving into darkness
fear
moon shadows
writing in a journal
daydreams

**moon - sinking**

darkness
sinking into the sea
craters of the moon
stars scattered
a few fishing boats gather
by the sinking moon
showers pass
on each dark stone
a tiny round moon
moon set
now it's right - how it fits
Half Moon Bay
full the moon
setting into the sea
earth fragrance
midnight
the full moon shines
a bit flat
going out to sea
the moon fills spaces
with my eyes
growing bright
a fog bank at sea
melts the moon
night cooler now
the moon has slipped
into the sea
guiding the moon
into the sea
boat lights
pulling its path
down into the sea
the sinking moon
a brightness
smudging the night
the moon is gone
easing the moon
into gentle seas
your snoring
among starfish
the changing moon sinks
into the sea
moonset at dawn
the sea floor dark
and without water
cold moon
slipping into the sea
the octopus' eye
damp and dim
half the moon
in the water
scattering bright stars
the spent moon sinks
into the sea
bending down
sea clouds slip free
once more the moon
drawn to the porch
by the gold of the moon
sinking into the sea
a huge white wave
the foam becomes
the sinking moon
the moon has set
a cold smell
in the fireplace
shivering
the moon sinks
into cold seas
moon set
a glass of milk
to stay awake

moon snow
Grand Canyon
cold to the rim
moon snow

moon valleys
moon valleys
shimmering in the shadows
beads of light

moon waning
waning
the moon comes north
enters my window
ebb tide
the moon and anemone
no longer round

moon waxing
down the highway
the waxing moon comes
to Half Moon Bay

moon winds
rising
out of the weight of mountains
moon and cool breeze
flying by
the wind-swept moon
bent pines
spinning
out of the mountain's darkness
white moon winds
moon wind
the full radiance sails
from the rippled ridge
pine-needle clusters
redrawing the moon
each gust of wind
morning

autumn morning
a torn shoulder muscle
wakes first
eastern peaks
autumn stains the morning sky
red and gold
first cold dawn
using my old straw hat
to start the fire

morning dew

morning dews
coming out a cedar house
the whole forest

night

autumn nights
filling the wind
with other things
    night
    rocks soften
disappear
darkness
light's last rays lose
    a name
daylight goes
yet we shall stay here
where the stars are
    world thick
    slat cabin walls
on dark nights
    nights
light broken into stars
    neighbor's lights
shore-line nights
by waves of darkness
    the air shaped

sea

river bends
into the summer sun
    autumn's ocean
late afternoon
giant boulders dry
letting the tide ebb
a line of sea foam
the ocean hesitates
and then recedes
  low tide
  alone on the beach
  autumn
  a door slams
  out in the bay
  a wave collapses

sea fog

  low clouds
  pressing the sea
    flat
  autumn sea fog
  coming the same way
    sadness

shorter days

  shorter days
  the clothesline doesn't reach
    the sun

skies

  a gust of wind
  earth tosses up a sky
    of fallen leaves

starry night

  I'm not old
  all night my eyes have held
    ancient stars
  a starry night
  somewhere a windmill creaks
    as the earth turns
    so loud
  the noise of stars one can't hear
    the wind
evening star
under the dark wings
of gulls

storm

autumn storms
shaking moonlight
from leaves
thunder
neighbor with a leaky roof
nails faster
before the storm
sunset clouds too
all mixed up
full storm fury
the quarter moon beams down
just quiet
such a storm!
on the roof are falling
all the stars
sea-storm clouds
bodies by Michaelangelo
ring the horizon
out of storm
heavy clouds letting down
night
moon halo
keep us safe
from tomorrow's storm
talk of war
unpredicted a storm
blows in

sunset

sun setting
in beach sand
blue pits
with the sun ball gone
gold pours the horizon wide
sky to sea
sunset
sky and sea dyed golden
from a smallish ball

sea sky line
drawing the sun down
distorted
for tired eyes
after sunset gentle colors
releasing the light
evening sun
in that place tomorrow
I won't be

sunset
moonset leaving alone
low tide
summit peaks
scraping a sulfur match
at sunset

sunset
lighting a blaze
in a dark fireplace
stumbling
the sky at dusk
a bruise

sunset
painting wet sand
purple
wide horizons
spreading the colors
of a long-gone star

munching gingersnaps
desert mountains swallow
the evening sun

sunset
lighting a fire
in cedar logs

sunset rays
stringing masts together
the city skyline
sunset
warming each incoming wave
a secret cove
sunset
the cresting wave
catches fire
beyond the mountain
the setting sun
other friends
ocean coast
bending into a bay
sunset rays
coming ashore
each wave brings gold
from the setting sun
sun setting
into broken clouds
shore lights
scattered pastels
the sun sets its colors
here and there
evening sun
blown by sea wind
into an island
the burned place
in the sky
at sunset
horizons
the full moon at sunset
circling
tops of thunderclouds
sharing with us mortals
last rays of the sun
the sun sank
into a bar of clouds
missing the sea
sundown
the unheated ocean
ice blue
light on the sea
from a sunken island
sunset
sunset on a wall
through uneven stones
starlight

twilight

twilight
purple mountains sink
into purple sky

waiting for the moon

sun-warmed
the smell of earth
hides the moon
rolling downhill
moon watchers hike
up the mountain
in the dark
two trees on the ridge
found by the moon
waiting for moonrise
the page darkens
with poems
curved light
carved out of the hill
moonrise

Venus

hand hidden
in the soul given to others
her Venus pulse

wind

shooting arrows
autumn winds shred
the straw target
wind
measuring time
in her breast
autumn winds
the smell of a fingernail
torn loose
mountains
rocked to sleep
by gusty winds

autumn wind
a river from the evening star
into the sea

wind
on a starless night
the way home

night winds
binding the house
with darkness

white dew

white dew
from cinder clouds
moon clouds

white dew
rising from cinder peaks
morning clouds

white dew
finding places everywhere
I can't sleep

AUTUMN Terrestrial

ashes

cinders
forgotten
thoughts
lava hills
ashes sparsely covered
with ghost weeds
lava pumice
the part-time cook
recognizes something
canyons

canyon walls
curved enough for clouds'
shadows to climb
desolate canyon
with only one note
a bird calls
desolate canyon
the apple rotten
at the core
canyon rim rocks
dwarf pines cling
with every root
canyon rim
something in me flies
over precipices
canyon rim walls
the sound of zippers
going up down jackets
canyon silence
skims the wind
a roar at the rim
music box canyon
wind in the dry river
like water running
canyon ledges
stones return the music
to wind

cemetery

cemetery wind
sounds in the shells
of one's ears
all of their possession
side by side
cemetery plots
out of the cemetery
the first laugh
a cold wind
thunder
knees on graveyard earth
tremble
their eyes closed
to a million dollar view
a seaside cemetery
crossroads cemetery
the old man asks
the way home
buried here
autumn woods are full
of ancestors
riverside cemetery
late in autumn
chilled waters still
leaving the cemetery
sunrise
on frost-cracked soil
burial ground
naked trees veil
the sunrise
walking the land
that has taken my parents
their years
wheels of the hearse
packing the powdery snow
into useless patterns

dust devils
swirling white clouds
on the desert floor
dust devils
neighbors
on the road in litigation
dust devils

craters

crater winds
blowing back in
a thousand years
crater
where the earth exploded
a couple argue

graves

photographing
the graves
without film

church bells
a spade cuts through
stony ground

open grave
frosted air penetrates
deep into earth

tending the graves
the dirt under my nails
is just a beginning

cchildless
standing beside a mother
at a child's grave

out of the grave
the sinking casket
pushes the light

a frosty night
gravestones rise
the width of a crack

hole in the silence
grave diggers alone
lower the coffin

between the graves
fences between friends
falling apart

visiting graves
the stone at dusk
warms

visiting graves
stone gardens lengthen
autumn's cool

his grave
filled with
his earth
his grave
covered with
my sky
rain
covering his grave
with low clouds
juicy blackberries
under the tangled vines
a forgotten grave
after visiting graves
a night of fever-chills
their nightmares
late afternoon
afraid to take nap
while visiting graves

gravestones

last daughter
selling his house
setting a stone
"gone but not forgotten"
the white obelisk
in a patch of weeds
forgetting where
the family stone
sinks in
tombstones
marking those things
that don't die

deserted beach
deserted beach
alone with the waves
of Septemberries
October beach
in all the footprints
the tread of shoes

harvested fields

autumn blooms
soft white cotton balls
a harvest field
brown harvest field
the balls of white cotton
polka dots

hills

maple hills
stain the evening sky
autumn
barren hills
yet patches of purple
shadow

home

steps to the cabin
where you once lived
low in broken grass

selling the house
the scratch of a pen
in the family name

a chain of old keys
in a closed house
unlocking memories

the deed signed
taking down the birdhouse
dad built

bodies buried
and now the house belongs
to someone else

village lights
stretch down the road
draw us home

the afternoon sun
slants over a hand-made house
paints it September

selling the house
one last swim in the lake
the water's calm

flying home
at 35,000 feet my folks
are not here either
nights the dripping roof
walks alone around the house
on one leg

hot springs

hot springs
cool in the river
a jasper stone
desert storm
at the resort
hot springs
mineral baths
at night the many colors
in dreams
Death Valley
the underground river
a healing spring
moonlight
around the hot springs
dried salt
in healing waters
stars
old bodies
soul bathing
in hot springs
desert stars
Ley lines
lines
drawn into the earth

other times

earth lines
converging
flute tones
walking
the line within
the mountain

meadow

a moonlit meadow
all the nun are dressed up
as clowns
a moonlit meadow
chanding women give a voice
to dark ages
sea meadow ridge
the broken fence moves
when the cows come home

**moor**

heather moors
rolled r's of wind
between the boulders
patchwork quilt
the rumpled beds
of heather
clouds of fog
hovering over stems
white heather
voices winding
through the heather moor
patterned paths

**mountains**

Death Valley
in a bluish haze
spectral mountains
mountain peaks
folding in prayer
for centuries
desert basin
mountains washed
down flat
light
leaving in the mountains
a distance
salt patterns
mountain shapes
blue twilight
even mountains
gentle easing into earth
Death Valley
alkali clouds
over lava mountains
moonrise
wind mountain
inverted in the crater
invisible
movement of a bush
an animal the wind
of mountains moving
white clouds
bury the mountains
in deepest black
mountains between us
holding back the dawn
hours of my longing
mountain caves
wind carving empty
eye sockets

**ritual ground**

bodies
on Indian ritual ground
wrecked cars
where Indians died
the carcasses of ponies
of old cars
Indian rocks
the night hawk's spirit
with a whir of wings

