

THE HERON'S NEST — VOLUME 14 (2012)



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VOLUME 14, ISSUE 1 – MARCH, 2012

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FEATURED POEMS

crayon map
my son shows me the way
to Neverland

John McManus

*

part street light
part moon light —
first kiss

Tyrone McDonald

*

the taste of smoke
in the single malt . . .
autumn deepens

Polona Oblak

HERON'S NEST AWARD

crayon map
my son shows me the way
to Neverland

John McManus

In order to discern the merits of any haiku, I know that I must answer two key questions: Is there more to it than its surface imagery? What are the elements from which I will draw in order to explore the poem's importance to haiku?

Preparing to write about John McManus's "crayon map," I realize that this poem holds more than an affectionate moment between a father and his son, though I am not sure what I should write or where to start. Then, as I turn the work over and over in my mind, something wonderful happens. The haiku begins to open, lotus-like, as I study it. I find my uncertainty replaced by enlightenment that is rooted in reality, yet enhanced and clarified through imagination and introspection. I have entered the haiku (with my inner child), and it is this meeting of poet and reader that makes resonance possible, even inevitable. Our combined presence illuminates a bridge between worlds.

While the poem certainly should be read as a literal experience, its interpretive potential goes far deeper than that. The third line, a perhaps universally recognized literary reference to a favorite and often-reproduced children's story, loops back through the haiku, enriching it and leading the way in.

Perhaps this "crayon map" represents a route not only through the stars to a fantastical place, but also into the son's view of the universe and into his dreams, which almost certainly harbor make-believe beings that are as real to the child as they once were to the father. If so, it is an infinitely precious gift to the parent.

Childhood and adulthood might be perceived as two adjoining countries with only a whimsical border between them. Perhaps in McManus's poem, "Neverland" is another name for childhood. The poet's son, by showing his father the way to Neverland, invites him to put away the rules and strictures of parenthood, to join his son as playmate and accomplice in a magical but temporary world.

Is the young, earnest face turned up to the father's, the boy's half-playful, half-serious plan apparent in his trusting smile? *Maybe he really can come with me. He's my dad – I'll bet he can!* Perhaps the poet, one foot already midway across that border, is thinking, *What if we could? What if we really could?*

Children dream of going to places like Neverland, Camp Half-Blood, FernGully, Sherwood Forest, and Hogwarts. Adults may at times experience an almost debilitating nostalgia, a yearning to regain our childhood, surrounded by the people who protected us and shaped our lives — and to once more believe in the magic we once knew existed. Yet if we could return, we might "find the native air has lost its invigorating quality, and that life has shifted its reality. . ." ¹

Adult readers who at some time in their lives longed to fly away with Peter Pan (from the play and novels of J.M. Barrie, 1902, 1904, and 1911) will find McManus's haiku powerfully evocative. Peter, a little boy who lives on the small island of Neverland, will remain a boy forever. His never-ending childhood in a fantastic, dangerous place light years from his real-world home is a circumstance of choice: Peter Pan refuses to grow up. Fascinating and mystical, the human condition of Neverland and Peter's adventures can be especially moving for parents who may suspend disbelief long enough to ask, *What if this were my child?*

¹ Hawthorne, Nathaniel. *The Marble Faun*

A perfectly executed model of haiku concision, “crayon map” contains not even one non-essential word. Enforced with inner and implied juxtaposition, the poem is multi-layered and immediate. The appealing rhythm begs for the poem to be read aloud. Its concrete imagery evokes a clear mental picture, and the critically significant literary reference shows the way inside. As for season, it has a wintry feel to me, with a cozy sense of fireside warmth.

