

THE HERON'S NEST — VOLUME 13 (2011)



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FEATURED POEMS

migrating geese –
the things we thought we needed
darken the garage

Chad Lee Robinson

*

looking
not looking
roadkill

Christopher Herold

*

each streetlight
with its own rain –
click of mah-jong tiles

Sandra Simpson

HERON'S NEST AWARD

migrating geese —
the things we thought we needed
darken the garage

Chad Lee Robinson

We at The Heron's Nest are very grateful that our journal has attracted the attention and participation of poets from a wider world. What comes close to universal in haiku is precious to us all. At times, of course, it is also fitting to celebrate and appreciate that which is steeped in local color. In this issue we are recommending to our readers' attention a poem that, together with its universal theme of the burden of desire, is quintessentially North American in its imagery.

We are a car culture. Mobility and the freedom of open spaces are close to our hearts and souls. While North American lifestyles feature many settings, one version that is especially ours is the one family house with an attached two-car garage. What has happened in Chad Lee Robinson's poem is familiar here and has been repeated millions upon millions of times. With time, the garage has become a storehouse for everything but the car. And this is an omen of what is to come. We can be overtaken by our possessions and they can indeed become "dark" things. The habit of acquisition makes us forgetful and, in a sense, ignorant of the simple things. We forget how to savor those things that we truly do need, obscured as they are by layer upon layer of other "things we thought we needed," which have since been consigned to the going-nowhere obscurity of the garage.

The geese have their habits, too. They follow their own sense of what is needed. While they are social creatures, as we are, they've kept it comparatively simple. Rather than "keeping up with the Joneses" (perhaps the origin of the slang term "jones," meaning a

craving), they follow a migratory path that countless generations of geese have followed before them, taking their place in the formation in a way that makes the effort of flight almost 50% more efficient. They are the epitome of unencumbered.

Migrating geese is a kigo that Bill Higginson's Haiku World assigns to late autumn, which seems intuitively correct in much of North America. The key word in this poem is "darken" and it operates as a sort of auxiliary kigo, reinforcing the presence of shorter days and longer shadows in late autumn. This neutral quality operates in balance with the mildly sinister implications of the word in context. As a result, the poem is less a judgment (with concomitant distancing from its subject) and more of a wistful, perhaps affectionate acceptance of the flawed humanity that is exhibited by our friends and neighbors — and by all of us.

— John Stevenson
March, 2011

POEMS

spring morning
i decline the offer
of a draw

Jim Kacian

*

fountain pool
all the circles
where the coins used to be

Carlos Colón

*

no wind
no breath to lift the sails
baby swans

Irene Reed

*

the flag at half mast
orchard blossoms fill
the bigger picture

LeRoy Gorman

*

getting acquainted
some wild mint
in the garden

Stephen A. Peters

*

in a nut shell
there is never
enough room

Yu Chang

*

how to dress her
for eternity —
blossom rain

Carolyn Hall

*

on hold —
the rain
turning to snow

Ben Moeller-Gaa

*

hill climbing —
with each step beech leaves
younger and younger

Tomislav Maretic

*

bend in the river
swans introduce their young
to the flock

paul m.

*

all night rain
she begins with
“let’s talk”