**ridges**

pages torn
from a sketchbook
far mountain ridges

**river**

autumn river
covering my feet wet
with golden leaves
quiet eddy pools
swirl at ankles in autumn
the ancient dead
in this light
flowing through the ages
desert river
fall
rocks tumble down
a dry river bed
white water
well-washed river
spirits
white ghost waves
rocky river ripples
roll upstream
wind rushing
into the valley
rockwater
the top of the rock
in the bottom of the pool
another stone
winding river road
the giant forest
approaches night

seas

atop the mountain
mammoth rocks stare down
a smooth gray sea
bright sun
on the long waves of autumn
end of a day
night
the horizon sinks into the blue
water

stones

stones
in the desert landscape
my bones
ascending alone
the threshold to heaven
barren rock
dry riverbed
in one of its rocks
dreamless sleep
monoliths
shaping the moonlight
granite
moon bright
where a rock fell away
shining

streets

strangers
on the city side walks
one has his laugh
lamplight
straightening the street
of narrow houses

temples

approaching the temple
grasses rub the body
of a snake
logging road
cut trees that never come
to the temple
before the temple
lizards turn
the grass brown
climbing temple hill
leg muscles tighten
in our throats
breathless
atop the steep hill
temple pagoda
breathless
climbing to the pagoda
wind
sea winds blow
from temple copper domes
holy sunshine
Tibetan temple
the high-pitched hum
of an air plane
to our round eyes
temple splendors
a locked gate
temple secrets
held together
a chain link fence
temple fence
red and yellow prayer flags
poison ivy
holy smells
free in the air
between fences
temple dump
finding something
we could see
Sunday
morning light from high rocks
temples
curving
the sky dome
temple roof
making temples
a full moon
on ash mountains

timberline
timberline
granite rocks outgrowing
the trees

waterfall
red rock waterfall
into emerald pools
cedar incense
water blackened rocks
falling with the waterfall
some of them
chipped rock
the shape of water
falling
white rim
on black rock light falling
with the water

woods

old forest
on bare paths
moths

valleys

night shadows
the valley floor rises
into the sky
tired
valley slopes
sag
the earth turns
in the valley
a river bends
Death Valley
saving light at dusk
salt
Death Valley
open blue skies
clouded

vineyards

pale fog
yellow vineyards over
champagne cellars
wine-tasting
at the family-run vineyard
a cat too
AUTUMN Livelihood

canning
cloud jeweled day
blackberry jam
on the windowsill
huckleberry jam
all the tiredness
up in jars

cooking
old maid's tea
pouring boiling water
on unopened flowers
soup bubbles
the past lives of vegetables
throbbling with heat
pepper shaker
in gathering darkness
a sharp sound
dinner over
the knife is clean and
the cup is empty
autumn rain
walking about in stocking feet
tasting the soup

clothing
old buttons
threaded on strings
lips closed
a blue coat
the length and width
of a shadow
his old jeans
pockets torn to flaps
in full possession
early autumn day
just right for throwing away
old tennis shoes
cremation

her ashes
forgetting
the bad times

cutting wood

morning trees
feeling the woodcutters
coming to work
chain saw stilled
the sound of the ocean
comes into view
old forest
cutting across the road
chain saws
clear cut
a sign on the stump
no trespassing
the mountain path
being drawn through the woods
a sound of saws
chopped kindling
the axe head warms
scarlet weather
silence
above a chain saw
a tree bends
going bald
the logger
the mountain
years going out
the rings of a tree
just cut down
puff of exhaust
our earth's lungs
hauled to the mill
farts
the logging truck
shifts down
drinking

driftwood
women at the bar
bleached and scarred
singing low
sea-white fog disappears
into bar lights
life on the river
muddy water saloon
mountain still
drinking
in water the colors
of painted canyon
dying
easing
into death
into earth
angel wings
the skeleton's feet
arranged in bones
edge of the cliff
the old couple discuss
going home
my parents
their breath gone
yet the wind blows
last sip
bitter taste of earth
in the water
death rattle
the bookmark in his Bible
does not move
fire starting
morning sun
the basket of fire-starting
twigs white with frost
firing clay

sunset's glow
the heat in clay pots
being fired

harvest

gathering chestnuts
in the fall
a crack
returning year after year
to this one place
chestnuts and harvesters
chestnut burrs
open and defenseless
after harvest

hunting

a hunting dog
turning the stones
into quail
pulled taut
his long eyelashes
at the bow
a man with a gun
goes alone into the forest
of armless hunters

Indians

almost there
searching the dust
for moccasin tracks
no one home
the Indian village
of house trailers

lace curtains

home from the dentist
he brushes his teeth
by a lace curtain
wearing the lace
behind thin clouds
the moon
lamps

- a kerosene lamp
- filling the pitcher
- with sunflowers

making home movies

- long dead
- he laughs and speaks jerkily
- super eight home movie

moon-viewing

- watching the moon
- grandma goes to sleep
- with her glasses on

mushroom gathering

- carrying umbrellas
- strangers in the woods
- hunt mushrooms

music

- autumn sun
- in a far cabin corner
- a dulcimer
- putting the dulcimer away
- the last note lingers
- drops to the floor

raking/burning leaves

- gusts of wind
- raking leaves in a pile
- without hands
- autumn's dusk
- the smell of burning leaves
- brings tears to my eyes

rummage sales

- rummage sale
- at the Lutheran church
- a rosary

scarecrow

- leaning scarecrow
- real estate dealers also
- are not upright
new owners
the familiar scarecrow
left his post

writing home

autumn evening
adding a long postscript
to mom's letter

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AUTUMN Animals

bats

dim stars
in the same sky
bats hiding
hidden in one palm
hundreds of bats
at the oasis
last light of day
into the clearing curves
the first bat
dipped in dark
bats streak
twilight skies

blackbird - red winged

flying with him
red spots on the shoulders
of the black bird

cat - old

an old yellow cat
paws tucked under her chest
waiting for a mouse-moon

cicada

the cicada's cry
leaves in the maples
brittle gold
cicadas
as if they'd won
a poetry contest
red-eyed cicada
wet from molting
softer than their cry

cormorant
beached boat
each rib extended
by a cormorant

cows coming home
setting sun
blocked out by cows
following it home

coyote
cracked stones
a coyote's howl
widens the gap
Joshua trees
ragged in night skies
a coyote's cry
light
in the coyote's eye
playing tricks

cranes/storks come
cold wind ruffles
breast feathers of a gray bird
rumors of war

cricket
lightning flash
into the sound of rain
a cricket shrills
nights
where you touched me
a cricket chirps
parental home
several crickets
keeping house
slower pulse
of an autumn evening
crickets
the candle dims
a creaking door cricket
changes form

crow

a crow's wing tips
sweeps from the clouds
dark rain drops
crow wings
roughened by wind
ridged by a cliff
crows landing
autumn descends early
in a valley town
two crows
chasing each other
twilight
ebb tides
a flock of crows pulled
from sea caves
crow in rocks
a crack of black quartz
holds a nest
a light rain
not falling in places
the crow flies
Death Valley
the crow stands beside
his shadow
hard black white
sun on the crow's wing
before darkening trees
crow cawing

a crow cawing
so he too has swallowed
a fish bone
translating
Japanese into English
crows
a calling of crows
crisscrossing the air
dark streaks flap
deer

a bending of leaves
as a deer in passing
a sound
steepening the hillside
deer nibble wild flowers
above the autumn sea
deer hunters
soft brown eyes
reflecting blue
in velvet
the deer with his look
of questions
deer hunters
guns leaning against the sky
blue eyes
dead grass
deer bones
exposed
from the cabin
smells of supper cooking
a deer nibbles grass
frost and moonlight
separated
a dark deer shape
becoming
hillside bushes
deer
bronze bracken
the downed deer
not found
a boy watching
a deer dying
turns with a jerk
a stag's cry
a human voice
echoes in me
lovesick
one wild deer
in me
calling
the cry of deer
human desire
also in meditation
to the river bank deer
come down to drink
moonlight
making in her snowy belly
wild-doe milk
evening wind roars
still the nearby stag
hears my uneven breath

dragonflies

trudging up the path
where the hill is the steepest
a dragonfly
bridging worlds
the grass stalk bent
by the dragonfly
dragonflies
giving to their wings
afternoon skies

insects' cry

lantern light
voices in the grass
ring my shadow
at our farewell
insects chirp in the grasses
our lips dry

jackal

a jackal howls
a black mountain opens
moon light doors
monarch butterflies

- sun in darkness
- monarch butterflies
- orange and black

migrating fowl

- flight of a bird
- unmarked
- a feather falls
- high in autumn
- a dark bird struggles
- against the wind
- pelicans gathered
- ready to journey south
- my bag is packed
- migrating ducks
- changing colors of the lake
- to autumn
- desert lake
- roosting place
- for water chickens
- floating on the lake
- the human voices
- of ducks
- dusk
- horizon drawn by a line
- of ducks

owl

- an owl hoots
- the autumn wind blowing
- through the o's
- flying
- in a dream an owl
- leaves a cry
- the moon rises
- day fades into the sound
- of owl feathers

peasant

- dark trees
- as a pheasant's call
- night fall
liberated
the peasant hen
leaves the cock

**quail**

picking grass seeds
how lightly quail go
over the land
the female quail
only there
when she moves
quail crossing
hill to hill
a shaft of sunlight
rolling
a flock of quail
on the run
eating the quail
that ate the peas
planted for winter
shadows moving
the forest floor turns
to quail
a mother quail
followed by her fifteen
separate shadows

**raccoon**

stolen plums
rounding out the tummies
of raccoon
aware
raccoons on the porch
in my sleep
a dream of bears
raccoon on the porch
peek in the window

**red dragonfly**

red upon red
dragonflies chasing
autumn
**salmon**

smoked salmon  
a harvest moon rises  
in autumn haze  
smoked salmon  
evening sky invites  
the neighbors in

**scorpion**

middle of the night  
where scorpions creep  
in cracks  
knitting needles  
the clack of scorpions mating  
a piece of night  
breaks off to strike  
a scorpion  
lightning strikes  
at the door a scorpion tries to get in  
unable to work  
the scorpion and I stare at each other  
on his back  
the scorpion's mate dead  
wood on wood  
the dry scrap of scorpions crawling between

**shadflies**

the many feet  
myriads of beach flies  
a caressing wind  
high tide  
backs against the cliff  
shadflies  
newborn  
flies on the beach  
dark damp sand
spirit birds

following
a vein of quartz the eye
of a spirit hawk

squirrel

up the tree
the squirrel stops at the sign
"vote for supervisor ..."

a gray squirrel
tire tracks
in his wet fur

termite

termite tunnel
curved by a cypress
long in the wind
rising from roots
winged termites
rusty as redwoods

turkey

wild turkey's cry
in the cabin at dusk
a door closes
undulating
backs of wild turkeys
blown sea oats

vulture

vulture feather
white downy fluff
at the shaft
nude sun worshipper
the vultures circle
the old woman
a band of sunlight
on the vulture's wing
a feather missing
tangled branches
vulture shadows
on the darkening
last light
out of the cove
a dark bird