Feet firmly on the ground, readers may share a sweet moment between the poet and his son — and oh, so very much more, if one will but enter . . . and believe. *The Heron’s Nest* editors thank John McManus for giving us and our readers the opportunity. *Second star to the right and straight on till morning!*

— Ferris Gilli
March, 2012

POEMS

narrow road
the clash of umbrellas
as we near the Buddha

Kala Ramesh

*

the world a blossom
I make up a song
for my dog

David Boyer

*

morning mist
a parrot asks
my plan today

Muhary Wahyu Nurba

*

the puddle
deeper than I thought
empty mailbox

Connie Donleycott

*

the wren's empty nest
just a little less
of the moon

Jack Barry

*

blue whale
the outstretched arms
of a toddler

Victor Ortiz

*

first day of spring
a puppy at the pet shop
wags itself

Bill Kenney

*

spring!
a bug I don't know
looks me straight in the eye

Sandra Simpson

*

still some snow
on the upturned canoe
seed hulls

John Shiffer

*

colorless wind
the ashes
that don't scatter

Carolyn Hall

*

aroma of coffee
in the morning breeze
my new lover

Marie Kasprzak

*

catch and release
a little shine left
on my fingers

Jim Kacian

*

shimmering lake
how unimportant
what's important

Ernest Wit

*

cloud castles
the music we heard
just air

Roland Packer

*

alone in the bush
just me
and a blowfly

Kieran O'Connor

*

skinny dipping
mayflies
shed their skins

Jeff Hoagland

*

illuminating
motel wallpaper
headlamps

Alan S. Bridges

*

rain from the west
sifts through the porch screen —
the evening cool

Gwenn Gurnack

*

dining alone
the festival lights
keep a regular beat

Suhit Kelkar

*

in our face
the dog shakes off
the ocean

Gary Hotham

*

ears over eyes,
the pigs stretch out
in the evening sun

John Barlow

*

village fair . . .
insects fly round and round
a tube light

K. Ramesh

*

her heart
on her sleeve
firefly

Joyce Clement

*

KEEP OFF GRASS
the tut tut tut
of a sprinkler head

John Hawk

*

wind waves
through the tall wheat
missing her

Michael L. Evans

*

cockatoo roost
the last light of evening
folded in the hills

Jo McInerney

*

starry night . . .
a black rhino
fills the water hole

Berenice Mortimer

*

bare feet
the child squelches
through a cowpat

Patricia Prime

*

summer squall
lily pads
hold the pond in place

Marsh Muirhead

*

wild mustard scent
a bed
shared with sisters

Eve Luckring

*

skylight raindrop
holding jupiter
and the moon

Hilary Tann

*

lovemaking —
over his shoulder
the moon

Lesley Walter

*

the cricket's song
what's left
of the moon

Mary Ahearn

*

autumn zephyr
my daughter imitates
a maple seed

John Hawk

*

autumn woods
my last walk as a bachelor
memorizing vows

James Schlett

*

wind-blown sky
a dragonfly's grip
on the clothes line

John W. Wisdom

*

autumn orchard
the oval of a basket
imprinted on the grass

Magdalena Banaszkiewicz

*

morning cicadas
a vine reaches
into open space

Joyce Clement

*

horseshoe pit
a yellow maple leaf
leans on the spike

Christopher Herold

*

the vermillion glow
from the pistachio trees —
I knew your father

pjm

*

stuck
in the eddy
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Jeff Hoagland

*

persimmon sky
two blackbirds puff up
their silhouettes

Polona Oblak

*

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at the trouser leg
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Owen Bullock

*

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*

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our winter vacation
the white wall

Gregory Hopkins

*

last autumn colours —
the cloister fountain
keeps singing

Valeria Simonova-Cecon

*

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lock breaths

Grant D. Savage

*

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of sleeping swans . . .
winter light

Ron C. Moss

*

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my son says he knows
the speed of light

Tom Painting

*

deep winter
I lose my list
of things to do

Kirsty Karkow

*

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the buffalo turn
to face the white

Aw-o-tan Nisgah (Shield Little Brother)

