

# THE HERON'S NEST — VOLUME 10 (2008)



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FEATURED POEMS

first snow  
the snug fit of spices  
in their rack

Burnell Lippy

\*

pensioned —  
filling the days  
with late tomatoes

D. Claire Gallagher

\*

summer's end  
the mother of the bride  
holds an empty hat box

Michele Root-Bernstein

## HERON'S NEST AWARD

first snow  
the snug fit of spices  
in their rack

Burnell Lippy

In cooking up our little poems — our pâté, our dim sum, our hot cross buns — we have to get the recipes just right. Too much salt or too little cream will be noticed.

Undercooking or desiccation are equally lamentable. On the other hand, a very small but successful variation on an old familiar recipe can be enough to warrant our names being added to that of the dish.

Burnell Lippy's "first snow" economically captures the pleasure of winter for those who are well prepared. One may eventually become weary, as the season drags on, but the first snow is awesomely beautiful. The poet/speaker here is "snug" inside, ready to enjoy the domestic comforts of winter confinement.

This poem is successful in many of the ways that we have come to appreciate in contemporary English-language haiku. Its images are simply presented and register on the first reading. It has a single, clear seasonal reference, a single clear break, and features natural diction.

It is also a fine example of haiku's ancestor, the hokku or opening verse of the renku. In addition to exhibiting the qualities that haiku inherited from the hokku, it exhibits other important qualities of a hokku. It could be read as the renku leader's appreciation for the hospitality of a host. And it could also be an optimistic invocation of the collaborative work to come — twelve, twenty, or thirty-six verses — each with a place in the "rack" and each containing a unique "spice."

The common kigo “first snow” is a key ingredient in this poem and is skillfully applied. The application of a formal kigo, especially one that receives a great deal of use, obliges the poet to find ways of refreshing the image. While western poetry has no element that quite matches the function of the kigo, our use of spices in cooking provides a useful parallel. Certain insights about the nature and qualities of spices have come down to us through the generations, as both oral tradition and written canon. These traditions are engaged with innovations in an ongoing dialog, the beginning and ending of which are equally beyond our sight. Some spices are in such common use that any spice rack, however humble and rudimentary, is likely to include them: thyme, cinnamon . . . and others so familiar to us that just a pinch is enough to invoke intimate memories. Likewise, the use of the kigo “first snow” will trigger some specific memories (even if unconscious ones) in each of us.

When a spice rack is mentioned, we are likely to envision a particular example, in our own kitchens or in the kitchens of our childhoods. Even if some readers have no immediately retrievable memories of such an object, it will likely prove evocative through the absence of such associations. In fact, just such a negative capability is one of the striking features of this poem. The spices are not, at present, providing sensations of either taste or scent. They are entirely a matter of potential in the moment portrayed, snug in their storage place.

Juxtaposition is a primary tool of haiku poets. It’s easy for us to fall into the extremes of selecting images that operate as either synonyms or antonyms for each other. The results can be an unacknowledged simile or a labored irony. Occasionally this can be effective but best practice seems to be to work with images that are plausibly available to the senses in a single instance of time and place and to allow their resonances free play rather than to force them into a narrow span of meaning. In other words, we show

rather than tell. But we are not limited to showing, we can also invite the reader to get close enough to touch, taste, and smell.

The good news is that the selection of one poem among the final three was difficult this time. They all succeed in resisting the reduction of their core images to a “solution.” Despite the metaphorical possibilities of Michele Root-Bernstein’s empty hat box, Claire Gallagher’s late season tomatoes, and Burnell Lippy’s spice rack, each of these images retains its literal qualities and declines to be made into something other, and lesser, than itself. Each is full of implications, which arise as they do in life, suggesting rather than proclaiming a deeper meaning. It only takes a trace of snow, or a bay leaf, to release all of this for sensitive readers.

— John Stevenson  
March 2008

POEMS

escalator  
out of the subway . . .  
snowfall

Dietmar Tauchner

\*

dark comes early now —  
we speak of the children  
we didn't have

Carolyn Hall

\*

winter morning . . .  
the stray cat returns  
with a wound

K. Ramesh

\*

lullaby  
she reaches  
to feel each word

David Serjeant

\*

the stump chewed  
to a fine point —  
winter lodgings

George Dorsty

\*

the last commuter  
scraping windshield ice . . .  
Orion's belt

Scott Mason

\*

tenement clotheslines  
sinking lower . . .  
winter clouds

Marilyn Murphy

\*

prayers and hymns  
echoing from long ago  
sunlight on a pew

Richard Straw

\*

long night  
the smell of eucalyptus  
on a baby's chest

Harriot West

\*

icy morning  
the twists and turns  
of a child-proof cap

Alice Frampton

\*

raven's cry  
all the partings  
still to come

Dietmar Tauchner

\*

The warm glow  
of living rooms —  
one of them mine

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

\*

sleet storm  
the bare tree branches glisten  
with grackles

Brenda J. Gannam

\*

sound of the dog  
getting through  
to the marrow

Chris White

\*

moving day  
the old dog paces  
the empty rooms

Marianna Monaco



\*

winter sunset —  
an aerial rattles  
with magpies

Diana Webb

\*

needles of rain  
the talk show guest  
addresses my problem

Carolyn Hall

\*

mid-morning  
an ice-crack ricochets  
across the river

Hilary Tann

\*

rain patter  
on the windshield  
. . . second lie

Roberta Beary

\*

Winter sunset  
on the surf line  
jellyfish globes

Joan Zimmerman

\*

birth book  
a toddler scribbles  
in the blank spaces

Elizabeth Howard

\*

darkening clouds  
I press cold earth  
on tulip bulbs

Laryalee Fraser

\*

dawn on Dal Lake  
emerging from the mist  
the flower boat

Rohini Gupta

\*

spring grass  
the rounded rump  
of an Angus steer

Quendryth Young

\*

washing trays  
that held rice seedlings —  
a song from the river

Brent Partridge

\*

first steps  
the scent of earth  
clings to her shoes

N. C. Whitehead

\*

wood anemone  
only the hare  
and I

Martina Heinisch

\*

first warm day  
we check the mountainside  
for wild goats

Billie Wilson

\*

scent of lilacs  
my dog waits for me  
to catch up

Gary Eaton

\*

a fishing fleet  
hanging in the clouds . . .  
the spring horizon

Michael McClintock

\*

frost on the Daphne  
the way he says  
*Never mind*

Aurora Antonovic

\*

teenagers  
holding up a wall  
first dandelion leaf

paul m.

\*

dawn breeze  
leaf shadows  
on her freckles

Grant D. Savage

\*

echo  
of the pileated's call . . .  
wavering lake reflection

Ruth Yarrow

\*

sunbeams  
the crow's slow side-shuffle  
down the wire

John Barlow

\*

strawberry picking —  
i stumble  
over my past

Roberta Beary

\*

chickadee chatter . . .  
all the people peripheral  
to a life

Andrea Grillo

\*

morning prayer  
a white-throated sparrow  
opens with song

Ellen Compton

\*

marbled weather  
gulls in free fall  
over the ocean

Patricia Prime

\*

twice swept out  
twice blown back  
a dove's feather

Edith Bartholomeusz

\*

Memorial Day —  
the mockingbird  
repeats his song

Ruth Holzer

\*

taking the short way  
the toes of her shoes  
damp with dew

Greg Piko

\*

wind surfing  
gulls hover  
over the wipeouts

William Cullen, Jr.