AUTUMN Plants

acorns

oak grove picnic
slow sound of our chewing
acorns falling
jokes in an oak grove
as acorns fall down
over our laughing

apples

dad on high
dropping from his trees
apples for lunch
southern sunset
filling the apple bin
a deeper red
applesauce
the cinnamon glow
of a kerosene lamp
windfall apples
palaces for worms
American pie
dad gone two years
still he cares
with apples/pears
baskets in a row
overflowing with apples
on one a sweater
straight falling rain
tiny lakes upon the tree
stem hollows of apples
asters

broken by the storm
the asters' fragrance rises
out of damp earth

bare bushes

amid bare bushes
the flash of a woman's flanks
squatting to pee

bare trees

darkness
winding the river road
bare trees
roots in the sky
the bare tree turns
an upside down day
abandoned orchard
bare branches
full of apples
hidden all summer
among the oak branches
my neighbor's house
autumn storm
the neighbor closer
by a bare tree
from the wind
the flute lesson
of a bare tree
a frosty night
in all the trees
such a letting go

autumn
the bloodless wounds
of farewell and leaves

touching a tree
in palm the sound
of its bark

berries

picking berries
the brown bear
of a neighbor
brown bracken
  autumn sun
  lying in brown bracken
  both of us
  mountain spring
  a fall of fern
  in autumn
  leaving new friends
  to return home among
  dried sword ferns

buckeyes
  higher education
  from the school yard
  these two buckeyes

burrs
  an old friend
  chinquapin burrs open
  on smooth fruits

cactus
  cactus patch
  enlightenment comes with
  getting the point
  at the point
  of enlightenment
  holy cross cholla

chestnuts
  chestnuts we gathered
  as they warm the memories
  of Italian sunshine
  meeting an old friend
  chestnut burrs pressed
  in our folded hands

chrysanthemum
  falling down
  the mums not picked
  because you are gone
  autumn rain
  above the dialysis machine
  a withered mum
frost-tipped mums
gathered in withered arms
with black sleeves
all in black
she stoops to save
frost-tipped mums
chrysanthemums
with them in the room
I cannot close my eyes

cotton fields
fall fashions
the tweedy patterns
in cotton fields

cottonwoods
canyon crevice
out of red rock water flows
into a golden tree
cottonwood
in the leafless limbs
starlings
autumn evenings
cottonwood trees
seem too cool
cottonwood trees
the dry sound of rain
along the river
at the oasis
wearing the coolness
of willow and cottonwood
late rains
high in a river tree
autumn gold leaves
river of gold
sunning with cottonwoods
Virgin River

corn
harvest moon
a bulging corn crib
releases it
**dried weeds**

small weeds
finding shadows
for the night

autumn
down the length
of tall grass
dried weeds
a nameless spider
loses his shadow

wild squaw grass
wind twining the slenderness
with shafts of sunlight

withered grass
a crow stretches his eye
over hanging heads

ridge top
burnished grasses
the monk's pate

**driftwood**

"Dear Mom"
her letter on a driftwood stick
washed out to sea

the way! the ocean
arranges driftwood logs
on a deserted beach

driftwood
bright with burning
stars

Sunday visitors
admiring sculptured driftwood
in the town square

high tide
the secret script of driftwood
writing itself

driftwood
silver sea mists
petrified
on the island
no one goes to
driftwood

fallen leaves

falling
down all sides of the mountain
leaves
nude in the river
a dirty old leaf
touches my thigh
very drunk
bright leaves
fall into a heap
a gust of wind
tossed back into the sky
fallen leaves
in frozen mud
the imprint of a long leaf
lying somewhere else
on the ground
leaves from one tall tree
three inches deep
a swimming hole
filled with the cold
of fallen leaves
drawing boats
on each leaf
ribs in water
sound
from the lizard's voiceless throat
dry leaves
among fallen leaves
a voice from the neighbor's yard
scrapping cement
autumn
mountain climbers
one leaf falls
garlic
cloves of garlic
arguing voices
braided together

golden leaves
old-timers
finding golden autumn
most lovely
blown leaves
turning the sunlight
from green to gold
riversong
wind blown from autumn trees
a stream of gold
autumn leaves
along with with sunset
a blaze of glory
weeping rock
in autumn dried leaves
gold
low autumn sun
rolling over red rocks
golden trees
late rains
high in a river tree
autumn gold leaves

heather
nearness of hills
undulating in the garden
tufts of heather
patchwork quilt
the rumpled beds
of heather

huckleberry
picking huckleberries
afterwards the lessons
in braille
huckleberries
in her smile
purple teeth
huckleberries
in redwood shadows
round and tart
mountain evening
in a huckleberry sky
the smell of pie

maples

into autumn trees
a rain-wet road winds
sky colors
autumn hills
a mountain of leaves
down from maples
Vermont trip
maples color the back roads
of California
maples
because they are admired most
when their leaves are old
autumn colors
in a redwood grove
one maple afire
stone lantern
dark before the flaming
maple

mushrooms

looking closely
under the mushroom
a desert landscape
woman in the woods
touching mushrooms
touching the base

onions

teary halos
round the moon
onion rings
cutting an onion
all the halos
fall in the soup
pampas grass plumes
sun from the sea
swept up the hills
with pampas grass
pampas grass plumes
the color calls from the west
autumn winds
ribbons of moonlight
glowing out of the earth
pampas grass

pear
salt in a cellar
at seven the mirror frame
a mottled pear
pears
coloring themselves
the days of summer

persimmons
persimmons
their roundness softens
rice stubble
red-breasted birds
among ripe persimmons
hiding from the cold

plums - fallen
fallen plums
at the end of the dog's nose
cold and wet

potato
under dark earth
dusty white potatoes
the moon rises

pumpkins
grins
harvested
pumpkins

redwoods
a redwood falls
the air of heaven
laid low
giant forest
approaching night
in the redwoods
without a step
giant redwoods going
up the mountain
redwood roots
the base thickens
enters the earth
redwoods
her inheritance
with wind in it
running up and down
the tallest redwood
only my eye
volcanic ash
three and a half million years old
saving the redwoods
redwoods cathedral
darkening the apse
a circle of trees
in a tower
redwoods still growing
shelter
among these redwoods
growing old seems
rather honorable

table

sage
evening stretches
over desert gold
purple sage

Cathedral Canyon
under Christ's picture

wild sage
smoke trees

fire red
without its flower
the smoke tree
smoke trees
rising to sound
in high caves

straw

braided rice straw
I find a photo
of your lover

sycamores

in back of the school
yellow leaves of sycamore
an acid burn

tarweeds

tar weeds
along the road
covered with it

unripe fruit

alone
picking green tomatoes
before the frost

sea oats
bent by the north wind
barely ripens

tree leaves fall

strange land
hanging in mid-air I am
as leaves in the larch

leaves caught
in cages of limbs
escape

bent grass
the shape of the apple tree
in brown leaves
before falling
dusty yellow leaves
freshened by rain
leaves fall
the air filled
with church bells

vines

fruitless vines
going out of their way to repair
the broken wicker chair
driftwood
taking root in the river
vines

willow leaves fall

autumn sun
under willows
a yellow leaf

----

WINTER Moods

accepting the finite

still standing
where others lived
abandoned cabin
dusting the dresser
a gown which shared
our passion
dead
the star sailor
home again
as dreams
wood in an iron stove
falls into ash
bubbles and branches
ice moving
the I Ching hexagram
tree roots
bones of the dead
leaving earth
a carved name
smelling of bone marrow
round and white
last days
as thin as her skin
loose on bones
people who die
when the sea is full
a law of foam
silence
between old folks
no longer breathing
tracing the blue
veins on her breast
winter
baby's ancient face
wrinkled and sexless
grandparents
touchstone
the body arching the abyss
dead
antique
mirroring on TV
gone with the wind

boredom
bored by winter
wild surf waters knot
sea grass
bored with winter
a beach walk finds
abandoned toys
another rainy day
cleaning out of the toaster
crumbs
silence
around the old couple
all their repeated words
silence
faces at the party
in a mirror

blocked

after hours of conflict
white waves no longer mount
the black rock
blank book
eyes filled with
waves and wind
cold the room
when the last of the ink
has been written

complaints of being old

without a lamp
the moonlight turns
my hair white
black ink
the many poems dye
my hair white
spilled wine
finger prints on the glass
shaking
young at heart
still the roses fade
on her nightie
a haircut
less white
on this old woman
winter road
a sharp turn
to the nursing home
gaining weight
the world thicker
with snow
winter leaving
another blue vein
on her leg
first snow
I'm not one year older
anymore
gazing at her photograph
the glass reflects
an older face
painted silver
her wrinkles mar
the smooth glass
fifty years
not remembering which
toothbrush is his
aging beauty
truth lies on the mirror
reversed

complaints of the cold

winter so cold
the sun leaves earlier
each day
midnight room
rays of candlelight
star-cold
night cold
surf's surge and boom
in the bathtub
lying in bed
cold beside my sleep
wide awake

delight in company

a new winter friend
up the year's steep sloping
our flow of words

- for Brent Partridge

your poem
the brief language
of footsteps
bird song
under winter quilts
bodies touching
together
your tip glows
as incense burns
seaweed tied in knots
ashore in winter storm
we stick together
necking
the never-ending story
movie forgotten
telephone call
your smile in a space
you've never gone
curved ink
the warmth of your hand
in the letters
charmed
a sunny day in winter
a new you
ice melting
her hand touches
his
a glow
the whole candle
a flame
angels
dreams on your face
my eyes
appearing
me in your dream
you in my...
uplifting
light hearts
magic
this vow
written so deep
in dreams
their eyes
as a priest raises the wine
blood rushes to her cheeks
desire for company

evening alone
only pine mountain
my guest
northeaster storm
yet feelings of longing
dare the cross winds
quilt patterns
the full moon's path
of my desire
deep in winter
no one comes to say
"Look, it's snowing."
desert
silence between us
cold at night
waiting for you
the dull swish
of my raincoat
pines
bowed with snow
my longing
sleeping
your image in dreams
awakens
in my dream
you touch me
awake
it's black
the road that takes
you from me
waiting for guests
the corner of the rug
keeps turning up
something's coming
in winter's high-water marks
a dry rustle
earth frozen dry
leaves behind my wide cape
thus I search for you
wet chalk
it's been such a long time
since you've written
grinding more ink
the only thought that comes
tender as the rain
the chalk of her pelvis
beacons for a child's soul
now draws a line
distant daughter
hearing her coins drop
into a telephone
driftwood hermitage
cold and loneliness
take up the pen
pages filled
yet the stamp carries away
unspoken words
sleeping alone
the cold side
of the bed

desire for spring

wild surf
shaking the sunny beach
our desire for spring
salt crusts
thin skin on a blown beach
this itching
dreams under the tent
of the Burpee seed catalog
winter gardens
eaves dripping
the candle flame
flickers
in the back of my brain
a photo of your eyes
watching my day
blue on the postcard
how far from the sea
we both are
winter days
a heart runs without panting
to the beach

depression

nothing in nature
truly black
my moods

discipline

breathing
underlining sentences
in a book
unknown keys in a box
she takes a vow
- no more love affairs

estrangement

after the argument
the sound of your eyelashes
brushing the pillow
winter cold
the sound of ocean waves
between us in bed
tears not shed
at your leaving
a sinus drip
silence
between your words
anger
silence
after something falls
a coming apart
silence
between words
stories
silence
before the answer
truth
a lover's quarrel
the seamstress tries
to patch things up
fears

asleep
surrounded by things
that don't
hard to believe
the someone touching the roof
is only rain
panic
as rain presses
the window's dark sound
sun on a pine branch
laughing shadow image
a jackeral's face

