

THE HERON'S NEST — VOLUME 1 (1999)



Compilation copyright *The Heron's Nest*, 1999.

Individual works are copyrighted to their respective authors.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Volume 1, Issue 1 — September, 1999](#)

[Volume 1, Issue 2 — October, 1999](#)

[Volume 1, Issue 3 — November, 1999](#)

[Volume 1, Issue 4 — December, 1999](#)

[About *The Heron's Nest*](#)

TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 1999 and may contain errors of transcription or typography. For current information about the journal and staff, and more recent issues, please visit us at <https://theheronsnest.com>.

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 1 – SEPTEMBER, 1999

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

the Milky Way streams —
a farmer bends to his work
widening a ditch

H. F. Noyes

*

intersecting lines —
in the far distance a train
becomes the spring sky

Patricia Machmiller

*

high moon
all the shadows gone
from the haystack

Paul MacNeil

HERON'S NEST AWARD

the Milky Way streams —
a farmer bends to his work
widening a ditch

H. F. Noyes

Harvest time quickly approaches and there's much to be done. Farmers are up before the sun and their labors continue long after it has set. There isn't time to stand around star gazing. They stoop, bending down over the earth with shovels and hoes, hoping that their timing and their labors accord with the conditions at hand so that there will be a good yield.

The galaxy, home to our small solar system, is spinning at an unimaginable speed, yet we are not aware of it. There are uncountable stars in this galaxy, each moving at insensible speed through space. Yet when we look out on a clear night, into that dense river of stars, it appears to be stationary — a hazy, amorphous light, spilled across black velvet. We know that the earliest humans gazed upon this same panorama, this apparently identical organization of stars, and we imagine it to have been this way forever.

The same is true for life here on Earth, yet it appears quite the opposite. How busy and changeable everything seems! Yet there is an all pervading constancy. This is the great paradox, excruciating yet delightful.

Species arise, evolve, and become extinct. Generation after generation, we humans have applied our minds to the difficulty of life, of preserving ourselves, our families, our nations and our race. Only recently has it begun to dawn upon us that, to accomplish this preservation we must take all things into our hearts. Whether we look to the past,

to the future, or simply turn our heads and look around in the present, we find ourselves part of an unceasing flux, an amazing and apparently accelerating state of change. Yet this in itself is as constant as the stars. It is the process of self preservation that has not changed, although the means by which we seek to survive is perpetual adjustment, through physical, mental and spiritual adaptation. The more we learn, the more obvious it becomes; in order to survive, it is essential we widen the ditch. Ultimately, it must be wide enough to receive the stream of the Milky Way, the infinity that it represents. In order to truly preserve ourselves we must become wise, to learn who it is “we” really are. To reach this understanding we “bend” to our work. More importantly, we learn to bend in our work, until everyone and everything is included. There comes a point for each of us when the fear of not surviving falls away. We find that the ditch has always been wide enough to hold everything. In fact there is nothing to preserve.

I thank Tom Noyes for this profound haiku which so wonderfully balances the vast and the small, the ephemeral and the timeless. In this poem, the human condition can be seen as insightful as well as primitive and innocent. Here is an invitation to return home to our origin, to embrace and to be embraced by the cosmos, each in our own small way.