\*

as girls we watched  
heat lightning across the bay —  
only now the thunder

Helen Russell

\*

blinding sunshine —  
a stranger with the smile  
of an old friend

Valeria Simonova-Cecon

\*

under the rainbow  
a hundred cows with  
one expression

Peter Yovu

\*

distant thunder  
my daughters' laughter  
on the carousel

Matthew Cariello

\*

Milky Way  
a stream of termites  
from the woodpile

Lorin Ford

\*

sky of no clouds  
sand from the shaman's hand  
conjures a rainbow

Frank K. Robinson

\*

fishing  
with dad again  
the ripples

Stephen Peters

\*

reaching  
where the hose won't —  
summer rain

Harriot West

\*

slow night  
the flycatcher sizzles  
over the door

Tony Beyer

\*

a squeeze of the hand  
and we stand among them —  
croaking toads

Michael McClintock

\*

the August hayfield  
raked into windrows —  
a dipper of water

L. Teresa Church

\*

drawing a heart  
the wet sand  
between my fingers

Brian Gierat



\*

sultry evening  
the pizza receipt clings  
to a beer bottle

Bob Lucky

\*

moonlit pond . . .  
he lifts his child above  
the threat of frogs

Janelle Barrera

\*

adobe wall —  
a row of pots  
fill with light

Ann Schwader

\*

summer grasses  
a golden fuzz  
on the blowfly's belly

Sandra Simpson

\*

fireflies . . .  
the dreams I had  
as a child

Chad Lee Robinson

\*

cottonwoods  
over a slow stream  
the heat

Ann Schwader

\*

his 44th —  
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Gary Hotham

\*

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Billie Wilson

\*

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Deb Baker

\*

Vivaldi . . .  
olive leaves ripple  
silver

Giselle Maya

\*

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Glenn G. Coats

\*

Venus rising  
a coyote trap  
snaps shut

Lynne Steel

\*

in the season  
of wandering dragonflies  
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Margarita Engle

\*

storm clouds —  
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Hilary Tann

\*

night of fireflies —  
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Jian Zheng

\*

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Lynn Edge

\*

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D. Claire Gallagher

\*

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Adelaide B. Shaw

\*

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Christopher Patchel

\*

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C. Avery

\*

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\*

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Nancy Stewart Smith

\*

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tie the quilt

L. Teresa Church

\*

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waiting for the bus

K. Ramesh

\*

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stacking the hand-me-downs  
into equal piles

Yvonne Cabalona

\*

I skirt around  
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autumn sunset

Kala Ramesh

\*

almost evening —  
the paper vendor sleeps  
on old news

A. Thiagarajan

\*

hometown visit —  
I fill my pocket  
with acorns

Connie Donleycott

\*

playground swings —  
a strong wind replaces  
the children

Gary Hotham

\*

field mice  
forage the corn bin  
. . . harvest moon

Warren Gossett

\*

bottoms up —  
that amber glow  
of autumn sun

James Chessing

\*

dark September day  
stillborn given a name  
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Randy Brooks

\*

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park bench peeling

Tyrone McDonald

\*

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blood moon rising

Curtis Dunlap

\*

October light  
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to pray

Randy Brooks

\*

migrating birds  
my father sends the next son  
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Glenn G. Coats

\*

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a stranger paints her lips  
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Lenard D. Moore

\*

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Chris Bays

\*

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Allan Burns



\*

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Susan Constable

\*

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\*

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David Giacalone

\*

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Laryalee Fraser

\*

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Kay Grimnes

\*

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Dru Philippou

\*

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\*

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Sabine Miller

\*

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Yu Chang

\*

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Bruce Ross

\*

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\*

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Chad Lee Robinson

\*

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Burnell Lippy

\*

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H. Gene Murtha



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FEATURED POEMS

slicing apples  
into the dented pan –  
howl of the wind

D. Claire Gallagher

\*

On the roof  
with a row of mops  
soaking up the sun

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

\*

thoughts of youth –  
the furthest peak  
through my slingshot

Martin Vest

## HERON'S NEST AWARD

slicing apples  
into the dented pan —  
howl of the wind

D. Claire Gallagher

A haiku poet's experience can be a flash of insight into the rightness of things, or something that slowly moves into consciousness. Both parts of a haiku might be pre-existing; one part may serve as background, until something else intrudes. In "slicing apples," Claire Gallagher juxtaposes a peaceful, homely activity against a potentially tense situation. That readers are allowed to appreciate the kitchen scene before they are made aware of the intrusive wind sounds is crucial to conveying the poem's essence.

One can infer that the poet is baking in her home while a storm is blowing outside. From the description, I intuit a winter storm. "Apple," a late-autumn kigo, can rightfully belong in other seasons if context is given.

The cook will have turned on the oven to preheat it, found or remembered a recipe to ad lib, and gathered the appropriate ingredients. Since she is preparing apples and cutting them directly into a pan, she has already peeled and cored them with special tools, or perhaps she labored with only a simple paring knife. In my own "mind's eye," I see the slicing done with apple halves in hand being cut toward a thumb. Repetitive, practiced motions yield thin, nearly identical, slices. Apple after apple, knife and cook are in rhythm. The cook is aware of the wind; its voice is in the background as she works. With just the right portion of apples finished, the cook will sprinkle cinnamon over them, along with either white or brown sugar. The pan of apples is shaken. Staples are mixed for a crumb topping: flour, butter, more sugar, some liquid, and other family-secret ingredients. On to the oven. In a while, the fragrance of this apple brown betty or

apple crisp (cobbler if more of a crust was called for) will begin to attract family members to the kitchen to investigate. This recipe, in one form or another, has been baked for centuries. Okay, now I am hungry.

Claire's skillful haiku has several other aspects that let me share in this experience. The wind's "howl" is apposed to a knife "slicing." The parts of this poem are wonderfully assembled. Lines one and two have a rhythm fitting their meaning. Two senses are explicit: movement and sound. Smell is close to the poem, even from the raw apple. A fourth sense to imagine, taste, seems assured. The use of words is such that craft itself does not show. The key here, for me, is that the pan is "dented." Oh, how much weight this word delivers!

How was it dented? Possibly by just repeated kitchen use, but it might have been an occasional toy for crawling-age generations . . . such a lovely drum. What kind of a baking utensil gets banged up? It might be the aluminum which has problems with acidic recipes, but certainly not undentable cast iron. My guess is tin or tinned steel. I own some similar cookware handed down from my mother and her mother. In the cupboards are a few of these humble old containers whose looks don't matter, but predictable utility does. Each has come to fit certain recipes. Dented and perhaps quite discolored with the patina of long wear, Claire's pan may have an aesthetic beauty ultimately not very different from that of cooking apples themselves.