ghost stories
beyond the fire circle
old/new noises
bear stories
interrupted by the clatter
of a garbage can
precipice
the wind blows stronger
my fear of falling
awakened
by the hours of night
an owl's dream
dreams
turning on the light
staying in the dark
nervous
the whole house shakes
in the wind
three minutes
from here to eternity
a phone call
flickering candle
I'm not the only one
who is scared
moving eyes
objects reproduced
a silence of mirrors
fog fear
things so familiar
they have no shadow
from where come ideas
now when frogs are still
as cold stars
last light
glasses comes alive
to watch out the night

feeling childlike

at the airport
in the town where I was born
sinking into the mud
by a dormant tree
someone is singing
as the scythe rusts

grief for the dead

grief
hours alone lift our feet
from the knowing
alive
the dead go walking
in my feet
mind wandering
dragging a heart-spun net
in heavy seas
a branch
fallen to the roof
downward and sloping
dead
and this morning
he'll never see

helplessness

sea spray climbs sheer cliff
on the beach without legs
a man in a wheelchair
for her window
Persian patterns of a rug
wheelchair spokes
isolation

winter moon
alone it journeys northward
brightens my doorstep
her face
a fold in fabric
smiles
palest butterflies
trapped in paper cages
letters in winter
she saw reflected
in the dampness of his eyes
herself alone
gray painted
the level landscape
life as a photo
a white room
its walls drawing in
the energy patterns
only the candle
reads my poems
wavers in the wind
in my chair
listening to my music
a stranger
silence so profound
it takes the shape
of your inner ear
isolated farms
the white sky of snowdrifts
outlining the cold
fog
closing the brushwood gate
silences ocean waves
leaving a book
blind hands touch
her own smile
window
a filter of snow
winter blind
stairs
where no one speaks
or rises
alone again
with the wind in the pines
somewhere else
gone -
yet the space you left
shines with light
alone
building a fire
for company
alone
in the fire
voices
a strange land
saying I love you
again
the wind dies
the sound in one's own ears
empty

joy of living

enjoying life
for all the dead
the yet unborn
his face aglow
the deaf child
making signs

"Come see the sunset?"
the old woman too busy
for endings

- for Caroline Sutherland

touching me
during the ballet
his left hand

madness

winter madness
parachuting to earth
pale blue creatures dangle
motionless

written in a dream
all three lives
now forgotten
boxlike silence
after the grandparents leave
empty rooms

pain

a chalk drawing
a piece of amber
very near pain
in my ear
hurtful blood sounds
of the sea
your words
the wind rubs the lake
the wrong way

peace

another tranquillizer
the cat begins to purr
more r’s in the room
winter weaves
a pile of pillows
on a hard chair
comforter
buttoned to the bed
a curled-up cat
curving waves
sleep carries away
candlelight
packing
arms of the flannel shirt
holding on to peace
smoothed by seas
a nearly round rock
points homeward
home again
raking in the Zen garden
the oldest pattern
driftwood hermitage
a well-chewed stick
writes in the sand

poor

too poor
for a luxury house
walking a deserted beach
his crooked face
peering into a puddle
for a dropped penny
silence
marked down half-price
the broken squeak toy

release

cloud-covered
a departed soul
sky-blue
wind still
Grandma's afternoon nap
lasts forever
the string cut
in death feet go awry
walking labyrinths

no!
the grave is not the end
we remember too much

remembering

twilight
finding in an old album
dad is still young
opening her closet
secrets alive in the colors
she has worn

snow
pictures of other lands
other lovers
winter colors
passing in sleep
dream zones
measuring
the box once again
inside
underground
the Celtic cauldron
a ringing bell
winter dreams
lingering on long arms
summer warmed
I touch myself
with lacquered nails
as you once did
memories
stored in our muscles
an iron will
without a shadow
on bright days
the hand I know

rejection

mailbox
a frozen puddle overflows
a rejection slip
bedtime story
"I love you." he said
leaving to meet a lover
ebb tide
anger and rejection
sucked out to sea
filled by the sea
the stony places
of hurting
all my anger
singing with the vacuum cleaner
rows of holes
edging the stamp
of your last letter
after our words
on the lace tablecloth
cut flowers
data processing
her letters from New York
in winter

restlessness

gutted candle
if only I too
could sleep

sea wind
searching me for something
someone I once was

desiring freedom
her photos no longer
capture views

misty red daybreak
newly lit fires in the kitchen
wish to be on a train

solitude

sweet cold
incense in a winter room
alone

treasure
in a seashell serene colors
a day alone

a roof of rain
the sound inside
solitude

silence
after you've gone
the widening world

silence
when all alone
a tunnel

a corner
the shape of solitude
chair and book
deaf child
patterns of a Persian rug
echoing
winter
the hours melting
into snowflakes
still awake
on top of the comforter
one feather
long damp beach
winter solstice
at ebb tide
walking in a fog
a solitary person attended
by angels
the shape of wind
writing in dunes
loneliness
alone in the house
the flavor of peppermint
cold on the tongue
a journey begins
the way familiar
to the door
frozen to his feet
the length of a shadow
wanting to sleep
alone in the room
the gaudy television
and me smiling
empty coffee cup
the face looking at me
gone

tight shut
"origami"
she explained folding
up the dollar bills
uselessness

homeless man
tied to his sleeping bag
shoes going nowhere
art store sale
the poet buys erasers
at a discount
an old maid
her favorite dancing dress
yellows the attic
warm-breath wind
words are helpless
on parted lips
since birth unemployed
the rich man
and his navel

weeping

darkness welling up
cold waters of the sea
a sob
songs of sorrow
the harp string breaks
the fall of tears
laughter
after the argument
sounds like sobs
a blue wave
on the crest
an eyelid closed

WINTER Occasions

baking for Christmas
cloves and nutmeg
grandma separated yolks
with one hand
first frost
cutting out cookies
with sugared tops
winter air
warmed in the kitchen
toasted bagels
winter dawn
all the bright stars
in cookie jars

**California Christmas**

Mendocino hills
green for Christmas
new lambs
Mendocino Christmas
on spring-green meadows
red jersey cows
deserted beach
couple in driftwood den
trim a flotsam tree
Mendocino Christmas
among snowy egrets
flakes of pussy willows
Christmas carols
in L.A. the air conditioner
hums along
Christmas Eve
Star of the West
Point Arena Lighthouse
sea side Christmas
shore pines bright with mist
at the lighthouse

**celebrating the solstice**

a solstice moon
13 women around a drum
the old circles us

**Christmas bazaar**

Christmas bazaar
the carefully tied bow
crooked
Christmas bells

Christmas bells
pouring excitement
into the air

Christmas carols

in the old folks' home
practicing Christmas carols
children again
howling sea winds
Christmas carols
sung by the local choir

Christmas Day

Christmas
a sleigh draws homeward
all my thoughts
coming ashore
on Christmas Day
pure white waves
Christmas
in the driest places
desert holly
Christmas day
a waiting at the roots
of pine trees
Christmas dinner
still warm
two crows by roadkill
covered with ice
the picnic table
on Christmas Day

Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve
a life time of habits
not sleeping
Christmas Eve
out of the sea storm
a lighthouse
Christmas Eve
sea rocks unmoved
by the storm
Christmas Eve
out of the dark
hail
Christmas Eve
hail
"Peace on Earth"
Christmas Eve
the batteries left on
all night
Christmas Eve
only star
a foghorn

Christmas lights
holiday ridge
points of candlelight and
stars
Christmas lights
shining in the sun
their unbelief
Christmas lights
in the thick pine forest
a rising moon

Christmas play
Christmas play
afterwards all the stars
on the school bus

Christmas shopping
Christmas gifts
what to buy
for someone dying

Christmas tree
cash crop
Jesuit priests peddle
Christmas trees
Christmas tree out
cleaning the room
for spring
in the corner
where the Christmas tree gloried
crooked chair shadows

sending/receiving cards

Christmas day
near-by a squirrel poses
on a greeting card
snow falling
the long awaited letter
on its way
letters written
with a thick nubbed pen
storm trees

trimming the tree

Christmas ornaments
bought that year
we didn't come home
Christmas ornaments
last year's dust
wrapped in tissue

Valentine's Day

unwrapping
Valentine gifts
naked
brand new
Valentine's gift
herpes

married in the cold month
sea foam freezes
on the rocks

white Christmas

my white Christmas
only under the branches
of the snowberry bush
Winter Solstice

winter solstice
the white night alone
with rolling surf
winter solstice
the sun in the south
with old folks
south sun
December's horizon
rolled in fog
winter solstice
the sun at its own
birthday party
for winter solstice
bumpy as an orange
moonset
winter solstice
warmth of friends
return the sun
winter solstice
greeting like souls
the sun returns
winter solstice
a white eve alone
with a wild surf
heavy clouds
winter solstice brightens
lightning
after the solstice
cleaning the house
trimming wicks
winter solstice
finding a new point
for acupressure
winter solstice
so low in the trees its return
just stays
wrapping gifts

Christmas gifts
wrapped in white tissue
mist-covered mountains

wrapping gifts
a whale swims by
covered with barnacles

WINTER Celestial

air

frost sharp air
cut into pieces by sunshine
sparkling on snow

winter air
thick as the branches
bare

beginning of winter

winter begins
leaving for me alone
autumn

giving away
autumn kittens
winter begins

clouds

gathering clouds
heavy and dark with holding
unfallen flakes

low clouds
pressing out of the sea
huge waves

purple lava peaks
rain clouds hovering over
desert sunset
purple peaks
with fire-rimmed steam
sunset clouds
winter clouds
summer dreams
turning to ice
  night light
thin cloud cover guides me
  across the room
dark on the sea
a rain cloud brushes
the tops of waves
  cloud dark
joined to sea dark
  by falling rain
  roaring down the beach
at the height of winter waves
  mist clouds

cold

  a curtain pulled back
by a south wind
  cold
  smooth snow
deepér than garden stones
  the cold
  beach cold
twisting driftwood
  into a windbreak
  beach cold
freezing a driftwood
  windbreak
winter waves
  rolling into sun-warmed sand
  driftwood
  waves
rolling into frosted sand
  winter
  winter cold
finding on the beach
  an open knife
cosmos

empty hands
our holes
in the cosmos
bell-tone circles
as path to meditation
across galaxies

dawn

winter dawn
sounds of blowing snow
sleeping birds
sea dawn
the journey of snowflakes
to a parking lot
clouds resting
on top of snowdrifts
winter dawn
daybreak
glass shatters
the dream
just at daybreak
a drift of snow balanced
on each branch
winter dawn comes
the sound of blowing snow
sleeping birds
falling out
at the crack of dawn
snowflakes
between mountains
and heavy snow clouds
daybreak
frozen sun
dawn's clouds
faint with pink

day in winter

the skin of our teeth
as thick as a life
a winter day
daybreak

daylight
light drifting down
in snowflakes

days - shorter

snow by candlelight
brightens the turn
to shorter days

for tall folks
the hours of light
shortened

departing year

slow rains
as if leaves were falling
at winter's end

first light

first light
nudging frozen clouds
snow flakes
star gazing
all the familiar things
in morning's light

