

THE HERON'S NEST — VOLUME 16 (2014)



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TECHNICAL NOTE

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VOLUME 16, ISSUE 1 – MARCH, 2014

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FEATURED POEMS

leap year
once a year my brother dies
no matter what

Bob Lucky
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

*

the needle slips
into the groove . . .
autumn night

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

the black tail
of a dragon kite . . .
starling dusk

Claire Everett
Northallerton, North Yorkshire
United Kingdom

HERON'S NEST AWARD

leap year
once a year my brother dies
no matter what

Bob Lucky
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

Since the earliest of human times, perhaps at the advent of agriculture, arguably before, peoples spread over continents have watched the stars, moon, and sun, finding patterns. Observing, recording, and forecasting led to creation of physical calendars, a record of collective intellect. Perhaps priests of many sorts were the early scientists who could predict the seasons, rains, planting schedules and the like. About 5,000 years ago ancient Ur and Babylon developed a calendar, as did the Mayan civilization as well as builders of Stonehenge. Egypt was perhaps even earlier, later Athens and Rome. Some of these calendars had a solar year divided by 365 days. Jump to Julius Caesar in 45 BC, and the Gregorian, our modern calendar. Yet, it is still not perfected. A total of 365 sunrises comes up short of precise calculation. A day was added for every four years by a Papal Bull from Pope Gregory in 1582 CE. Several minutes and seconds are now added by computers that anticipate orbits quite accurately. Leap Year!

It seems likely poet Bob Lucky's brother died on a February 29th. Three out of four years it might seem as if there is no place, no room to observe this death. My own brother died as a young adult many years ago. My Mother and I talk on that date, and his birthday, every year. Someone remembers.

Lucky's lucid phrasing sets up a story, but imbues it with his emotion. I sense his frustration with such an artificial system. The love and remembrance are real. His brother is never ignored; he is not erased.

– Paul MacNeil
March 2014

POEMS

speckled egg
the sunlight
on my thoughts

Kirsten Cliff
Matamata, New Zealand

*

sugar moon rising
our first grandchild expecting
a child of her own

Michael Henry Lee
Saint Augustine, Florida

*

ink stains
on the calligrapher's socks
cherry blossoms

Brad Bennett
Arlington, Massachusetts

*

rain running
off our waterproofs . . .
the cormorant pair

Claire Everett
Northallerton, North Yorkshire
United Kingdom

*

one-lane bridge . . .

