

THE HERON'S NEST — VOLUME 15 (2013)



Compilation copyright *The Heron's Nest*, 2013.

Individual works are copyrighted to their respective authors.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Volume 15, Issue 1 – March, 2013](#)

[Volume 15, Issue 2 – June, 2013](#)

[Volume 15, Issue 3 – September, 2013](#)

[Volume 15, Issue 4 – December, 2013](#)

[First Annual Peggy Willis Lyles Haiku Awards](#)

[2013 Illustration Contest Winners](#)

[Readers Choice Awards for Poems from 2012](#)

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

TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 2013 and may contain errors of transcription or typography. For current information about the journal and staff, and more recent issues, please visit us at <https://theheronsnest.com>.

VOLUME 15, ISSUE 1 – MARCH, 2013

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

receding tide the gasps of little shells

Sandra Simpson

Tauranga, New Zealand

*

cold morning . . .

the sound of pouring tea

fills the room

Keiko Izawa

Yokohama, Japan

*

aquarium at night

the shark's eyes follow

the janitor

Brian Robertson

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

HERON'S NEST AWARD

receding tide the gasps of little shells

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

We are drawn to liminal zones: the edge of a gorge; a clearing in the forest; a mountain peak; margins of the sea. What is it that attracts us to such places?

Perhaps we seek a fresh sense or experience of space. In these places we stand at the threshold of "here" and "there," and maybe we can hope to find some intimation of a greater whole where our surroundings and selves add to one.

Or perhaps we seek a fuller sense and experience of *time*. Years ago I grew up in a town called Bay Shore, situated on the Great South Bay of Long Island in eastern New York State. Much of my early life was spent beside or on the water, both in recreation and for summer employment as a commercial clam digger. I return to the Great South Bay every now and then to commune with the past . . . and especially with the memory of my mother who loved the water and bequeathed that love to me. (Issa may have felt a similar connection in an earlier time and place: *(When I see the ocean, / Whenever I see it, / Oh, my mother!)* – trans. R.H. Blyth.

Is it possible to stand at the edge of a great body of water and not wonder about the great beyond and one's own place in the greater scheme?

We know that the seasons and tides move in cycles. But as light drains from day and as seascape turns to soundscape, it's difficult to regard time as other than linear, diminishing, and terminal. In its form, sound effects, and phrasing, Sandra Simpson's big-hearted poem honors little lives that ebb (as must all) but still matter.

Compilation copyright *The Heron's Nest*, 2013.
Individual works are copyrighted to their authors.
<https://theheronsnest.com>

– Scott Mason
March 2013

POEMS

keep this
toss that
spring

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

a Friday in Lent
such praise
for cod

Dan Schwerin
Greendale, Wisconsin

*

blackbird song . . .
the universe
expands

Claire Everett
Northallerton, North Yorkshire, England

*

sunlit magnolias
each student
bent to a phone

Glenn G. Coates
Prospect, Virginia

*

light mist . . .
twelve white gloves

on the coffin

Bill Pauly
Dubuque, Iowa

*

morning fog . . .
when my embryo
had gills

Tyrone McDonald
Brooklyn, New York

*

first day of spring —
a Mennonite woman paints
the front door grey

Mike W. Blottenberger
Hanover, Pennsylvania

*

Rice planting
I tread in the depth
of the sky

Mokuo Nagayama
Kurashiki, Japan

*

snow melt
forever not as long
as it once seemed

Cara Holman
Portland, Oregon

*

the long lifted note
of a bluebird
buffalo wind

Dru Phillippou
Taos, New Mexico

*

sparrow's flicker the gradual cat

Robert Davey
Norfolk, United Kingdom

*

mountain path—
a wood grouse in love
won't let us pass

Tomislav Maretić
Zagreb, Croatia

*

a back road
and a flat tire . . .
the peach blossoms

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

*

rotating my book
a beetle on the cover
persists due west

Quendryth Young
Alstonville, New South Wales,
Australia

*

these drive-thru trees our little lives

Adrian Bouter
Gouda, Netherlands

*

opening day
the huge belly
of the third base coach

Ignatius Fay
Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

*

the sound
of tugboats bumping
against the tub

Christina Nguyen
Hugo, Minnesota

*

closer to heaven
the roofer
dropping nails

LeRoy Gorman
Napane, Ontario, Canada

*

cut daisies
an inchworm's grip
on reality

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

*

euonymus berries
when is it exactly
dusk goes black

Grant D. Savage
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

*

a warm night
from the hill-top
other hills

Michael McClintock
Clovis, California

*

knowing the river's wide
only by its sound
night deepens

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

oceans with names —
 waves leaping over
one another

Kala Ramesh
Pune, India

*

desert stars
I end all thought
of moderation

Tom Painting
Atlanta, Georgia

*

shades of evening
through the shipwreck's ribs
the cries of a plover

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

slight breeze . . .
the silent spin of
wooden wind chimes

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

lost in the woods
the woods
of my childhood

Chad Lee Robinson
Pierre, South Dakota

*

long stem daisies
I return for a moment
to the summer of love

Robert Epstein
El Cerrito, California

*

open road
playing catch-up
with the clouds

Roland Parker
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

*

all that's left . . .
a strand of seaweed
in the shower

Susan Constable
NanOOSE Bay, British Columbia, Canada

*

moonrise . . .
the volcano's crater
fills with light

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

autumn equinox
a pill to keep me
more in the middle

Chad Lee Robinson
Pierre, South Dakota

*

farm fresh spinach
the familiar sound
of sand

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

*

thistledown cloud
the reliable son claims
he's the black sheep

J. Zimmerman
Santa Cruz, California

*

migrating plovers
the stream empties
short of the sea

Bruce H. Feingold
Berkeley, California

*

wind turbines turning in my sleep

John Soules
Wingham, Ontario, Canada

*

chipped garden buddha —

another day the old cat
refuses to eat

Linda Jeanette Ward
Coinjock, North Carolina

*

yellow maple leaves
the old farmer's
one fingered wave

Jack Berry
Ashfield, Massachusetts

*

morning dew —
the path made
by the paper boy

George Dorsty
Yorktown, Virginia

*

dusk
where wild apples
have rolled to a stop

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

October fragrance —
the flowers dictate
their own arrangement

Brent Partridge

Orinda, California

*

rounding up
the fallen leaves —
dust devil

Tom Tico
San Francisco, California

*

from a deer stand
the sun rises
hunter orange

Alan S. Bridges
Littleton, Massachusetts

*

a slight turbulence
as the cormorant dives —
autumn's end

Polona Oblak
Ljubljana, Slovenia

*

short day
bent twigs
in a shallow dish

Berenice Mortimer
Westlock, Alberta, Canada

*

auroral night
a trucker's ham radio
crackles to life

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

*

rain storm
she paints Florida
blue

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

*

Indian summer
in the fading light
butterfly tattoos

Stephen Kusch
Oakland, California

*

night shadow
there is no song
in this part of town

Duro Jaiye
Hirakata, Japan

*

Christmas greetings
the politician's card
leaves glitter everywhere

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, Ontario, Canada

*

winter gull
another end of the world
comes and goes

paul m.
Bristol, Rhode Island

*

deep snow
I turn the pages
of an old passport

Dru Philippou
Taos, New Mexico

*

dried peas
in a bowl of water
winter moonlight

Thomas Powell
Armagh, Northern Ireland

*

winter tussock
the hooded crow
hides a bread-crust

Thomas Powell
Armagh, Northern Ireland

*

bitter cold —
jumping the last king
on the checker board

Jerry Foshee
Rio Rancho, New Mexico

*

snowbird camp
a man with a cane
waters his saguaro

Garry Eaton
British Columbia, Canada

*

scattered seeds this empty bird cage inside me

Mark E. Brager
Columbia, Maryland

*

bear tracks
how many
will remember me?