*

school reunion
failing to recognize
the winter goldfinch

Carolyn Coit Dancy

*

always making
something out of nothing
the brilliance of crows

Beverly Acuff Momoi

*

mid-winter
the stillness of the sardines
in the tin

George Swede

*

a gazillion germs
in a sneeze
yet more stars

LeRoy Gorman

*

winter gulls
the grit of sand
in soap

Glenn G. Coats

*

the big dipper
my dog keeps searching
for the right spot

G.R. LeBlanc

*

swollen moon
the winter diet
of comfort food

J. Zimmerman

*

office aquarium
the fish and I
in different boxes

Yu Chang

*

a pawn sacrificed
keeping the game alive
this freezing night

Michael McClintock

*

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the elevator speaks
to me

Michelle Schaefer

*

blowing snow
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of the wind

Geoffrey Van Kirk

*

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Claire Everett

*

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Stephen A. Peters

*

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*

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Carolyn Hall

*

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*

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Michele Root-Bernstein

*

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*

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*

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Rhonda Johnson-Saunders

*

family picnic —
my son runs a finger
over his birthmark

Roman Lyakhovetsky

*

approaching storm . . .
a fluorescent swimsuit
on the clothesline

Hana Nestieva

*

high desert
the weathered rock
gives up a shell

Lynne Steel

*

scent of her hair
wave after wave
touches the shore

John W. Wisdom

*

bullfrogs croak
in the river
women harvest stones

Todd Grant

*

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the red fan opening
fold by fold

Ruth Holzer

*

with a little rain,
the color returns
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Jeffrey Woodward

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Tomislav Maretic

*

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Susan Constable

*

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Frances Jones

*

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Robyn Hood Black

*

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of raked leaves —
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Giselle Maya

*

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Robert Witmer

*

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I tell the hostel
we're almost there

Marcus Larsson

*

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Lenard Moore

*

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for the year ahead"

Merrill Ann Gonzales

*

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*

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Gregory Hopkins

*

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Ann K. Schwader

*

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Joann Klontz

*

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Nathalie Buckland

*

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Dru Philippou

*

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Michele L. Harvey

*

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*

deep winter
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Michael Feinstein

*

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FEATURED POEMS

morning tide
the seaside town
smells of breakfast

Jon Baldwin

*

Valentine's Day —
thawing a wild salmon
from the supermarket

Yu Chang

*

planetarium
my child's grip
starts to loosen

John McManus

HERON'S NEST AWARD

morning tide
 the seaside town
 smells of breakfast

Jon Baldwin

The March regional meeting of the Haiku Society of America in New York featured a workshop, led by Jeff Hoagland and Geoff Van Kirk, focusing on scent images in haiku. It included an exercise in which samples were passed around so that participants could attempt to identify a scent without any visual or contextual clues. Of the nine samples that I was able to test, I identified only four correctly, a score of less than fifty percent and therefore, I presumed, a failing score. To my surprise, this proved to be a tie for the best score of the day. Since three of the four scents that I identified were foods, I was immediately reminded of this experience when reading Jon Baldwin's "smells of breakfast" and I'm delighted to be presented with the opportunity to contemplate and celebrate a haiku that appeals to the olfactory so directly.

If they had been able to bottle the ocean smell and present it to me without visual cues or context I believe I would have recognized that, too. It's one of the primary "colors" of scent and, from my very first encounter, seemed unaccountably familiar. So, for me, this poem has both the smells of breakfast and the ocean in it.

Readers who have themselves spent some time by the ocean will probably imagine a very particular "seaside town." Mine is Ogunquit, Maine. I can remember driving there from Albany, NY with the windows closed the entire way and, upon exiting the car in the parking lot of a shore side restaurant, being instantly enthralled by the combined sensations of the ocean scent and my own hunger. The particular nature of the town one imagines will have significant consequences for the reading of this poem. Many

seaside towns, large and small, have some sort of balance between a tourist quality and a local quality, each of which prevails in certain seasons.

It has often been observed that haiku are poems featuring a heightened awareness of time, the seasons, and the ephemeral quality of every aspect of our world. This sense is addressed directly in this poem through the invocation of tides, a time of day, and the morning meal. It's an easy step from there to imagining the flow of people into and out of diners and restaurants and the longer waves of tourists in and out of town as the seasons turn. All of it very much a part of one great organic entity.