— Paul MacNeil  
June 2008

POEMS

trying to make  
myself understood —  
the sun in a spoon

Sandra Simpson

\*

a length of rope  
knotted with seaweed —  
pull of the tide

Susan Constable

\*

moonlight swim —  
I sink in my shadow  
and come up in his

Karen Cesar

\*

a small cave  
only children's footprints  
on the sandy floor

Brent Partridge

\*

wakened by rain  
the scent  
of bruised mint

Quendryth Young



\*

Ulysses butterfly —  
the satisfaction  
of knowing its name

Beverley George

\*

amusement park  
odors melding  
with the sea

Adelaide B. Shaw

\*

vacation whodunit . . .  
the perforated shadow  
of my straw hat

Scott Mason

\*

wave after wave  
no one I knew  
as a child remains

Marian Olson

\*

still  
no answer . . .  
the stars

og aksnes

\*

Grand Canyon  
all I know  
I don't know

Victor Ortiz

\*

Vedic chants . . .  
a heron glides to a rock  
in the misty lake

K. Ramesh

\*

high-tension wires  
hum above the prairie . . .  
a few drifting clouds

Allan Burns

\*

the smell  
of a crushed beetle  
things that don't change

Marje A. Dyck

\*

midlife . . .  
my car radio  
on scan

Christopher Patchel

\*

morning lotus —  
the pool umbrellas  
still closed

israel lópez balan

\*

into the sun  
where eyes can't follow  
a red tailed hawk

Edith Bartholomeusz

\*

drought  
the prayers she knows  
by heart

Bill Kenney

\*

farmer's market —  
an earwig burrows  
into the pennies

Martin Vest

\*

broken clouds —  
he rearranges  
the squirrel shield

Yu Chang

\*

half moon  
a firefly pulsing  
in my shadow's heart

William Cullen, Jr

\*

light rain  
the red rose  
overflows

Rohini Gupta

\*

August heat —  
broken egg shells  
in the gator's nest

Dan Daly

\*

seashells —  
I sort through  
my childhood

Lorin Ford

\*

salt water taffy  
a long line of cars on the bridge  
heading back

Scott Mason

\*

lavender field —  
stopping my car  
to let the bee out

Connie Donleycott

\*

sunlit ruffle —  
overhead the osprey clutches  
a wet gleam

Ruth Yarrow

\*

withering blossoms —  
                clay takes shape  
on the potter's wheel

Kala Ramesh

\*

VJ Day  
an old man with a balloon  
tied to his chair

Helen Buckingham

\*

end of summer  
tumbleweed trapped  
in barbwire

Theresa Thompson

\*

starlit sky . . .  
cicadas' keening sounds  
surround us

Joan Murphy

\*

the cat  
right where I left him  
haloed moon

Carolyn Hall

\*

cicada dusk —  
trouble in the sound  
of my mother's voice

Chad Lee Robinson

\*

leaves turning  
she still smiles when she sees me  
after all these years

Dennis Stukenbroeker

\*

barbed wire  
sagging under its load  
of bare vines

Florence Vilén

\*

new wine  
adobe walls  
in shadow

Lynne Steel

\*

moon moth . . .  
infant fingers brush  
the breast

Jo McInerney

\*

the hush  
after starlings lift  
autumn sun

Joyce Clement

\*

sweetness  
oozing from a fig  
indian summer

Harriot West

\*

the first bare trees  
a flock of blackbirds  
turns back the clock

George Swede

\*

wild geese  
the border guards  
lower their weapons

Lars Vargo

\*

fishermen's memorial  
bits of driftwood  
roll in the surf

William Cullen, Jr

\*

estate sale  
her paint-by-number Christ  
half finished

Mark Alan Osterhaus

\*

airport terminal  
the sparrow's flight  
from gate to gate

Audrey Downey

\*

through the storm  
knowing  
the mountain is there

Sabine Miller



\*

turkey shoot  
young boys slip through  
clumps of men

Jennie Townsend

\*

woodsmoke —  
an heirloom photo of someone  
no one knows

Michele Root-Bernstein

\*

a garbage can  
in the middle of the street  
deepening autumn

Dietmar Tauchner

\*

a new light  
on the dashboard  
evening rain

Alice Frampton

\*

falling into  
the longest night  
fresh snow

Ann Schwader

\*

rain turning snow  
the doctor begins by describing  
treatable conditions

LeRoy Gorman

\*

geese  
that stay —  
winter rain

Burnell Lippy

\*

office windowsill  
a geranium petal  
drops into a file

Jeffrey Rabkin

\*

cold moon —  
marrow bones simmer  
in the pot

Marianna Monaco

\*

hospice hallway  
his visitors talk about  
someone else

Richard Straw

\*

funeral . . .  
the wind  
hushes the priest

Tyrone McDonald

\*

first winter rain  
I drift into dreams  
of my childhood

Lenard D. Moore

\*

giving up  
her secret ingredient  
last round of Scrabble

Tony A. Thompson

\*

quiet fall of snow  
the park mime's wall  
is breached

LeRoy Gorman

\*

still morning  
birds on the roof ridge  
every which way

Hilary Tann

\*

winter aquarium —  
maybe I should have stayed  
in my home town

Barry George

\*

sun in the pines  
the awkward cadence  
of Father's voice

Glenn Coats

\*

alone at the beach —  
cones of bent pines  
so low to the ground

Carolyn Hall

\*

snow moon  
the blue shadow  
of a bare birch

Michael L. Evans

\*

ice storm  
he traces my scars  
in the dark

Katherine Cudney

\*

snowbound —  
collecting rent  
on Boardwalk

Jeff Stillman

\*

fading light  
my snow shovel's scrape  
answers another

Deb Baker

\*

deep winter  
rooks call other rooks  
through the dusk

John Barlow

\*

sketch pad  
no color  
for snow

Hilary Tann

\*

late night . . .  
sounds this house makes  
only in the winter

Duro Jaiye

\*

winter sunrise  
blinking  
between the boxcars

Garry Eaton

\*

storage closet  
the dead spider  
as fine as its web

George Swede

\*

waiting  
for the rice to boil  
winter moon

Bruce Ross

\*

woodburning stove —  
toiled boots  
prop each other up

Linda Jeannette Ward

\*

winter noon  
a branch drips  
on its shadow

Dana-Maria Onica

\*

snowed in . . .  
opening the lid  
of my breadmaker

Laryalee Fraser

\*

last of the sun —  
the letter of apology  
half written

Jon Baldwin

\*

winter sunrise  
the crack  
in the barn door

Bob Lucky

\*

a clump of soil  
shaped by his grip —  
late winter sun

Jennie Townsend

\*

snowmelt  
a raspberry cane  
springs back

Yu Chang

\*

the cool kids  
walk arm-in-arm  
. . . wild narcissus

Roberta Beary

\*

awash with fog  
the wheel-less  
wheelbarrow

Matthew Paul

\*

pacing myself  
to the trot of the dog  
an April evening

Michael McClintock

\*

spring sunshine  
the friendliness of the girl  
who serves me

Marcus Larsson

\*

first warm day  
the bodybuilder  
makes his pecs dance

Chad Lee Robinson



\*

end of winter  
I place a phone call  
to another time

Jerry Ball

\*

Redwood sorrel buds . . .  
beyond the missing bridge  
the vanishing trail

Joan Zimmerman

\*

early morning sun  
steam rises from stumps  
piled in the clear-cut

Christopher Herold

\*

Easter egg hunt  
Grandma hints where  
the purple one lies

William Scott Galasso

\*

a long road  
the spring wind  
in my lungs

Timothy Hawkes

\*

missing steeple —  
crows settle  
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George Dorsty

\*

the horned moon —  
a grub in one hand  
a seed in the other

Peter Yovu

\*

frozen morning  
a pansy's blue face  
in the leaf litter

Elizabeth Howard

\*

spring —  
the pause before  
she pulls a sapling

H. Gene Murtha

\*

the sidewalk ends  
at a high stone wall  
dandelions

Billie Wilson

\*

tea house  
a small leaf  
blackens a tooth

André Surridge

\*

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a white lie  
about her complexion

Grant D. Savage

\*

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in the garden

Kirsty Karkow

\*

first warm day  
she asks me if I still  
want a divorce

Collin Barber

\*

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following its string  
to a stranger's door

Tom Tico

\*

warm winds  
the kite's string  
almost straight

Jared Carter

\*

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from the air conditioner

Curtis Dunlap

\*

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the blowsy petals  
of spent tulips

D. Claire Gallagher

\*

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first the perfume  
    then the buzz

Nathalie Buckland

\*

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of mesquite

Cherie Hunter Day

\*

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lifts a crow

Slavko Sedlar

\*

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Jack Barry

\*

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Petar Tchouhov

\*

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Tony Beyer

\*

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Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

\*

where night  
pulls away —  
white irises

Dru Philippou

\*

humming oldies  
talk of the future  
from the back seat

Shane Robitaille

\*

thumbing a coat  
    over my shoulder  
cloudless sky

Christopher Herold

\*

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she draws teardrops  
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Mary King

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FEATURED POEMS

the falling snow  
turning the snowman  
back into snow

Mark Arvid White

\*

4th of July  
congealed ketchup  
around the cap

Bob Lucky

\*

the easy stride  
of seersucker  
Father's Day

Marilyn Appl Walker

## HERON'S NEST AWARD

the falling snow  
turning the snowman  
back into snow

Mark Arvid White

One of the joys of haiku is the opportunity to share a “now moment of awareness” of a poet whose poem springs from a present-minded encounter with circumstances different from our own. Good readers are willing to engage a poem in an imaginative encounter. Thus, when poetic craft shapes the unfolding of an experience, both the event that sparked the poem and the event’s relationship to the universe become accessible even to readers of different backgrounds. My personal experience with snow and snowmen has been infrequent to say the least, but from my first encounter with this fine haiku by Mark Arvid White to my many happy reunions with it since, I find myself watching, along with him, in quiet awe.