John Hawk
Columbus, Ohio

*

snow on the lake
memories I pull
from the deep

Glenn G. Coates
Prospect, Virginia

*

winter palace
a flower pot
upside down

Tom Rault
Oss, the Netherlands

*

night fishing . . .
up to our knees
in Pisces

Vuong Pham
Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

*

relocation —
a tulasi plant
on the gypsy's head

A. Thiagarajan
Mumbai, India

*

lilacs
the scent of the past
imperfect

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

*

early spring —
fiddleheads unfurl

to the tune

Priscilla Van Valkenburgh
Liberty, Utah

*

a butterfly
on my shoulders
soul for adoption

Lydia Lecheva
Sofia, Bulgaria

*

grandpa's window
we touch raindrops
from the other side

Greg Piko
Yass, Australia

*

first day of spring —
the final payment due
on his stone

Ruth Holzer
Herndon, Virginia

*

ebb tide —
the river bottom's
special smell

Joan Murphy
West Hempstead, New York

*

water beads
rolling on lotus pads
a gentle wind

Brad Bennett
Arlington, Massachusetts

*

fire duty
the newly ironed shirt
still warm

Ron C. Moss
Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia

*

push mower
scents of mint, lavender, dill
sliced into grass

Ruth Yarrow
Seattle, Washington

*

heat shimmer
a heron drinks
from the horse trough

Kirsten Cliff
Matamata, Walkato, New Zealand

*

reunion trip
a raindrop squirms

up the windscreen

Robert Davey
Norfolk, United Kingdom

*

lush canopy
the symmetry of orchids
far from home

Cheri Hunter Day
Cupertino, California

*

egret at dusk –
looking for shapes
in the shadows

Sanjukta Asopa
Karnataka, India

*

another dry day
the storm bird
keeps singing

Quendryth Young
Alstonville, New South Wales, Australia

*

the sweat cooling
under my straw hat –
waterfall breeze

Tomislav Maretić
Zagreb, Croatia

*

bridging the gap
between leisure and sport –
shady trees

Gilena Cox
Trinidad and Tobago

*

slime mold –
how to know this life
is the one worth living

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

flowing river . . .
my mother recalls
India's partition

Kala Ramesh
Pune, India

*

blues song
picking the way
into cottonfields

John Zheng
Itta Bena, Mississippi

*

by the hydrant
a single hollyhock

spilling its seeds

Margaret Chula
Portland, Oregon

*

rustling leaves
shadows waver
on the clothesline

Diana Teneva
Haskovo, Bulgaria

*

the guide claims
it echoes off the moon
loonsong

Grant D. Savage
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

*

harvest moon
a listening circle forms
around the elders

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

*

spatterdock
an elder summons
one more croak

Bill Cooper
Richmond, Virginia

*

summer's end . . .
the cool of the creek
at the heart of the melon

Timothy Hawkes
Centerville, Utah

*

crescent moon
my question
left hanging

Deb Baker
Concord, New Hampshire

*

lunch time . . .
a rice grain stuck on
the crow's beak

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

autumn equinox
the tap tap tap
of Bingo markers

Alice Frampton
Seabeck, Washington

*

Indian summer
a turkey vulture swoops

to catch the thermal again

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

*

two hours till darkness . . .
the crow already roosting
within the rowan

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

the sun sets
on the old man's deathbed,
on the nurse's legs

David Caruso
Haddonfield, New Jersey

*

Halloween
crackly Draculas
in black garbage bags

Tony Beyer
Auckland, New Zealand

*

an afterlife
of mariachi bands
day of the dead

Sergio Ortiz
San Juan, Puerto Rico

*

windy day
the sound of the sea
in the sky

Kieran O'Connor
Sydney, Australia

*

machine shop
the mechanic hums along
to a fluorescent lamp

Alan S. Bridges
Littleton, Massachusetts

*

moonless sky
is it night or the trees
that creep through the woods

Sean MacMathuna
Dublin, Ireland

*

dawn frost
horses in the paddock
all facing east

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

early december
the bamboo forest

bends with rain

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

*

the leaves
still falling . . .
Veterans Day

Robert Michael Drouilhet
Picayune, Mississippi

*

lengthening nights
a village
made of Lincoln logs

Deborah P. Kolodji
Temple City, California

*

approaching solstice
frost straightens
the winter grasses

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

*

the penetrating catechism of the freezing rain

Patrick Sweeney
Misawashi, Aomori-ken, Japan

*

night flight
every city
feels like home

Marcus Larsson
Växjö, Sweden

*

today's wind
stripping autumn
to the bone

Adelaide B. Shaw
Milbrook, New York

*

snowfall . . .
in first grade the smell
of paste

Debra Fox
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

*

Christmas night—
the wise men
a bit banged up

PMF Johnson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

*

winter stars
the smell of woodsmoke
shared by a neighbor

Barb Behrendt
Cambridge, Minnesota

*

at dawn
taking shape again
the Norfolk pine

Patricia Prime
Auckland, New Zealand

*

winter burial
the resurrection
of old photos

Chase Fire
Eastpoint, Michigan

*

a stalactite
of dried soap on the dispenser
flu season

Brandon Bordelon
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

*

vase of snapdragons
a log in the fireplace
flares

Jan Dobb
Canberra, Australia

*

the planets aligning
I rearrange
my night

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

simmering milk . . .
my baby sister's bonnet
feathered with frost

Ron C. Moss
Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia

*

snow on old snow
twilight slowly
swallows the room

Jack Barry
Ashfield, Massachusetts

*

winter blues
the same orange liqueur
my father drank

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

*

I'll have
what they are having

winter roses

Stephen A. Peters
Bellingham, Washington

*

spring morning
the baby sleepers
hanging on the balcony

Sandra Mooney-Ellerbeck
St. Albert, Alberta, Canada

*

over the rainbow
and back
to the metronome

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

INDEX OF POETS

Asopa, Sanjukta

Baker, Deb

Banwarth, Francine

Barry, Jack

Barlow, John

Beary, Roberta

Behrendt, Barb

Bennett, Brad

Beyer, Tony

Blottenberger, Mike W.

Bordelon, Brandon

Bouter, Adrian

Brager, Mark

Bridges, Alan S.

Caruso, David

Chang, Yu

Chula, Margaret

Clement, Joyce

Cliff, Kirsten

Coates, Glenn G.

Constable, Susan

Cox, Gilena

Cooper, Bill

Davey, Robert

Day, Cherie Hunter

Dobb, Jan

Dorsty, George

Drouilhet, Robert Michael

Eaton, Garry

Epstein, Robert

Everett, Claire

Faye, Ignatius

Feingold, Bruce H.

Fire, Chase

Ford, Lorin

Foshee, Jerry

Fox, Debra

Frampton, Alice

Gorman, LeRoy

Hall, Carolyn

Harvey, Michele L

Hawk, John

Hawkes, Timothy

Herold, Christopher

Holman, Cara

Holzer, Ruth

Izawa, Keiko

Jaiye, Duro

Johnson, PMF

Karkow, Kirsty

Kolodji, Deborah P

Kusch, Stephen

Larsson, Marcus

Lecheva, Lydia

Lippy, Burnell

m., paul

MacMathuna, Sean

Maretić, Tomislav

McClintock, Michael

McDonald, Tyrone

Mooney-Ellerbeck, Sandra

Mortimer, Berenice

Moss, Ron

Murphy, Joan

Nagayama, Mokou

Nguyen, Christina

Oblak, Polona

O'Conner, Kieran

Ortiz, Sergio

Packer, Roland

Partridge, Brent

Painting, Tom

Patchel, Christopher

Pauly, Bill

Peters, Stephen A.

Pham, Vuong

Philippou, Dru

Piko, Greg

Powell, Thomas

Prime, Patricia

Ramesh, K.

Ramesh, Kala

Rault, Tom

Robertson, Brian

Robinson, Chad Lee

Root-Bernstein, Michele

Savage, Grant D.

Schwerin, Dan

Shaw, Adelaide B.

Simpson, Sandra

Soules, John

Sweeney, Patrick

Tann, Hilary

Teneva, Diana

Thiagarajan, A.

Tico, Tom

Van Valkenburgh, Priscilla

Ward, Linda Jeanette

Yarrow, Ruth

Young, Quendryth

Zheng, John

Zimmerman, J.

VOLUME 15, ISSUE 2 – JUNE, 2013

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

writing cursive
my unspoken fear
of dancing

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

*

steeping tea
the time it takes to lose a street
to snow

Ben Moeller-Gaa
St. Louis, Missouri

*

spring sky
one twirl before the girl
settles in line

Alison Woolpert
Santa Cruz, California

HERON'S NEST AWARD

writing cursive
my unspoken fear
of dancing

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

There are several styles of writing Chinese letters; block, semi-cursive and cursive. The characters for 'cursive' (sohsho in Japanese) mean 'grass-writing.' Elegantly, the letters flow like a river. In this haiku, the poet's name becomes, in a way, the fourth line. It adds depth. Though China is famous for acrobatic dance troupes and gymnasts with Olympic medals, I feel 'dance' in this haiku is a western element. Yu and I, like most immigrants, try to assimilate within the American culture, but at the same time, we never forget where we came from. This haiku is a great example of weaving one's heritage. Also, it makes me feel the country in which we live is the place where we can enjoy and admire multi-culture.

This haiku reminds me of a Japanese movie titled "Shall We Dance?" Some of you may have watched the Hollywood remake featuring Richard Gere and Jennifer Lopez. I remember a scene, in the Japanese original: a middle-aged, tired businessman stood in the train station and looked up at the window of a social dance school. In the movie, dancing opened a new door for him and rejuvenated the passion of a female dance instructor. Yu writes about his 'unspoken fear.' Does he feel he has become too American? Does he wonder if he is still too Asian? When the sumi ink dries, he may have decided to follow the wind as if he were a dandelion puff. It never knows where it will land, but there is always hope it will bloom again in the new place.

I like a haiku that involves me. I tend to imagine the scene a poet describes. This haiku

brought me back to my early days as an immigrant in New York City. When I quarreled with my boyfriend who was born and grew up on Long Island, I went to Chinatown by myself and looked at the store signs. Unlike in Tokyo where I grew up, I was a kind of exotic goldfish he could show off to his childhood friends. Sometimes I felt excitement like a new kid on the block. Other times I was a little depressed wondering if my decision to move to the U.S. was wise. There was no Internet then. I did not have enough money to gorge myself with authentic sushi in midtown. Though I don't speak Chinese, I can read the characters. Japan imported them from China. Roaming through Chinatown aimlessly, I felt I was once again in the majority. I managed to regain my strength.