— Christopher Herold
August 22, 1999

POEMS

spring joy
a twig dropped from the bridge
floats to the other side

Jane Reichhold

*

my son noticing . . .
the attention i pay
to butterflies

John Stevenson

*

beaded rain
in the crotch of wild cherry
tent caterpillars

Cherie Hunter Day

*

summer raindrops
she washes her feet
in the grass

Ferris Gilli

*

to cross the street
he hip-hops the heat waves
suburban crow

Kay F. Anderson

*

soft breeze—
a pair of butterflies alight
on a stalk of grass

Alex Benedict

*

in a flash
from sitting to hovering
the hummingbird

Paul O. Williams

*

Summer Again

summer dawn —
light around the windows
as at grandmother's

early morning
glue sets in the shade
of the old shed

William J. Higginson

*

gray morning
a spider drags its catch
along the eaves

Joann Klontz

*

some of the blackness
into the lake at twilight-
a bat's reflection

Alice Benedict

*

summer morning
the old dog seems to know
the length of his leash

Jerry Ball

*

forest road
two cars pass into
each other's dust

Paul MacNeil

*

warm rain:
a dragonfly shedding
its wingless skin

Cherie Hunter Day

*

quiet before dawn
in the first sip of coffee
taste of ocean fog

Alice Benedict

*

moonless night
among forest ferns
glowworms

Elizabeth St Jacques

*

my shadow mixed
with the shadow of a bay
— the scent of heat

Alex Benedict

*

summer lethargy
a squirrel's slow descent
through the pine

Joann Klontz

*

goose down on the lake
blowing into water weeds—
my brother's business

Paul Williams

*

Unpainted fence
the blueness
of morning glories

Garry Gay

*

mist
over the mountain pass
a bridge

Jane Reichhold

*

falling leaves —
several trees
in the woodpile

John Stevenson

*

wooden bridge
a nuthatch creeps
toward its reflection

Ferris Gilli

*

blues on the bay
how heavy it's become
this December sky

Carol O'Dell

*

frost-sealed woods —
in the thick of black cloud
the moon finds a rift

H. F. Noyes

*

migrating birds
grains of sand tumble
from her notebook

Francine Porad

*

At the top
of the totem pole
real crow

Garry Gay

*

clearing
the barbed wire fence
a wounded doe

Elizabeth St Jacques

*

sudden sun
hailstones begin to pool
in the birdbath

Christopher Herold

*

winter moonlight
seeping through . . .
owl calls

Kay F. Anderson

INDEX OF POETS

Kay F. Anderson
Redwood Shores, California

Jerry Ball
Seal Beach, California

Alex Benedict
Richmond, California

Alice Benedict
Richmond, California

Cherie Hunter Day
Chesterfield, Missouri

Garry Gay
Santa Rosa, California

Ferris Gilli
Orlando, Florida

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

William J. Higginson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Joann Klontz
Swedesboro, New Jersey

Patricia Machmiller
San Jose, California

Paul MacNeil
Ocala, Florida

H. F. Noyes
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Carol O'Dell
Port Townsend, Washington

Francine Porad
Mercer Island, Washington

Jane Reichhold
Gualala, California

Elizabeth St Jacques
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

John Stevenson
Nassau, New York

Paul O. Williams
Belmont, California

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 2 – OCTOBER, 1999

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

the frayed rope
swings back into the shade –
country swimming hole

Burnell Lippy

*

trapped
in the revolving door
autumn leaves

Peter Brady

*

pine-needled path
 slowly I step
out of my mind

Kay F. Anderson

HERON'S NEST AWARD

the frayed rope
swings back into the shade —
country swimming hole

Burnell Lippy

Burnell Lippy doesn't explain what is happening; he gives us the component images. These images are clear: a frayed rope, the shade of the tree from which the rope is swinging, and the swimming hole by which the tree stands. The implication is obvious; children are having good old-fashioned summer fun, and through the words of this haiku, we too can share in the immediacy of their pleasure. This poem points directly into summer and the relief we seek from its heat. Kids take turns swinging out over the water and letting go, each wanting to make the biggest splash. This is something a great many of us have done at least once in our lives; it's a universal summer diversion, an age-old childhood joy. Even those who haven't experienced this pleasure themselves surely have heard of rope swings and swimming holes. How cool!

This poem also embraces timeless human urges: to take a chance, to let go, to enjoy instant results from our actions. The rope's frayed end indicates its long use for these purposes; it's swinging back into the shade represents inevitability, a reaction for every action, karma, return to the source. The country swimming hole might as well be Basho's old pond, the "uncut block of wood," or "who we were before our parents were born." It's the arena of existence into which we plunge, but in this poem kids are making splashes, not frogs.

In the seventies Andy Warhol predicted that everyone would be famous for fifteen minutes. Yet what he referred to was recognition by others. For most of us fame comes from the inside, fantasies through which we recognize what is actual, that we are all

exceptional and we are all worthy. In an odd sort of way, this haiku is a realization of Warhol's prediction. It suggests the enjoyment of our moments in the sun. Each child arcs out into the bright, hot sunshine, and a glorious few seconds of "fame," which of course includes the cold splash-reality-heralded by a screech of excited pleasure. This is followed by some happy thrashing about, and a swim back to shore for another turn. We may not often be aware of it but, in truth, each of us has always been famous.