Consistent with the disorientation one might experience in a heavy snowstorm, there is no guidance from punctuation in the poem, though I feel a natural pause at the end of line one. (Perhaps there once was an ellipsis but it’s been covered by the snow?) The lulling sound of the double l’s in line one and the soft vowel sound that ends lines one and three convey a feeling of deep silence and tranquility that encourages contemplation and meditation.

Though the poem is only nine words long, “snow” appears three times, once in each line. Repetition of this degree is unusual in English language haiku but here it effectively expresses the relentless nature of the snowfall and the ubiquitous nature of the snow at that moment.

Like autumn's scarecrow the snowman is a fascinating creature. In *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*<sup>1</sup>, William J. Higginson writes that the Japanese term for snowman is literally translated "snow-Daruma" or "snow-Bodhidharma" after the First Patriarch of Zen, or sometimes "snow-Buddha." Higginson attributes this to the round shape both the snowman and certain representations of the monk and Buddha have in common.

White's poem gives us deeper similarities as well. At birth a proud creation who is fussed over, adorned, and posed with, the snowman is soon abandoned. He endures both his moment of celebrity and his all too brief existence with acceptance and equanimity very few humans could muster. The fate of this snowman is quite different from that of the famous "Frosty" and all the snowmen I ever knew. Not melted by rain or sun, but sitting silently he resumes his original nature flake by flake.

As do all fine haiku, the poem's simple, objectively depicted images, through the poet's skillful expression, resonate with the deepest experiences of our existence. On behalf of the other editors and all our readers I thank Mark Arvid White for this wonderful poem.

— Robert Gilliland  
September 2008

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<sup>1</sup> Higginson, William J., *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*, Kodansha International, Tokyo, 1996, p. 261.

POEMS

distant peak  
a tumbleweed overtakes  
the shadow of a cloud

Harriot West

\*

we pick  
the last blackberries  
her freshly blonde hair

John Kinory

\*

book chosen  
another title tips  
into the empty space

Christopher Herold

\*

waking up all night  
this room is too close  
to the moon

Tom Drescher

\*

listening  
for the cat door —  
autumn night

Lorin Ford

\*

lakeside drive  
one more time around  
the radio dial

Collin Barber

\*

cul-de-sac  
the knife-grinder rings in  
summer's end

Roberta Beary

\*

almost dark —  
a fountain  
lifts the rain

Ian Daw

\*

silence between us  
the sound  
of a candle

Natalia L. Rudychev

\*

wind-carved sand . . .  
I crumble a bayberry leaf  
to bring her back

Scott Mason

\*

equinox —  
splitting the last tomato  
with a jackknife

Curtis Dunlap

\*

high autumn days  
the morning glories open  
to whatever comes

Michael McClintock

\*

a couple kissing,  
not even moonlight  
between them

Jennifer Welch

\*

the drift  
of a nearby conversation  
autumn leaves

Christopher Herold

\*

full moon —  
her updated version  
of the future

Vladislav Vassiliev

\*

dawn frost  
a screech owl finishes  
the hunt

Alice Frampton

\*

one corner then the other  
of my book —  
black-tip dragonfly

Brent Partridge

\*

edge of the reeds  
a rattlesnake pair  
tails whispering

Grant Savage

\*

new love . . .  
the ripples of a braid  
undone

Naia

\*

memories —  
the smell of matches  
fills the kitchen

Andrea Cecon

\*

Halloween . . .  
she asks to borrow  
my hippie jeans

Andrea Grillo

\*

timber train  
a thought about  
Auschwitz

Johan Bergstad

\*

behind our backs —  
the sounds the ocean  
covers up

Gary Hotham

\*

evening news  
she files her nails  
down to nothing

Megan Arkenberg

\*

the sound she makes  
when she catches her breath  
first snow

Chad Lee Robinson



\*

Babar  
a forget-me-not  
between wrinkled pages

Berenice Mortimer

\*

an eagle sighting —  
the frailty  
in my father's hug

Carolyn Hall

\*

slow driver —  
is he watching  
the hawk?

Hilary Tann

\*

dust clearing  
the miner's lamp beam catches  
on a splintered timber

Ruth Yarrow

\*

open range  
leather creaks  
in the cold dawn

Allan Burns

\*

early dusk  
an inch of snow  
on a half inch branch

paul m.

\*

a dancer  
all her life —  
winter moon

Jim Westenhaver

\*

bare branches  
a swishing broom  
finds its rhythm

Marilyn Appl Walker

\*

dwarfed by dinosaur skeletons  
a teen  
with all the answers

LeRoy Gorman

\*

science fair  
my amaryllis bigger  
than his

Aurora Antonovic

\*

storm over —  
her headstone  
above the snow

Francis Masat

\*

church bells and snow  
I read that Chekhov  
longed to be a monk

Kirsty Karkow

\*

winter drizzle —  
a sprinkling of sea salt  
on warm pretzels

Nancy Stewart Smith

\*

the crows  
louder than usual  
deep morning mist

Bruce Ross

\*

I'd almost forgotten it  
a seed's hunger  
for the sun

Peter Yovu

\*

the sigh  
I heave  
forsythia

Christopher Patchel

\*

visiting artists  
all over town  
cherry blossoms

Helga Härle

\*

spring morning —  
women at a village well  
tease the new bride

Gautam Nadkarni

\*

steady drizzle  
strand by strand  
a robin's nest

Gene Murtha

\*

a female mallard  
leads two drakes —  
spring morning

Barry George

\*

once again  
the scent of lilacs  
mother's call to supper

John Soules

\*

downpour  
puddles swirled  
with pollen

Deb Baker

\*

spring breeze —  
the cat bats a few  
feathers around

Ruth Holzer

\*

mortgage paid off —  
thatch from our yard  
in the robin's beak

Connie Donleycott

\*

sunlit dew  
the cock pheasant circles  
his three-strong harem

Matthew Paul

\*

the wide blue sky  
following behind  
an orange tractor

Adelaide B. Shaw

\*

purple almond tree —  
today I'll not forget  
where I parked the car

Janelle Barrera

\*

all the answers  
in the back of the book —  
summer solstice

Alice Frampton

\*

morning clouds  
the swan waddles  
over a shallow part

paul m.

\*

outdoor market  
caged parakeets hang  
with the chickens

Carolyn Rohrig

\*

girl in a meadow  
the random flight  
of a swallowtail

Dru Philippou

\*

last day of school  
lessons clapped  
from the erasers

Yvonne Cabalona

\*

maple trees  
on the verge of summer  
wanderlust

Cherie Hunter Day

\*

my garden gloves  
streaked with dirt —  
meeting a monarch

Laryalee Fraser

\*

hut in the woods . . .  
small teeth marks  
on the toilet soap

K. Ramesh

\*

bayside picnic  
trying to favour  
the one-legged gull

Jo McInerney

\*

family reunion  
memories of the way  
it never was

Victor Ortiz

\*

old friends  
a rustle of pea pods  
against the fence

Susan Constable

\*

beach festival  
a child pats the damp  
in her castle wall

Ron Moss

\*

from the lookout  
mountain after mountain . . .  
ant on the gravel path

George Swede



\*

heat storm  
the weight of his hand  
almost touching mine

Harriot West

\*

The secluded creek  
of our childhood  
still deep in places

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

\*

summer ice  
the shopkeeper  
bangs his scoop

Tony Beyer

\*

a flip-flop  
in the middle of the street  
the heat

Cindy Zackowitz

\*

starless night  
I crush the emptiness  
from a soda can

Collin Barber

\*

tire marks  
on the neighborhood street  
evening heat

Lenard D. Moore

\*

hot summer day  
the shape of a bicycle  
that's been run over

Carlos Colón

\*

one tree  
downhill from the others  
the limit of shadows

Jennie Townsend

\*

watermelon moon  
she pedals slower  
closer to home

C. Avery

\*

drive-thru exit  
a one-legged gull waits  
to take my order

LeRoy Gorman

\*

heat wave  
a crow follows  
the train tracks

Matthew Cariello

\*

midsummer heat —  
prayer flags fade  
on temple trees

Edith Bartholomeusz

\*

summer waters . . .  
the slack  
in each line

Chad Lee Robinson

\*

lingering twilight  
a water dragon's tail  
dangles in the pool

Quendryth Young

\*

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the empty pop can

Mike Montreuil

\*

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Mark Alan Osterhaus

\*

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Keith Jennings

\*

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Ian Daw

\*

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Tyrone McDonald

\*

the river of heaven  
my body  
drifts away

Peter Yovu

\*

a gang of men  
followed by others  
the ripe grain

Richard Straw

\*

August night  
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sends a chill