I still have a thick accent despite living here for decades. I have no ear to distinguish between R and L sounds. I am notoriously bad about when I should use 'a' or 'the.' I have many 'unspoken fears.' Yet, I became a naturalized citizen believing my steps on the dance floor would be good enough. I might be a weed and never will be a rose everyone admires. But I have a calligraphy brush in my hand. One day, I may be able to write cursive as a master, joking about my unspoken fear.

— Fay Aoyagi
June 2013

POEMS

day crescent moon
a witchetty grub
unearthed

Natasha Adams
Perth, Western Australia, Australia

*

boink
of an aluminum bat ...
red sky

Gwenn Gurnack
Boston, Massachusetts

*

so many stars the burden of small talk

Bob Lucky
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

*

rusted railway
a quick wind unzips
the grasses

Jan Dobb
Canberra, Australia

*

not supposed to
turn out this way
tumbleweed

Sarah Clark Monagle
Virginia Beach, Virginia

*

another crabhouse lunch ultimatum

Lew Watts
Washington, District of Columbia

*

vireo's song
echoing from the kiva cliff
eight centuries later

Ruth Yarrow
Seattle, Washington

*

arboretum —
an airplane's deep drone
over the crepe myrtle

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

*

afternoon lull...
a mercy bullet
for the rabid dog

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

*

sundown...

the swirl of caught fish
in the pail

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*

steam museum –
the carousel horse
bares its teeth

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

*

scenic overlook
the coming and going
of flies

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

*

tinny radio
a sweat bee circles
her painted toes

Dave Russo
Cary, North Carolina

*

sure of the wind
the red-tailed hawk
alone as ever

Michael McClintock

Clovis, California

*

a caged hamster
in candle glow
Tent City

Raffael de Gruttola
Natick, Massachusetts

*

between breaths
following the white
of this butterfly

Kirsten Cliff
Matamata, Waikato, New Zealand

*

high noon
my own shadow
abandons me

Mark Forrester
Hyattsville, Maryland

*

family reunion
the click
of worry beads

frances angela
London, United Kingdom

*

heat lightning
does it show
in my eyes

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

*

pet cemetery
the wildflowers
always return

June Rose Dowis
Shreveport, Louisiana

*

abandoned orchard
full of weeds
and ripe fruit

Bouwe Brouwer
Emmeloord, The Netherlands

*

those early dates
when we walked home
in the long-legged moonlight

David Caruso
Haddonfield, New Jersey

*

grass in the breeze
again the beetle
spreads its torn wings

Alexander B. Joy
Amherst, Massachusetts

*

so many ravens
the scarecrow looks
somewhere else

Patrick Druart
Urou et Crennes, France

*

mother's worries
wind generators chop
into the fog

Ron C. Moss
Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia

*

moon viewing
a different angle
when we kiss

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

*

feather
on a string
not for long

Kristen Keckler
Sleepy Hollow, New York

*

changing seasons —
from donating to Goodwill
to shopping there

Jessica Malone Latham
Santa Rosa, California

*

cool in the basement
a wooden whisky box
of my father's tools

Clyde Glandon
Tulsa, Oklahoma

*

Giacometti —
across the book a fly's
long shadow

Stephen Kusch
Oakland, California

*

we idle
with the car...
yellow leaves

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

*

distant train whistle
the rainy afternoon
full of stepdaughters

J. Zimmerman
Santa Cruz, California

*

dark reflections...
a tufted duck's
wake of light

Thomas Powell
Craigavon, Armagh, Northern Ireland

*

Remembrance Day
a nimbus of crumbs
around her teacup

Dru Philippou
Taos, New Mexico

*

thanksgiving snow
the military park
bone white

Jianqing Zheng
Itta Bena, Mississippi

*

as if this house
might drift away
cobweb moorings

Barbara Snow
Eugene, Oregon

*

gathering dusk ...
rooftop to treetop
the echo of crows

John Wisdom
Sarasota, Florida

*

tract house wall —
beyond it the land
belonging to rabbits

Michael McClintock
Clovis, California

*

withered field
police tape tangled
in the scrub

Roland Packer
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

*

morning-after note
thawing snow exposes
unraked leaves

Brian Robertson
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*

b'ak'tun
the end of the world
resets itself

Stewart C. Baker
Rancho Palos Verdes, California

*

the broken binding
of my high school yearbook –
New Year's Eve

Joann Klontz
Swedesboro, New Jersey

*

mid-January
ornament hooks still hide
in the carpet

Pat Tompkins
San Mateo, California

*

at the bottom
of the kindling box
dad's hooch

Alan S. Bridges
Littleton, Massachusetts

*

snowdrifts...
i shovel the froth
from my latte

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*

white-tailed deer
still building my trust
six years later

Jessica Malone Latham
Santa Rosa, California

*

at the back of the cupboard
spices
from another millennium

Robert Davey
Norfolk, England

*

the street
turns nameless
midnight snow

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

*

blizzard
the pleasure
of going nowhere

Deb Baker
Concord, New Hampshire

*

watching stars
i think of mice
and the crumbs they live on

Tyrone McDonald
Brooklyn, New York

*

two or three robins . . .
the final day
of a winter sale

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

deckle-edged snapshots
the shadow
of a doubt

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

altar flowers
she knows the one
he would touch

Dan Schwerin
Greendale, Wisconsin

*

an ordinary wake
pictures of a life
outside the box

LeRoy Gorman
Napanea, Ontario, Canada

*

too soon to tell . . .
the slight swelling
of a flower bud

Susan Constable
NanOOSE Bay, British Columbia, Canada

*

in the rest home lounge
the silent piano
its line of cracked keys

John Hawkhead
Yeovil, United Kingdom

*

cemetery gate
my grandfather shouts
from the other side

John McManus
Carlisle, Cumbria, England

*

uneven tree rings
stories of my father
I've never heard

Carla Shepard Sims
Harvest, Alabama

*

point zero two
interest
daylight savings

Marsh Muirhead
Bemidji, Minnesota

*

adding vinegar
to set the dye
Good Friday

Mary Ahearn
Pottstown, Pennsylvania

*

solstice night-
dreams of fingerlings
baked with salmon

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

*

flower show
waiting my turn
to smell the roses

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

*

whipbird's call the morning cut in two

Lorin Ford
Brunswick, Victoria, Australia

*

skinny dipping—

open mouths
of trumpet vines

Peg McAulay Byrd
Madison, New Jersey

*

along the drip line
of century old redwoods —
forget-me-nots

Cherie Hunter Day
Cupertino, California

*

first summer days
my neighbour's navel
visible again

Patrick Druart
Urou et Crennes, France

*

climbing the path
from the trout lake
pipe smoke

Robert Davey
Norfolk, England

*

low tide —
birds flock to the colour
wet

Claire Norman

Chelmsford, Essex, United Kingdom

*

childhood laughter the taste of field-fresh corn

Seánan Forbes

Bournemouth, Dorset, England

*

hint of rain

she turns to me

in her sleep

Bob Lucky

Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

*

dune roses

denim softened

by clothesline sun

Michele L. Harvey

Hamilton, New York

*

the day ends

as it begins —

heron in the sun

Sandi Pray

Robbinsville, North Carolina

*

twilight

the horse's silhouette
heads for the barn

June Rose Dowis
Shreveport, Louisiana

*

when luxury
is a Therm-a-Rest pad
scent of pine

Deborah P Kolodji
Temple City, California

*

no home
to come home to
star-gazer lilies

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

no clock
in the post office —
August afternoon

Ruth Holzer
Herndon, Virginia

*

back porch swing
the little league umpire
retires his mask

Bill Cooper

Richmond, Virginia

*

august evening
the gentle light
of the Hamm's Beer sign

Clyde Glandon
Tulsa, Oklahoma

*

tonight's stars—
how long will it take
for my light to reach them?