Thank you Burnell Lippy, for inviting us to the swimming hole. We join you in the excitement of letting go, and celebrating life as it shocks us into laughter.

— Christopher Herold
October, 1999

POEMS

September morning
again my breath rises
to an open sky

Marjorie Buettner

*

approaching gale
the beach grass sweeps circles
deeper in the dune

Cherie Hunter Day

*

after the hurricane
 most of the moon
 . . . gone

Elbert Pruitt

*

night of stars
the rhythm of my boat
across the swells

Alex Benedict

*

yellow moon-
the smell of woodsmoke
on the wind

Jennifer Jensen

*

that glittering point
in the distant evergreen
a dewdrop

Elizabeth St Jacques

*

hurricane path
a layer of green covers
early autumn leaves

Paul MacNeil

*

such sharp edges–
the few red leaves on a branch
of eucalyptus

Alice Benedict

*

river
the moon slowly ripples
downstream

Carol O'Dell

*

collected fog
the raveled fringe
of her scarf

Paul MacNeil

*

outer space
limbs of the bare oak reach
the farthest stars

Jane Reichhold

*

Blue morning light
at the writing desk–
the rain falls harder

Del Doughty

*

where nobody cares,
growing with green vigor
the sumac

Paul O. Williams

*

one limb at a time–
the falcon calls her fledglings
nearer to flight

an'ya

*

knocked off by rain
camellias bloom again
in the puddles

Jane Reichhold

*

horse trough
a cowboy chips away
the winter

an'ya

*

the bell rings
again the playground fills
with pigeons

Charles Trumbull

*

cliff trail
a raven's broad shadow sweeps
the greening valley

Elizabeth Howard

*

wobbly legs
the stray kitten plops
into a purr

Carlos Colón

*

bumbled by a bee
rugosa rose petals fall
through the breathless air

Robert Major

*

dressed for church
the perfume
of the garden

John Stevenson

*

in the parking lot
a rose petal has arrived
from nowhere special

Jerry Ball

*

slightly warm
this one perfectly ripe
wild blackberry

Alice Benedict

*

twilight beach-
a wave takes half
the lovers' heart

Rick Tarquinio

*

summer night
after the fireworks
the smoke

John Stevenson

*

long sermon
in the roof beams
cobwebs flutter

Dean Summers

*

between thumb and forefinger
a raspberry
full of morning sun

Kay F. Anderson

*

the salad bar's
long metal tongs
dining hall coolness

Burnell Lippy

*

Fourth of July
in the fireworks' glow
a sumi-e mountain

Ferris Gilli

*

first thunderclap
our neighbor stops
hammering

Peter Brady

*

yellow raincoats–
farm workers picking
the last of the peppers

Joann Klontz

*

cherry tomato
the scent from its leaves lingers
on my fingertips

Jennifer Jensen

*

thistledown
my thoughts carry me
back to sea

Alex Benedict

*

noon
sunflowers sway
with goldfinches

Cherie Hunter Day

*

lunch break
a blue dragonfly lights
on the sawhorse

Joann Klontz

*

sultry evening-
a peacock's plaintive cry
across the flooded field

Elizabeth Howard

*

yellow jasmine-
arriving chickadees
shake out perfume

Ferris Gilli

*

overcast morning
the last of the tomatoes
line the windowsill

Rick Tarquinio

*

slight breeze
all the colors telegraphed
along a spider's line

Christopher Herold

*

closing time:
zoo animals smaller
than their shadows

Charles Trumbull

INDEX OF POETS

Anderson, Kay F.
Redwood Shores, California

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

Ball, Jerry
Seal Beach, California

Benedict, Alex
Richmond, California

Benedict, Alice
Richmond, California

Brady, Peter
Gatineau, Quebec, Canada

Buettner, Marjorie
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Colón, Carlos
Shreveport, Louisiana