Michelle Schaefer

*

brisk breeze
the wayward kite stretching
a boy taut

Berenice Mortimer

*

graduation
a bee crawls on the cap
in front of me

Laura Garrison

*

barnacles
persist along the pier . . .
our second honeymoon

Jo McInerney

*

my future . . .
from beyond the fence
sheepbells

Dietmar Tauchner

*

dry season ends
the scent of wet earth
saturates me

Wende Skidmore DuFlon

*

class on the quad
my eyes drift
to the afternoon moon

Aubrie Cox

*

thunderhead
flies return quickly
to cantaloupe rinds

Burnell Lippy

*

13th birthday . . .
wild rose buds
angled out

Margaret D. McGee

*

childhood home . . .
 my climbing tree's
 phantom limbs

Scott Mason

*

summer solstice
the old canal lock
cranked wide open

Michele Root-Bernstein

*

fragrance
fills the gap
between the flowers

Pravat Kumar Padhy

*

bullfrog moon
silence goes
where the heron goes

Grant Savage

*

crashing waves
our footprints meet
in the sand

John McManus

*

shiny
tin can
maybe peas

John Martone

*

teashop table . . .
I watch rain drops
pop on the road

K. Ramesh

*

irises open or closed
the round mouth
of the iron bell

Patrick M. Pilarski

*

starry night
the space in me
she fills

Stephen A. Peters

*

sound of a car
hitting the manhole —
all-day drizzle

Lenard D. Moore

*

believing
she loves me . . .
the blue of the sky

André Surridge

*

cocktail chatter
fruit flies sally
glass to glass

LeRoy Gorman

*

bottlebrush in bloom
there was a time in my life
when I wore red

Robert Epstein

*

breathless quiet
of a summer evening . . .
ship in a bottle

Jo McInerney

*

forested ravine
just enough light let through
to gild a ripple

Shelly Chang

*

wildflowers
today's news the same
as yesterday's

Melissa Allen

*

hummingbird
with the wave of an arm
I work out her tattoo

*

Greg Piko

*

never more open —
the precision
of a water lily

Patricia Prime

*

tangled roots
at the high tide line
a white feather

Nathalie Buckland

*

sunset stretched shadows
a strawberry seller holds out
the day's last box

Shelly Chang

*

where words
fall away
all of the lily

Dru Philippou

*

snap of a clipboard
in the all-day workshop
the heat

Lenard D. Moore

*

heat lightning —
Christmas beetles
spangle the fly screen

Lorin Ford

*

yet again
by the river
a pair of knickers

Owen Bullock

*

old pond —
if only my face
would stay so smooth

David Ash

*

bamboo bending
in the wind —
I bargain for mangos

L. Costa

*

know-it-alls talk
through rolled down windows
dusty road

Robert Huotari

*

village festival —
the last firework
joins the moon

Andrea Cecon

*

aftershock
a tremor lingers
in the dog

Melissa Spurr

*

waning summer moon
mom and I
compare hands

Yvonne Cabalona

*

summer's end —
a dog-chewed stick
by the edge of the pond

Cindy Zackowitz

*

sun low
chins rested
on the losing oars

Helen Buckingham

*

dusk —
sandpipers jab
the foam

Martin Gottlieb Cohen

*

outside the wake
cigarettes
dot the dark

Jennifer Gomoll Popolis

*

autumn chill
the cracks I don't
step on

Brendan Slater

*

autumn light
the cantor sings
a sinner's prayer

David Caruso

*

almost a moon
the weight of the glass
as it empties

Francine Banwarth

*

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of our childhood
moonlit night

Michele Root-Bernstein

*

early autumn
the old priest
trembling with tolls

Andrea Cecon

*

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God grant me
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Christopher Patchel

*

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in the fog

Jay Haskins

*

Perseid shower —
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Carmen Sterba

*

child's grave
from birth to death
the moon

Laurence Stacey

*

old stream —
the moon floats into
the blue hour

Claudia Brefeld

*

squabbling squirrels
I no longer remember the names
of childhood bullies

Robert Epstein

*

Indian summer
a kid drags his backpack
in the dust

Jennifer Gomoll Popolis

*

yellow leaves
her 30-step hopscotch
in pink

Bill Cooper

*

down the street
and back again
october wind

Ben Moeller-Gaa

*

ancient courtyard
bagpipes and drums pulsate
through the cobblestones

Katrina Shepherd

*

ochre moon
the road-train's light
in the kangaroo's eyes

Ron Moss

*

readying for bed
I open the shade
and let in the moon

Yvonne Cabalona

*

hint of frost
the spruce tipped
with jupiter

Grant Savage

*

pumpkin weather
the big smiles
of the candidates

Garry Eaton

*

withered corn
the runner in last place
turns it on

Glenn G. Coats

*

mountain music
the poverty
in minor chords

Glenn G. Coats

*

Thanksgiving
we have the wind chill
to talk about

John S. O'Connor

*

cold snap
a bite
of the radish

Bill Kenney

*

the doctor says
“when you reach our age”
All Hallow’s Eve

Margaret D. McGee

*

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roadside deer

Scott Mason

*

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I am still alive

Carmi Soifer

*

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Don Miller

*

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John Kinory

*

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Carmel Lively Westerman

*

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William Cullen, Jr.

*

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Roland Packer

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Michael McClintock

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Jerry Foshee

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Sonam Chhoki

*

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David Gershator

*

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John Soules

*

winter solitude —
a potato
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Lorin Ford

*

clinic waiting room —
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more walls

Sonam Chhoki

*

clear and cold
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Deborah P Kolodji

*

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Laura Garrison

*

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*

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jacksnipes

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*

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both ways

Susan Constable

*

bathed in sunlight
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of the rufous owl

John Barlow

*

climbing out
of the ocean's roar
cliffside daisy

paul m.