Michael Dylan Welch
Sammamish, Washington

*

purple dawn
the stillness of a crane hook
in the city port

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

my rebellion
taped inside
a cardboard box

S.M.Abeles
Washington, District of Columbia

*

african hip-hop
on a tin roof
the rainy season begins

Lydia Lecheva
Sofia, Bulgaria

*

the whiffling skeins
becoming individuals
becoming one

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

dead thistles
the feel of a key
in a rusty lock

Ron C. Moss
Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia

*

a taste of apple wine
the deepening dusk
of river light

Angela Terry
Lake Forest Park, Washington

*

tai chi class
a turquoise damselfly
pauses with me

Rebecca Drouilhet
Picayune, Mississippi

*

homecoming
the frogs won't let me sleep
the moon won't let me sleep

Tyrone McDonald
Brooklyn, New York

*

wine party
everyone sipping
the waning moon

Robert Michael Drouilhet
Picayune, Mississippi

*

autumn evening —
the city wrapped
in rain

Scott Owens
Hickory, North Carolina

*

morning drizzle
so many umbrellas
left behind

Giselle Maya
St. Martin de Castillon, France

*

autumn moon
the leaves on her windowsill
folding shut

Paul Chambers
Newport, Wales, United Kingdom

*

the scent of wood fires in fog I start the day

David Boyer
Stamford, Connecticut

*

smell of gasoline —
stacked by the stump of the tree
the rest of the tree

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

New Year's Eve
to New Year's Day
the unlit candle

Owen Bullock
Katikati, New Zealand

*

first snow flurries...
the shape of the day
after retirement

Chen-ou Liu
Ajax, Ontario, Canada

*

cold breezes
the Grand Canyon swallows
a sunrise photo

Gary Hotham
Scaggsville, Maryland

*

their cries
should mean something
twilight geese

Ann K. Schwader
Westminster, Colorado

*

tail up, head under
how the wood duck
spends Christmas

Michael Feinstein
Vashon Island, Washington

*

a new year
the garbage can's lid
frozen shut

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

*

snowflakes
stealthily the cat joins me

under the quilt

Giselle Maya
St. Martin de Castillon, France

*

on each tip
of the three-fingered cactus
snow

André Surridge
Hamilton, New Zealand

*

steam rising
from the dog's pee
witching hour

Alice Frampton
Seabeck, Washington

*

winter time
the open woods where
once we listened for owls

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

*

Valentine month
from her mouth to mine
fresh strawberries

Angelee Deodhar
Chandigarh, India

*

penitence
an absence of color
connects the stars

Michael Henry Lee
Saint Augustine, Florida

*

winter dusk
old fingers remember
an old tune

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

depth of winter —
a dying pigeon
flaps away my help

Hamish Ironside
Teddington, United Kingdom

*

winter hawks
mother's silence
follows me home

Glenn G. Coats
Prospect, Virginia

*

the barbecue sizzling winter rain

Susan Constable
Nanoose Bay, British Columbia, Canada

*

ice melting the shape of the branch it fell from

Dave Russo
Cary, North Carolina

*

snowmelt
the taste of a foot-long
waterfall

Bill Cooper
Richmond, Virginia

*

beneath the street lights the shapes the rain makes of us

John McManus
Carlisle, Cumbria, England

*

kindergarten quiet...
first seedlings
in styrofoam cups

Debra Fox
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

*

soap bubbles
how softly mother
bursts into laughter

Kala Ramesh
Pune, India

*

long-term parking
a nest with eggs
in the wheel well

Lori Olson Randall
Walla Walla, Washington

*

spring night —
everywhere the sounds
of falling water

Rebecca Drouilhet
Picayune, Mississippi

*

spring wind
loosening my grip
on the handlebars

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

asthma —
the tight whorl
of fiddleheads

Sara Winteridge
New Forest, England

*

spring blossoms
I slice the fruits
as father did

Ramesh Anand
Bangalore, India

INDEX OF POETS

Abeles, S.M.

Adams, Natasha

Ahearn, Mary

Anand, Ramesh

angela, frances

Baker, Deb

Baker, Stewart C.

Banwarth, Francine

Barlow, John

Beary, Roberta

Boyer, David

Bridges, Alan S.

Brouwer, Bouwe

Bullock, Owen

Byrd, Peg McAulay

Caruso, David

Chambers, Paul

Chang, Yu

Chen-ou Liu

Clement, Joyce

Cliff, Kirsten

Constable, Susan

Cooper, Bill

Davey, Robert

Day, Cherie Hunter

Deodhar, Angelee

Glandon, Clyder

de Gruttola, Raffaele

Dobb, Jan

Doleycott, Connie

Dowis, June Rose

Drouilhet, Rebecca

Drouilhet, Robert Michael

Druart, Patrick

Dunlap, Curtis

Feinstein, Michael

Forbes, Seánan

Ford, Lorin

Fox, Debra

Forrester, Mark

Fox, Debra

Frampton, Alice

Glandon, Clyde

Gorman, Leroy

Gurnack, Gwen

Hall, Carolyn

Harvey, Michele L

Hawkhead, John

Herold, Christopher

Holzer, Ruth

Hotham, Gary

Ironside, Hamish

Joy, Alexander B.

Karkow, Kirsty

Keckler, Kristen

Klontz, Joan

Kolodji, Deborah P.

Kusch, Stephen

Latham, Jessica Malone

Lee, Michael Henry

Lucky, Bob

Lycheva, Lydia

Maya, Giselle

McClintock, Michael

McDonald, Tyrone

McManus, John

Moeller Ga, Ben

Monagle, Sarah Clark

Moore, Lenard D.

Moss, Ron

Muirhead, Marsh

Norman, Claire

Owens, Scott

Packer, Roland

Patchel, Christopher

Phillippou, Glen

Powell, Thomas

Pray, Sandi

Ramesh, K.

Ramesh, Kala

Randall, Lori Olson

Robertson, Brian

Russo, Dave

Schwader, Ann K.

Schwerin, Dan

Simpson, Sandra

Sims, Carla Shepard

Snow, Barbara

Surridge, André

Swede, George

Tann, Hilary

Terry, Angela

Tomkins, Pat

Watts, Lew

Welch, Michael Dylan

Winteridge, Sara

Wisdom, John

Woolpert, Alison

Yarrow, Ruth

Zheng, Jianqing

Zimmerman, J.

VOLUME 15, ISSUE 3 – SEPTEMBER, 2013

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

it is

what it is

mole hill

Alice Frampton

Seabeck, Washington

*

mating season

I am

all ears

Yu Chang

Schenectady, New York

*

early evening rain—

the man at the bar

folds his paper into quarters

Sandra Simpson

Tauranga, New Zealand

HERON'S NEST AWARD

it is
what it is
mole hill

Alice Frampton
Seabeck, Washington

When the lines of the poem are taken at face value, "it is what it is" can be viewed as an absolute truth, applicable to any object, and the mole hill is a mole hill, exactly. Here, the author applies the idiom to "mole hill," the small, mounded trail of loose soil made by the nearly blind, rat-like creature burrowing and eating its way through plant roots. However, being long familiar with Alice Frampton's work and fresh insight, I'm not surprised to find that this remarkably spare haiku has more to offer beneath the surface of its seven syllables. Inevitably, different readers will find various shades of significance in its depths.

"It is what it is" implies that there's nothing to be done about it (whatever it is), that one shouldn't dwell on it. It's a variant of what has previously been identified as a "mole hill" in the expression "making a mountain out of a mole hill," suggesting that it's unwise to make a small thing seem bigger by carrying on about it. In essence, the poem repeats itself: it doesn't matter; let it go. And that reminds me that what matters and what does not matter is not the same for everyone. In fact, each idiom carries its own nuances, which exist purely through any speaker's or listener's perception.

For some, "it is what it is" may seem defeatist and dismissive, and rightfully so, according to the individual. A realist would also agree that at times the commonplace is appropriate, that to accept an absolutely unchangeable object or situation for what it is and deal with it to the best of one's ability is the better, more productive choice. This

may be especially true for naturalists and lovers of the outdoors, who often make peace with different aspects of nature, deciding to live with how things are, albeit alertly and with common sense. Still, one person's mole hill may be another person's mountain. I believe there are times when a mountain should be made of certain situations and information. Certainly readers can think of numerous examples to validate or invalidate their perceptions of each platitude.

Alice Frampton's haiku is a fine example of the symbiosis between poet and reader. The poem's superstructure doesn't immediately reveal what lies beneath; an astute audience will "get it" by going deep. Indeed, to grasp the poet's message, one must tunnel into the haiku, and there may learn that the message resides within the reader.