Day, Cherie Hunter
Chesterfield, Missouri

Doughty, Del
Huntington, Indiana

Gilli, Ferris
Ocala, Florida

Herold, Christopher
Port Townsend, Washington

Howard, Elizabeth
Crossville, Tennessee

Jensen, Jennifer
Fair Oaks, California

Klontz, Joann
Swedesboro, New Jersey

Lippy, Burnell
Mount Tremper, New York

MacNeil, Paul
Ocala, Florida

Major, Robert
Poulsbo, Washington

O'Dell, Carol
Port Townsend, Washington

Pruitt, Elbert
Sarasota, Florida

Reichhold, Jane
Gualala, California

St Jacques, Elizabeth
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Summers, Dean
Seattle, Washington

Tarquino, Rick
Northfield, New Jersey

Trumbull, Charles
Evanston, Illinois

Williams, Paul O.
Belmont, California

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 3 — NOVEMBER, 1999

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

gray day
smoke from a mill meanders
over the river

an'ya

*

cormorants near dusk
perched over the tidewater
all hunched, all black

Paul O. Williams

*

the flute's first notes . . .
three lavender petals fall
from the arrangement

Robert Major

HERON'S NEST AWARD

gray day
 smoke from a mill meanders
 over the river

an'ya

This haiku is deceptively plain, and perhaps seems as lackadaisical as the day it describes. But there is more, much more than appears on the surface. One of the great gifts of haiku is that they encourage us to discover the extraordinary in the ordinary. There is great depth in this poem if one knows, not where, but how to look.

First, what is presented? We are told straight away, and in general terms, that the day is gray—no surprise, nothing spectacular, just what is—and the grayness seems applied to everything. Imagine a mill: several large, dark gray buildings. Smoke issues from a tall chimney; it too is gray, but paler than the buildings. The sky stretches overhead, a few shades lighter than the mill, a few shades darker than the smoke. The river—as gray as the sky it reflects. And the disposition of the poet who takes in this panorama? Gray. The magic happens because the poet doesn't struggle to alleviate the feeling of heaviness but rather allows herself to sink into it, to be part of it. There's little energy in the air. The smoke doesn't rise straight up, nor does it stream or sink; it meanders, like the river itself. In fact "meander" is a word that more often describes the movement of rivers than of smoke . . .

. . . which leads me to syntax. The use of "meander" to describe the movement of smoke, brings the river to the sky and the sky to the river, melding them. Although an'ya's poem reads simply and naturally, her skillful lyricism and patterning of rhythm are exceptionally effective. The first line "gray day" is two distinct beats. The long "a"s stretch those beats beyond the visual length of the words, yet the hard first letters keep the line succinct. Surprisingly, these two syllables serve to slow us down. Spread well

apart, the three “m”s in the second line continue to slow the pace, stretching the three beats waaay out. Much like the smoke described, the “m”s seem to meander. In the last line, the two “ver” sounds return us to the rhythm and tempo of the first line, but now the tone is soothing, like a broad river. This poem is a wonderful onomatopoeia. It conjures the slow flow of the day.

At first glance, this haiku is a black and white photograph, not a color slide. The photographer is an artist, a writer who appreciates the subtlety of the wonders spread before her: a treasure trove in shades of gray. She sees the way the smoke crosses the river, one meandering stream crossing another. She chooses to participate in this intersection, and the pervasive gray in which it is embraced, opening to it, drinking in the nuances. She is transformed, and if we readers allow it, we too are transformed. Through this poem it is possible to enter into an abiding sense of peace and, in the resulting gratitude, begin again to see and to appreciate color.