*

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the steady swish
of a bull's tail

Susan Constable

*

end of summer
our daughter's vacation
gets shorter each year

Victor P. Gendrano

*

near sunrise
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alight

Ann K. Schwader

*

Labor Day
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Christopher Herold

*

morning sun
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align

Hilary Tann

*

high tide
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moves another shell

Jay Haskins

*

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the doubts that remain

Tyrone McDonald

*

morning fog
a few poppies
burn through

Ann K. Schwader

*

harvest feast
the warmth
between my parents

Marcus Larrson

*

kitchen conversation
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to linger awhile

Michele L. Harvey

*

saffron dawn
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live with birdsong

Berenice Mortimer

*

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*

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*

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George Swede

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Eve Luckring

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*

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*

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*

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Marilyn Appl Walker

*

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Fay Aoyagi

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FEATURED POEMS

a deceased friend
taps me on the shoulder —
plum blossoms falling

Chen-ou Liu

*

a drop of pond
at the end of a beak
setting sun

Brad Bennett

*

gunshot
every pine needle
pointing at something

Gregory Hopkins

HERON'S NEST AWARD

a deceased friend
taps me on the shoulder —
plum blossoms falling

Chen-ou Liu

Some haiku please us from the first reading. Some beckon us to move beyond limits we've assigned to what constitutes "proper" English-language haiku. Some explode into our consciousness with all the stunning beauty of the first blooms of spring. And some do all these things and more. Chen-ou Liu's is one of those.

At first reading, I loved it. Then I questioned my response, asking, "Doesn't this break a whole bunch of Haiku Rules? Isn't this metaphor? Is it gendai? Am I supposed to like this as much as I do?" It seemed daringly outside my comfort zone. Then I simply let it take me into a world that was at once surreal — and so real.

Whether a moment such as this triggers the memory of a loved one (a metaphorical tap) — or, for just a split second, we forget and turn, expecting to see them there — I trust many of us have experienced this. It is a moment as filled with poignancy as this poem. We are literally touched at the deepest level — with inexpressible longing — and with a jolt of such joy mixed into our sorrow we can only feel blessed.

— Billie Wilson
June, 2011

POEMS

afternoon tea —
each ant takes away
a granule of light

Lorin Ford

*

along the roadside
Dixie cups
of summer wind . . .