we give way
to the scent of thyme

Sandra Simpson
Taraunga, New Zealand

*

unknown birdsong —
I wander deeper
into the forest

Larry Gates
Pawleys Island, South Carolina

*

bromeliads
an extinct woodpecker
appears on film

Michelle Tennison
Blackwood, New Jersey

*

scaling fish
dad calls mom
his mermaid

George Dorsty
Yorktown, Virginia

*

tiki bar
a part of me feels
right at home

Roberta Beary

Bethesda, Maryland

*

pub night the dark heap of mother's clothes

frances angela

London, United Kingdom

*

beached octopus slaps of sudsing sky

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

Ankara, Turkey

*

forest by the lake

fish hide

behind the trees

Wincenty Ozga

Warsaw, Poland

*

Mark loves Mary forever —

erased by high tide

forever

Jay Friedenber

New York, New York

*

above the clouds

travelling backwards

through time

Rachel Sutcliffe

Huddersfield, West Yorkshire
United Kingdom

*

rush hour
I enter
in third person

Eve Luckring
Los Angeles, California

*

company picnic
a young boy stays near
his father's legs

Erik Linzbach
Dewey, Arizona

*

open drawbridge —
a brown pelican
goes through first

Meik Blöttenberger
Hanover, Pennsylvania

*

butterfly —
I remember
nothing

Robert Kania
Warsaw, Poland

*

A temple bell —
the pond settles into
its clarity

Edward Zuk
Surrey, British Columbia
Canada

*

storm cliffs —
the remains of a fish
in a stone

Sara Winteridge
The New Forest, England

*

darkening sky
the river gives no reason
for its song

Kala Ramesh
Pune, India

*

labyrinth walk
the reliable cooing of
mourning doves

Peg McAulay Byrd
Madison, New Jersey

*

never younger
than now
I zest a lemon

Marilyn Appl Walker
Madison, Georgia

*

medicine ball . . .
we stand closer
this year

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

*

knee-high grass
a bison's slow rise
from the wallow

paul m.
Bristol, Rhode Island

*

as much forever
as we've got —
the heart of summer

Brent Partridge
Orinda, California

*

clarity of rocks
in the river shallows —
sun on my back

Nathalie Buckland
Nimbin, New South Wales
Australia

*

tang of salt
the peaks of mountains
with Chinese names

Michael McClintock
Clovis, California

*

in one, then another
of the kousa dogwoods —
the flash of fireflies

Wally Swist
Amherst, Massachusetts

*

the taste
of the last word
summer theatre

Ignatius Fay
Sudbury, Ontario
Canada

*

summer drought a snake draws its past across my path

Seánan Forbes
London, England

*

biological clock:
a line in the sand
drawn by the tide

Michele L. Harvey
Brooklyn, New York

*

the paper rustle
of eucalyptus
still no rain

Adelaide Shaw
Millbrook, New York

*

long walk —
the slum boys stare at
the distant stars

Pravat Kumar Padhy
Odisha, India

*

her golden retriever
licks
the rapist

David Lanoue
New Orleans, Louisiana

*

sock puppets
my son replays
last night's argument

John McManus
Carlisle, Cumbria
England

*

day break . . .
mood of the forest
in the long call of a thrush

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

streaked morning sunlight—
copper butterflies skimming
plantain and clover

Wally Swist
Amherst, Massachusetts

*

imagining my last breath
the narrow trail to
a familiar mountain

Dru Philippou
Taos, New Mexico

*

home
only one ocean
in her shell

Gary Hotham
Scaggsville, Maryland

*

autumn heat
the calf roper knocks
dust from his lasso

Chad Lee Robinson
Pierre, South Dakota

*

coming out of the sea what I once was

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

*

one part loneliness
one part boredom
waning crescent

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

for better or for worse
our lights and darks
tumbling together

Annette Makino
Arcata, California

*

shavings curl
from the sharpener
apple smell

Ed Granger
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

*

space station
dropping behind

the horse chestnut trees

Ruth Holzer
Herndon, Virginia

*

split wheat sack
a steady trickle
of sparrows

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Australia

*

deep autumn
a copperhead crooked
on the sidewalk's edge

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

*

I add chemo
to the calendar . . .
new moon

John McManus
Carlisle, Cumbria
England

*

a sliver of moon
the old bluesman
breaks a string

Ron C. Moss

Leslie Vale, Tasmania
Australia

*

foghorns . . .
scoring the hours
of my insomnia

Tom Tico
San Francisco, California

*

trying to listen
as if I didn't know him
wind through the trees

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
San Francisco, California

*

mallards fly away –
darker shades of autumn
return to the river

Chad Lee Robinson
Pierre, South Dakota

*

All Souls Day –
rosewood or pine
dad's still dead

Ignatius Fay
Sudbury, Ontario Canada

*

a mandala
of pine needles
yesterday's rain

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

*

November cold
the vending machine
returns my coins

LeRoy Gorman
Napanea, Ontario Canada

*

across the face of a chalk horse rook faces rook

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

snowy owl
the moon slicing pathways
through the woods

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

accumulating snow
time together
she won't remember

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

*

shape of her sleep
on the down pillow
snowy morning

Ernest Wit
Warsaw, Poland

*

winter solstice
I suck the bones
of a carp

Chen-ou Liu
Ajax, Ontario
Canada

*

longest night
balancing his words
in a brush stroke

Simone K. Busch
Tokyo, Japan/Germany

*

sunlight
slides into his empty sandals —
another winter

Arvinder Kaur
Chandigarh, India

*

Christmas night —
this sudden desire to

look at the sky

Kashinath Karmakar
Durgapur, India

*

year's end
the spot i revisited
within me

Ramesh Anand
Bangalore, India

*

icicles . . .
keeping time
until the end

Elizabeth Steinglass
Washington, District of Columbia

*

square anti-abortion signs
dry leaves curl
in the shadows

Tyrone McDonald
Brooklyn, New York

*

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under communism
cleaning the oil lamp

Ernest Wit
Warsaw, Poland

*

homeless shelter
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with an ice cream scoop

Alan S. Bridges
Littleton, Massachusetts

*

is it mental illness
the winter rose
perfectly still

Michelle Tennison
Blackwood, New Jersey

*

father's dementia
the path that rain makes
through a cloud

Ron C. Moss
Leslie Vale, Tasmania Australia

*

sunlight
into the open grave
a handful of earth

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

funeral drinks
my cousin and I
exchange promises

David Jacobs
London, United Kingdom

*

after taps
that heavy silence . . .
then the keening

Joan Murphy
West Hempstead, New York

*

canyon wall —
a spring sunset draws up
the evening shade

Gwenn Gurnack
Boston, Massachusetts

*

blossom wind
a black swan flaps
its clipped wings

Polona Oblak
Ljubljana, Slovenia

*

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for the oatmeal

Margaret D. McGee
Port Townsend, Washington

*

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Al Fogel
Surfside, Florida

*

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Robert Epstein
El Cerrito, California