— Ferris Gilli
September 2013

POEMS

an old reed song
my boat drifts
in that direction

Michael McClintock
Clovis, California

*

rustling leaves
it's not that hard
to be born again

Robert Epstein
El Cerrito, California

*

just past sunrise
a patch of red in the
woodpecker hole

Brad Bennett
Arlington, Massachusetts

*

old neighborhood
I inhale
my ghost

S.M. Abeles
Washington, District of Columbia

*

awakened
by moonlight

an old regret

Bill Kenney
New York, New York

*

ikebana
a cobweb links
man to heaven

Quendryth Young
Alstonville, New South Wales, Australia

*

following the source
of a winged shadow
day moon

Michelle Tennison
Blackwood, New Jersey

*

crossing the bridge where he jumped the city lights

*

frances angela
London, England

*

abandoned house
the broken milk box
filled with moonlight

Robert Witmer
Tokyo, Japan

*

birthday's end
the hole in the fridge left
by the cake box

David Jacobs
London, United Kingdom

*

red wine
all the memories
a glass can hold

John Soules
Wingham, Ontario, Canada

*

first year away
Christmas lights
on a docked ship

Jamey Stevenson
Dundee, Scotland

*

a blank page sheltering the sky

Eve Luckring
Los Angeles, California

*

my touchy mood
pieces of cracked shell
stuck to the egg

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

*

bonsai tree —
the length
of our lives

Carmi Soifer
Suquamish, Washington

*

a long flight
getting to forget
the person beside me

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, Ontario, Canada

*

with nowhere left to turn wind song

Angela Terry
Lake Forest Park, Washington

*

dusk inching in the rabbit

Jeff Stillman
Norwich, New York

*

swerving
to miss a flattened cat
New Year's day

Bob Lucky
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

*

Maine winter —
the young maples girdled
by mouse teeth

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

*

my memory fails . . .
his clothes
still hold his shape

Brandon Bordelon
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

*

hospital discharge
we pick our way
around puddles

Deb Baker
Concord, New Hampshire

*

Qing Ming
putting a heart-shaped red plum
by my mother's picture

Nu Quang
Seattle, Washington

*

street renovation
the watchmaker's shop
stays the same

Cristina-Monica Moldoveanu
Bucharest, Romania

*

endless rain . . .
mother's silver beginning
to tarnish

Margaret Dornaus
Ozark, Arkansas

*

first day of spring
the lingering scent
of rare books

Chen-ou Liu
Ajax, Ontario, Canada

*

rainy runway
the pilot's muffled voice
throughout the cabin

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

*

painting daylight
I gather yellow

from memory

Scott Owens
Hickory, North Carolina

*

every year her flowers planted
in even, straight rows —
the way we were raised

Mary Frederick Ahearn
Pottstown, Pennsylvania

*

old couple hand in hand —
the fresh brown earth
ready for turning

Jerry Foshee
Rio Rancho, New Mexico

*

smell of rain
on the early wind
scurry of ants

Beverley George
Pearl Beach, New South Wales, Australia

*

dandelion seeds . . .
what's the color
of your dream

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

*

this thought
that thought
bees in the catmint

Ann K. Schwader
Westminster, Colorado

*

small town wedding
the groom waiting under
the apple tree

Michelle Schaefer
Bothell, Washington

*

flipped rock scurry of vivid colors

Mickey Wright
Ossining, New York;

*

from the plane
the island turns
into a tadpole

Anne Carly Abad
Diliman, Quezon City, Philippines

*

last lilac
the love life
of my mind

Dietmar Tauchner
Puchberg, Austria

*

contemplation garden
we decide
five minutes is enough

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

*

served with a sprig of mint his betrothal's sudden end

Stewart Baker
Rancho Palos Verdes, California

*

a dust jacket
without its book —
summer deepens

Polona Oblak
Ljubljana, Slovenia

*

if I could
start all over . . .
pink lady slipper

H. Gene Murtha
North Wildwood, New Jersey

*

our daughter's wedding
dusting the room
she dreamed in

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

hotel room fan . . .
a curl of hair goes round
and round on the floor

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

silkworms
cocooned
in their small voices

J. Zimmerman
Santa Cruz, California

*

finding time for the earth to feel my bare feet

Deb Koen
Rochester, New York

*

june bride
the church filled
with second thoughts

Jörgen Johansson
Lidköping, Sweden

*

close to the waterfall the sound I become lost in

Ron C. Moss

Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia

*

drifting petals . . .

a monarch butterfly

completes my dream

Chen-ou Liu

Ajax, Ontario, Canada

*

moving clouds –

children play

hide and seek

S Abburi

Bangalore, India

*

the span

of a summer's day

daddy-long-legs

Roland Packer

Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

*

insomnia . . .

the stillness of a moth

on my closet mirror

Cristina-Monica Moldoveanu
Bucharest, Romania

*

midsummer night
opening a window
into forever

Liz Rule
Victoria Point, Australia

*

afternoon breeze
the pace of paddle boats
in the park

Ben Moeller-Gaa
St. Louis, Missouri

*

Fifth of July
bottle caps
stamped in the sand

Trevor Pyle
Sedro-Woolley, Washington

*

historic battlefield —
a young boy
straddles a cannon

George Dorsty
Yorktown, Virginia

*

take out window
I give my order to
a mouth and chin

William Hart
Montrose, California

*

longest day . . .
an ant circles
the sink drain

Michael L. Evans
Shelton, Washington

*

July 4th
the dog follows
her piccolo notes

Lauren Mayhew
Somerville, Massachusetts

*

little league mound
a whiff of his hero's
sunscreen

Bill Cooper
Richmond, Virginia

*

my eyes following cows following cows

Warren Gossett
Twin Falls, Idaho

*

mid July
two-bee harmony
in the lavender

Kathleen O'Toole
Tacoma Park, Maryland

*

everywhere
in the river
the footprints of a fish

Tom Rault
Oss, The Netherlands

*

hidden pond —
water striders
ride the last light

Jay Friedenberg
New York, New York

*

midnight hush
always the under-note
of insects

Nathalie Buckland
Nimbin, New South Wales, Australia

*

shucking corn —
the noise I make

when no one's home

Jennifer Met
Troy, Idaho

*

wheat equidistant from each ocean

Alan S. Bridges
Littleton, Massachusetts

*

moonless night . . .
only alligator eyes along
the marsh

John Wisdom
Sarasota, Florida

*

night storm
again and again
falling into my dream

Claudia Brefeld
Bochum, Germany

*

dingo call by dingo call the terrain takes shape

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

*

just plain hot —

the stolen grocery cart
left under an oak

Frances Jones
Bend, Oregon

*

maple shade —
a quilt pallet spread
with paper dolls

Barbara Snow
Eugene, Oregon

*

paulownia leaf
a street child curled
amidst the squalor

Kala Ramesh
Pune, India

*

sergeant's orders —
soldiers cock their rifles
at the azure sky

Rick Black
Arlington, Virginia

*

trumpet vine
hummingbird shadows
touch in passing

Dru Philippou

Taos, New Mexico

*

scent from the river
when there's only
the evening star

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

from neighbor to neighbor rhubarb crowns

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

*

midday heat
the heron's world
in a ripple

John Kinory
Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, England

*

one water strider's
pause overlaps another's
afternoon deepens

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

saffron sunset
the workers in the rice field

but silhouettes . . .

Adrian Bouter
Gouda, The Netherlands

*

sunset reflected
in windows of the house
I no longer own

Mel Goldberg
Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico

*

sunset sail
his champagne promise
to get well

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

*

evening stars
the ladder to the top
of the silo

Michelle Schaefer
Bothell, Washington

*

half moon leaving half the night to stars

Joseph Salvatore Aversano
Ankara, Turkey

*

drifting fog
there was a time
I would've said yes

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

*

shadows moving
on moving shadows —
October woods at dusk

Susan B. Auld
Arlington Heights, Illinois

*

freight train
towards the sunset . . .
cows staring at cows

Al Fogel
Miami Beach, Florida

*

first falling leaves —
vine tendrils sway too far from
what they could grasp

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*

autumn equinox —
the Half & Half
expires

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

old books
arranged by color
autumn days

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

*

sunset
the enflamed leaves
of poison oak

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

the silence
I once longed for
swollen moon

Elizabeth Steinglass
Washington, District of Columbia

*

Spanish guitar . . .
something in me
genuflects

Helen Buckingham
Bristol, Avon, England

*

mountain
the story
beyond it

Stephen A. Peters
Bellingham, Washington

*

snowflakes falling –
my thoughts gradually
compact

Graham High
Blackheath, London, United Kingdom

*

deep winter
she peels a tangelo
slowly

Ann K. Schwader
Westminster, Colorado

*

older and thinner
I'm more in touch
with my skeleton

Tom Tico
San Francisco, California

*

Thanksgiving visit –
everything but cookies
in the cookie jar

Al Fogel
Miami Beach, Florida

*

virgin snow
an old man's feet
tingle

Stuart Walker
Sapporo, Japan

*

from here to not there kitchen mouse

Roland Packer
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

*

falling snow
her deep
husky whisper

Ernest Wit
Warsaw, Poland

*

dead of winter
the worry we trade
back and forth

Glenn G. Coats
Prospect, Virginia

*

winter morning

wind soughing through
the subway tunnel

Ivan F. Randall
St Marys, New South Wales, Australia

*

thickening fog
on the hillside
sheep and ghost sheep

André Surridge
Hamilton, New Zealand

*

the river churning
thru the gorge – the son who chose
the wrong career

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*

the neighbor
sunbathing topless
magnolia blossoms

Brandon Bordelon
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

*

through wind-blown snow clatter of the last train

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

hot house fan
spins our shadows
into the orchids

Joan D. Stamm
Eastsound, Washington

*

optic nerve a scarlet cardinal hops across

Tyrone McDonald
Brooklyn, New York

*

the clank
of the flagless halyard
first spring alone

Claire Everett
Northallerton, North Yorkshire, England

*

morning stiffness
another year's daffodil
from the bulb

paul m.
Bristol, Rhode Island

*

calendar filled
with doctor's appointments
fallen jacaranda

Deborah P. Kolodji
Temple City, California

*

downy feathers
along the spring path
a red-tail's cry

Kathe L. Palka
Flemington, New Jersey

*

late spring
the dew rounder
on some leaves

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

*

mud dauber nest
filling a porch corner —
my son calls home

Adelaide B. Shaw
Millbrook, New York

*

sooner in the bluer violets dusk

Joseph Salvatore Aversano
Ankara, Turkey

*

green thorns
and a few
the color of wine

Martha Speer
Albuquerque, New Mexico

*

April-cool night
the lake with all the sounds
needed for sleep

Grant D. Savage
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

*

buttercups
the haltered pony
on its back

Thomas Powell
Armagh, Northern Ireland

*

one day you and I and all these flowers

David Boyer
Stamford, Connecticut

INDEX OF POETS

Author
Location

Author
Location

VOLUME 15, ISSUE 4 – DECEMBER, 2013

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

the age of the river a ripple in stone

Peter Newton

Winchendon, Massachusetts

*

all that pain

in a country song

the ploughman's blade

Ron C. Moss

Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia

*

a distant cloud

dragging rain—

the swish of horse tails

Chad Lee Robinson

Pierre, South Dakota

HERON'S NEST AWARD

the age of the river a ripple in stone

Peter Newton
Winchendon, Massachusetts

Everything, without exception, is in motion. The only thing that makes it seem otherwise is the fact that the rate of motion varies so noticeably between different objects. And the interaction between objects moving at differing speeds is a source of great beauty – clouds and the moon, a peregrine falcon and a mouse, ants and a peony bud, a snail and Mt. Fuji. The interaction of water and stone is an especially resonant example. It provides us with white water rapids, towering waterfalls, tide pools, mud flats, and many other universally recognizable effects.

