

handful of sand



Stanford M. Forrester



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a collection of haiku by
Stanford M. Forrester

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Shimbun/International Herald Tri-
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thology of English Language Haiku,
still

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for Mary, Abigail, and Molly

the sea
in one swallow –
the jellyfish

the little frog
jumps from my grasp –
pee in my hand

summer thunderstorm
quiet now –
lightning bugs

lonely summer night –
the firefly lands
on my firefly haiku

summer evening...
fanning myself
with a paper moon

summer afternoon –
the first drops of rain
on my bare feet

blue popsicles –
the children
compare tongues

handful of sand . . .
a flash of sunlight
in each grain

end of summer . . .
the sunflower disappears
seed by seed

in wet grass
the cat picks up his feet –
October morning

gray autumn sky –
the blackbirds
turn and turn

only wind October the godless month

end of autumn –
finding myself
in a field of thistle

first snow . . .
the spider is evicted
from my boot

snow piling up
in the playground swings...
crescent moon

winter deepens –
so much lint
in my belly button

temple bell ringing
one thousand times...
winter rain

spring morning –
the breeze
in her one curl of hair

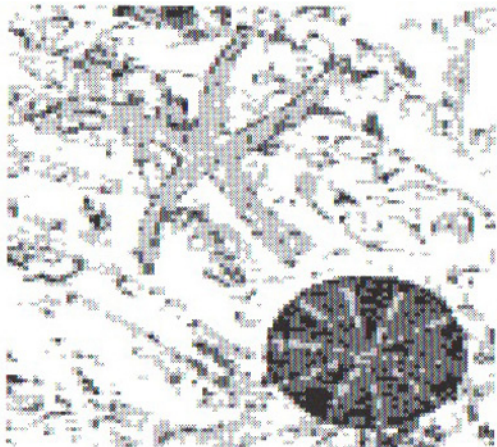
cloudless spring day –
the froth of milk
in her baby bottle

spring afternoon
in and out of a nap –
the breeze

telephone wire –
the starlings leave
one by one

the amusement park closed –
out of the tall weeds
a dog's bark

writing a haiku
in the sand . . .
a wave finishes it



backyard sun shower -
the windchime song
changes with each cloud

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[Signature]

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P.O. Box 290691
Wethersfield, CT 06129-0691
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