Michael McClintock

*

fording the river
the moment closest
to neither bank

Jim Kacian

*

North star
so many places
to call home

Giselle Maya

*

distant galaxies . . .
taking another
wrong turn

Bill Kenney

*

heat lightning
the fly moves below
my ankle bone

Burnell Lippy

*

day moon
the hollow sound
of the water tank

Bob Lucky

*

summer night:
the coin laundry's
fish-less tank

Philip Rowland

*

goat-bell
a star
goes out

Philip Rowland

*

midnight dusk
the blur of moths
around a buddleia

Thomas Powell

*

early morning silence . . .
soon enough
everything

ayaz daryl nielsen

*

summer solstice
one flip-flop
circling the pool

Jennifer Gomoll Popolis

*

shade for the longest day of the year
— — —
clouds we'll never feel again

Gary Hotham

*

landfall
for a jellyfish
and lightning

Jeffrey Woodward

*

for a moment
your shadow
is my shadow

Gregory Hopkins

*

drawn blinds . . .
just in time a skink slips
from my sandal

Cynthia Rowe

*

cumulonimbus
a man rolls a cardboard box
too large to carry

Cherie Hunter Day

*

a girl's laughter —
waterfalls flinging
rainbows

Frances Jones

*

shooting star
my wish for
an unhurried life

Lauren Mayhew

*

the woman
I say I don't love
key lime pie

Lucas Stensland

*

dry brook
a choice
of stepping stones

David Gershator

*

first men on the moon
the first time I tasted
rattlesnake

James Chessing

*

heat spike
a blister beetle probes
the cactus flower

Melissa Spurr

*

I remember
your braid —
girl gone to soldier

Miriam Sagan

*

a mill wheel
slowly turning —
more and more stars

Dorota Pyra

*

thunderstorm —
the autistic boy
beats his drum

André Surridge

*

skinny dipping
the black eyes
of the fish crow

Jeff Hoagland

*

the child
a bit ahead of us
summer stars

Marcus Larsson

*

Hiroshima Day
a giant peony blooms
in my dream

Michael L. Evans

*

moonless night
I close my eyes
and disappear

Stevie Strang

*

autumn begins . . .
the crack of an acorn
beneath my shoe

Lynn Edge

*

the morning moon
accompanying me
to my new job

Paul Wigelius

*

riffles . . .
a belted kingfisher
splinters the light

John Barlow

*

maroon recliner
unwanted in the corner
motionless sea

Thomas Pescatore

*

prairie sky
the trucker secures
a wide load

Roland Packer

*

a fossil fish
in a box of beach sand . . .
first day of school

Kirsty Karkow

*

almost dusk
the trawler men
drink tea

frances angela

*

Dad's yahrzeit —
a white moth
clings to my window

Janet Ruth Heller

*

ship's rail —
moonlight all the way
to the moon

SRSpanyer

*

Indian summer —
the distance
between roses

Helen Buckingham

*

late fall —
squirrelways
in the canopy

Hilary Tann

*

gifts from my mother
unwrapping them
with their shadows

Dru Philippou

*

sipping tea . . .
pine needles brush
my window

Liz Rule

*

left soaking
in dishwater
the long night moon

Dan Schwerin

bright winter night
my head
made of glass

Ramona Linke

*

dry leaves —
between each step
a silence

David Rodrigues

*

no season word,
yet autumn pervades
her suicide note

Tom Tico

*

solstice light
I take
what is offered

Francine Banwarth

*

log fire
the steady click
of knitting needles

Berenice Mortimer

*

New Year's Eve —
the harpist's fingers
glide toward midnight

Ruth Holzer

*

winter shadows
adding water to the last
of the soup

Pat Tompkins

*

snow beginning to drift
my mother shares memories
she never had

LeRoy Gorman

*

midwinter night
between the swells
beyond the surf

Mark F. Harris

*

meandering
along the ice cracks . . .
a midnight moon

Don Baird

*

camphor flame
a mother directs her child
to pray

Snehith Kumbla

*

winter roses
father shows us photographs
he no longer sees

Glenn G. Coats

*

deep winter
how often we opened
windows to persimmons

Patrick Sweeney

*

here other
than wind's lamentation
nothing is

Clare McCotter

*

winter stillness —
turkey tracks frozen
in the ice

Tyler Pruett

*

reconstructing
a field mouse —
owl pellets

Terri L. French

*

the snow melted
fences reappear
between neighbors

Adelaide B. Shaw

*

nuthatch
headlong down the oak
vernal equinox

Alan S. Bridges

*

spring morning
doing something new
with pink scarves

J. Zimmerman

*

straggles of mist
ancestors evaporating
in a Highland dawn

G W Colkitto

*

all that stirs
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HERON'S NEST AWARD

shanty town —
the jagged edges
of moonlight

Sanjukta Asopa

For millennia, humans have scanned the night sky with curiosity and wonderment. Since at least the time of Aristotle, some have recognized that it's possible to make out the faintest star with an indirect look slightly off to one side. Astronomers call this technique "averted vision."

Closer to home we're more accustomed to averting our gaze for an altogether different reason: to avoid the sight of what's discomfiting or disturbing. Some call this mechanism "denial."

In Sanjukta Asopa's undeniably affecting haiku, an averted glance brings no psychic relief at all. Instead it puts a widespread human problem into even sharper relief — yet it does so with utter dispassion.

Population experts at the United Nations estimate that fully one billion people live in the squatter settlements known as shanty towns. Such settlements are rife with the worst contagions of impoverishment (crime, disease) and despair (substance abuse, suicide). The physical detritus of civilization — salvaged or surplus scraps of plastic, plywood and corrugated metal — provides rough shelter to the displaced and the human cast-offs of developing societies.

These are compelling raw materials. But in a remarkable turn, Asopa's poem takes us to the immaterial for even greater effect. We encounter "moonlight," though not the

ethereal substance that holds romantics in its sway. This moonlight has been savaged. Ripped apart, it's become just one more casualty of the shanty town. (One of William Blake's cautionary verses comes especially to mind here: "The beggar's rags, fluttering in air, / Does to rags the heavens tear.")

Without histrionics or even a verb, this tiny poem contains a sweeping indictment: shanty towns not only challenge our collective humanity, they stand in violation of some higher order.