I find the choice of the word "smells" interesting. There are so many synonyms for the olfactory: scent, aroma, fragrance, odor, bouquet, etc. It seems to me that the poet has picked one of the more "neutral" words. Perhaps this is the best means of giving the haiku room to be inclusive for readers with somewhat different experiences. I do note that almost none of these words seem entirely neutral: I feel that "smell" leaves room for the inclusion of something not entirely pleasant, while "aroma" seems especially redolent of foods, and "fragrance" of flowers or things that smell like flowers. The word "smell" does have the virtue of being potentially taken as either a verb or a noun, though the latter sense requires that we presume a second caesura. This is probably not intended.

Back to that H.S.A. workshop for a moment; the point was made there that we are better at identifying scents when we have a context for them — a juxtaposition, if you will. Jon Baldwin's poem has a lovely interplay between the presented image — breakfast smells — and the overwhelming undertones of the sea scent.

For me, the strongest resonance relates to a comparison of the nature of the "tides" of local and tourist season diners. Whether tourists or locals, by the sea we encounter a mixture of the strange and the strangely familiar.

– John Stevenson
June, 2012

POEMS

pock
of tennis balls —
the heat

Gwenn Gurnack

*

summit
a gnat's weight
on my nose

John Hawk

*

swallowtail
maybe I'll
say yes

Francine Banwarth

*

sagging porch
my conversation
with a stray dog

Lynne Steel

*

home run
moths swarm
the floodlights

John Soules

*

longest day
rolling each awning
out to its limit

Michele L. Harvey

*

bottom of the canyon
a brochure
of spectacular views

LeRoy Gorman

*

doll house —
my daughter changes
her mind again

Tomislav Maretič

*

far from home
she puts a shell
to my ear

Stephen Toft

*

summer stars . . .
an actor's bow
sweeps the pool of light

Michele L. Harvey

*

skin
is all I know of me . . .
distant thunder

Quendryth Young

*

desert motel . . .
opening the door
to starlight

Victor Ortiz

*

screened window
the full scent
of jasmine

Cara Holman

*

heirloom roses
she crunches eggshell
into the black loam

Elizabeth Howard

*

beads of rain . . .
raspberries holding on
to summer

Susan Constable

*

near the horizon
a wave forms
touch me there, again

Eve Luckring

*

moonflower
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*

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*

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*

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Greg Piko

*

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gray day

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Marcus Larsson

*

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the flutter of the sail
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Polona Oblak

*

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with her last breath

Thomas W. Schurin

*

baby photos
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how do I say hello to me

Alan Summers

*

lame doe at dusk
shifting the weight
of my day

Michele Root-Bernstein

*

Mom's ashes pass
through airport security
autumn evening

Carolyn Hall

*

first night of fall . . .
most of the moon
spills through the leaves

Bill Pauly

*

another dream
about the otherworld —
pressed flowers

Duro Jaiye

*

old postcard
a steamship voyage
on a stamp

Tom Rault

*

piano practice
leaves swirl
allegro con brio

Roberta Beary

*

scudding moon
a starfish holds fast
to the hull

Lorin Ford

*

neck
& neck —
geese

Alan S. Bridges

*

first names
no longer in fashion
weathered headstones

John Soules

*

between roots and branches
centuries
and a child's swing

Seánan Forbes

*

autumn wind
I take what I want
of the apples

Gregory Hopkins

*

October fest
too much oom-pah-pah
in the mustard

Adelaide Shaw

*

leaves in the wind . . .
this time
I let him go

Naia

*

godless month
a double rainbow
spans the mourners

Berenice Mortimer

*

first snow
cascading through cedar
a woodpecker's call

Margaret Dornaus

*

first flakes
the nowhere voices
of geese

Ann K. Schwader

*

the snow
follows grace
stone soup

Roland Packer

*

first
in the last trash bag —
the box it came in

Stephen Amor

*

winter frost —
the sword's sharp shine
out of the sheath

Jianqing Zheng

*

a rose petal
in the singing bowl . . .
first blackbird

Claire Everett

*

All Saints' Day dusk:
a blackbird's alarm call
sets off another

Matthew Paul

*

folding the map
part of the country ends
in the ocean

Gary Hotham

*

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the cloud that held the mountain
lets go

Christopher Herold

*

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tasting spiced cider
on my lover's tongue