Jay Santini

\*

moonlight  
on my hands  
the smell of parsnips

Sandra Simpson

\*

starlit sky  
a touch of dampness  
on the scarecrow

Yu Chang

\*

autumn in the park  
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merges with the night

Jeffrey Rabkin

\*

afternoon stillness  
a dragonfly touching  
circles in the pond

Kala Ramesh

\*

swallowing  
an iron pill —  
autumn melancholy

Ruth Holzer

\*

log fire  
the landlord's  
reindeer nose

Helen Buckingham

\*

passing headlights  
snow gathers on  
the horse's back

Jack Barry

\*

crocuses bloom  
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swings her feet

Richard Krawiec

\*

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smoulder on to sundown  
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Matthew Paul

\*

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Michael McClintock

\*

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Jennifer Gomoll Popolis

\*

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\*

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\*

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Bill Kenney

\*

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\*

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Mathew V. Spano

\*

a spider comes out  
to bundle its catch . . .  
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John Barlow

\*

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the whole family

Carolyn Hall



\*

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Brent Partridge

\*

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\*

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knees

Ann K. Schwader

\*

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\*

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\*

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Karen Cesar

\*

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Lenard D. Moore

\*

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Seabeck, Washington

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Salmon Arm, British Columbia, Canada

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Andrea Grillo  
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Carolyn Hall  
San Francisco, California

Helga Härle  
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Gary Hotham  
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Bill Kenney  
New York, New York

John Kinory  
Oxfordshire, England

Richard Krawiec  
Raleigh, North Carolina

Marcus Larsson  
Värjö, Sweden

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Bob Lucky  
Hangzhou, China

paul m.  
Bristol, Rhode Island

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Key West, Florida

Scott Mason  
Chappaqua, New York

Michael McClintock  
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Tyrone McDonald  
Brooklyn, New York

Jo McInerney  
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Gene Murtha  
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Gautam Nadkarni  
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multi-color threads  
on the weaving machine

Fay Aoyagi

\*

more footsteps —  
the broken branch  
breaks again

Gary Hotham

\*

one deep breath  
for a moment the pine  
is part of me

Harriot West

## HERON'S NEST AWARD

Hiroshima Day  
multi-color threads  
on the weaving machine

Fay Aoyagi

The smallest of poems, haiku are powerful in their dynamic compression. They are fully capable of addressing all significant subjects affecting humankind — alienation and connection, transience and death, love and war. The best ones reward many readings, never growing stale. They involve readers, allowing us to participate and contribute without depleting the possibilities offered by evocative images. Such haiku convey strong feelings and suggest multiple layers of association. They validate our intuition and challenge our thinking. Often they expand understanding and open hearts. The editors of *The Heron's Nest* believe Fay Aoyagi's "Hiroshima Day" belongs to this distinguished group, and we are pleased to commend it.

In keeping with classic haiku practice, Fay approaches her emotionally charged subject obliquely. Hiroshima Day and a weaving machine are disparate images, seeming to have little or nothing in common. But they are brought together by "multi-color threads." On first reading I visualized threads of many colors and thought of our world's races, nationalities, and cultures — each part of a pattern that is richer because of the diversity; all fragile against the horror of nuclear weapons. Almost simultaneously, I sensed that single threads might be variegated, with shifts in tone to suggest the complex and often contradictory blending of characteristics within individuals and the way our attitudes change over time. More than sixty-three years later, most of us no longer subscribe to the point of view our parents or grandparents considered so natural during World War II — that the enemy was not quite human and

could not be understood or reasoned with. But we are always only a small step away from taking this same point of view in new periods of conflict.

Solid or variegated, the warp threads shimmer with unfinished possibilities. No two readers will follow precisely the same ones. Certainly, the emotions that surface on each anniversary of the August 6, 1945, detonation of the first atomic bomb over Hiroshima must be markedly different for a Japanese survivor and an elderly American infantry veteran convinced he would have died in battle had World War II not ended when it did. Even so, I imagine many of their feelings overlap and interweave, colored by knowledge of the realities of war and hope for peace. A younger generation worldwide grew up amid Cold War talk of bomb shelters and nuclear annihilation. They will bring their own associations to the poem, as will today's students and their parents and teachers. Haiku may come into being in a few moments, but they are almost always infused with emotional responses developed over a longer time, perhaps the poet's whole lifetime. So, too, with each reader's immediate reaction and subsequent associations. Even so, I believe most people will experience a visceral knot as they enter the poem and recognize personal involvement in the unfinished cloth of the post-Hiroshima world.

The timbre of the poem would be much different if the threads were stretched on a hand loom. Since the Industrial Revolution, the textile industry like most others has become highly mechanized. Monster machines are the stuff of nightmares, and the next threads of suggestion are all too easy to identify. Propaganda machines, war machines, political machines can all make monsters of ordinary people.

I imagine woof threads shuttled or air shot across the colorful warp. Spindles are in place, and the weaving machine is programmed to produce cloth according to a pre-determined pattern. But the machine is not part of an allegory about the human condition. Images in haiku suggest instead of instructing or predicting or standing in

for abstractions. For me, this issue's award poem serves as a powerful reminder of our shared humanity and an affirmation of the fundamental distinctions between machines and human beings. Our ability, individually and collectively, to think, feel, and choose can make all the difference.

– Peggy Willis Lyles  
December 2008

POEMS

New Year's Day  
our neighbors' boots  
in the mud room

Hilary Tann

\*

after all  
the cell phone calls  
the pine

Robert Epstein

\*

a few heads nod  
as a vision is retold  
the candle's flame

Richard Straw

\*

a winter sun  
drawn in yellow crayon —  
the children's ward

Michael McClintock

\*

split white birch  
a beaver's wake  
reaches shore

paul m.



\*

the bent nail  
where garlic hung . . .  
winter moon

Lorin Ford

\*

winter night  
my wish  
still among the stars

Claudette Russell

\*

word of a death  
the clarity  
of winter sunlight

Ellen Compton

\*

mud month —  
a line of fox tracks  
divides the field

Cindy Zackowitz

\*

morning warmth  
a boy stretching his step  
to match dad's

Yvonne Cabalona

\*

morning sun  
cherry petals drying  
on a turtle's back

Brent Partridge

\*

young green poplars . . .  
recalling  
that kind of intensity

Marje A. Dyck

\*

roadside huddle  
of thatched roof huts  
earthy rain scent

Angelee Deodhar

\*

the sweet peas  
begin their climb  
solstice

Ann K. Schwader

\*

wild roses  
the farm wife shears  
a gravid ewe

Robert Bauer

\*

first warm day  
Harleys gleam  
the length of the diner

Jeff Stillman

\*

budding maples —  
an updraft  
of goldfinches

Barry George

\*

Manhattan skyline  
my son is getting married  
tonight

Yu Chang

\*

weeds uprooted  
the earth  
under my fingernails

Christopher Herold

\*

mountain overlook  
a rush of perfume  
from the seniors' tour bus

Joann Klontz

\*

arbor gate —  
turning sideways  
to avoid the thorns

Kate MacQueen

\*

beach sunrise  
daylight crawls  
crab by crab

Tad Wojnicki

\*

late summer  
echo of a motorcycle  
buzzing in the tunnel

Judson Evans

\*

butterfly house  
our voices  
float in whispers

André Surridge

\*

vegetarian daughters  
fingers stained  
turmeric

Alan Bridges

\*

heat lightning  
through a stuck  
screen door

Burnell Lippy

\*

oppressive heat —  
tossing ice cubes  
to the junk yard dog

Curtis Dunlap

\*

lovers down the beach  
turn out to be  
driftwood

Chuck Brickley

\*

storm shelter . . .  
a girl and her mother play  
itsy-bitsy spider

Brenda J. Gannam

\*

two caterpillars  
crossing paths —  
summer's end

Cindy Zackowitz

\*

breakfast alone  
except for that cricket  
behind the fridge

David Giacalone

\*

floating log  
your words carry me  
across the river

Katrina Shepherd

\*

autumn equinox  
a crow on the wire  
reverses its grip

Cynthia Rowe

\*

the same hilltop  
but on the other side  
of summer

Christopher Patchel

\*

tug horn  
a cloud shadow  
puts out to sea

William Cullen, Jr.