Can such a poem make a difference? Blake might have wondered the same. Yet his poems helped to seed a consciousness that led to eventual reforms in his native London and beyond. So too, perhaps, with a haiku like this issue's Heron's Nest Award winner. Every now and then, the poem is mightier than the polemic.

— Scott Mason
September 2011

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Tomislav Maretic
Vrapche, Croatia

Diane Mayr
Salem, New Hampshire

Michael McClintock
Clovis, California

Tyrone McDonald
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Woodinville, Washington

John McManus
Carlisle, Cumbria, England

Scott Metz
South Beach, Oregon

Ben Moeller-Gaa
St. Louis, Missouri

Berenice Mortimer
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Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Tom Painting
Atlanta, Georgia

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

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Springfield, Illinois

Tyler Pruett
Augusta, Maine

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Kala Ramesh
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K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

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Laurence Stacey
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Lynne Steel
Hillsboro Beach, Florida

André Surridge
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O'Fallon, Missouri

Ted van Zutphen
Healdsburg, California

Paul Watsky
San Francisco, California

Joanna M. Weston
Shawnigan Lake, British Columbia, Canada

Neal Whitman
Pacific Grove, California

Cora Whitmore
Bangor, Maine

Ernest Wit
Warsaw, Poland

Robert Witmer
Tokyo, Japan

Ruth Yarrow
Seattle, Washington

Cindy Zackowitz
Anchorage, Alaska

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I learn something new
about my father

Dave Baldwin

*

closing time
winter dusk slides down
the book drop

Roberta Beary

*

summer
the sound of rain
on canvas

Dan Grace

HERON'S NEST AWARD

pan-fried trout
I learn something new
about my father

Dave Baldwin

Shortly after I started learning English at a middle school in Tokyo, I was enrolled at a tutoring school to take extra English lessons. It was my father's idea. He said to my mother, "She likes to talk. She is not good at math, but may be good at languages. This school can prepare her to major in a foreign language in college." Until then, my mother had been the sole decision maker on education for my sister and me. Father just paid bills.

Sunday English classes were taught in Sendagaya, fifteen minutes by train from our home. Neither of my parents drove, but it was no problem for me to commute. Since fourth grade, I had been taking a train by myself to my grandparents' house near the sea every summer. I was a "pro."

After a couple of months, father started meeting me at the end of class. "Let's have lunch at a ball park. It's just a few blocks away." Outfield seats were free for college games. Then, I found that whenever he came to pick me up, there was a game of his alma mater. I was an excuse for him to attend a game and cheer for his college team.

I have no knowledge about the relationship between Dave Baldwin and his father. I don't even know if his father is still alive. But, reading this haiku, I feel the warmth of the family and its intimacy at the dinner table. I picture his mother talking about her husband. Father sips his wine with a warm smile on his face. Does she talk about their younger days? Does the poet learn of a dream his father had?

I like a haiku that allows me to write a novel based on it. For me, an excellent haiku resembles a door slightly ajar. I imagine a life behind it. "The Dave Baldwin Story" (as I imagine it) starts with an obligatory fishing trip for a father and son. For a boy who has not reached his adolescence yet, his father is a towering figure. Without his mother, perhaps their conversation in the car did not flow. The son gave one-syllable answers to most of the questions. Standing next to each other with fishing rods, a day seems to be unbearably long. The first trip became their last. In the final chapter, a son, now in his late forties with his own children, finds an old-fashioned diary in his now-deceased father's room. His father listed "the questions I should have asked during a fishing trip." He regretted that he failed to be "a friend my son can trust."

Some people may feel a haiku sketching an ordinary life is rather boring. But an everyday meal cooked at home, or a simple drawing, can give delight. Like a soft light through a paper screen, it warms the reader from inside.