Alicia Hilton

*

bare trees
a request for an update
of my bio

George Swede

*

glare ice
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Grant D. Savage

*

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dissolved by wind

Christopher Herold

*

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that have gone wrong —
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Sanjukta Asopa

*

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greening woods

Kirsty Karkow

*

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Ola Lindberg

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Angela Terry

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a small boy
taps the lobster tank
autumn deepens

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

*

sun-touched gully . . .
the wool and bones
of a passing winter

Thomas Powell
Craigavon, County Armagh, Northern Ireland

*

spring cleaning
nowhere to put
the kids' childhood

Robert Witmer
Tokyo, Japan

HERON'S NEST AWARD

The northeast edge of North America is mostly a rocky coastline from Massachusetts north to the Maritimes of Canada. There, just offshore in fairly deep and very cold water is found the treasured object of eaters and chefs alike: *Homarus americanus*, the lobster.

a small boy
taps the lobster tank
autumn deepens

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

Through the marvels of air transportation and chilled-water display tanks, a "boy" encounters the big, living crustaceans of this haiku. The sales display could be in a restaurant or large supermarket most anywhere in the US or around the world. When cooked, their color changes from their original mottled brown and green to the bright red of some maple leaves. Their default name is from the most productive fishery, "Maine Lobster." Fished with baited traps connected to buoys, *H. americanus* is the king of many related lobster species. Having more meat than their "spiny" cousins from other continents, those from Maine are also often preferred for succulent flavor.

Tapping an aquarium is fairly natural to children — to see the occupants move. These objects of curiosity probably do not react. On their own, they do move to get a good position, up on other captives or preferably alone in a corner as they would do instinctively back on their Atlantic floor. They are aggressive and cannibalistic, and with two attacking claws of surprising power and sharpness, can defend themselves in their own element. A careless fisherman could lose a finger to a large specimen. They are not genetically prepared to have their weapons closed by special heavy rubber

bands. This keeps all others from harm, but may keep the "boy" from full enjoyment. Still, they have eight other small legs, two wiggly antennae, and a muscular flat tail with flippers which makes them either "cool" or "yucky" to an observer.

Improbably they meet. The child has a first experience; a lobster can see the boy's face and fingers but cannot comprehend.

The haiku poet has shared with us a powerful mood. Lobsters are sold all months, usually not fished in January and February for voluntary conservation and reasons of dastardly weather, but this setting is late autumn. As the tank's contents are pulled out to be steamed, or wrapped for customers to take home, it is indeed nearly winter for the crustaceans. My interpretation may seem to tiptoe close to personification or ascribing mood awareness to the animal, but not necessarily so. We may share the boy's curiosity or frustration and, with Joyce Clement, readers may become aware of either a time of life ebbing or the ennui of living in a box.