\*

rain on cedar shakes  
after long silence  
an old friend speaks

Jared Carter

\*

desert breeze  
the clay jugs broken  
by shadow

Michele Root-Bernstein

\*

billowing clouds  
the mill's overshot wheel  
dark with moss

Jared Carter

\*

bounding ahead  
over mountain roads  
the full moon

Elizabeth Howard

\*

autumn wave . . .  
the hiss  
of tiny pebbles

Naia

\*

cicadas  
the double dutch girls  
take five

Tyrone McDonald

\*

onion skins  
in the kitchen sink —  
leaves raked and piled

Erik Linzbach

\*

warm rain  
batman rides  
on Daddy's shoulders

C. Avery

\*

frost melt —  
the pewit  
speaks its name

Ellen Compton

\*

late November  
no leaves to break the fall  
of heavy rain

Hilary Tann



\*

apples in the grass  
an empty swing sways  
from the branch

Mike Andrelczyk

\*

fallen leaves  
around the maple  
do I have to go home

Yu Chang

\*

morning chill  
a child's shadow  
moves thru mine

H. Gene Murtha

\*

that kind of day  
the wind at my back  
most of the time

Stephen A. Peters

\*

almost sunset —  
my husband humming a tune  
of his own

Valeria Simonova-Cecon

\*

the first bird  
to break silence . . .  
hour of the wolf

Tyrone McDonald

\*

icesnow —  
the stab marks  
of her pronged cane

Roberta Beary

\*

flashlight shadows  
the storyteller's head  
fills the ceiling

Collin Barber

\*

moonless night  
the splinter deep  
in my finger

John W. Sexton

\*

deep winter  
the splinter begins  
to fester

Marilyn Appl Walker

\*

rain turning to snow  
a beggar in the subway  
that no one believes

Jeffrey Rabkin

\*

winter stars  
we all hunt  
for his belt

Kirsty Karkow

\*

winter beach —  
the size of gulls  
up close

Janelle Barrera

\*

winter sun  
the IV pouch  
buckles

Scott Mason

\*

home village  
nowhere to visit  
but the graveyard

Eileen Sheehan

\*

museum dusk  
mannequin soldiers  
hold their ground

Helen Buckingham

\*

nest-building —  
a magpie sings  
with its mouth full

Quendryth Young

\*

softly the quail  
from their crowded crates  
greet the dawn

Tom Drescher

\*

April  
the shadows  
bloom

Natalia L. Rudychev

\*

spring book signing  
the poet's pen  
skips

LeRoy Gorman

\*

plum blossoms —  
vitamins strewn  
across my plate

Chris Bays

\*

magnolia in full bloom —  
a new tingling  
in my breasts

Sandra Simpson

\*

angle of repose  
a hermit thrush  
fills the valley

Allan Burns

\*

songbirds in the dark  
the sound of my sister's voice  
when she lies

Glenn Coats

\*

the downpour ends  
first one peep  
then another

George Swede

\*

goldfish  
in the graveyard pond  
spring sunshine

Marcus Larsson

\*

family reunion  
chachalacas shake  
the branches

Bob Lucky

\*

dusk  
the last calf  
settles into the herd

Mark Alan Osterhaus

\*

morning rain  
a handful of strawberries  
just as cool

Paul Cordeiro

\*

beach walk  
I shift a coconut  
from hand to hand

Lynne Steel

\*

warming breeze —  
the barber's pile of clippings  
a little bigger

Charles Trumbull

\*

evening traffic . . .  
rubber lizards for sale  
still on the pavement

K. Ramesh

\*

first summer rain  
the bride and groom pause  
in their dance

Lenard D. Moore

\*

tin roof  
two doves settle  
into a groove

Graham Nunn

\*

village bells  
the sun-warmed odor  
of cattle

Allan Burns

\*

summer dawn  
the cat brings the rain  
to bed

Grant D. Savage

\*

summer stars  
hot buttered corn  
on our smiles

Ron Moss

\*

summer brook  
perfect skipping stone  
on the other side

Jeff Hoagland

\*

rain on summer sand  
a child writes  
the dead pony's name

Clare McCotter

\*

wet sand . . .  
the summer wind  
sets our pace

Connie Donleycott



\*

peach season  
friends come to visit  
our tree

Margarita Engle

\*

coffee shop —  
hearing his name  
in someone else's conversation

Angela Terry

\*

father-in-law's death  
one gardenia petal  
falls in the rain

Keiko Izawa

\*

razor wire  
in the lime tree  
a bird song

Claudia Binfeld

\*

rolling sunset . . .  
the dark side  
of a wave

Victor Ortiz

\*

thundercloud  
blue veins down to the heart  
of the gentian

Ruth Yarrow

\*

sunburst . . .  
bits of river  
through the mangroves

Quendryth Young

\*

a whiff of kelp  
as I clear out the trunk —  
summer moon

Bethel

\*

scenic outlook  
each step reveals  
more grasshoppers

Jennifer Corpe

\*

jasmine in bloom —  
termites swarm  
from their nest

Carolyn Hall

\*

bark butter —  
a nuthatch  
works the edges

George Dorsty

\*

mountain slopes  
getting wet as I walk  
through clouds

Kala Ramesh

\*

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of his pregnant mother

Tomislav Maretić

\*

so many ways  
to see the world  
snake in the grass

Marian Olson

\*

haloed moon  
the hawkler twirls  
his glow bracelets

Lynn Edge

\*

a single bubble  
after the beaver dives  
the rising moon

Jack Barry

\*

the gardener  
and his scarecrow  
the same hat

Bruce Ross

\*

crows swagger  
down the middle of the road  
summer's end

Matthew Paul

\*

starting school tomorrow —  
he talks to trees  
at the woods' edge

Mathew V. Spano

\*

Labor Day  
a spot of barbecue sauce  
on the face of my watch

Carlos Colón

\*

summer's end  
two flies fighting  
over me

Dietmar Tauchner

\*

old blue car —  
the ease  
of summer's last days

Chad Lee Robinson

\*

a still, starry night —  
train tracks  
wet with dew

Michael Dylan Welch

\*

scudding clouds  
the snake as long  
as my sleeve

Susan Constable

\*

stump speech —  
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Carolyn Hall

\*

morning frost  
a monk's chant  
crosses the river

Lonnard Dean Watkins

\*

stalagmites  
a passel of school children  
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Cherie Hunter Day

\*

autumn leaves . . .  
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John Kinory

\*

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John Barlow

\*

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Irene Golas

\*

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A. Thiagarajan

\*

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Els van Leeuwen

\*

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Burnell Lippy

\*

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\*

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## MEMORIAL PAGE FOR ROBERT MAJOR

On the Other Side: In Memory of Bob Major

(by Michael Dylan Welch)

Robert Major was for nearly two decades one of the leading and more distinctive haiku poets in the Pacific Northwest. He wrote mostly in a 5-7-5 pattern, though not slavishly, and paid close attention to having clear and immediate images, often with a seasonal reference and a two-part structure. His haiku were frequently infused with a subjective touch, or sly and sometimes self-deprecating observations.

At the Basho Bash in Portland, Oregon, I asked Bob to sign my haiku autograph book, for which I ask poets to write one or more of their best or favourite haiku. Here are the two poems Bob wrote for me on May 11, 1996:

Before turning in  
we step off the cabin porch  
to check on the stars

Peering in the door,  
a mirror reflects my face  
among the antiques

The preceding poem exhibits a playful sense of humour, as does the following verse from his first chapbook, *Shadows on the Shoji*:

First trip to Japan.  
We find the Japanese crows  
all speaking English

Whether he wrote with humour or with a light seriousness, Bob's fulsome style and honest or playful depictions of nature and his small-town surroundings won him admiration and respect.