milky dawn
the world without color
takes form

spots of blue
varying the light to fit
tracks in the snow

morning light
a couple on the cliff
as spirits of a new day

just now
the moon set
and you sleep

fog

timeless
in the fog
someone walking
foggy night
farmlights of a lonely coast
separate
wrapped in fog
colors of the coast
quiet
fog
edge of the cliff
edge of the world
ocean fog
in the broken sign
"open"
fog
the days go by
without hours
evening fog
in town with dampened
spirits
mist
broken from night waves
sleep
asleep
fog extends
the morning
foggy morning
coming in the door
weak sunlight
thick swirling fog
not seeing anything
just a wing shape
new flannel gown
wrapped for the night
in thick sea fog
fog
river mouth
bridged
worldly view
obscured by sea fog
angel wings
fingers
into valleys
sea fog
warming
thick fog
a fire
out of fog
fog colors
in waves
into the cove
fog pours
more secrets
cutting out the world
sounds of the sea
fog
erasing the land
the ocean sends a blanket
of fog
neighbors
leaving as
fog

frost

frost
dropping a basket
with 12 eggs
lace edges
the fallen leaf
white with frost
granite patterns
fallen to leaves
frosted rust
flowers blooming
on dry sand and pond
frost

ice

water over ice
floating among clotted leaves
a face expiring
surf sounds
covering the winter porch
a shell of ice
clouds
still in the mountain brook
ice

hail

before they melt
hailstones hiding themselves
in the gravel path
spindrift
falling on the hills
hail
veiled moon
fragments loosen
hail
silence
after the hailstorm
cold

moon

jingling coins
deep in his pocket
the moon slides behind clouds
cold
the winter moon with you
at the window
full-moon sky
cold high winds blow
from a bright hole
waning moon watches
a pie put out to cool
eaten away
dark night winds
blowing over the seas
the moon sinks in
the full moon
slips into its silver path
sea sleep
melting into the sea
the full moon
leaves a candle bright
plunging right in
the moon and I
cold night seas
time
on a moonless night
a dog barking
released
from snow-capped peaks
a full moon
cold winds
rounding snow-capped peaks
a full moon
from the full moon
cold summit winds
snow-clad
touching eyes
the whiteness of snow
a full moon
winter moon
directing the winds
around corners
winter's new moon
the cutting cold
shines tonight
high on a cliff
the quarter moon finds
dark houses
wolf moon
slipping into northern pines
winter

moonlight

winter moonlight
the crystal prism turns
with the tides
surf and sea
white with the sound
of moonlight

morning

mornings
the winter moon leaves
a frosted path

night
cold night
I feed brownies
to aching bones
knocking
cold comes in unasked
the night house
winter nights
enough warmth
to answer letters
night
breaking waves
rocks
silence
in a dark night
an ill-made shape
night the animal
that keeps death in a little space
prowls to the left
night
overtaking the blackness
of molten rock

night - the longest
longest night
full moon whitens
pure snow

Northern Lights
Northern Lights
a white robed choir sings
to radio static
rain

rattle of rain
across the valley
into my hand
downpour
a basket on the porch
fills with rain
raindrops
inside
heartbeats
after dinner
so full of soup
it begins to rain

sky

to the rocks
the sky falling free
a bluish glow
pale skies
winter comes from afar
a white foam wave

smoke

blind smoke
touching the sky
with one finger
wood smoke
pressed to the porch
by low clouds

snowflakes

life
of a snowflake
falling
Mono Lake
on salt-crystal pillars
snowflakes

snowing

silence
snowing
light
satisfied
with toast and cocoa
it stops snowing
porch light
brilliant with the points
of falling snow
night light
snow falls
on the porch
rain
silent
snow
the clock ticks
back and forth
snowfall
first snow
deep as a fallen leaf
upright
mountain deep
a sky covering with snow
our way home
blue cold snow
warmed by fallen leaves
russet brown
ticking
each hour
snow deepens
early snow
even in the hole is white
overturned outhouse

snow - blowing

the world wobbles
the weight of snow
drifting
\textit{no trespassing}
yet thru the split rail fence
snow goes
to touch stars
her outstretched hand
fills with snowflakes
snowdrifts
flinging moth wings
across the land

snow - melting
melting snow
your tracks leaving
a dampness
melting snow
the white nets hold down
springing grasses
it melts
last light of afternoon
rest of the snow
cap of snow
on the sun-warmed rock
shrinking to fit

snow - new
new-fallen snow
scrapped by wing tips
leaving the earth
new-fallen snow
screams of children
biting cold

snow - predicted
snow predicted
a jar of old buttons
in the top drawer

snow - viewing
giant snowflakes
bring to the window
adult faces

stars
crystals
filling the night window
with stars
glistening cold
the stars bend down
a few flakes
snow taste
the cold fire
of frozen stars
high winds
stars moved about
by swaying tress
cold stars
dropping into the ocean
snowflakes
winter stars
pea soup doesn't taste
without salt
the first stars
a farmhouse
and a buoy
before one star
beams from the lighthouse
search the sky
into the sky
notes from the harp
light stars
earth lines
starpaths light
the fluid landscape
in our blood
bright crystals
star journeys
waves
in and out of the sea
stars

storm

curving the sky
storm clouds arch
into the bay
the winter tempest
visiting the neighbors
how still it is
winter storms
passing the rain rattle
drums on the roof

sea storm
blue black clouds sink
salt-water air

after the snowstorm
new paths to old places
the skies clear
fire on water
reflecting the sun
after a storm

between winter storms
a fisherman come to bring
poems and primroses
after the snowstorm
only wood smoke drifts
into the clearing

snow storm
brings white skies
down to earth
this blizzard
blowing about
one small candle

snow storm
children hanging in a tree
paper flowers
storm winds
in all things that don't die
this quivering
winter storm
tearing the waves white
low-scudding clouds

storm winds
breeze through a cracked window
our nightly breath

storm waves
winter tides wave
to mountain tops
storm clouds
forcing the sun to set
far out to sea
night storm
at sea dark things
move closer
winter storms
wrapping around the house
the ocean's roar
storm sails
cloud evening skies
eyes

sun in winter

winter sun
coming in late
for breakfast
low winter sun
covered with one wave
leaping on the beach
low winter sun
walking the length
of the rock's shadow
mid-winter's day
the sun and moon
combine warmth
mid-winter's sun
breaking the ice
in a rain barrel

sunset

sunset
stumbling over rocks
shadows
sunset
all the shadows
home
sunset
leaving to the wind
bare rocks
sunsets  
blue clouds as land  
into pink seas  
sunset  
all the shadows  
going home  
night's warmth  
sucked into the sea  
a sinking sun  
ocean sunset  
staying by the window  
'till the color sinks

twilight

winter twilight  
gathers in her lap  
white folded hands  
blue desert wind  
pushes the hills' shadow  
the long walk home  
ocean  
twilight as final  
as the last one  
alkali flats  
in the twilight of evening  
snow white

wind

the rain-filled wind  
blowing away the word  
a damp newspaper  
wind  
being massaged  
by wind chimes  
from far at sea  
waves bring without wind  
that sound  
winter wind  
a red flag waves  
to the whiteness
rock music
the beach house shaken
by howling winds
wind
finding dark places in cliffs
for the night
sea winds
not believing in
the silence
wind
from the mouth of something
dark
a blanket of wind
wrapping around the house
ocean cold
sea foam
pulling storm winds
across the beach
night winds
touching crested waves
with frost
wind tears
smoke from the chimney
snow flakes
Aeolian harps
rigged for sailing
snowfields
tundra wind
in an ancient poet's ears
followers' footprints
snow
lighting the way
of the wind
across the sea
wind blows to me
stranger's snow
riding white roads
before dawn without a steed
winds of winter
crossing the bay
from island to island
winter winds
unseen wind
water touching water
with its roar
wind
tangling bare air
black trees
homeward
wind pushes us across
evening shadows
winter wind
the smell of french fries
and cold grease

winter
circus time over
now it begins to be
winter
leaves gold shine
holding bright
the wall of winter
scrape of a spoon
in the empty bowl
end of winter

WINTER Terrestrial

beach
stony sand
coming and going
winter waves
a crust of snow
seaweed flung high
by the night tide
storm-tossed waves
edged with foam
breaking sand
people who die
when the sea is full
a row of foam
beach pebble
round with its years
in the making
waves
break and foam
yet stars
in and out
of the driftwood lair
gull tracks
beach-blown
rainbows in sea foam
sand crystals
a winter's day
suddenly the sun
at a beach picnic
beach laid dark
by low tide now covered
with night waters
high on the hill
the earth smiles
a bay beach
February sun
lying on the nude beach
fully clothed
a stick
poking holes in sand
the beach I Ching
the swish of surf
falling snowflakes
have a sound
winter beach
in thin white clouds
thoughts of snow

brooks
deep in winter
the babbling brook
white as stone
bubbles in ice
holding till spring
the voice of the brook
the mountain brook
still with listening
winter winds

canyon
winter warm
red canyon walls hold
the low sun

cave
night mirror
the mouth of a cave
open - pale

cliffs
frozen cliffs
swept by lighthouse beams
soft in the dark
giant waves
sea cliff rocks
summer sea secure
high tossed mists
warmed in morning sun
above winter cliffs
after the storm
sandstone cliffs relax pebbles
into the beach
high tide
brings storm waves
to cliff dwellers
sea spray
the cliff laced
by crystal
north wind
reducing the cliffs
by a splashed wave
night wheels
the rolling surf
crashes on cliffs

hill dwellers
winters stormy seas
carving the coast

**crater**

  crater rim
  white with snow
  our lips cold

**crystal**

  crystal veins
  in the darkest rock
  stars
  rocks
  crystallize
  sand
  living rock
  in veins of crystal
  waterfalls

**desert**

  winter desert
  forgotten the heat
  of cinder paths
  desert vista
  in silence between us
  the little heat
  windows
  in the cinder rocks
  wind ohs