— Paul MacNeil
September 2012

POEMS

hesitating until I'm a hummingbird

Eve Luckring
Los Angeles, California

*

earthshine
on the new moon
first kiss

Keith Heiberg
Brighton, Massachusetts

*

the rainy season
slack lamp cords going somewhere
behind the sofa

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

annular eclipse
crows call
from the shadows

Robert Witmer
Tokyo, Japan

*

morning overcast
ink from a cuttlefish
darkens the rocks

Polona Oblak
Ljubljana, Slovenia

*

train whistle...
I hold the wine
up to the light

Alice Frampton
Seabeck, Washington

*

parental home...
the dark annual rings
of the tree stump

Claudia Brefeld
Bochum, Germany

*

autumn wind
sand gathers
around the broom

Natasha Adams
Perth, Australia

*

evening walk
the faded leash
I can't throw out

John Soules
Wingham, Ontario, Canada

*

a little salad
in my worn wooden bowl
candlelight

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

night train
moonlight flickers
in the baby's eyes

Ron C. Moss
Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia

*

fishers late at sea
a trike's streamers
mark the wind

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, Ontario, Canada

*

first day
the school bus step
taller than it looks

Susan Murata
Marlborough, New Hampshire

*

sunflowers
the beginning
of the end

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

*

black trees in the fog –
a bird I can't see
warns of my approach

Andrew O. Dugas
San Francisco, California

*

leaves falling into the earth we commit his body

John McManus
Cumbria, England

*

stockyard rails
against a darkening sky
the day slips away

Greg Piko
Canberra, Australia

*

a semi shifts down
for the long haul uphill
autumn leaves

Dru Philippou
Taos, New Mexico

*

halloween –

up and down the street
the masks we know

Perry L. Powell
College Park, Georgia

first chill
a flock of birds morphs
into woodsmoke

Quendryth Young
Alstonville, New South Wales, Australia

*

Thanksgiving light
the coot pair's long wakes
becoming one

Brent Partridge
Orinda, California

*

while the light holds fieldfares on windfalls

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

around ancient fires
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on the great stones

Simon Hanson
Allendale, South Australia, Australia

*

harmatan night
the last firefly seals
our conversation

Adjei Agyei-Baah
Kumasj, Ghana

*

pine wind
we read the names
on neighboring headstones

Cara Holman
Portland, Oregon

*

communion cup
in the wine's surface tension
my uneven pulse

Mathew Spano
Hillsborough, New Jersey

*

wail of a siren...
a worried look
in the old dog's eyes

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

*

lucky bamboo
I still have trouble answering
the big questions

Robert Epstein
El Cerrito, California

*

cedar...
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explained a hope chest

Joann Klontz
Swedesboro, New Jersey

*

cirrus clouds
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a clown

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

*

"something"
on my mammogram
starless night

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

snowflake —
a child
lost in the crowd

kjmunro
Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada

*

winter cold —
a few feathers
among slight pink bones

Rob Dingman
Herkimer, New York

how they touch
the sky
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Cora Whitmore
Bangor, Maine

*

rain on the wind...
the flimsiness of words
on a condolence card

Beverly George
Pearl Beach, New South Wales, Australia

*

making sculptures
in a string of suet
pecking wrens

Patricia Prime
Auckland, New Zealand

*

scent of snow
unable to recall
my father's voice

Claire Everett

Northallerton, England, United Kingdom

*

paper cranes
the folded sheets she placed
in her hope chest

Allison Millcock
Christmas Island, Indian Ocean Territory, Australia

*

the stepping stone
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winter stars

Marilyn Appl Walker
Madison, Georgia

*

last rites —
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let go of me

Hansha Teki
Wellington, New Zealand

*

first warm day
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Lauren Mayhew
Somerville, Massachusetts

*

been there
done that ... yet
a budding leaf

Al Fogel
Miami Beach, Florida

*

antique store window
duck decoys watch
the spring rain

Stephen Kusch
Oakland, California

*

Easter sermon—
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than the other

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

*

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André Surridge
Hamilton, New Zealand

*

April shower
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Michael McClintock
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*

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with wind

Mark Smith
Keyser, West Virginia

*

Jackie Robinson Day
the give
of my glove

Chad Lee Robinson
Pierre, South Dakota

*

cherry petals
for anyone who passes
the stranger's grave

Peter Newton
Winchendon, Massachusetts

*

90th birthday party –
Grandpa adds
more salt

Marchall Bood
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

*

first day of summer
only push pins
on the notice board

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

*

a vixen
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Kirsty Karkow
Waldboro, Maine

*

fallow field —
over the loam
an ant and its burden

Sarah Nelson Myers
Mayodan, North Carolina

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Rita Odeh
Nazareth, Israel

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Roberta Beary
Washington, District of Columbia

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evacuates the beach

Jay Friedenbergl
Riverdale, New York

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Barb Behrendt
Cambridge, Minnesota

*

talk of life
on distant planets —
wild lupine

John McManus
Cumbria, England

*

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on the painted rocks

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

*

mosquitoes
the stone Buddha
remains centered

Johnny Baranski
Vancouver, Washington

*

sprinkler arc
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patterned wings

Grant D. Savage
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

*

kids leap
over a starry night
chalk art

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

*

a swing
and a slide
small town

Roland Packer
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

*

It's a start, she says,
snapping the wild
asparagus

Bill Pauly
Dubuque, Iowa

*

the waves
slowly splitting the rocks
splitting the waves

David Gershator
St. Thomas, US Virgin Islands

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Cindy Zackowitz
Anchorage, Alaska