I have a special fondness for poems that present an image of approximate measurement – the age of the river as measured in stone or compared to the age of stone. Nature provides us with many examples: the annual growth rings of trees, core samples of glacial ice. One doesn't always think of a river as having a life span, it moves and changes so rapidly and continuously while maintaining much the same course during our lifetimes. But, of course, the river itself came into being at some point and is eventually to be overwhelmed and effaced by other changes in the landscape. This doesn't only happen on Mars.

The single line format seems especially apt in this poem. We are all aware of how water seeks the lowest point and pools there to form a more or less flat surface. Perhaps we are less aware that this phenomenon is more generally the case. That ripple in stone will eventually be calmed, even if its "lifetime" far outstrips that of a river. And where are we in this picture?

The poem seems perfect in its rhythm. It consists of an opening iamb, followed by three anapest feet. Once it gets going, with a crest at every third syllable, the poem itself “ripples” and carries the reader along. What we have here is a finely crafted timepiece, accurate in the sense of “truthfulness.”

— John Stevenson
December 2013

POEMS

shorter days . . .
spiderlings set out
for their corners

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

*

in recovery
all day a fly
between panes

LeRoy Gorman
Napane, Ontario, Canada

*

police: Get on the ground!
no snow
for us to make angels

Tyrone McDonald
Brooklyn, New York

*

below the sheen
of starlight on the pond
a food chain

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*

far upriver —
the villages

with nothing to sell

Ruth Holzer
Herndon, Virginia=

*

winter solstice
commuters stand still
on the escalators

Anna Maris
Tomelilla, Sweden

*

red-tailed hawk
on a telephone pole . . .
the prairie listens

Debbie Strange
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

*

silent on the war
my father points out
the winter stars

Stephen Kusch
Oakland, California

*

crows cawing
from one hollow's frost
to the next

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

last quarter moon —
the scrape of a blade
on the whetstone

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

*

forsythia
please say it
again

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

*

church parking lot
a bird's nest
in the prayer box

Liz Nakazawa
Portland, Oregon

*

slaughter month
first sprout buds
in the pig trough

Martina Heinisch
Oelde, Germany

*

city daffodils
a stranger's face becomes

more human

Dru Philippou
Taos, New Mexico

*

first audition she wears her mother's dreams

Seánan Forbes
London, England

*

church bells
our words turn
into mist

Cezar-Florin Ciobîcă
Botoşani, Romania

*

mortgage sale
a robin builds her nest
in the letterbox

André Surridge
Hamilton, Waikato, New Zealand

*

across the river
the other side
of my family

Brent Goodman
Rhineland, Wisconsin

*

paper boat
big enough to hold
a dream or two

Sanjukta Asopa
Karnataka, India

*

evening news
she places both hands
on her baby bump

John McManus
Carlisle, Cumbria, England

*

new leaves
the nose wrinkle
of a baby's yawn

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

*

magnolias . . .
a pathway long enough
to make them memorable

Duro Jaiye
Hirakata, Japan

*

long line of clouds
my sister invents
ancestors

Glenn G. Coats
Prospect, Virginia

*

text message . . .
 downloading
 the Atlantic Ocean

*

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

summer solstice
a garter snake's tongue
tastes the air

Jennifer Corpe
Wyoming, Minnesota

*

first light of day
 a coot's wake
 widens

Bob Lucky
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

*

the path opens
to a world of stars
and frogs

Larry Gates
Portal, Arizona

*

toting a cloud
 of seagulls
 harbor shuttle boat

*

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

*

cat's tongue
laps the Atlantic
from my damp skin

Doris Lynch
Bloomington, Indiana

*

morning calm . . .
rain drops all along
the grass blade

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

mountain trickle
down in the valley
it gets a name

Andy Burkhart
Cincinnati, Ohio

*

sparrows!