**dike**

  the cutting cold
  pulled up on a dike
  a silver canoe

**ditches**

  winter leaves
  in the ditch a glove
  without a hand
dunes

wind
song that curves
dunes

fields

a field of snow
fenced in by fields
of snow
wind-filled snow
now brushing the eaves
now sweeping fields
snowy fields
in a row of winter trees
veins of leaves
the winter moon
diminishing into snowflakes
open fields
fields of bones
beyond the cemetery
white with snow
dark fences
encircling the snowy field
eyelashes blink
snow and moonlight
fill the open field
sky high
snow fields
half-melted
a quarter moon
her long thumbnail
fallow fields lie empty
with snow
stitching together
now-covered fields
blackbird wings
warming
the corner of winter's field
an unattended fire
nuns
all old women who work
fenced in fields

forests

a whiteness
in and out of the woods
as flakes

frozen ground

frost
on the granite
gravel
light spilling
into a waterfall
frost

gardens

tiny gardens
huddle together in winter
on the windowsills

glacier

glacier gorge
after the snowstorm
empty with light
nap time
warm on a granite wall
glacier marks

    glacier
    rounding rocks
    now a woman
under low clouds
evening sky glacier
cools the wind
a journey ends
where the glacier melted
a field of stones

granite

    granite
    without shadow edges
    ice on black water
hills

clouds
leaving their shapes
in hills
winter rain
brushing wild hills
a faint green
low winter light
hoarded in red hills
at sunset

hot springs

crystal waters
warmed with the scent
of earth
ancient earth
tiredness of my old body
in hot springs
winter stars
warmed in mineral baths
foggy
dreams
from hot mineral baths
a bright lava flow
winter night
joining us in the bath
foggy stars

ice

silence
ice all by itself
squeaks
crystals
designed in dark cold time
ice cubes
out of a rock
water flows with history
rimmed with frost

icicles

icicles hang
yet above my face
her naked breasts
islands

windless days
surrounding the islands
in deep sleep
winter morning surf
brings to cold sand
a ruddy glow
tapered
the knife lies in the river
an island untouched

jasper

red and black
jasper and obsidian
from a volcano
jasper
volcanic gift of healing
from earth fires
fire spirits
gift
jasper nuggets

lake

a glare of ice
to walk without a path
the frozen lake
snowstorm
dropping white skies
into a lake
the lake thawing
an image of a woman
awaking
tufa towers
reflecting in the lake
volcanoes

- Mono Lake

sunrise
burning in the salt sea
a pillar of light
fire spirits
underwater architecture
comes to light

mountain

winter-bound peaks
the snow not melted
by our gazing

snow-capped peaks
sun setting fires
with fog-smoke

out of snow
sun sets mountain peaks
a fire

snow-covered
sweet water mountains
rising upward

mountains
folding in the sky
blue snow shadows

north wind
guardian of the narrows
bares the trees

without a guardrail
the tumble-down place
where cars go over

faults
folding mountains
unfolding history

nothing to wear
just clouds
covering mountains

as in the sky
mountain snowfields
trackless

mountain cabin

mountain cabin
a wedge of winter sunlight
pushes in the doorway
mountain passes

  closing the mind
  the sameness of gates
  mountain passes

ocean

  snow blowing
  far from the ocean an aching ear
  stuffed with cotton
  arctic snowfields blow
  across sky-blue waters
  white caps
  where the sun sank
  a ship sails cool
  on western waters
  winter sun
  waving the ocean's brightness
  a blue-white flag
  winter white
  on the ocean's block of blue
  melting crust of foam
  storm-washed sea
  each flat wave
  a dirty gray
  pounding the beach
  with storm wild waves
  the foghorn
  storm waves
  falling from angel shoulders
  sea spray
  all night
  the sound of waves
  purple silk
  cold winter ocean
  warms spindrift
  in the sun
  winter ocean tossing
  spindrift over the cliff
  into morning sun
curving waves
sleep carries us away
all night

wave songs
pound upon eyelids
sleep
dark blue lines
in a salt sea
dreams
sea ironed black
stars hang at the edge
of winter

ocean waves
and things that sleep
so words can hold them still

kneading dough
silent in the window
wild surf rolls
sea winds
a rush and noise
learned from water

silence
between crashing waves
white foam

a flow of snow
returning the wave
foaming surf
winter waves
playing tag
with old folks
winter waves
crowning plumes
of white spray
a sunny corner
all the winter winds
in white waves

seaside town
emptied at night
by a roaring tide
midnight air
pounded seas
a throbbing
tearing night
wild surf rolls in
morning light
wild surf
on glistening wings
harp rhythms
wild surf
sea and earth
singing air
snowfields
whiteness at high tide
the surf
snowy hill
stretches the unbroken field
curving it just a bit
wild seas
footprints fill
with foam
listening to sea waves
the cup of tea also
tastes cold
surface tension
the smooth ocean
a sacred mirror

obsidian
snow-covered peaks
covered with blackness
obsidian fields

peninsula
a peninsula
the gulls carry their name
from sea to sea
land's end
pushing into the sea
white water
pond

the old pond
how snugly it fits
new ice
winter millpond
the moon cuts wavelets
in silver slivers
in time
oars dipping
into winter

rivers

upstream
the solstice moon has frozen
the river
sun shine
in a drop of melting snow
the river black
rocks frozen in snow
a lonely woman stares
at the river's cold
snow-capped rocks
above the river's current
nimbus
surf tongue
a whispering roar
in the river's mouth
each day anew
river's mouth finds
the sea
river mouth
rushing to the sea
curves a smile
suspension bridge
so narrow my shadow
waits on shore
his days measured
a river flowing
across the sky
mouth open
dangerous as the river ends
in ocean waves

snow

late leaves
skidding over frozen snow
yesterday's news
bright earth
filling to the ceiling
snow-cold


cushions
on summer chairs
snow
bright aura
everything covered
with snow

mountain air
crystallized by snow
and granite

snow-capped peaks
on the desert floor white clouds
of alkali dust
windowsill
piled with snow

far ridges
almost a mountain
the hills grow up
with snowdrifts
dark place in snow
the bag of coal
now white itself

cloud shadows
the sky's footprints
on mountain snow
cold night
stacks on the woodpile
a cover of snow
snowbound

snowbound
the lake also
disappeared
snowbound
fire spirits
in a salt lake
snowbound
all the colors
quiet

stones

heart of an agate
slivered with polishing
turns to the sun
a quartz crystal
light years ago
keeping time
facing the sea
weathered rocks of age
wrinkled and gray
painted stones
tree shadows
not moving
bubbling out of the sea
rock burned black
a million years ago
soft round mounting
a rock the sea leaves
it jagged
curved straight
a sea rock spreads
white spray wing
silence of stones
songs sung low
and slow
unheated seas
dark rocks dissolve
into evening mists
high tide
water covers rocks
as sleep
waves breaking
the ragged shore
into sea rocks
white
alone on a dark rock
with small waves
crystal clear
the rainbow colors
of his shining
low winter sun
lights a fire
in a stone circle
wind echo
in round rocks
crystals
desert wash
every sized crystal
clear light
trees
scattered in the soil
petrified
massive rocks
wind sounds pushed
into the pines
shoreline rocks
loosening the wind's roar
from each wave
water dripping
stories etched on rock
howl in the wind
dragon jaw
biting winds claw
off-shore rocks
sun warms rock
winter storms swept bare
of frost flowers
rocks
record players
of time
old society dame
a lifetime of faces
studies the rock
long shadows
stumbling over rocks
on the way home

Death Valley
oldest rocks on earth
writer's block
pushing sunshine
into dark seas
slanted rocks
ancient river
draws a white line
in the tiniest stone

winter carves
in mountain rocks
depth shadow
centuries of stone
your voice echoes
forever

resting on a rock
by a snow-melt stream
winter-cold butt

low tide rocks
bubbling out of the sea
still lava

valley
fog
in the valleys
cold hands
white winds
from snowy peaks
cover the valley
wide desert valleys
push apart peaks
soul bodies
winter shadow
a low mountain fills
the wide valley

streets/roads

icy streets
today of all days
his first steps
half-frozen ice
how the idiot fixes
his wayward feet
roads
in winter
stream

volcano

snow-clouds
the cooled fires
of volcanoes
passive
an extinct volcano
covered with snow
fire spirits
making mountains
out of volcanoes
volcanoes
covered with pure clouds
silent fires
jagged peaks
swirling their fires
into clouds
clouds
swirling their fires
into jagged peaks

walls

a brick wall
splintered by frost
back to the earth
orange winter
windows beginning to dream
night fears awaken
riverstone house
water pushes snow drifts
into walls

river-rock house
at night the walls
a babbling brook
city walls
of no one
sunless dark

waterfalls

noises
the mossy parts
of a waterfall
snow pond
Yosemite spring time
a waterfalling
falling
into water smoke
snow melt
rocks bending
sound paths
of the waterfall
from living rock
the purity of snow
waterrise
sunshine
pouring down the canyon wall
snow-melt waterfall
upward spiral
wind pushed the waterfall
into a cloud
sunshine
carves the rock
snow-melt waterfall

well

moving up
in the falling rain
our empty well
WINTER Livelihood

bean soup

cold rain
falling into bean soup
chopped onions
soup cooking
in the wood stove too
rain on the roof
out shouting
rain on the roof
bean soup

candles

candlelight
opening
shiny doorknobs
not seeing
the candle shorter
the room brighter
red candles
above a rusty wood stove
leaking light
candles
into the hot tub
firepath
dimmed lights
dried flowers imbedded in

cheese making

first daylight
a bowl of whey
pressed from cheese

children visiting

wrinkled hand
fists of another grandchild
clap mine
open mouthed
amazement seeing grandma
clean her glasses
winter
folded in grandma's linen closet
pure white
unpainted house
a crystal in the window
coloring the walls

chores in winter

after dark
the machine washing
white clothes
winter's cold
dishwater hardens
white grease
dusting
mismatched socks
in hand
silence
after the dishes are washed
a smell of cabbage
unfinished poem
because it stinks
dumping the trash
holes of winter
unseasonable snow
a mended gown
hard flash of light
stabbed by a knife
falling into water

gray dust
the fluffy cat brings something
from under the bed

dead in winter

knitting
death watch
a dropped stitch
freezing rain
another breakdown
in the dialysis machine
dead watch
one thread
unravels
sobs
the oxygen tank
hisses
death morning
snow flakes falling
each alone
windshield wiper
not brushing away
the tears
the child that dies
before its shape is clear
in heartbeat waters
given in marriage
and with a child
she dies
sucking bones
the toothless old man
buried by a crooked pine

drinking tea
boiling water
to make tea
dulcimer tune
morning light
the taste of snow
in thin tea
heart-shadow
handle of a cup
of herb tea
clear tea
holding a calm
in the storm
out of the cup
cold air giving steam
a shape
farmers in winter

a farmer
how he walks through his meadow
when his boots leak
weathered wood
the old guy leans
on the fence

fishermen in winter

for ships at sea
the sun also
sinks
arthritic knuckles
winter fogs untangle
knotted fish nets
a thin man
opening a jackknife
leans on his elbow

getting fat

garage sale
buying the skinny lady's
old wide pants
foiling heredity
mother and daughter
diets

going to church

stone church
the breath of statues
frosty tonight
mountain villagers
a stony church with candles
warming each other
cry of wind
in chapel walls
chanting mouths
heavy chapel stones
weighed down with bass chanting
a cold apse
Gregorian chants
sunlight on stone walls
rounding warmth
monastery
power lines on
crosses
cathedral
the many visitors
polished rocks
crystal glass
monastery bell fills
it with wine
rows of crosses
a monastery bell tolls
above the vineyard
a sermon
the deep breathing
of a sleeping child
her scarf
covering the sleeping face
a dream soul net

handcrafts
gnarled knuckles
knotting rag rugs
for a hope chest
dulcimer chords
patterns of a quilt
fitting together
spittle strings
collecting threads
from the new quilt
sunrise
string catches colors
on the loom
a shuttle hums
between strings
a deep twang
crippled fingers
the forgotten way
of making paper
winter drizzle
crocheting a blue rug
at the door
knitting
to farmlands
bare trees
weaving a blanket
this wood stove perfumes
carded wool
knitting
to close out the gossip
a stitch snarls
a chalk drawing
a piece of amber
very near pain
stained hands
a rag rug crocheting
winter’s evening
deep in winter
the lady lives alone
unfinished baskets
foggy morning finds
a torn book of poems
the patchwork quilt
black buttons
under broken baskets
bugs stare

hunting

before the fire
deer hunters discussing
cars
old hunter
confined to setting traps
for mice
snapped!
caught in a mousetrap
a night's sleep

ice skating

a broken mirror
now the ice breaker pushes apart
the joys of skating
making candy

in the 'fridge
the dark chocolate
with the door closed

making snowmen

the young boy
refusing to build
a snowman

meditation

incense burns
inside a moon shell
whorls of smoke
knots in wood
temple walls echo
a gong
monks slow song
of evening chanting
stomachs growl
tantra monk chants
the mouth nearest mine
breathing
monks chanting
the crooked pine
wind straightened
sun moves
over rough-sawn planks
monks chanting
one bowl koan
Zen students laugh
and lap it up
channels
the balance of chi
in two hands
everth-loosened
ascending heaven
monks chant
earth heavy
chantered prayers ascend
into high humming
lessons
stars during the day
still there
alone in the forest
closing one gate
opening the other
tapered prayer
a lone pine points
into heaven
Zen garden
patterns raked by falling rain
still the dust
stiff from sitting
how welcome the fire
of crooked branches