*

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Seánan Forbes
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*

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K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

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Morgan Songi
Eugene, Oregon

*

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joins hands

Roland Packer
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

*

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Marcus Larsson
Växjö, Sweden

*

again i am the last to know rip tide

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

*

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is beyond saving

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, Ontario, Canada

*

rain
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of quinces

Vessislava Savova
Sofia, Bulgaria

*

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on her fingertips

Meik Blöttenberger
Hanover, Pennsylvania

*

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Stewart C Baker
Dallas, Oregon

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Patricia Prime
Auckland, New Zealand

*

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Alice Frampton
Seabeck, Washington

*

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who can do little else

Grant D. Savage
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada

*

clearing sky
a salmon falls back
into the roar

Chuck Brickley
Daly City, California

*

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together we sway
through the barley

Helen Buckingham
Bristol, Avon
England

*

wind chimes
the spruce in two tones
of autumn light

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

*

"You are here"

on the trailside map
a resting monarch

Barbara Snow
Eugene, Oregon

*

I lift my foot
the world turns
autumn leaves

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

*

last of the harvest
the scarecrow's stake
among the stubble

Julie Warther
Dover, Ohio

*

cool bench—
the call of geese
behind me

Jeanne Cook
South Bend, Indiana

*

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trailing away

Robert Witmer

Tokyo, Japan

*

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becoming whimper
becoming night

Polona Oblak
Ljubljana, Slovenia

*

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opens one eye

Cherie Hunter Day
Cupertino, California

*

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a gap in
the picket line

paul m.
Bristol, Rhode Island

*

All Saints . . .
hands
in my pockets

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

*

my poems . . .

the woodcarver's
pile of chips

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario
Canada

*

knot pine floors
furballs pirouette
behind the corn broom

Tami M. Johnson
Birmingham, Alabama

*

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the smell of mothballs
in our kiss

Paresh Tiwari
Hyderabad, India

*

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of port trucks

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

*

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Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

*

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Sean Carlton
Long Beach, California

*

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Jennifer Popolis
Springfield, Illinois

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Tricia Knoll
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Richard St. Clair
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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of windswept hair

Deb Baker
Concord, New Hampshire

*

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on roller-skates
first kiss

Barb Behrendt
Cambridge Minnesota

*

color coding
my to-do list
spring morning

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

sun-soaked chrysalis
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no one sees

Julie Warther
Dover, Ohio

*

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Yvette Nicole Kolodji
Temple City, California

*

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South Bend, Indiana

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Ireland

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FEATURED POEMS

night time
in the hospice aquarium
the pulse of fish gills

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

*

late snow
chalking a strike zone
on the basement wall

Bill Cooper
Richmond, Virginia

*

summer asphalt
the man-made scent
of rain

Peter Newton
Winchendon, Massachusetts

HERON'S NEST AWARD

night time
in the hospice aquarium
the pulse of fish gills

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

One fascinating aspect of a haiku that makes the reader pause instead of turning the page is its powerful invitation to participate in the moment revealed. The reader's own experiences are just one part of that. The reader ponders the poet's experience as well. For this haiku, that leads to wondering whether the poet is a visitor to the hospice, a caregiver working there, or even the patient. The perspective of each could vary considerably. This is clearly one example of why it is said that it is the reader who completes a haiku.

While the concept of hospice care has medieval roots, its evolution to today's model has provided a source of immeasurable comfort and support for all involved in the final-days experience. Hospice caregivers are a breed apart — truly angels among us. Still, once hospice becomes more than a concept, the patient's life is suddenly as circumscribed as that aquarium. That pulsing of the fish gills is utterly symbolic of the life force that is still offering a quiet hope.

Joyce Clement has perfected this moment by that mood-setting first line. Night time — darkness all around, except for the feeble, compelling light of the aquarium.