taking in the battlefield
in little hops

Michael McClintock
Clovis, California

*

the Holocaust
and morning coffee
bind two old friends

Conrad Bishop
Sebastopol, California

*

summer vacation —
grandmother's stories stretch from
sunrise to sunset

Charishma Navneet Gupta
Muscat, Oman

*

the butterscotch scent
of ponderosa pine . . .
a bluebird's soft calls

Allan Burns
Colorado Springs, Colorado

*

next to me in the park
feeding the ducks
the unknown soldier

Bonnie Stepenoff

Girardeau, Missouri

*

tornado warning
the meteorologist
continues to smile

Collin Barber
Memphis, Tennessee

*

midday
the coffee turns
to wine

Tom Clausen
Ithaca, New York

*

creek-side rope swing
learning the art
of letting go

Carolyn Coit Dancy
Pittsford, New York

*

dissolving
into the cool night air
the call of an owl

Susan Antolin
Walnut Creek, California

*

the oars at rest
where I am
becomes clear

Dan Schwerin
Greendale, Wisconsin

*

ongoing drought
the stillness
of the rope swing

Mark Miller
Shoalhaven Heads, New South Wales, Australia

*

meanwhile
gloved hands brush lily dust
from the hearse

Claire Everett
Northallerton, North Yorkshire, England

*

the deeper voices
of neighborhood boys —
high summer

Joann Klontz
Swedesboro, New Jersey

*

heat shimmers
weeds in the bolt holes
of a lost hubcap

Brandon Bordelon
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

*

petals falling from apology roses

Martha Speer
Albuquerque, New Mexico

*

goathead thorn—
the pond drained
to its stones

Allan Burns
Colorado Springs, Colorado

*

hoot of a train . . .
feet move around the stray dog
asleep on the platform

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

striking a match
against his boot
approaching storm

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

*

humid day —

dog drool
down the window

George Dorsty
Yorktown, Virginia

*

backyard memorial –
how the maple sapling
has grown this year

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

end of a pier
we talk to
our reflections

Ernest Wit
Warsaw, Poland

*

warm wind
the neighbour tosses back
the fallen apple

Ramesh Anand
Bangalore, India

*

August dusk
a bit of blue bends
around the moon

Carmen Sterba

University Place, Washington

*

diamond wedding
doing things for each other
we never dreamt of

Quendryth Young
Alstonville, New South Wales, Australia

*

husking corn
on a neighbor's porch
dusk creeps in

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

*

full moon rocking
my bobber
in the ripples

Garry Eaton
Port Moody, British Columbia, Canada

*

patter of rain
the wind chimes
in silhouette

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

*

moonlit sheets
the soft coming
of moths to the screen

Chad Lee Robinson
Pierre, South Dakota

*

today's list
of yesterday's tasks
cottonwood fluff

Ann K. Schwader
Westminster, Colorado

*

night of crickets
only my fingers
remember the password

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

*

this year
instead of bushfire
big dragonflies

Ashley Capes
Bairnsdale, Victoria, Australia

*

early autumn
scraping the last of the mustard
from the jar

Els van Leeuwen
Sydney, Australia

*

something new
in the repertoire
pileated woodpecker

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

*

autumn sun
she says no
to further chemo

Marcus Larsson
Vaxjo, Sweden

*

focusing
first on the foghorns
and then on the lulls

Tom Tico
San Francisco, California

*

back and forth dragonflies hawk the dusk

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

true north

the eucalyptus sheds
a length of bark

Kirsten Cliff
Mahata, Waikato, New Zealand

*

this is when
you said you'd call
cricket song

Barbara Snow
Eugene, Oregon

*

sudden gust from out of the blue the sound of leaves

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

pre-dawn hush
the forest
still dripping

Chuck Brickley
Daly City, California

*

election day
children in the park
ride the seesaw

Jan Dobb
Canberra, Australia

*

a path of acorns
jay calls ricochet
from tree to tree

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

Thanksgiving
having our fill
of family

June Rose Dowis
Shreveport, Louisiana

*

funeral procession
a scruffy brown dog
marking tombstones

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

*

indian summer gone
a hillside of chimneys
smoke in the rain

William Hart
Montrose, California

*

high beams
the backward glance

of a possum

Bill Kenney
New York, New York

*

the sound of rain
in a windowless room . . .
deep autumn

Mark E. Brager
Columbia, Maryland

*

first snowfall
mouse droppings
in my fur-lined boots

Mary Stevens
Hurley, New York

*

winter funeral
we face our mortality
in high heels on ice

kate s. godsey
Pacifica, California

*

shorter days . . .
spiderlings set out
for their corners

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

*

in recovery
all day a fly
between panes

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, Ontario, Canada

*

police: Get on the ground!
no snow
for us to make angels

Tyrone McDonald
Brooklyn, New York

*

below the sheen
of starlight on the pond
a food chain

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*

far upriver —
the villages
with nothing to sell

Ruth Holzer
Herndon, Virginia

*

winter solstice
commuters stand still

on the escalators

Anna Maris
Tomelilla, Sweden

*

red-tailed hawk
on a telephone pole . . .
the prairie listens

Debbie Strange
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

*

silent on the war
my father points out
the winter stars

Stephen Kusch
Oakland, California

*

crows cawing
from one hollow's frost
to the next

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

last quarter moon —
the scrape of a blade
on the whetstone

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

*

picking parsley
a leopard frog
evades my hand

Merrill Ann Gonzales
Dayville, Connecticut

*

sprigs of mint
in a blue mason jar
twilight breeze

Pat Tompkins
San Mateo, California

*

cow bells
floating over the breeze
wild oregano

Angela Terry
Lake Forest Park, Washington

*

old enough
to just listen
trout rising

Bruce H. Feingold
Berkeley, California

*

sunrise
in the fixed eye

of a goldfinch

Victor Ortiz

San Pedro, California

*

calloused hands
the carpenter smooths
his daughter's gown

Robert Witmer

Tokyo, Japan

*

waning blue moon . . .
saplings growing
in the cat lady's gutters

Curtis Dunlap

Mayodan, North Carolina

*

wild hyacinth
mother's will
in the post

frances angela

London, United Kingdom

*

melting away my pain – garden dew

Pravat Kumar

Padhy, Odisha, India

*

the garden wedding
some things
already dead

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, Ontario, Canada

*

tea in painted cups —
the morning wind carries
rose scent

Charishma Navneet Gupta
Muscat, Oman

*

it's all
I ever wanted . . .
fireflies

H. Gene Murtha
North Wildwood, New Jersey

*

wind shift
the canola field
smelling yellow

Marilyn Appl Walker
Madison, Georgia

*

lightning bugs
here for a moment
my childhood

Johana West
Pittsburg, California

*

the dusks
when plums start to bruise
easily

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

heatwave
I see more
of my neighbors

Stella Pierides
Neusaess, Germany

*

white lilies
another piece of Asia
taking root

Rebecca Drouilhet
Picayune, Mississippi

*

dusk
an empty beer can
taps the dock

H. Gene Murtha
North Wildwood, New Jersey

*

end of summer
a few spots left
on the fawn

Susan Constable
NanOOSE Bay, British Columbia, Canada

*

the last bite
of a red-flamed peach
summer's end

Michael L. Evans
Shelton, Washington

*

corn maze
at every turn
autumn quickens

Ross Plovnick
St. Louis Park, Minnesota

*

twilight in the trees
just enough
to watch a falling leaf

Edward Foreman
Downers Grove, Illinois

*

unable to open
the door
she slammed

Owen Bullock
Katikati, New Zealand

*

how long can I hold
my breath
autumn deepens

Eve Luckring
Los Angeles, California

*

deepening autumn –
the stumble comes as stumbles
seem to do

Alison Woolpert
Santa Cruz, California

*

walking the rails –
a whistle of wind
in my Styrofoam cup

Jennifer Corpe
Wyoming, Minnesota

*

faintly
the sound of anklets
all night rain

Sanjukta Asopa
Karnataka, India

*

stumping for votes
the sound of wind
on a microphone

Alan S. Bridges
Littleton, Massachusetts

*

smoketown dawn
a rogue rooster's
corrugated cry

Kristen Renée Miller
Louisville, Kentucky

*

old stone walls
the hands
that made them

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

INDEX OF POETS

Anand, Ramesh

angela, frances

Antolin, Susan

Asopa, Sanjukta

Banwarth, Francine

Barber, Colin

Barlow, John

Beary, Roberta

Bishop, Conrad

Bordelon, Brandon

Brager, Mark E.

Brickley, Chuck

Bridges, Alan S.

Bullock, Owen

Burkhart, Andy

Burns, Alan

Capes, Ashley

Chambers, Paul

Chang, Yu

Ciobîcă, Cezar-Florin

Clausen, Tom

Clement, Joyce

Cliff, Kirsten

Coates, Glen

Constable, Susan

Corpe, Jennifer

Dancy, Carolyn Coit

Dobb, Jan

Dorsty, George

Dowis, June Rose

Drouilhet, Rebecca

Dunlap, Curtis

Eaton, Garry

Evans, Michael L.

Everett, Claire

Feingold, Bruce H.

Forbes, Seánan

Ford, Lorin

Frampton, Alice

Gates, Larry

Godsey, Kate

Gonzales, Merrill-Ann

Goodman, Brent

Goreman, Leroy

Gupta, Charishma Navneet

Gurnack, Gwenn

Hall, Carolyn

Harvey, Michele L

Hart, William

Heinisch, Martina

Herold, Christopher

Holzer, Ruth

Howard, Elizabeth

Jaiye, Duro

Kenney, Bill

Klontz, Joanna

Kumar, Pravat

Kusch, Stephen

Larsson, Marcus

Lilly, Rebecca

Lippy, Burnell

Luckring, Eve

Lucky, Bob

Lynch, Doris

Maris, Anna

McClintock, Michael

McDonald, Tyrone

McManus, John

Miller, Kristen Renée

Miller, Mark

Moss, Ron C.

Murtha, Gene H.

Nakazawa, Liz

Newton, Peter

Ortiz, Victor

Pierides, Stella

Plovnik, Ross

Packer, Roland

Philippou, Dru

Ramesh, K.

Robinson, Chad Lee

Root-Bernstein, Michelle

Schwader, Ann K.

Schwerin, Dan

Simpson, Sandra

Snow, Barbara

Speer, Martha

Steppenoff, Bonnie

Sterba, Carmen

Stevens, Mary

Strange, Debbie

Stilman, Jeff

SRSpanyer

Surridge, André

Swede, George

Tann, Hilary

Terry, Angela

Tico, Tom

Tompkins, Pat

van Leeuwen, Els

Walker, Marilyn Appl

West, Johana

Witt, Ernest

Witmer, Robert

Woolpert, Alison

Young, Quendryth

Zimmerman, J.

FIRST ANNUAL PEGGY WILLIS LYLES HAIKU AWARDS

The following is the report of the judge for this inaugural holding of the Peggy Willis Haiku Awards contest. In future years, we hope to surprise contestants with the announcement of the contest judge but, in this first year, many will have anticipated that there could be no better choice than The Heron's Nest founding editor, Christopher Herold. We provided him with poems only, no names or locations of poets, shortly after the June 1 submission deadline. There were 1,518 poems submitted this year, by 341 poets. We thank everyone for these offerings.

OVERVIEW

I was delighted to learn that The Heron's Nest has hatched the plan to institute an annual haiku contest in commemoration of Peggy Willis Lyles. It is an honor richly deserved, for Peggy was an outstanding poet whose work dates back to the years when English language haiku first began to gain a serious foothold in the West. She was also a superb editor, having a well-developed gift for getting to the heart of discussions that were often complex and, on occasion, vigorously disputed. She always handled such consultations insightfully, making her points with concision and yet with great sensitivity. In short, she was a wise and gentle soul.

Although pleased that The Heron's Nest staff invited me to judge the first Peggy Willis Lyles Haiku Award, I admit that my brain balked when I learned that "excellence" was the sole criteria for assessing the submitted work. Feelings of inadequacy, gratitude, paralysis, pride, doubt, and resolve struggled for the upper hand. I had to hike into the hills and find a place to sit still for a while in order to sort it all out. A flat rock in the middle of the fast-moving Quilcene River proved perfect. The roar of the rapids calmed me, making it easier to think rationally.

"Excellence." That's in the mind of the reader isn't it? Over the years, so many talented poets and academicians have battled over which combinations of haiku criteria result in the most resonant poems, which taboos should be upheld, and which discarded. Naturally, the consensus is in constant flux. My own estimation of what constitutes haiku excellence is evolving as well. I feel as strongly now about some facets of the craft as I did way back when, others not so strongly. In any case, my emotions sorted themselves out by the river – gratitude and resolve coming to the fore.

While sitting there on that rock, I also felt inspired to go home and reread *To Hear the Rain*, the outstanding collection of haiku penned by the person for whom this contest is a tribute. After all, it seemed only fitting that, if I was to uphold the high standards set by my late friend and former co-editor, I must reacquaint myself with her style and esthetic sensibilities.

I also felt emboldened by remembering *The Heron's Nest* byline I penned so many years ago when Alex Benedict and I founded the journal: "Where tradition and innovation meet and compliment each other." Yes, indeed. That statement of intent helped me maintain focus throughout the selection process as well.

So, with gratitude, I now thank the current staff of *The Heron's Nest* for having provided me this opportunity to delve wholeheartedly into haiku submitted to the Peggy Willis Lyles Haiku Award. I was very much impressed by how many of the poems compelled me to return to them again and again, making final selections a real challenge. Even so, I feel happily satisfied with the decisions I finally made. I hope you are as delighted by these poems as I am.