— Christopher Herold
November, 1999

POEMS

cloudless day
the hollow sound of the
woodpecker's knocking

Carolyn Hall

*

autumn sunlight
beads of holy water arc
toward the casket

Dean Summers

*

sunset-
glowing clouds
fade on the river

Zoran Doderovic

*

night fills in slowly
between the dark branches
autumn equinox

Margaret Chula

*

desert night
beyond the silence
heat lightning

Ruth Yarrow

*

new milkweed pods
one tie goes up and down
under the freight train

Paul MacNeil

*

a great blue heron
wading through autumn colors
one step at a time

Rick Tarquinio

*

stillness
in the lava bed-
a hawk's shadow

Joseph Kirschner

*

don't move . . .
the harvest moon is balanced
none too well on the pine

Kay F. Anderson

*

stars
the connection of my eye
to the brightest

Tom Clausen

*

Indian summer
the ground-fall pear
warm in my hand

Margaret Chula

*

All Saints' Day
surviving pumpkins
covered in frost

Carlos Colón

*

ink long faded
from the wooden grave marker
fog rolling in

John Hall

*

drifting ginkgo leaves
all of my yellow pencils
worn down to nubs

Cherie Hunter Day

*

on withered boughs
faint shimmers of light-
the pale ringed moon

H. F. Noyes

*

the sound of rakes
in a neighbor's yard-
fingernail moon

Cindy Zackowitz

*

autumn breeze
evergreen's lowest branches
brush fallen needles

Carol Conti-Entin

*

a bell moves
in the fog
the tops of cows

Paul MacNeil

*

swirl of ink
in the brush water
early dusk

Cherie Hunter Day

*

autumn chill-
the garden hose ends
in a puddle of ice

John S. O'Connor

*

November night
with the sound of pelting rain
the barking dog

Elizabeth St Jacques

*

reflection of a candle
flame in the glass
with cider

Tom Clausen

*

no sign
where two roads meet
iris blooms

paul m.

*

offshore birds
a flock swerves and vanishes
in the glitter of waves

Randal Johnson

*

beach of shells
a fisherman casts
into the sunset

Cyril Childs

*

dark waters crest
tied to an old oak
a wooden casket

Nina A. Wicker

*

that four o'clock bird-
strangers
we share the dawn

Leatrice Lifshitz

*

cloverleaf exit
a swell of swallows
in twilight

John Stevenson

*

the kite soars
to the end of the string
indigo sky

Carol O'Dell

*

sunset-
the butterfly and I
just in time

Leatrice Lifshitz

*

evening
our paddles drip
into liquid sunset

Ruth Yarrow

*

the garden by moonlight
only jasmine
and white roses

Carolyn Hall

*

kudzu creeps
through the shack's roof
steady rain

Ferris Gilli

*

early cranberries
the workers' hats
bob up and down

Rick Tarquinio

*

stopped
on the iron fence
dove feather

Zoran Doderovic

*

patterns on the lake
the moment before
they become trees

Dean Summers

*

empty well
the bucket filled
with rainwater

Debi Bender

*

slave cabin
hidden by acres and acres
of sugarcane

Matthew Louvière

*

sudden gust
the sunflowers
turn their backs

Cyril Childs

*

it lifts its head
the woolly bear caterpillar
in autumn wind

Bruce Ross

INDEX OF POETS

Anderson, Kay F.
Redwood Shores, California

Bender, Debi
Orlando, Florida

Carol Conti-Entin
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Childs, Cyril
Lower Hutt, New Zealand

Chula, Margaret
Portland, Oregon

Clausen, Tom
Ithaca, New York

Colón, Carlos
Shreveport, Louisiana

Day, Cherie Hunter
Chesterfield, Missouri

Doderovic, Zoran
Novi Sad, Yugoslavia

Gilli, Ferris
Orlando, Florida

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Hall, John
Portland, Oregon

Johnson, Randal
Olympia, Washington

Kirschner, Joseph
Evanston, Illinois

Lifshitz, Leatrice
Pomona, New York

Louvière, Matthew
New Orleans, Louisiana

MacNeil, Paul
Ocala, Florida

Major, Robert
Poulsbo, Washington

Noyes, H. F.
Politia, Attikis, Greece

O'Connor, John S.
Chicago, Illinois

O'Dell, Carol
Port Townsend, Washington

Ross, Bruce
Burlington, Vermont

St Jacques, Elizabeth
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Summers, Dean
Seattle, Washington