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Scott Terrill
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

*

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Dan Daly
Ballwin, Missouri

*

in their own way
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katydids

Jeff Hoagland
Hopewell, New Jersey

*

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no end to the end
of the journey

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

*

San Andreas fault
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pressed against mine

Jeff Hoagland
Hopewell, New Jersey

*

English summer
drying my underwear
on the radiator

Bob Lucky
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

*

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Lauren Mayhew
Somerville, Massachusetts

*

carnival over...
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K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

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David Boywer
Stanford, Connecticut

*

checkpoint at dawn—
workers and sparrows
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Rita Odeh
Nazareth, Israel

*

rain for days—
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Nu Quang
Seattle, Washington

*

moon and stars
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David Jacobs
London, England

*

abandoned farm
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George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*

Indian summer —
the illusion of being
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Vuong Pham
Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

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Zagreb, Croatia

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Tracy Koretsky
Bellevue, Washington

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*

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enclosed in stories
and old growth

Ruth Yarrow
Seattle, Washington

*

crescent moon
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swaying

Roland Packer
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

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the scent
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Hamilton, New York

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standing water
in the horseshoe pit
summer's end

Tom Painting
Atlanta, Georgia

*

lullaby of rain
another pinch of saffron
in the pumpkin soup

Alan Summers
Wiltshire, England

HERON'S NEST AWARD

autumn colors
the scent
of a match being lit

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

With the striking of that match, Michele Harvey commands our attention. She doesn't mention the sound, but we hear it. She doesn't tell us why the match was lit, but it sparks the memory of burning autumn leaves. With widespread laws against such burning, there may be some who've never experienced that unforgettable aroma. Regardless, this haiku encapsulates the essence of autumn. Nearly every sense is enlivened: the landscape brilliant with reds and oranges and yellows, the crunch of leaves underfoot, the touch of crisp frost in the air, the sound and scent of the match, the memory-scent that seems so real you can almost taste it. And that memory evokes so many others: pumpkin patches, homecoming games, fields of stubbled corn. And a golden, inexplicable melancholy that seems as much a part of autumn as all the rest.

— Billie Wilson
December 2012

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Debra Fox
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by ancient kings
winter comet

Jose del Valle
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three minute eggs –
making the most of the time
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Michael Henry Lee
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George Dorsty
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Rebecca Drouilhet
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Ernest Wit
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Liz Rule
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Tonsberg, Norway

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Claire Everett
Northallerton, North Yorkshire, UK

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Robert Epstein
El Cerrito, California

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Carlos Colón
Shreveport, Louisiana

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Lucien Zell
Prague, Czech Republic

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Duro Jaiye
Hirakata, Japan

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Danville, Vermont

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Seabeck, Washington

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Ron C. Moss
Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia

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Johana West
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Cherie Hunter Day
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Tzetzka Ilieva
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Seánan Forbes
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George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

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Michelle Tennison
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Adelaide B. Shaw
Milbrook, New York

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Garry Eaton
Port Moody, BC, Canada

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Garry Eaton
Port Moody, BC, Canada

*

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emptiness of the street
between our houses

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

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Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

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Chase Fire
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Deb Baker
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Annandale, Virginia

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Collin Barber
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Seánan Forbes
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Christopher Patchel
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Ernest Wit
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London, United Kingdom

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Stephen Kusch
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Brad Bennett
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Brandon Bordelon
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

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Elizabeth Howard
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Roberta Beary
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Michele Root-Bernstein
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Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
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Yu Chang
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Toronto, Ontario, Canada

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San Jose, California

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READERS' CHOICE AWARDS FOR POEMS FROM 2011

FAVORITE HAIKU FOR 2011

GRAND PRIZE: HAIKU OF THE YEAR

(13 nominations, totaling 89 points)

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

— Chen-ou Liu (June Issue)

FIRST RUNNER-UP

(12 nominations, totaling 84 points)

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

— Chad Lee Robinson (March issue)

SECOND RUNNER-UP

(10 nominations, totaling 83 points)

how to dress her
for eternity —
blossom rain

— Carolyn Hall (March issue)