Bob had a long and, I believe, rewarding life, and many of us in the Pacific Northwest were fortunate to know him. Despite his long life, though, perhaps his life and all of our lives are like the shadows on the shoji screen in the title poem of his 1997 chapbook:

For a little while,  
our shadows on the shoji  
as the candles flame

Here's a poem of mine in remembrance of Bob:

spring's deepening green —  
beside the silent heron  
our long shadows touch



\*

I am saddened to learn of Bob's passing. I've long enjoyed his poetry and got to meet him at the Haiku North America conference in Evanston, Illinois in 1999. I still remember that he wrote a haiku back then about how, under fluorescent lights, bald heads all gleam differently. Bob had a wonderful, self-effacing humor, perfect for haiku, and a big, generous heart.

— Robert Gilliland

\*

The lilacs bloom in great profusion. Robert would have loved the vibrancy of colors and scents that decorate us this year. It was a cold spell that turned our yards, our gardens, our spring into a kaleidoscope of beauty. And it was in this cold spell that we discovered the truth of all life . . . to every thing there is a season.

spring memorial  
the dampness  
in a handful of soil

a haiku poet  
planting pots of sweet William  
breeze off the water

— Alice Frampton

\*

The following poem was the result of a moment I shared with Bob on the first day I met him. It was written during a ginko at the Bloedel Estate on Bainbridge Island.

woodland path —  
a small flower  
bends our knees

I loved Bob's wisdom and quick wit. In an on-the-spot response to one of my poems he wrote:

sitting in the swing  
to remember how it was . . .  
what to do with my legs

Bob was a dear friend and I will miss him very much.

rows of folding chairs . . .  
memories of him circle  
within the silence

— Connie Donleycott

\*

a tall pine  
overlooks the grave,  
the gathering of Friends

(Written at the graveside memorial — Bob being the tall pine.)

— Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

\*

the mighty oak falls  
a thousand acorns take root  
in the rain-soaked earth

— Margaret Chula

\*

the Peace Rose  
it blooms for every year  
I've known you

— Doris Thurston

\*

I have fond memories of Bob. He always seemed to have a twinkle in his eye, and he gave good bear hugs. He was especially kind to me at the time of the HNA meeting in Portland, where he functioned as my chauffeur in addition to everything else he was

doing for the local group. While I have been thinking about Bob, I remembered how impressed I always was about his attention to and fascination with small happenings and objects.

So large a presence  
yet his delight in small things  
“a pinch or a smidgen”

— Winifred Jaeger

\*

cloudy horizon —  
the sun disappears  
before sunset

— Ce Rosenow

\*

waves of pink petals  
blow across rain-shined asphalt  
somehow it is right  
that he leaves us in late spring  
with the cherry blossoms

— Michael Evans

\*

memorial service  
lilacs at the old schoolhouse  
drop their spent blossoms

— Marilyn Sandall

\*

clouds pass

the subtle twinkling  
among stars

— William Scott Galasso

\*

At my first Haiku Northwest meeting, early in 1999, poets sat in a circle around Francine Porad's living room reading haiku. When my turn came I read the first line of my offering and paused. Just then Bob, who was sitting beside me, let loose a thunderous sneeze. I jumped and my mind went blank. Francine couldn't suppress a giggle, which, of course, was contagious. Soon we were all laughing, even Bob. He was both notorious and beloved for such sneezes. Strange, but even that sound plays a part in my missing him.

I especially appreciated the Quaker memorial service arranged for Bob. It took place in an old meeting hall that seemed to be steeped in the shared insights of countless Friends meetings. The appreciative and respectful silence embraced us, significantly intensifying a sense of the space once occupied by our dear friend. Voices blossomed from that silence, clear, heartfelt, and filled with emotion. Bob's family stood to share their memories, one after another, each of them vivacious and entertaining even in their obvious grief. More than a few folks spoke of or recited haiku. Being there was rather like being transported back in time. I felt adrift in a hallowed place, one in which both the absence and presence of Bob were tangible and in perfect balance.

pendulum motionless  
yet the clock in the Friends hall  
keeps time

— Christopher Herold

## SELECTED HAIKU OF ROBERT MAJOR



silent Friends meeting . . .  
the sound of chairs being moved  
to enlarge the circle

\*

The sense that a wind  
is sweeping through the rooms . . .  
The Van Gogh Museum

\*

Beach cottage bedroom . . .  
waiting for the beam of light  
to sweep the room again

\*

reading by lamplight;  
sounds of a summer night  
press against the screen

\*

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

\*

Pumpkin carving . . .  
a ring of grinning faces  
around the table

\*

two red cedars  
joined in their early years —  
grown apart with age

\*

Eighty-five years old . . .  
what is one to do with  
all these memories?

\*

reaching a wide stream . . .  
the trail continues  
on the other side

## MEMORIAL PAGE FOR WILLIAM HIGGINSON

William J. Higginson

December 17, 1938 - October 11, 2008

Not surprisingly, given the extraordinary contributions of Bill Higginson to English-language haiku, we were overwhelmed with tributes to him and have been able to share less than half of that material in this issue. We thank everyone who offered their deeply felt words.

*mushi no ne mo jibeta ni fusu ya nochi no tuki*

insect chirps  
lingering low on the ground  
the later moon

Shokan Tadashi Kondo

\*

heavy fog —  
the mountain still back there  
out of sight

Paul O. Williams

\*

what a silence!  
and nobody's around  
to share it with

Grzegorz Sionkowski

\*

migrating birds —  
I hear his voice in the wind  
toward Nirvanna

Fay Aoyagi

\*

bleu roi  
a thousand flying foxes  
quarter moon

Alan Summers

\*

walking alone  
the filtered sounds  
of the hototogisu

Raffael de Gruttola

\*

dusk  
a half-ripe melon  
frees itself from the vine

Carolyn Hall

\*

patter of raindrops  
in autumn leaves . . .  
the seasons turn

Ellen Compton

\*

his passing . . .  
the small fir collects  
fallen leaves

Tom Clausen

\*

starry night . . .  
a worn phone number  
in the handbook

H. Gene Murtha

\*

dry autumn  
the fading vibrance  
of a spider lily

Carlos Colón

\*

hard to tell you  
how I feel . . .  
this late autumn sky

Liam Wilkinson

\*

petrified forest  
a stone axe echoes  
in the sky

Ernest J. Berry

\*

autumn ginko  
one by one  
into mist

William Cullen Jr.