— Billie Wilson
June 2014

POEMS

summer evening
dusk falling
through the skylight

David J. Kelly

Dublin, Ireland *rice field...

all these extra prayers
become stars

Ernesto P. Santiago
Solano, Philippines

midnight walks some other part of me *Simon Hanson

Allendale, South Australia

Australia *an undertone

to the orchid's scent
somewhere a clock

Michele Root-Bernstein

East Lansing, Michigan *coconut grove

leaf blades comb
the moonlight

Ajaya Mahala
Pune, Maharashtra

India *alpine lake —

my breast stroke's shining arc
toward sunrise

Ruth Yarrow

Seattle, Washington *spruce woods

fireweed filling

the vacancy

Cherie Hunter Day

Cupertino, California *corrugated sun –

chilies and laundry

in rooftop haze

Mary Weiler

Todos Santos, Baja California Sur

Mexico *home from war

we ease out

the champagne corks

Lew Watts

Washington, District of Columbia *bushfire moon fruit bats in the updraft

Ron C. Moss

Leslie Vale, Tasmania

Australia

*

the smell of sweat

here comes

the collection plate

LeRoy Gorman

Napanee, Ontario

Canada

*

muggy evening
the whine
of the battery charger

Bob Lucky
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

*

fireflies
the sparking thoughts
of an insomniac

Katy Eachus
Ascot, England

*

the longest drought —
a coyote nuzzles
the jimson weeds

Stephen Kusch
Oakland, California

*

rain at last!
I ask the piano salesman
to riff a little Bach

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

wing beats
of a pelican
our sails catch the breeze

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Australia

*

I open my eyes
from dreams to daydreams:
whirligig beetle

Kala Ramesh
Pune, India

*

a pigeon
cooing circles on the dock
end of summer

Susan Constable
NanOOSE Bay, British Columbia
Canada

*

evening dusk
the clang of pots and pans
through a marriage

Glenn G. Coats
Prospect, Virginia

*

billiard balls
on worn felt —
the rain

S.M. Abeles
Washington, District of Columbia

*

fading stars
stones on the beach
wet with dew

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

his promised
return
paper airplane

Yvette Kolodji
Temple City, California

*

escorting
a dead dragonfly
100 undertakers

David Gershator
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands

*

grain of the wood
their conversation
at the viewing

Alan S. Bridges
Littleton, Massachusetts

*

deep fog
a sax returns the call
of a tug horn

William Cullen, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

*

scent of applewood...
pork bellies
in the smokehouse

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

*

eagle cloud...
the mistral's breath
in my bones

Giselle Maya
St. Martin de Castillon, France

*

eagle sighting
the passing trucker and I
share a thumbs-up

Margaret Dornaus
Ozark, Arkansas

*

first frost
the scent of coffee reaching
a little further

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

the randomness
of where things fall
red maples

Joan Prefontaine
Cottonwood, Arizona

*

annual cull
the deer races
its shadow

Cynthia Rowe
Sydney, Australia

*

once a mill town only mother here now

frances angela
London, England

*

owing money
my hands smell
of old pennies

Michael McClintock
Clovis, California

*

winter rain
a glimpse of unpainted wall
behind a radiator

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

low battery —
I hold on to her fading voice
awhile longer

sanjukta asopa
Karnataka, India

*

snow falling through the night a crow's white throat

Peter Yovu
Middlesex, Vermont

*

digging out after the blizzard
a crow's voice merges
with the creaking pine

Wally Swist
Amherst, Massachusetts

*

ice storm ended —
the height of a short man's
slam dunk

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

*

hunger
the metallic taste
of winter wind

Robert Witmer

Tokyo, Japan

*

pencil pine
the last of the sun
angles away

Greg Piko,
Yass, Australia

*

winter night –
the big dipper
spills darkness

Sondra J. Byrnes
South Bend, Indiana

*

learning who
not to listen to –
snowy mountains

Michael McClintock
Clovis, California

*

our reflections
in the watchmaker's window
winter stars

Claire Everett
Northallerton, North Yorkshire
England

*

skylight moon
my unspoken need
for boundaries

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

*

paragraph
after paragraph
winter fly

pjm
San Jose, California

*

the peanut butter sandwich
left unmade...
snow day

Deb Baker
Concord, New Hampshire

*

mild winter day
a jogger's ponytail
bobs up and down

Lauren Mayhew
Somerville, Massachusetts

*

winter melt...
reading the snowman's
body language

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

winter rain the smoothness of a kidney bean

David Boyer
Stamford, Connecticut

*

a change
on my mammogram
snow moon

Barb Behrendt
Cambridge, Minnesota

*

snowmelt —
a song
I haven't heard in ages

Kevin Knezevic
Garfield, New Jersey

*

erasing
the long winter —
hyacinths

Barbara Snow
Eugene, Oregon

*

Women's Day —
I teach the nanny

to sign her name

Angelee Deodhar
Chandigarh, India

*

tying my sweater
around my waist
spring equinox

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

*

mud
spring scent softener
on clothes drying inside

Frances Jones
Bend, Oregon

*

sunlit canvas:
he unfolds a rabbit
from the spring sky

Chen-ou Liu
Ajax, Ontario
Canada

*

vernal pool
just for a moment
I understand

J. Zimmerman

Santa Cruz, California

*

sun shower...
wanting to hear the voices
of the blooming things

Duro Jaiye
Hirakata, Japan

*

the brown calf
breaks into a trot
spring breeze

Robert Gilliland
Austin, Texas

*

third trimester —
the mother duck and I
both waddle

Yesha Shah
Surat, Gujarat
India

*

a turtle tries
the strawberry bed
egg moon

Dan Schwerin
Greendale, Wisconsin

*

field of daisies
the white spots
on the fawn's rump

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

*

war games
a boy weighs the bantam's egg
in his palm

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Australia

*

all the silence of white crosses

Don Miller
Las Cruces, New Mexico

*

behind bars
the sun's glow
in butterfly wings

Marcus Liljedahl
Gothenburg, Sweden

*

summer morning...
a garden lizard drinks
the dewdrop on a leaf

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

unborn child
a veined sea pebble
in her hand

Adrian Bouter
Gouda, the Netherlands

*

ripening plums
the patience I never quite
got the hang of

Johnny Baranski
Vancouver, Washington

*

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on the railroad tracks
summer doldrums

Joe McKeon
Strongsville, Ohio

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the railway line
disappears into sky

Rose van Son