— Fay Aoyagi
December, 2011

POEMS

You Are Here
the crisscross
of snow flurries

Christopher Patchel

*

newly-fallen snow
the warmth
in a hare's paw

Anne-Lill Ree

*

shortest day of the year
a peculiar voice
from each appliance

Michael Henry Lee

*

her last words
snow falling
on beech leaves

Jeff Hoagland

*

thirty below zero
losing my faith
in turtles

Marsh Muirhead

*

morning moon
a peregrine
begins its dive

Peg McAulay Byrd

*

mouse
the sound
is enough

Helen Buckingham

*

soft moonlight
a second owl
answers

Michelle Tennison

*

wings of grass
what remains
of her snow angel

Bill Cooper

*

streaming towards
the winter sunset
crematorium smoke

George Swede

*

the almost
of crabapple buds
hazy sky

Ann K. Schwader

*

I will not leave —
apple blossoms collect
on my shoulders

Kirsty Karkow

*

incense for remembrance
water trickles down
the mountain side

Raffael de Gruttola

*

matching exhales
with the sleeping dog . . .
bone coloured mist

Ron Moss

*

soapsuds —
mother tells me how
she'd like to die

Margaret Dornaus

*

construction site
yellow ribbons
outline the future

George Stratton

*

puddle
in the umbrella
morning sun

PMF Johnson

*

childless
I measure time
by how the willow grows

Joyce Clement

*

Easter fog lifting
a blowfly rises
from roadkill

LeRoy Gorman

*

cemetery bees
her last diploma
made of marble

George Swede

*

spring
whistling through
a blade of grass

Alan S. Bridges

*

mild weather
their argument continues
outside

Sari Grandstaff

*

war veteran . . .
lobbing grain
at his hens

Cynthia Rowe

*

blue rain
a kayak frozen
in the slipstream

Owen Bullock

*

pool drain
the frogs
I couldn't save

Alexander B. Joy

*

town gossip —
a rototiller's blade
turning up stones

Michele L. Harvey

*

Army hospital
he finger-spells
I love you

Carolyn Coit Dancy

*

buttercup meadow
a blackbird rises
at the twig's snap

Dave Lewis

*

recession —
poke salad growing
in a sidewalk crack

Curtis Dunlap

*

remembering . . .
a maya's feather
in dawn light

Angelo B. Ancheta

*

adjoining properties —
the cut
of the mower blade

Jay Santini

*

afternoon tea
my mother
speaks her history

Sonia Saikaley

*

white butterfly
I'm also ready
to surrender

Robert Epstein

*

hayshed
the old iron roof
straining daylight

Gavin Austin

*

telephoto lens
the loon's call
comes into focus

Carolyn Hall

*

summer commute
again a truckload
of crushed cars

Lenard D. Moore

*

trail signs —
pausing
to find myself

Cara Holman

*

her eyes
say yes
fireflies

Michelle Tennison

*

reflecting pool . . .
she tosses coins in
without looking

Julie Bloss Kelsey

*

lake of stars
the taste
of Polaris

Grant D. Savage

*

faces put on
at the family gathering —
watermelon rinds

Alan S. Bridges

*

pasture tree
its shade
shapes the herd

Julie Warther

*

lonely is a place
inside
the call of a loon

Francine Banwarth

*

bomb shelter —
my old belongings
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David Jacobs

*

night sky
our long look at
the past

Dietmar Tauchner

*

sunrise
the full arc
of sprinklers

Ben Moeller-Gaa

*

foxglove
a hummingbird adjusts
the breeze

Christopher Herold

*

concrete —
the jungle
within me

Tyrone McDonald

*

cold overnight
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where the loon will surface

paul m.

*

the night's crickets
never silent
never seen

Pat Tompkins

*

the old moon
everyone else
I've outlived

Michael McClintock

*

back to school
unlearning
the whole summer

Sanjukta Asopa

*

the way
it feels to hold you
gibbous moon

Alice Frampton

*

still reflecting
upon creation
dragonfly eye

paul m.

*

manna gumtrees
the sugar glider's belly
before the moon

Lorin Ford

*

chalk line
the screech
of infinity

Yu Chang

*

schoolyard fence —
when did I end up
on this side?

Al Fogel

*

a berry's curve
in a crow's beak
harvest moon

Susan Nelson Myers

*

autumn sky
the paint worn thin
around the birdhouse door

Mary Stevens

*

watching the deer
watch my morning train
pass by

Mark E. Brager

*

cradling her belly –
waiting for someone who
is already here

Mary White

*

autumn –
I count once again
tulip bulbs in the bag

Motoko Amatsuji

*

the bus is late . . .
across the twilight river
the wheeling starlings

John Kinory

*

another morning
of mares tails
the wisp of a sigh

Yvonne Cabalona

*

different carols
two drifters singing
for spare change

William Cullen, Jr.