Zen student
asked the way home
shows his koan

om
the fog horn
hums along

music listening

a flute concert
the cat breathes gently
through her whiskers
soprano solo
measures the cathedral's
highest praise
organ recital
loosened soot falls free
in the stove pipe
piano concert
by firelight the flickering
of notes
the oiliness
of earache medicine
organ music
organ recital
the cherub over the altar
sways in time
organ music
the school principal's words
"go to my office"
church organ music
wondering if my tampon
will hold it all
high tenor voice
carries into a vaulted arch
my tears
harp notes
sewing the hem
of winter's robe
madrigals
humming in pine walls
winds
soprano's aria
a cavity in my tooth
fills with pain
flute concert
salt water crashes
into silver spray
flute concert
blown from foggy skies
silver drizzle
madrigals
from the 15th century
rain continues

music making

Christmas carols
the Buddhist convert
hums along
in notes from the harp
stringing together
evening hours
singing old songs
the surf rolls on the sand
its roar
winter room
warmth of a string vibrating
old songs
desert wind
composing a flute concert
in pine wood
deep at sea
wind in the harp
of whale songs
with the harp
the whole house hums
a windsong
closing his eyes
his horn finds
the blue note
plucking the strings
frozen flakes fall
far from the harp
imported
a German zither
snowflakes
Saturday night
in the widow's cabin
dulcimer music
rented house
harp hollow
cold
lamplight
the room seems empty
without zither notes

outdoor plumbing

going out to pee
he gives it a shake
hurries back to the fire
outdoor plumbing
with a shower of snowflakes
soap bubbles
winter nights
thawing pipes
taking a leak
stars watching
me shower
with snowflakes
starlight
al around the shower
snowflakes
clean feet
on redwood steps
a pad of snow
freezing
an outdoor shower
snow-caked soap
more white
in washed-wet hair
snowflakes

power outage

winter storms
dinner by candlelight
every night
computer software
reading the new manual
by candlelight
lamplight
how small the room
without power
cheese sandwiches
warmed on the wood stove
where soup cooks
yuppie neighbors
with central heating
around the cookstove
without power
the snap sound working
in a mousetrap
haiku poets too
chop wood carry water
when the power's off

religion

dog-eared
*Zen Flesh Zen Bones*
corners turned down
after the fasting
the bitterness of salt
speaking again
castle of light
a spiritual pattern
on the path

reading

book of poems
on each page fingerprints
of a soul
breathing
underlining sentences
in a book
down from bookshelves
ancient myths come to life
thick ocean fog
paperback romances
the eyes of a woman reading
her own story
finger of darkness
a forest of black shapes
closes my book

remembering ancestors

whispers
my ancestors turning to larva
under the mounds
smoked glasses
in oak wood frames
faces
grandfather nods
portraits on a farmhouse wall
in a wobbly mirror
in a flash
not letting him die
a photograph

retirement

rest home
knitting potholders for the kitchen
she no longer has
laughter
in nursing home halls
peeling from the molding
old folks home
the *no trespassing* sign
faded

**sewing**

gentle holes
in clean underwear filling
the sewing basket

**skiing**
snow and sunshine
pulling cars with skis
into mountains
bouncing from snow
so young the sunshine
on childish cheeks
streaks of sunshine
sliding down the north slope
laughing children

**sledding**

putting away the sled
the frayed rope drags
in the mud

**snowbound**

snowbound
digging out
haiku

**snow pictures**
catching a chill
the failure to photograph
snowflakes

**snow shoveling**

shoveling her snow
the parakeet hops behind
glass frost flowers
a chapped lip sound
the neighbor shoveling snow
on a brick path
an old woman
the harshness of winter
in her hands

starting fires

casting snow
from a bundle of twigs
the first warmth
borrowing twigs
his hand outstretched
to the meager fire
cold gathers
the sulphur spark
against thin wood
striking a match
dawn flashed in
the oval mirror
cloud mountain
sitting around the stove
feet on the fender
above the wood stove
the antique mirror
reflects the warmth
sunsets
in a much-used fireplace
a scratched match
deep in the forest
a blazing stove
hearts beating
black wood stove
the bright sounds
of warmth
into the clearing
wood smoke
for pea soup
a rusty wood stove
warmth spreads into the room
star-shaped
silence
a log breathing
tongues of flame
the conversation
between wood and the iron stove
our few words
behind the stove
the old clay demijohn
of firewater
burned out
remains of a cabin
a fireplace
dark in dark
then lighting logs
in the fireplace
blazing logs
gas flowers bloom
red and orange
gas flowers
warm a winter room
blazing logs
embers darken
the eastern sky
a warm glow
heavy fog
enclosing the hearth fire
gray stones
silence
warmed by a wood stove
winter
runes
cracks in hearth stones'
messages
polished red eyes
in the copper kettle
firelight
worm holes
in the blazing log
warm again
hearth stones
around dark embers
warmth
spirits
forming fire
into logs
quieter now
flames subside
in ashen sleep
rusty iron
drawing flames
above logs
punchline
sparks from a log fire
brighten the night
ah! the heat
from old *Playboys*
the fire starts
cliff side house
inside ocean spray
a fireplace
picture book
flames from a curved log
warm the heart
unfinished cabin
insulated with bookshelves
warm day and night
crash and burn
the sound of surf
in a fireplace
nights something growing
wood in the stove
a flame
humming
the started fire
my chattering teeth

**winter clearance sales**

winter clearance sale
the size of snowflakes
coming down together
winter illness

wild with fever
dreams come wearing masks
pale at dawn
my back to the floor
walls become slatted trees
wobbly with fever
sick in bed all day
how the shape of the oak
has entertained me
after the flu
cups half-filled with tea
very small steps
even when ill
the day ends
with evening
chewing cough drops
a basket of nose-wet tissues
spill to a sneeze
around the eaves
the wind whistles
into an earache
in her fevered brain
the patterns in the quilt
solid blocks of light
winter cold
snowdrifts
of damp tissues
coughing
the sky fills with flakes
of hard snow
for grandma
with love at Christmas
- the flu -
sickroom feeling
the fake formica
flooring
ears open
the soul follows
the pain
to smell a splinter
long under the skin
my little finger
rain predicted
calling the doctor
for an appointment
a confused brain
unscrambling the diagnosis
renal failure
at your side
the huge bandage
without comment
in the hospital
your house slippers scuffed
by our floors
after the injection
you smile at my story
and sleep
migraine
sitting in a canyon
on a split rock
recuperating
all the electricity
back in the lamp
care full
folding the new stitches
into a chair
a fuzzy bicycle
straddling my nose
bifocals
new reading glasses
a black blur
crosses the threshold
a poultice
on my shoulder
dreams of haymaking
two days
separated by the sameness
a broken bone
cast
in plaster
throbbing
blue tin cup
the burn on a finger
blistering
steady rain
the dentist's drill
turning to snow
snowing again
a cold wind bites
the newly capped tooth
junkie
veins holding a heart
above dark waters
pain
a wound without shape
cut-away skin

**winter's seclusion**

winter rain
the cook eats alone
in the dining room
roof
a silent slice
into the sky
broken shells
the fishing boat pulled ashore
for winter
closed shops
a loose board bangs
on the winter wind
well-tended gardens
here lies the snow
especially deep
blunt with ice
the barge's bowsprit
anchored fast
wind
bothering the drapes
of a closed window
battery cables
giving winter's morning
a jump start
home again
my lacy white pillow
ocean surf
unpainted porch
sea fog comes
to a closed door
clearing his throat
the lawyer plays with the fob
on his watch chain

writing

light heart
the pressure of writing
with lead pencils
ashes of incense
a page of poems
hiding words
before the journey
my last poems
copied neatly
winter shadows
poems written on the back
of an electric bill
poetry
covering holes in the wall
with a wide brush
silence
white paper
unmarked
ink blot
where haiku
sleeps
smudging
a page of poems
ashes
sleep
with the poem
written down
poetry contest
my name misspelled
on the first line
rainy weather
award propped on the table
sticks to the sugar bowl
rainy day
poems on the page
water spots
pen moving
in the dark black ink
of clear images
a chain link fence
writing renga in prison
holds him together
beach poems
written on driftwood
with charcoal
rough paper
snagging ideas
in black
writing down a poem
in that time-space
the fire takes hold
morning's faint light
seeing again the words
in the sent letter