Burswood, Western Australia

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by the pool

Anne Carly Abad
Diliman, Quezon City
Philippines

*

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between each dive

H. Gene Murtha
North Wildwood, New Jersey

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small craft warning
a light chop
in the birdbath

Michael Feinstein
Vashon, Washington

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cumulonimbus
time to harvest
the cauliflower

André Surridge
Hamilton, New Zealand

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vines overtake
the silk flowers

June Rose Dowis
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André Surridge
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Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

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Garry Eaton
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Elizabeth Howard
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Ronald L. Kirkland
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Jonathan McKeown
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Tyrone McDonald
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Duro Jaiye
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Angela Terry
Lake Forest Park, Washington

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of contraindications

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

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Christmas train
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the child within

David Jacobs
London, United Kingdom

*

another year
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of her crazy quilt

Tom Painting
Atlanta, Georgia

*

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winter night

Peter McDonald
Fresno, California

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Russian birches
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Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

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Schuylerville, New York

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the last holdout surrenders
their tree house fort

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Austin, Texas

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picking stones
from the lentils...
winter dusk

Mark E. Brager
Columbia, Maryland

*

no one
to ask about
daisies

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

HERON'S NEST AWARD

evening glow –
the last holdout surrenders
their tree house fort

Robert Gilliland
Austin, Texas

A young boy invites other children to join him far above the earth for adventures beyond their imagining. Enter a pirate with a mean left hook. Right behind comes a ticking – and ticked off – croc. The intrepid youth will neither cower nor grow old. In the bargain, he's destined to never remember.

A grown man preaches that we resist the cherished company of our childish things. We mostly comply. We come down from our tree houses. But our fate is to never forget them.

Is the young boy's song of innocence a siren song? Is the preacher's song of experience a swan song? Must we pay for Peter with Paul?

An effective haiku can trigger such musings. It can tap the very ground of our being and germinate in ways unforeseen.

Here children's play intimates a greater drama. More than nightfall approaches. More than a tree fort soon will be lost. But what's to be gained?

The abiding pleasure of art. An old sage put it this way: "Life is short, art long." As the last boy begins his descent to reality, the poignant moment is held for us in perpetual

suspension – an "eternal present" – in the evening glow of Gilliland's lovely poem. We readers can remain, happily, in Everland.

– Scott Mason
September 2014

POEMS

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who understands —
wind in the alders

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Clovis, California

*

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Claire Everett
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Chen-ou Liu
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Sandra Simpson
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part prayer

Eve Luckring
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Misawashi, Aomori-ken
Japan

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Richard M. Fye
Albuquerque, New Mexico

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H. Gene Murtha
Wildwood, New Jersey

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Alan S. Bridges

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Quendryth Young
Alstonville, New South Wales
Australia

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Nathalie Buckland
Nimbin, New South Wales
Australia

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Robert Epstein
El Cerrito, California

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Berenice Mortimer
Westlock, Alberta
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Mark Rutter
Brockenhurst, Hampshire
England

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you could be

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Natasha Adams
Perth, Australia

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Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

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Francine Banwarth
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Dennise Aiello
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PMF Johnson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

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Dan Schwerin
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Pranav Kodial
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Hilary Tann
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Tom Drescher
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Alan S. Bridges
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old horses
days of endless rain
in their eyes

Ron C. Moss
Leslie Vale, Tasmania
Australia

*

her ashes in a vase —
once we lit our cabin stove
with drafts of poems

Erling Friis-Baastad
Whitehorse, Yukon
Canada

*

morning fog
twelve black shoes
on the church steps

Joe McKeon
Strongsville, Ohio

HERON'S NEST AWARD

old horses
days of endless rain
in their eyes

Ron C. Moss
Leslie Vale, Tasmania
Australia

I believe we have a lot of drawers in our mind. Like the ones in a Chinese medicine chest, each has a label. Some drawers are opened every day. Some are rarely used. Some are simply forgotten. A great haiku helps open those drawers and leads us to a time and place we have not visited for a while.