*

Indian summer
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*

remembering to let them
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Patrick Sweeney

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*

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*

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Quendryth Young

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*

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J. Zimmerman

*

year's first moon
the widow turns
her mattress

Nika

*

winter night —
I dream
in monochrome

Sanjukta Asopa

*

finally, good news —
the reflection of my face
inside a tea bubble

Marshall Bood

*

dumpster
the iridescence
of starlings

Bill Kenney

*

snowy night
drinking tea
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Chen-ou Liu

*

over old ground . . .
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in winter shrubs

Thomas Powell

*

low tide
gull and gannet shadows
pick shells

Patricia Prime

*

spring peepers
raindrops stipple the creek
in chorus

Michele Root-Bernstein

*

cherry buds
so much effort
to be nice

Carolyn Hall

*

prom day —
on my daughter's waist
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Lucy Lu

*

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*

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*

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*

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*

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Carlos Colón

*

pool filter
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of dandelion wishes

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*

beach cottage
the musty smell
of old novels

Lauren Mayhew

*

dark lagoon
a thousand years
of tree frogs

Lee Giesecke

*

the crows
choose headstones
July heat

Glenn G. Coats

*

fireworks —
her handprint evaporates
from the cold glass

Chad Lee Robinson

*

hydrangea —
over tea mulling the idea
of utopia

pjm

*

rain forecast
spittlebugs at the nodes
in meadow grass

Cherie Hunter Day

*

between two farms
one of barley, one of wheat
the old battlefield

Michael McClintock

*

windless day
one ripe tomato drops
from the vine

John W. Wisdom

*

brilliant moon —
sharp shadows of lemons
on the stone steps

Tomislav Maretic

*

a dry riverbed
cloud shadows moving
down the canyon

Garry Eaton

*

in ten summers
the convict's first visit
dragonfly

Johnny Baranski

*

last moon of summer . . .
the bottom falls out
of the pitch

Francine Banwarth

*

cicada shell
the space behind
its eyes

Stephen Amor

*

moon
the light in the shade
of an unlit lamp

Robert A. Spicer

*

old growth mountain
two red dragonflies couple
and uncouple

Bruce Ross

*

full moon
the silence of birds
expanding

Bob Lucky

*

the hand that touches mine
from tree to tree
the path of wind

Christopher Herold

*

wind turbines
grind the sunset
summer's end

Polona Oblak

*

well-trodden rut
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watch me pass

Thomas Powell

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they speak
of my doppelgänger . . .
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Jennifer Corpe

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Indian summer —
a black bear grazes
the shriveled berries

Carmel Lively Westerman

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pink-footed geese wade
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Claire Everett

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chimney smoke
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a lullaby
turning to whisper . . .
moonrise

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*

two dragonflies
riding the screen door
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Burnell Lippy

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ghost of
a white gazebo
night rain

Ann K. Schwader

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counting the lines
on my neck —
magpie song

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Anchorage, Alaska

J. Zimmerman
Santa Cruz, California

2011 ILLUSTRATION CONTEST

We are pleased to announce the results of this year's illustration contest.

Congratulations to those whose work has been selected and our deep appreciation for everyone who has offered their work. We received nearly 180 images this year. It was truly a pleasure to see so much creativity and beauty.

Front Cover: Claudia Brefeld

Back Cover: Barbara A. Taylor

Spring: Michele L. Harvey

Summer: Sandra Simpson

Autumn: Gary Hotham

Winter: Michele L. Harvey

Overview: Carolyne Rohrig

Readers' Choices: Merrill Ann Gonzales

FAVORITES FROM 2010

The Editors and Web Master of The Heron's Nest are pleased to announce the results of the Readers' Choice Awards for favorite poems and poets featured in Volume XII, 2010.

Seventy-six voters provided us with their top ten poems from Volume XII. We are very grateful indeed that so many readers took the time to revisit the 485 eligible poems we published last year and made their top selections known to us.

The print edition of Volume XII, to be mailed in April, will include the contents of all four quarterly issues, the entire awards report, with commentary, a section of special mention poems, and a generous sample of comments by readers on individual poems and on the voting process, plus winning entries from the illustration contest. For information on how to order, please visit <http://www.haikupoet.com/nest/journal/>.

And now on to the results!