—Christopher Herold

July 3, 2013

WINNING POEMS WITH COMMENTARY

1ST PLACE

end of the world
I blow apart
a dandelion

Garry Gay
Santa Rosa, California

On the heels of yet another ripple of unrest spread by folks on the fringe – that the end of the world is imminent – this poet plucks a dandelion sphere and performs the time-honored tradition of blowing it apart, presumably while making a wish. Did the poet wish (or pray) for a planetary reprieve? Or does he or she wish that the aforementioned fringe element would stop ranting and use their energy to seek out competent counseling?

In any case, the poet has made a connection between the dandelion globe at its moment of deconstruction and the envisioned fate of our planet as espoused by doomsayers. The result is a marvelous haiku.

While visualizing this particular dandelion's end, I recognized what actually took place: a most positive event. Those are seeds that the poet has scattered with a breath – the promise of new life – well, yes, of more dandelions. It's up to you whether or not to consider such a dissemination uplifting.

So, whether we choose to believe it is our planet or simply a dandelion that has reached its point of destruction, this poem can and should be deemed auspicious ... a new beginning ... what every ending is after all.

A wonderfully ironic and playful haiku with some disturbing undertones and a splash of sarcasm – all born aloft in a beautiful image. (Can you imagine this description on the label of a bottle of dandelion wine?)

Now truly, this is your quintessential "one-breath-poem."

2ND PLACE

spring fever –
the turtle's neck
at full stretch

Carole MacRury
Point Roberts, Washington

This poem doesn't need commentary. After all, don't most of us stick our necks out at the first sign of spring?

I would like to state up front, however, that I worried that my choice might be suspected of bias in that the late Peggy Willis Lyles, for whom this award is a memorial, penned a marvelous haiku about turtles. Moreover, said poem was used as a highlight in the announcement of this contest. Well, the truth is that "spring fever" became a favorite despite that worry. In other words, it not only had to be "excellent," it had to overcome a disadvantage the other poems didn't have: my concern about bias. It occurs to me that the poet who chose to submit this haiku may have done so to honor Peggy. If so, then I am even happier for my decision.

Having said all of this, I now find myself unable to resist a little of the commentary that this haiku doesn't need.

It is succinct – no wasted words. The poet gives expression to a subjective phenomenon that is universal in nature (spring fever) by connecting it to objective imagery (the

turtle's action). This poem trembles with exuberance, the essence of spring. I find the creative wording of the final line irresistible. The rhythm is effective, too: not the traditional short/long/short, but a double beat repeated twice, serving to emphasize the emotional content. And visually, the words on the page are pleasing to the eye.

I bow to the poet for making it safe and rewarding to stretch out our necks.

3RD PLACE

nevertheless fall colors

Christopher Patchel

Mettawa, Illinois

Three words, none of which presents a specific image, and we find ourselves in the midst of an easily envisioned scene of beauty.

The profusion of fall colors compensates the poet for some troubling matter. We are given no clue as to what that matter is, but it shouldn't be difficult to supply our own predicament, for we all have our problems. It's a universal fact of life.

The question is: when a complication arises, can we do as this poet has done? Can we let go of our troubles, if but for a short while, and appreciate the world "nevertheless," with wonderment?

1ST HM

the housemaid

shakes her mop outside...

cherry blossoms

Kirsty Karkow

Waldboro, Maine

Cherry blossoms: one of the most popular themes in all the realms of haikai, a vast majority of which pay homage to the ephemeral beauty of the flowers while still on their trees or in the process of falling from them. Once fallen, however, ephemeral quickly translates into a mess. They get blown or tracked into our homes and must be swept up for days if not weeks.

I love the image of the maid shaking free the mopped up blossoms, allowing them to flutter down one last time.

It's true that she could be simply shaking dust from the mop at a time when the blossoms are still at their peak, or falling (along with dust), but I derive the most reading pleasure from my former envisioning of this poet's experience.

2ND HM

one step farther
than I wanted to go
spring wind

Jim Kacian
Winchester, Virginia

I'm on my way to what I imagine is Point B. I'm nearly there, just one step away when Ma Nature, a smirk on her face, playfully makes her point with a powerful gust of wind from behind. She causes me to overstep my intended goal, and thereby makes me aware of the momentum I've created by pursuing a fixation.

The poem does not necessarily indicate actually walking to a particular place. More likely, it indicates a circumstance in which the poet feels no longer completely in control—perhaps a romantic or a business relationship. Quite conceivably, the loss of control (or perhaps lapse of good judgment) is then connected to, or perhaps blamed on the exhilarating nature of the season—spring wind!

3RD HM
spring thaw...
what I meant
to tell her

Joey Russell-Bridgens
Omaha, Nebraska

When at last the poet finds the courage to share some thing that he or she has withheld, it is already too late. The person for whom this information or sentiment would have mattered has either gone elsewhere or has passed away. The poet's inner struggle: worry over withholding something of importance, is replaced with regret. The regret is intensified by what would normally be a cause for joyousness: the giving way of winter to spring. A no-nonsense haiku shared in a few well-chosen words to which most of us, I'm sure, can relate.

4TH HM
cicada shell
our ten-year-old says
he'll never leave home

Tom Painting
Atlanta, Georgia

It's been explained to the curious child that the cicada sprouted wings and left its shell behind. Perhaps this parent has told the boy that, like the cicada, he, too, will one day sprout wings and find his own way in life. And perhaps that information was just a tad too much for someone of such a tender age.

But isn't this true for the rest of us as well? We are older and presumably wiser, but it is never easy to ponder the final shedding of our own skins.

2013 ILLUSTRATION CONTEST WINNERS

The Heron's Nest announces, with pleasure, the work selected in this year's 2013 illustration contest. We were happily overwhelmed with hundreds of beautiful images from which to choose. The following will be featured in *The Heron's Nest*, Volume 15 (2013) (annual print edition shipped out in April of 2014).



Cover — Hiroko Seki



Back Cover — Julie Warther

[image unavailable]

Overview — Steve Addiss



Spring — Michele L. Harvey



Summer — Claudia Brefeld



Autumn — Ray Rasmussen



Winter — Maya Lyubenova

[image unavailable]

Readers' Choices — Barbara A. Taylor

READERS CHOICE AWARDS FOR POEMS FROM 2012

OVERVIEW

At the end of each year The Heron's Nest invites readers to tell us which they liked best among the poems we published recently. This year eighty-two generous readers devoted their time, energy, and intelligence to this task. Here are the results:

FAVORITE HAIKU OF 2012

GRAND PRIZE HAIKU OF THE YEAR

(17 nominations, totaling 97 points)

crayon map
my son shows me the way
to Neverland

—John McManus (March Issue)

FIRST RUNNER-UP

(12 nominations, totaling 83 points)

planetarium
my child's grip
starts to loosen

—John McManus (June Issue)

SECOND RUNNER-UP

(13 nominations, totaling 78 points)

catch and release
a little shine left
on my fingers

—Jim Kacian (March Issue)

THIRD RUNNER-UP

(9 nominations, totaling 63 points)

office aquarium
the fish and I
in different boxes

Yu Chang (March Issue)

OTHER POPULAR HAIKU

57 points: “sun-touched gully” – Thomas Powell – September

56 points: “autumn colors” – Michele L Harvey – December

52 points: “the puddle deeper” – Connie Donleycott – March

51 points: “morning tide” – Jon Baldwin – June

51 points: “between roots and branches” – Seánan Forbes – June

46 points: “scent of snow” – Claire Everett – September

45 points: “part street light” – Tyrone McDonald – March

42 points: “migraine” – Ruth Holzer – March

41 points: “mossy creek bank” – Lorin Ford – March

POPULAR POETS

This category represents the total number of points awarded to each poet for their entire body of work published in volume 14.

GRAND PRIZE: POET OF THE YEAR

(39 nominations, naming 6 of 6 poems published in volume 14 = 234 points)

John McManus

FIRST RUNNER-UP

(22 nominations, naming 7 of 8 poems published = 129 points)

Christopher Herold

SECOND RUNNER-UP

(21 nominations, naming 4 of 5 poems published = 123 points)

Yu Chang

THIRD RUNNER-UP

(22 nominations, naming 8 of 8 poems published = 122 points)

Carolyn Hall

OTHER POPULAR POETS

Michele Root-Bernstein (4 of 4 poems totaled 103 points)

Francine Banwarth (5 of 5 poems totaled 102 points)

Lorin Ford (3 of 4 poems totaled 92 points)

Michele L Harvey (4 of 6 poems totaled 91 points)

Eve Luckring (3 of 3 poems totaled 89 points)

Jim Kacian (1 of 2 poems totaled 78 points)

Roberta Beary (3 of 3 poems totaled 75 points)

Claire Everett (4 of 5 poems totaled 71 points)

Alan S Bridges (6 of 7 poems totaled 70 points)

Connie Donleycott (3 of 5 poems totaled 70 points)

Jon Baldwin (2 of 2 poems totaled 66 points)

Polona Oblak (5 of 6 poems totaled 63 points)

Hilary Tann (5 of 6 poems totaled 63 points)

Thomas Powell (1 of 1 totaled 57 points)

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 2013 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>.