With a first reading, I visualized Noah's Ark. Under the veil of perpetual rain, a long line of animals were moving slowly and silently. As a freelance interpreter, I once worked for the Japan Racehorse Association and visited a stable of thoroughbred horses. I remember their eyes: so tranquil and looking like a lake of wisdom. Then my mind drifted to a gallery of 'ema' (a votive horse tablet) at a Japanese temple or shrine. From ancient times, Japanese people have used these tablets to pray for a cure from disease, an easy delivery at birth, or to give thanks for an abundant harvest. I remembered stone stairs at Yushima Tenjin in Tokyo, a shrine devoted to Michizane Sugawara, a 9th century scholar and poet. He has been affectionately called 'God of Learning.' Even now many students visit this shrine and offer a votive tablet for their success in the entrance exam for a college or university.

I am sure that Ron Moss, an Australian, never thought about the Warring States period of 16th century Japan when he composed this haiku. Akira Kurosawa made his iconic movies 'Kagemusha' and 'Ran' based on this period. A lot of interesting historical

characters were born then. The Portuguese introduced Christianity and guns to the Japanese. While I looked into the eyes of Moss's horses, my DNA led me to this chaotic era. Brothers killed each other. A son invaded his father's castle. A daughter was forced into a political marriage. In a way, this era was 'days of endless rain.' I wandered the landscape of long-gone years. I touched the ground where soldiers and war horses lay motionless. Then I pictured myself as a warlord who survived. My fighting days were over. With a central government in the capital I could have the luxury of sipping a cup of tea in my tea house. I began to think the endless rain might not be completely negative. If there were no rains, one might not be able to appreciate the sun.

With haiku eyes, I see my inner self. With haiku ears I listen to my surroundings. With haiku tongue I taste my past. With haiku nose I sense my future. With haiku fingers I open and close tiny drawers in my mind.