THIRD RUNNER-UP

(11 nominations, totaling 67 points)

shanty town —
the jagged edges
of moonlight

— Sanjukta Asopa (September issue)

OTHER POPULAR HAIKU

59 points: "gunshot" - Gregory Hopkins - June
52 points: "a drop of pond" - Brad Bennett - June
51 points: "fording the river" - Jim Kacian - June
49 points: "the difference" - Bill Kenney - September
45 points: "between two farms" - Michael McClintock - December
38 points: "white butterfly" - Robert Epstein - December
36 points: "old cemetery" - Susan Constable - March
36 points: "aftershock" - Melissa Spurr - March
35 points: "pan-fried trout" - Dave Baldwin - December
35 points: "lonely is a place" - Francine Banwarth - December
35 points: "telephoto lens" - Carolyn Hall - December

POPULAR POETS

This category represents the total number of points awarded each poet for their entire body of work in Volume XIII. 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 she or he had of attracting votes. No poet had eight poems in Volume XIII. Two poets had seven poems and three had six.

To put into perspective how well the winners did: we published poems by 250 poets during 2011 and the average total points for combined works this year was 15.

GRAND PRIZE: POET OF THE YEAR

(20 nominations, naming 4 of 7 poems published in Volume XIII = 135 points)

Carolyn Hall

FIRST RUNNER-UP

(17 nominations, naming 3 of 3 poems published = 110 points)

Chen-ou Liu

SECOND RUNNER-UP

(14 nominations for 5 of 5 poems = 108 points)

Jim Kacian

THIRD RUNNER-UP (TIE)

15 nominations, naming 4 of 5 poems published = 106 points)

Michael McClintock

(16 nominations, naming 3 of 5 poems published = 106 points)

Chad Lee Robinson

OTHER POPULAR POETS

Francine Banwarth (4 of 5 poems totaled 100 points)

Susan Constable (4 of 5 poems totaled 84 points)

Sanjukta Asopa (3 of 4 poems totaled 79 points)

Christopher Herold (6 of 7 poems totaled 75 points)

Gregory Hopkins (2 of 2 poems totaled 70 points)

Yu Chang (5 of 5 poems totaled 66 points)

Bill Kenney (3 of 4 poems totaled 66 points)

John Barlow (6 of 6 poems totaled 58 points)

Brad Bennett (2 of 2 poems totaled 58 points)

Ann K. Schwader (5 of 6 poems totaled 58 points)

Lorin Ford (4 of 5 poems totaled 56 points)

Jennifer Gomol Popolis (5 of 5 poems totaled 55 points)

Hilary Tann (3 of 3 poems totaled 54 points)

Glenn G. Coats (4 of 4 poems totaled 53 points)

Kirsty Karkow (3 of 4 poems totaled 53 points)

2012 ILLUSTRATION CONTEST

We are pleased to present the selected works for the Volume 14 illustration contest. As in previous years, we were blessed with hundreds of images from which to choose. Our deepest thanks to the talented individuals who offered us their work and our hearty congratulations to the creators of these selected images!



Barbara A. Taylor, Front Cover

[image not available]

Christopher Herold, Spring



Ron Moss, Summer

[image not available]

Michele L. Harvey, Autumn



Sandra Simpson, Winter



Cherie Hunter Day, Overview



Claudia Brefeld, Back Cover

[image not available]

Scott Larson, Readers' Choice

ABOUT *THE HERON'S NEST*

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

PHILOSOPHY

The Heron's Nest, now in its fourteenth year of publication, is a quarterly online journal. A new edition is published during the first week of March, June, September, and December. We publish multiple pages of fine haiku in each issue, plus three Editor's Choice Haiku; one of which is presented with the Heron's Nest Award, and receives special commentary. The Heron's Nest also appears in a single annual paper edition anthology in April of each year.

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 that inspire us to express ourselves creatively with words. "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. Thank you for coming to The Heron's Nest. We hope you enjoy what you find, and share what you have.

STAFF

Founding Editor: Christopher Herold (1999-2007)

Managing Editor: John Stevenson

Webmaster and Contributing Editor: PeterB

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 2012 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>.