Tarquino, Rick
Northfield, New Jersey

Wicker, Nina A.
Sanford, North Carolina

Williams, Paul O.
Belmont, California

Yarrow, Ruth
Seattle, Washington

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

paul m.
San Francisco, California

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 4 – DECEMBER, 1999

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

morning tea-
from the parakeet's cage
a toy bell tinkles

June Moreau

*

snow covered field
the impressions
of angels

Carol O'Dell

*

another stair
the weight of my daughter's
college bags

Paul MacNeil

HERON'S NEST AWARD

morning tea-
from the parakeet's cage
a toy bell tinkles

June Moreau

June Moreau is utterly immersed in her enjoyment of this moment and no other. The goal has been reached, and the goal has not been to escape from wordly clamor, nor has it been to pause in a busy schedule. What has been achieved is movement in accord with the current of life, the flow of the Tao—a fully relaxed, and conscious acceptance of what is happening right now. The poet is alert and attentive. She pours a cup of tea. Can you hear it filling her cup? The sound has the same quality as the sound of the bell in the parakeet's cage.

The alliteration and onomatopoeia are well balanced, not overdone. They enhance rather than distort the poem's sense of peacefulness. The words "toy" and "tinkles" echo the consonance of "tea." Assonance is also well placed: the long "e" sounds of "tea" and "parakeet." In the latter example, notice the delightful way the assonant and consonant sounds become reversed. In this poem one can hear the taste of tea in the sound of the bell, and taste the sound of the bell in the tea.

This haiku may at first seem to be simply an auditory snapshot, a pleasant atmosphere, a quiet moment—no big deal. Not so. Beyond describing a state that is not so easy to achieve in our ever more hectic society (deep relaxation while fully awake), June's poem points to the state of mind necessary to be free, regardless of life circumstances. She accomplishes this through juxtaposing contrast and similarity. The contrast lies in that the poet can roam about if she so chooses; the parakeet's mobility is restricted to a cage. The similarity lies in that the poet is happy to sit and sip tea; the parakeet is happy to

nibble at the toy bell. These circumstances merge in the complimentary sounds of the tea and the bell. Whether restricted or not, both the bird and the poet are content in what they are doing. When there is no desire to be elsewhere, we are able to thoroughly appreciate the present moment. Freedom is a state of mind.

In a way, this haiku calls to mind the following lines from Wordsworth's Personal Talk:

To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

Thanks go to June Moreau for sharing her equanimity in this delicate and most satisfying haiku.

— Christopher Herold
December, 1999

POEMS

a quiet street
bright yellow leaves settle on
an empty bench

Bruce Ross

*

dusk-
the tamarack's yellow needles
scattered in the grass

Cindy Zackowitz

*

revolving door-
a gust of holiday laughter
warms the sidewalk

H. F. Noyes

*

Thanksgiving pie
the first long curl falls
from Grandma's apple peeler

Laura Bell

*

our teen out late
through his window
Orion

Ruth Yarrow

*

wind funnel
whirling leaves across the drive
my neighbor waves her rake

Doris Thurston

*

recycling box
back inside
with leaves

John Stevenson

*

small town market
the clerk chooses coins
from an older man's palm

Joann Klontz

*

sunless sky
quietly the river enters
the wild woods

Nina A. Wicker

*

December 19
rows and rows of mailboxes
with their red flags up

Robert Major

*

carefully unwrapped . . .
the favorite ornament
lying in pieces

Robert Major

*

a moth
has extinguished the icon lamp-
shining stars

Zoran Doderovic

*

breath rising
the church steeple bathed
in moonlight

Rick Tarquinio

*

chained dog
its white breaths lengthening
in the wind

Matthew Louvière

*

white winter light
deep among pines
the mule deer doze

Jean Dubois

*

snow flurries
candlelight moving
from window to window

paul m.

*

Christmas Eve
listening to the snow
fall

Marjorie Buettner

*

outstretched necks-
a pair of tundra swans
running on the lake

Mark Arvid White

*

above the harbor
clear blue sky
-Arctic wind

Alex Benedict

*

quiet so deep
you can hear the swan
crook its neck

Doris Thurston

*

ashes to ashes . . .
clinging to the fingers
yellowish clay

David Cobb

*

baby's giggle
the way a laugh changes
two faces

Francine Porad

*

soft breeze
the rhythm of wind chimes
and northern lights

Elizabeth St Jacques

*

earthquake-
the lingering scent
of jimson weed

Carolyn Thomas

*

shady sidewalk
an acorn lands
in a hopscotch square

an'ya

*

a moment
near the woodcarver's hands
hummingbird

Kay F. Anderson

*

moonlit camellias
café conversations spilling
into the street

paul m.