— Fay Aoyagi
December 2014

POEMS

black tarmac –
that instant
before the snowflake melts

Jay Friedenberg
New York, New York

*

Christmas morning
the blue eye
of the rockinghorse

Ann Magyar
Brighton, Massachusetts

*

church nave
the solemnity of
hand-hewn beams

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

*

first dream
a small bird calls
my secret name

pjm
San Jose, California

*

eye exam
in the dark he compliments

my retinas

Annette Makino
Arcata, California

*

moonrise
an owl swoops up
something

Meik Blöttenberger
Hanover, Pennsylvania

*

long tunnel—
commuters look away
from themselves

Daniel John Pilkington
Melbourne, Victoria
Australia

*

at the root of all the nothingness

Michael McClintock
Clovis, California

*

glass tabletop
a fingerprint
on a fingerprint

Carlos Colón
Shreveport, Louisiana

*

backstage tour —
a clown wipes away the smile
on my son's face

Lew Watts
Santa Fe, New Mexico

*

sleet snaps
at the window
he pats the lettuce dry

Linda McCarthy Schick
Brooklyn, New York

*

curlews wade
the emptying creeks and channels
winter twilight

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

*

Fermat's last theorem
a jar of buttons
in a hoarder's garage

Deborah P Kolodji
Temple City, California

*

word war
a spider weaving
by the fire

Angelo B. Ancheta
Taytay, Rizal
Philippines

*

drawing
a pailfull of darkness —
village well

Arvinder Kaur
Chandigarh, India

*

at the risk
of a relapse...
plum blossoms

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

*

early spring
not enough sun
to move the snake

Michele L. Harvey
Hamilton, New York

*

cats with other plans zen garden

Laura Williams
Canyon Country, California

*

tracking
the scent of fox
follows me

Jeff Hoagland
Hopewell, New Jersey

*

eye-glow
of the raccoon clan
spring constellations

Barbara Snow
Eugene, Oregon

*

gathering light
shrimping boats stir
the salted mist

Sage Stone
Shalimar, Florida

*

rainy season
time slows down
on a banana slug trail

Claudia Chapline
Stinson Beach, California

*

stringing memories —
now I fly the kite
for father

Yesha Shah
Surat, India

*

long train journey...
a baby boy talks to his brother
in his own language

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

for as long as I can remember soap bubbles

Laura Williams
Canyon Country, California

*

shifting mist
a rocky outcrop
of wallabies

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Australia

*

tristesse
a robin's egg
on cobble stones

Giselle Maya
St. Martin de Castillon, France

*

rain beads
the scent of her

absence

Elmedin Kadric
Helsingborg, Sweden

*

with each pull of oar,
tadpoles scatter
from the lily pads

John Wisdom
Sarasota, Florida

*

in the two inches provided
the car-bound dog
sniffs the world

Mark Dailey
Poultney, Vermont

*

low-hanging fog
a line of surfers waits
for the next wave

Peggy Heinrich
Santa Cruz, California

*

storm clouds building
re-enactors gather
for an understood outcome

LeRoy Gorman
Napanea, Ontario

Canada

*

June moon
a Hallmark card that says
just what I mean

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

a glass bowl
of river stones
model home

Liz Steinglass
Washington, District of Columbia

*

flowers that fell
from wedding bouquets
path through the woods

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

from the lip of a lily
a grasshopper leaps
into summer

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

*

old pond

the church bell deepens
within me

Tyrone McDonald
Brooklyn, New York

*

nodding to
the rhythm of the breeze
wild lantanas

Kala Ramesh
Pune, India

*

caterpillar
winding up the thread
of summer

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

*

wild flower —
I breathe my
loneliness

Pravat Kumar Padhy
Odisha, India

*

his dog asleep
on the empty side
third deployment

Carolyn Coit Dancy

Pittsford, New York

*

shimmering heat...
two rams spark horns
at the water trough

Claire Everett
Northallerton, North Yorkshire
England

*

opium poppies
droop with yellow dust ...
wind from the Gobi

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

*

searing heat –
the glint of a plow blade
surfacing from the soil

John Wisdom
Sarasota, Florida

*

barber shop...
only one fish left
in the aquarium

K. Ramesh
Chennai, India

*

sun's embers...
the rust-fangled workings
of the old mine

Claire Everett
Northallerton, North Yorkshire
England

*

high country
pairs of kangaroo ears
pin down the sky

Jan Dobb
Canberra, Australia

*

telephone poles
the long straight road
through clearcut

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

*

new white shirt
the outline
of my sunburn

Yvette Nicole Kolodji
Temple City, California

*

they stomp off
flip-flops
having a dialogue

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, Ontario
Canada

*

fresh azure sky
the lark
ascending

Dan Daly
Ballwin, Missouri

*

sine wave
a purple finch
does the math

Alan S. Bridges
Littleton, Massachusetts

*

cooling shade—
cedar waxwings fly in and out
of the honeysuckle

Wally Swist
Amherst, Massachusetts

*

mimosa flowers
drifting in the breeze...
not wanting my book to end

Debra Fox
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

*

the little shift
in the blue jay's song
accepting my age

Peter Newton
Winchendon, Massachusetts

*

self portrait
the summer dress
i wore out

frances angela
London, England

*

ancient songs...
an elder's sweat
rolls off the bone-flute

Chase Gagnon
Detroit, Michigan

*

brackish pond —
just a hint of the bullhead