FAVORITE POEMS

GRAND PRIZE: POEM OF THE YEAR

(14 votes totaling 97 points)

campfire sparks —
someone outside the circle
starts another song
- Billie Wilson (June Issue)

FIRST RUNNER-UP

(12 votes totaling 92 points)

fishing village
a rumor of blues running
through the café

- Jim Kacian (March issue)

SECOND RUNNER-UP

(9 votes totaling 62 points)

winter stars
the fishing holes
left behind

- Yu Chang (September issue)

THIRD RUNNER-UP

(11 votes totaling 58 points)

steady downpour
a Forever stamp
on the condolence card

- Billie Wilson (September issue)

OTHER POPULAR POEMS

50 points: "near the mountain top-"

- Gary Hotham - December

47 points: "cloudburst"

- Susan Constable - March

47 points: "no way out"

- LeRoy Gorman - March

47 points: "expanding universe"

- Dietmar Tauchner - March

46 points: "the day begins"

- George Swede - December

45 points: "bee season"

- Kirsty Karkow - September

45 points: "north wind"

- Christopher Patchel - December

43 points: "chicken wire"

- Yu Chang - December

43 points: "what's left of my faith"

- Billie Wilson - June

42 points: "ragged clouds"

- Robert Epstein - December

41 points: "wintering"

- Hilary Tann - March

40 points: "wordless"

- Chen-ou Liu - December
40 points: "horsetail clouds-"
- Chad Lee Robinson - June
40 points: "what we don't speak of-"
- Melissa Spurr - September
39 points: "winter sun . . ."
- Michael McClintock - March

Altogether, 318 poems garnered points.

POPULAR POETS

This category represents the total number of points awarded each poet for their entire body of work in Volume XII. The most poems an individual can have accepted in The Nest each year is eight. Obviously, the more poems a person publishes, the greater chances he or she has of attracting votes. One poet had eight poems published during 2010 and one had seven. Seven poets had six poems published.

To put into perspective how well the winners did: the average total points for combined works this year was 24.

GRAND PRIZE: POET OF THE YEAR

(37 total votes for 7 of 8 poems = 225 points)

Billie Wilson

FIRST RUNNER-UP

(21 total votes for 5 of 5 poems = 153 points)

Yu Chang

SECOND RUNNER-UP

(21 votes for 4 of 4 poems = 129 points)

Chad Lee Robinson

THIRD RUNNER-UP

(22 votes for 5 of 5 poems = 111 points)

George Swede

OTHER POETS

We would also like to commend the following poets for garnering well over the average total point score of 24:

Jim Kacian : (2 of 2 poems received votes totaling 104 points)

Carolyn Hall : (5 of 6 poems received votes totaling 95 points)

Melissa Spurr : (4 of 5 poems received votes totaling 92 points)

Hilary Tann : (4 of 5 poems received votes totaling 88 points)

Christopher Herold : (6 of 7 poems received votes totaling 86 points)

paul m. : (5 of 6 poems received votes totaling 83 points)

Gary Hotham : (3 of 4 poems received votes totaling 79 points)

James Chessing : (2 of 3 poems received votes totaling 77 points)

Greg Piko : (4 of 4 poems received votes totaling 77 points)

Christopher Patchel : (3 of 3 poems received votes totaling 69 points)

Dietmar Tauchner : (3 of 3 poems received votes totaling 68 points)

LeRoy Gorman : (2 of 5 poems received votes totaling 67 points)

Francine Banwarth : (4 of 5 poems received votes totaling 60 points)

Kirsty Karkow : (3 of 5 poems received votes totaling 56 points)

Chen-ou Liu : (2 of 4 poems received votes totaling 56 points)

Bill Kenney : (4 of 4 poems received votes totaling 55 points)

Fay Aoyagi : (4 of 5 poems received votes totaling 53 points)

Alan S. Bridges : (4 of 5 poems received votes totaling 47 points)

Susan Constable : (1 of 4 poems received votes totaling 47 points)

Curtis Dunlap : (3 of 4 poems received votes totaling 47 points)

Michael McClintock : (4 of 4 poems received votes totaling 47 points)

Tyrone McDonald : (2 of 2 poems received votes totaling 47 points)

Altogether, 172 poets received votes.

Congratulations to all contributors to Volume XII. It has been our very good fortune being honored to publish some of your best work!

John Stevenson

ABOUT *THE HERON'S NEST*

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

PHILOSOPHY

It is our intention 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, we'd like you to know the qualities we regard as important to haiku.

STAFF

Christopher Herold, Founding Editor (1999 - 2007)

John Stevenson, Managing Editor

Robert Bauer, Webmaster and Contributing Editor

Associate Editor: Fay Aoyagi

Associate Editor: Ferris Gilli

Associate Editor: Paul MacNeil

Associate Editor: Scott Mason

Associate Editor: Billie Wilson

TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 2011 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>.