*

stillness
of the lava bed
a hawk's shadow

Joseph Kirschner

*

thunderstorm-
sunflowers
in a blue vase

Carolyn Hall

*

October stroll
the shadow of mom's cane bends
over cobblestones

an'ya

*

last sunbeam
on the mossy boulder-
crickets chirping

Elizabeth Howard

*

a leaf falls
from the greenhouse ficus
clap of thunder

Michael Dylan Welch

*

early morning fog:
waving good-bye
to a school bus

John S. O'Connor

*

cold drizzle
black birds pace
the asphalt roof

Peggy Lyles

*

taste of sunshine
on a yellow pear
one raindrop

Ferris Gilli

*

how still I am
waiting for the storm
how still the bamboo

Eugenie Waldteufel

*

humid summer night
the small town casts a glow
on slow-moving clouds

Jerry Kilbride

*

coffee brewing
the swish, swish, swish of tires
through autumn drizzle

Christopher Herold

*

rainy day
a trail of bright leaves
through the school foyer

Carlos Colón

*

not a laughing mouth,
a bent bow, or an eyelash,
the slender new moon

Paul O. Williams

INDEX OF POETS

Anderson, Kay F.
Redwood Shores, California

Bell, Laura
Sausalito, California

Benedict, Alex
Richmond, California

Buettner, Marjorie
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Cobb, David
Braintree, Essex, England

Colón, Carlos
Shreveport, Louisiana

Doderovic, Zoran
Novi Sad, Yugoslavia

Dubois, Jean
Golden, Colorado

Gilli, Ferris
Orlando, Florida

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Herold, Christopher
Port Townsend, Washington

Howard, Elizabeth
Crossville, Tennessee

Kilbride, Jerry
Sacramento, California

Kirschner, Joseph
Evanston, Illinois

Klontz, Joann
Swedesboro, New Jersey

Louvière, Matthew
New Orleans, Louisiana

Lyles, Peggy
Tucker, Georgia

MacNeil, Paul
Ocala, Florida

Major, Robert
Poulsbo, Washington

Moreau, June
Lexington, Massachusetts

Noyes, H. F.
Politia, Attikis, Greece

O'Dell, Carol
Port Townsend, Washington

O'Connor, John S.
Chicago, Illinois

Porad, Francine
Mercer Island, Washington

Ross, Bruce
Burlington, Vermont

St Jacques, Elizabeth
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Tarquino, Rick
Northfield, New Jersey

Thomas, Carolyn
Cathedral City, California

Thurston, Doris
Port Townsend, Washington

Waldteufel, Eugenie
Mill Valley, California

Welch, Michael Dylan
Foster City, California

White, Mark Arvid
Palmer, Alaska

Wicker, Nina A.
Sanford, North Carolina

Williams, Paul O.
Belmont, California

Yarrow, Ruth
Seattle, Washington

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

paul m.
San Francisco, California

ABOUT *THE HERON'S NEST*

*where tradition and innovation meet ...
and complement each other*

PHILOSOPHY

As editor of this journal my intention is to present haiku in which the outward form of each poem has been determined by two important elements. The primary element is the poetic experience, faithfully and uniquely evoked in words. The second element helps to shape the first; it is the poet's knowledge and respect for traditional haiku values. When well balanced these elements result in work that is distinctively and unmistakably haiku.

"Poetic experiences" are those which inspire us to express ourselves creatively. "Haiku values" are the traditional underpinnings, both Japanese and Western, by which haiku sensibility has evolved into what it is today, and which will continue to shape haiku traditions in the future. There are many ideals equated with each of the various haiku forms. No one poem can embody all, or even a majority of these ideals. Each of us must decide for ourselves what is important in the writing and appreciating of haiku. To help you decide whether or not to submit your work, I'd like you to know the qualities I regard as important to haiku.

STAFF

Christopher Herold, editor
Alex Benedict, Webmaster

TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 1999 and may contain errors of transcription or typography. For current information about the journal and staff, and more recent issues, please visit us at <https://theheronsnest.com>.