\*

harvest home  
a red nasturtium  
heads for the stars

Sheila Windsor

\*

a single breath  
the ember  
comes to life

Natalia L. Rudychev

\*

leaving us in autumn . . .  
leaving behind him  
the blossoms to come

Kristen Deming

\*

ebbing tide  
a bright shell caught  
by the current

Kirsty Karkow

\*

tree leaves fall  
as the long journey begins  
a fading hymn

Richard Straw

\*

white hydrangea  
fading  
in white light

Micheline Beaudry

\*

a teacher's passing . . .  
moonlight bathes  
the apple tree

Curtis Dunlap

\*

another light  
now —  
among the stars

Gillena Cox

\*

a gentle breeze ripples  
everywhere his words  
leaves on grass

Andrea Grillo

\*

opening his book . . .  
the world he offered  
tumbles out

Beverley George

\*

beyond emptiness  
the moon filling itself  
for certain

John W. Sexton

\*

autumn evening . . .  
adding another star  
to the milky way

Pamela A. Babusci

\*

prayer flags  
the autumn leaves carry  
the blessings to you

Audrey Downey

\*

cloudy day  
the janitor misses  
a fallen leaf

Nana Fredua-Agyeman

\*



surf murmurs  
the basso continuo  
behind the dunes

Karen Klein

\*

this fragility —  
white cranes laced  
in the air

Patricia Prime

\*

the mountain pine —  
    holding the light,  
    held by it

Lorin Ford

\*

“Bill’s Day” —  
draw the letters  
in aspen-glow

Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

\*

a little cold  
and without the bright fish  
this golden pond

Bruce Ross

\*

gray October  
the poet's voice  
outlives him

David Lanoue

\*

full moon  
and so my thoughts  
turn to you

Roberta Beary

\*

vest pocket park  
the leaves a little  
less brilliant

Scott Mason

\*

at his passing —  
a ripple in the river  
of stars

Karen Cesar

\*

misty shroud —  
leaves falling  
between the rails

Claudia Brefeld

\*

sunset fades  
from the highest peak —  
autumn chill

Laryalee Fraser

\*

Higginson's haiku  
still among the living;  
the autumn wind

Johnny Baranski

\*

long road  
the leaves and i  
windblown

Eileen Sheehan

\*

sunshine  
the colours  
of the hill

og aksnes

\*

temple steps —  
his shoes  
in the autumn rain

Hilary Tann

\*

backyard pine —  
what can I do  
with all these crows

Laurie Stoelting

\*

his lantern's glow  
pushing back the dark  
frog song

Ferris Gilli

\*

ebb tide  
the heron steps  
into twilight

Beverly Tift

\*

daybreak . . .  
a migratory bird's feather  
on the path

K. Ramesh

\*

love:  
a kigo for all  
seasons

hortensia anderson

\*

a memorial bell  
tolls tolls and stops,  
but his words . . .

Alice Frampton

\*

blue dragonfly  
pine needles cover  
the narrow path

Peggy Willis Lyles

\*

persons and place  
to view the moon  
sake not quite full

Paul MacNeil

\*

Santoka too  
passed away on this date —  
wine with my tears

Christopher Herold

\*

almost dry again  
the drinking gourd . . .

John Stevenson

POEMS BY WILLIAM J. HIGGINS

Published in The Heron's Nest

early morning  
glue sets in the shade  
of the old shed

\*

early warmth  
in the backyard a flicker  
pokes among rocks

\*

that dull gleam  
through the hazy park —  
a playhouse window

\*

one maple leaf . . .  
end over end on the sand  
without a trace

\*

everywhere this morning  
maple keys soaking in  
the gentle rain

\*

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

\*

thump and screech —  
the long freight pulls out  
in robin's song

\*

restless pigeons —  
gentle words from a clerk  
bring a hint of tears

\*

crescent moon  
would I look at the clouds  
without it?

\*

how to tell  
of the myriad rich browns?  
pin-oak leaves

## READERS' CHOICE AWARDS, 2007

### ISSUE CONTENTS

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### OVERVIEW

The Editors and Web Master of *The Heron's Nest* are very pleased to share with you the overall results of the Readers' Choice voting for favorite poems and poets in *The Heron's Nest*, Volume IX, 2007. If you would like to read the entire awards issue, which includes the winning poems and poets along with commentary, special mentions, and many insightful comments by voters (on specific poems and on the voting process in general), please order the paper edition of Volume IX which also features the winning artwork from our third annual illustration contest.

Copies of Volume IX are due to be sent out early in April. They'll contain the quarterly issues plus complete results of the Readers' Choice Awards.

Many thanks to all of you who, during the busiest season of the year, managed to find time to peruse the 485 haiku we published in *The Heron's Nest* in 2007 and vote for your favorites. It is a pleasure to announce that a record number of voters cast ballots.

Eighty-eight!

This year's Grand Prize winner in both categories (Poem of the Year and Poet of the Year) will receive an engraved plaque. The three runners-up in each category will be awarded certificates.



On behalf of the Editors and Webmaster of *The Heron's Nest*, applause for the winners of the 2007 Readers' Choice Awards for having written haiku with great power, leaving lasting impressions on so many of your peers!

Gratitude also to everyone whose haiku appeared in *The Heron's Nest* last year. Your work passed through a team of five critical editors to get there.

— Christopher Herold

## FAVORITE POEMS

### *GRAND PRIZE: POEM OF THE YEAR*

(20 votes totaling 165 points)

buffalo bones  
wind less than a whisper  
in the summer grass

— Chad Lee Robinson

### *FIRST RUNNER-UP*

(19 votes totaling 150 points)

circle of lamplight —  
I complete the baby quilt  
begun for me

— Carolyn Hall

### *SECOND RUNNER-UP*

(13 votes totaling 90 points)

between windows  
the space the spider  
lived and died

— Tom Clausen

### *THIRD RUNNER-UP*

(13 votes totaling 79 points)

silted river  
an old doe turns  
to face the flow

— John Barlow

## POPULAR POETS

This category results from totaling the number of points awarded to each poet for their entire body of work in Volume IX. The most poems one can have accepted into The Nest each year is eight. Obviously, the more poems a person publishes, the more chances he or she has for garnering votes. It follows that success in the Readers' Choice Awards is significantly affected by a poet's earlier success in having work accepted by the editors throughout the year. Two poets had eight poems in Volume IX. One poet had seven poems published and eight poets had six published.

To put into perspective how well the winners did: The average total points for combined works this year was 31.

*GRAND PRIZE: POET OF THE YEAR*  
(45 total votes for 6 of 6 poems = 330 pts.)

Chad Lee Robinson

*FIRST RUNNER-UP*  
(36 total votes for 8 of 8 poems = 230 pts.)

John Stevenson

*SECOND RUNNER-UP*  
(33 total votes for 6 of 6 poems = 228 pts.)

Carolyn Hall

*THIRD RUNNER-UP*  
(29 total votes for 8 of 8 poems = 155 pts.)

Yu Chang

## SPECIAL MENTIONS

We would also like to commend the following new or relatively new contributors for garnering well over the average total point-score of 31.

Susan Constable: 4 of 5 poems received votes totaling 68 points

Lorin Ford: 4 of 5 poems received votes totaling 66 points

Keiko Izawa: 2 of 3 poems received votes totaling 55 points

Kevin James: one poem receiving 49 points

Some of our regular contributors were high in the standings:

John Barlow: 5 of 6 poems received votes for a total of 133 points

Burnell Lippy: 6 of 6 poems received votes totaling 116 points

Tom Clausen: 2 of 2 poems received votes for a total of 100 points

Alice Frampton: 4 of 5 poems received votes for a total of 83 points

Hilary Tann: 6 of 6 poems received votes for a total of 81 points

paul m.: 4 of 6 poems received votes for a total of 80 points

William Cullen, Jr.: 4 of 5 poems received votes for a total of 74 points

Sandra Simpson: 4 of 5 poems received votes for a total of 68 points

Christopher Patchel: 3 of 4 poems received votes for a total of 59 points

George Swede: 5 of 6 poems received votes for a total of 59 points

Collin Barber: 3 of 5 poems received votes for a total of 57 points

Audrey Downey: 4 of 4 poems received votes for a total of 56 points

Michael McClintock: 3 of 4 poems received votes for a total of 54 points

D. Claire Gallagher: 4 of 4 poems received votes for a total of 54 points

LeRoy Gorman: 4 of 5 poems received votes for a total of 51 points

Victor Ortiz: 4 of 4 poems received votes for a total of 51 points

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.: 3 of 3 poems received votes for a total of 51 points

## FOURTH ANNUAL HERON'S NEST ILLUSTRATION CONTEST

This year's illustration contest drew nearly three hundred entries. Thank you for making our selection process so difficult! Congratulations to those whose work has been selected and our deep appreciation for everyone who has offered their work. As always, it was with a mixture of gratitude and regret that we enjoyed but ultimately had to relinquish the opportunity to use so many truly beautiful images. We hope that those of you who have not been rewarded with a selection this year will not be discouraged and that we will have the opportunity of seeing more of your work later this year.



Cover: John Bergstad



Overview: Natalia L. Rudychev



Readers' Choices: Ron C Moss



Spring: Sandra Simpson



Summer: Ron C Moss





Autumn: Richard Krawiec



Winter: Natalia L. Rudychev



## 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, founding editor

John Stevenson, managing editor

Paul David Mena, webmaster and contributing editor

Alice Frampton, associate editor

Ferris Gilli, associate editor

Peggy Willis Lyles, associate editor

Paul MacNeil, associate editor

### TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 2008 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>.