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WINTER Animals

barnyard animals

cows in the barn
the wet eye in the meadow
frozen shut
bear

tall tales
of bears on the ridge
a garbage can tips
winter day
as a hairless bear
sleeping sleeping

black birds

flying from the branch
sun in a bird's wing
a shower of snow
blackbirds leaving
on bare winter wands
pussy willows
winter birds
kicking down fireworks
from snowy twigs
arranged
on bare branches
bird songs
bare branch
extended by a bird
in flight
river clouds
clots of black birds
darken the sky
a flutter of wings
yet the bare branch
stays bent
story of a life
in a foreign language
nut hulls on melting snow
drawing cliffs
a black bird
the brush
feathered wing
tips jagged sea
rocks sharp north wind
birds - caged

mirrored
in a bird cage
a child's face

birds - sleeping

winter dawn came
as the sound of blowing snow
sleeping birds

cocoon

thin wet snow
the warm wiggle within
a cocoon

cats - old

what dreams
holding on one's lap
a sleeping cat
dreaming
her quivering paws
still catching mice
into a windy night
the cat takes her cries
to be let in
winter's cat
all of her wants
in my lap
winter stars
cat claws in the screen door
desperately cold
storm wind
in the cat's teeth
meowing
cold
comes to bed at two
the white cat

dog

his dog moves closer
the owner quotes a price
for land and trees
injured dog
all of his words
in one eye
the dog
scratches as owner
his fleas
only vertebrae
the found white flowers
of a pet dog
a barking dog
little bits of night
breaking off
dark voices
of night bushes
a dog barks
a Pekinese
barking at Mozart's aria
then everyone claps
crunch of bones
in the hollow places
between the dog's teeth
retreating waves
a tiny barking dog
has them scared

dolphins
dolphins
arching rainbows
of opal light
doves
hands in the light
at peace demonstrations
the flutter of doves
eagle
eagle soars
beyond boundary lines
a judge on a bench
line of words
holding the day
we saw the eagle
egret

snow white
egrets preen their feathers
by cotton fields
nobility
wading in up to their knees
egrets
an egret
the elegance of patience
in a tide pool

fish

salt sea
the bones of fish
crystallized
red winter's dawn
tROUT for breakfast
slightly smoked
ripples in water
fish spines
and mine
mountain moon
part of the ice-rimmed pond
eyes of trout
scaling fish
from the waning moon
snowflakes
thawing
frozen fish
caught in summer

goose

shapes of geese
cut from the snowy whiteness
nothing lacking

gull

a sneeze
in the old sea gull's
knobby knees
white surf
lining the coast
a band of gulls
screaming
at the booming surf
a band of gulls
silent sea creatures
feeding
the cries of gulls
passing flock
out of a clear blue sky
cry of a lone gull
visiting sea gulls
on a winter beach
an old couple
winter storm
landing with a sea gull
one feather falls free
sea gulls
the sacred script
in blue
sea gulls
lifting from wild surf
spindrift
shadow on the sea
a wave forming
a gull's wing

**herons**

a blue heron
staring at
a blue heron

**horse**

deep snow
the horse walks the paths
of summer
a white cloud
hanging on the horse's nose
to keep warm
riderless horses
in the high road sky
before the storm
with the thaw
buckling the old saddle
on a frisky horse

snowbound
black and white horses
stay in the stall

a white stallion
sea fog on snow
suddenly solid

high-tide beach
filling hoof tracks
horses

my new road
violated by a horse
ridden by a stranger

after days of rain
the first sunbeam on the road
a galloping horse
riding in waves
horse tracks on wet sand
scalloping

monkey

wet monkey hair
organ grinder's tinkley tunes
in a cold rain

mouse

in winter walls
our own mice hoard
the warmth
wind moving grasses
quick as a mouse
stealing seeds
a mouse
immeasurable
in me

the mouse and I share
her nest in the sock drawer
my house in the woods
mussels

high tide
mussel soup
ready to eat

owl

from his tongue
wind tears the screech
of a snow owl
sea fog wings
over coastal hills
a white owl

wind
in the snow owl's wing tips

whoo

moving
a handful of moonlight
the owl's wing
your snoring
the owl answers
some dreams
night skies
on the owl's breast
dawn

Cathedral Canyon
suddenly an Indian maid says
"See the white owl?"

night skies
under the owl's wing
mouse hearts

pig

ham and beet tops
for dinner our neighbor's
pet pig

polar bears

solar cells
in polar bear hairs
ice crystals
plovers

thawing
the face of the lake
plovers crying

raccoon

raccoon's silence
emptying garbage can fill
the night with sound

rats

waterfront motel
for $125 a night
watching the rats

salamander

fertilizer sack
hiding the salamander dreams
up more magic

sandpipers

sandpipers
skimming from the beach
silence

sheep - mother

mother sheep
in her mouth melts
hoar frost on grass

sparrow

stop sign
the sparrow lands with a bug
dead in its mouth

starfish

patterns
on the starfish
snow crystals

starlings

notes arranged
on telephone poles
starling songs
three-string banjo
songs of starlings
on telephone wires
tracks in snow

after the dart game
in new fallen snow
deer tracks
on the path
the hop marks of rabbits
wink of snow
thanks for crumbs
scattered on the frozen snow
seed hulls with tracks

vultures

circling us
vultures sense
a rotting marriage

whale

whale migration
mapped
songs
whale songs
long slow straight
grain in wood
quiet sea
only migrating whales
blow
ocean depths
sunlight laces history
in whales
south on highway one
passing whales
headed north
newspaper folded
all eyes drawn seaward
by passing whales

evening
sunsets into the sea
a guide for whales
hot tub steam
in ocean fog
whale songs
whales following the quarter moon
with half-closed eyes
whales dividing the ocean
east and west
a wall of water
curves and crashes
a whale
great ears
whale bodies ocean deep
messages
sand and rocks
building whales bones
sea stars
sea surprise
plumes of whale breath
bell buoy clanging
small bumps
on wide blue seas
whales
stars
whales
roadmaps
a high hill
calls to a whale
lighthouse
to sleep
where whales deep
and dolphins play
bones buried
in the backs of whales
their hind legs
floating island
carrying its own cloud of mist
migrating whale
whistling swans
swans winter-over on
the Garcia River delta

whistling swans
birthdeath of a wet year
on a green wing
goose pimples
seeing in winter
many whistling swans

wild duck

the wild duck
as if to shake off frost
the moonlight
winter
coming around the bend
wild ducks
dawn even lighter
than snow covered branches
cry of ducks

winter fly

winter fly
chased by the rainbows
of cut glass

wolf

a night howl
from deep in a wolf
into the dark

woodpecker

tall dead pine
the tiny holes of the woodpecker's
pantry

wren

a small brown wren
trapped in my house
I in my realm
WINTER Plants

amaryllis

swollen
the amaryllis bud
already red

low-slanted sun
in the red amaryllis
turning on lights

bare trees

live oaks
changing their shapes
the fog

leaving the light
trunks of tall trees
sink into roots

in the clearing
hovering a circle of trees
their halos

bare trees
hidden in purple vapor
swollen buds

German gray
decorated with snow
popsicle trees

wood smoke
shaping the radiant bodies
of trees in winter

beech

melted snow water
trickling over the veins
of a dried beech leaf

birches

crossed at the ankles
her lovely legs
among young birches

birches
in the beveled glass
winter
snow rain
the thin birch branches
so very slender
white birches
black and white in snow
at lava point
the fire dies
among naked birches
burned bones

Black Forest
black forest
night extinguishes
the snow
sun and snow
still in the pines
the black forest

bracken - winter
rusty red the bracken
its shape lost as the cold
takes the bird's wing
winter bracken
frail hands push aside
a garden path

branch
after the storm
rain covers the scar
a branch blown away
whalebone tree limb
to rock this child
the sun's passing
winter freeze
buds of passion flower
faint with pink

buds
rhododendron park
buds too
closed till spring
silence
of winter leaves
tightly rolled buds
cedar

bent cedars
facing north all night
snow-covered
before rice shoots
in paddy ponds the tips
of ancient cedars
low clouds
bending cedar tips
rain
mountain winds
from the unseen temple
cedar incense
cementing
the cedars in place
sea fog

cypress

rooted in rocks
winter rains
twist a cypress
sky calligraphy
the pruned cypress
grown tall

dried weeds

her tinkling laugh
dried weeds stiff
with ice

grasses - withered

thin dune grass
weaving winter sunshine
warm into the wind
white rim
of wild winter seas
withered grass
water music
sea winds scraping
frozen grass
evergreens

seeds scattered
around the evergreen trees
a complete circle

fir

silver tipped
snow deepening
fir silence

hothouse flowers

well-watered
the hothouse violet
withers

ice plants

storm seas
tearing from sea cliff rocks
ice plants

lichens

granite boulders
footprints from dancing
covered with lichens

manzanita

spaced out
tiny manzanita flowers
among snowflakes
bouncing
out of manzanita bushes
hail and blossoms
stronger white
blossoms remaining
after the hailstorm

oaks

resort in winter
the black fountains
of oaks
wrinkles in hills
shadows of crooked branches
of barren oaks
onion
  all their halos
  falling in the soup
  onions
  pulling onions
  sea fog drift apart
  neighbors come by

oranges
  red candle
  holding a bunch of oranges
  for the winter sun
  winter sun
  wet silk folded
  in an orange

pampas grass - withered
  winter storms
  as plumes of surf rise
  pampas grass nods

persimmon
  red-breasted birds
  among ripe persimmons
  hiding from the cold

plum
  north wind
  spinning snow blossoms
  into bare plum

pine
  snowfields
  black pine roots twist
  a dark stream
  scrawny pines
  all twigs and branches
  in scanty snow
  a crowing crow
  up the canyon a wind
  sharp pine fragrance
  cliff hanging
  in a gnarled pine
  crooked sunshine
alive again
morning sun
on the dead pine
snow-bending
pine boughs
drifted
crossing to the island
pines have arrived
before us
deep in the forest
the taper of pines
brightens the clearing
high principles
inner power of pine trees
reaching the sky
pine needles
sticking into the fog
raindrops
moving around
the wind in the pines
comes home
snow-covered pines
Yosemite Falls
in white water plumes
wind fury
in its shape
a crooked pine
shadow of a tall pine
sweeping an arch
low around the earth
a split rock
pine shadow
slips in
sighing
wind takes from pines
their history
spindrift
hangs in shore pines
moss
wisps of fog
writing Persian poetry
with the pine

**poinsettia**
bright red leaves
held so high by a winter stem

**popcorn**
country Christmas
under a sprinkle of stars
stringing popcorn

**reeds**
rain in the reeds
in her mind the river flows
backwards
withered reeds
all bent one way
by ice
even colder
the breath of the north wind
between broken reeds

**roots**
meandering stream
dark amidst the snow
twisted roots
winter willows
a vase full of roots
rain runs from
the meekness
of trees with roots exposed
the icy creek
mountain pines
moving as I walk
these rootless things

**sagebrush**
sagebrush
sweetened with snow
plump flowers
sage brush blooms
five inches of snow
purified
cleaner
on the sagebrush
snow

sedges

sky writing
sedges gracefully line
"Mirror Marsh"

sequoia

snow-melt
speaking to noble sequoias
in whispers
giant sequoia roots
running away
in a snow-melt stream

fantasy
in an old sequoia
a brown bear
standing alone
the elegance of sequoia
balanced
giant sequoia
a finger counting rings
touches history
keeping cameras away
the imperial height
of sequoias
running water
giant sequoia roots
not moved
sequoias
their tallness presses
roots in rocks
sequoias
their roots
rocks
Yosemite
after all the waterfalls
uplifted by sequoias
2000 year old tree
"it should live forever"
whispers a child
snow-melt stream
the sound of giant sequoias
growth
cinnamon red
the last rays of sun
in fragrant trees
cinnamon red
the fragrance of sequoia
in the color
on the wooden path
old folks walk slowly
among ancient trees

straw
on frozen snow
still warm from the cow barn
broken straw

sugar pine
surrounding a tree
the puzzling shapes
of sugar-pine bark

tumbleweeds
tumbleweeds
piled against barbed wire
snow's lacy patterns

tulip spears
winter rain
on Holland's tulip spears
empty rooms

vines
vines
against a brick schoolhouse
clinging snow
winter bushes

small bushes
cover the desert floor blue
winter sunset

withered leaves

up to a branch
wind took a winter leaf
let it fall again
snow
cooling the colors
withered leaves
frost spikes
the growing cold
of withered leaves

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Finis