in the blackness

Jay Friedenbergl
New York, New York

*

Wet mud shines
where the grasshopper was —
my vow of silence

Rebecca Lilly
Port Republic, Virginia

*

a fish soars
impaled on osprey talons —
the soft blue sky

Melissa Watkins Starr
Portsmouth, Virginia

*

adopted
she wonders where
the waves come from

Rachel Sutcliffe
Huddersfield, West Yorkshire
United Kingdom

*

the last star
in the morning light
night-blooming cereus

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

*

a crow perches
on the sundial's gnomon
thunderclouds

Pat Tompkins
San Mateo, California

*

dark corners
of a beet field —
the pelting rain

Peter Barnes
San Diego, California

*

he clings to the memory
of his old fallen barn
wild cucumber

Barb Behrendt
Cambridge, Minnesota

*

long summer
the whiskey glass full
of midnights

Tom Drescher
San Francisco, California

*

we walk the path
that others made...
dune grass

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

*

first tuft
of milkweed fluff —
a wish for more summer

Brad Bennett
Arlington, Massachusetts

*

end of summer
the sparrows' songs
all Vespers

Mary Ahearn
Pottstown, Pennsylvania

*

making its way
around the sundial
moon shadow

Simon Hanson
Allendale, South Australia
Australia

*

deep night...
a dog sniffs
the moonlit toad

Larry Gates
Portal, Arizona

*

one of us
from a strange world
dragonfly

Ann K. Schwader
Westminster, Colorado

*

a small cabin
the moon
gets into everything

Dan Schwerin
Greendale, Wisconsin

*

the things I think
I can't do without
lunar eclipse

Gregory Longenecker
Pasadena, California

*

birthday —
a gathering of moths
on my paisley shawl

Lavana Kray
Iasi, Romania

*

Labor Day
the sixth grader's
worry lines

Bruce H. Feingold
Berkeley, California

*

unafraid
of what comes next. . .
cicada shells

Ben Moeller-Gaa
St. Louis, Missouri

*

super moon
the pencil
pointless

Deb Koen
Rochester, New York

*

silence
the monarchs
I remember

Jeff Hoagland
Hopewell, New Jersey

*

rain at dusk
the slanted scent
of baking apples

Adelaide B. Shaw
Millbrook, New York

*

pre-dawn coffee
the smell of cedar
on my wool shirt

Joshua Gage
Cleveland, Ohio

*

freckling
in the autumn sun...
dogwood leaves

Julie Warther
Dover, Ohio

*

pea soup fog
the slosh
of a paddle wheeler

Ida Freilingner
Bellevue, Washington

*

daylight moon
the slicked-down reeds
of a muskrat slide

Cherie Hunter Day
Cupertino, California

*

orange sun
an eagle's talon
drips river

Joe McKeon
Strongsville, Ohio

*

hazy harvest moon
leaves floating
where others sank

Gary Hotham
Scaggsville, Maryland

*

darkness
beyond the porch light
the chatter of coyotes

Lynn Edge
Tivoli, Texas

*

wind's kickin' up
I make small talk
with the locals

Lauren Mayhew
Somerville, Massachusetts

*

heather blooms...
a house martin lingers
above the bog

Thomas Powell
Down, Northern Ireland

*

the hounds
at the end of their tethers
hunters' moon

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Australia

*

third day of rain
the sofa out of place
an inch

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

even on calm days
these coastal trees remember
which winds prevail

David J Kelly
Dublin, Ireland

*

leaning into
an Achilles stretch
autumn deepens

J. Zimmerman
Santa Cruz, California

*

a windless skin amnesia

Markeith Chavous
Valencia, California

*

scent of the hills
when all you can see
are their outlines

Burnell Lippy
Danville, Vermont

*

starlight or hoarfrost —
which magic to believe?

Stuart Bartow
Salem, New York

*

all but two
close their eyes —
evening prayer

Melissa Watkins Starr
Portsmouth, Virginia

*

emergency room
pieces of autumn leaves
litter the floor

Andy Burkhart
Cincinnati, Ohio

*

first snow
my children shed
20 years

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

*

first Christmas
uneven baby footprints
on newly fallen snow

Payal A Agarwal
Delhi, India

*

bikers laying wreaths
on soldiers' graves
first snow

Mat Spano
Hillsborough, New Jersey

*

christmas visit —
the dog just
rolls with it

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

*

lamplit dust
an ant's path
across the psalms

Els van Leeuwen
Sydney, Australia

*

blizzard
another trip
to the game closet

Lauren McBride
Houston, Texas

*

balloon animals
the kids tether them
to my wrists

John McManus
Carlisle, Cumbria
England

*

ancient ghetto —
in the bakery windows
sunlit challah

Stephen Kusch
Oakland, California

*

his memorial...
more than my share
of cherry pie

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

no one's footsteps
left to follow —
late winter rain

Chase Gagnon
Detroit, Michigan

*

outdoor market
i linger in the shade
with sea cucumbers

Stephen Kusch
Oakland, California

*

near evening...
willow shadows return
to the river

Mohsen Farsani
Tehran, Iran

*

time lapse photography
i too
am a leaf

Tyrone McDonald
Brooklyn, New York

*

as always
that's where the story begins
wild mustard

Robert Epstein
El Cerrito, California

*

the barn painted
one shade lighter
than the wind

S.M. Abeles
Washington, District of Columbia

*

first day of May
the woodchuck's cheek
full of flowers

Lesley Anne Swanson
Coopersburg, Pennsylvania

*

hare moon
a cooper's hawk
decides to stay

Susan Godwin
Madison, Wisconsin

*

dead wood...
tiny copperheads
coil in the sunshine

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

*

the bee inside
the fly outside
window-bumping

Sidney Bending
Victoria, British Columbia
Canada

*

trumpet lily
more baroque
than jazz

Jennifer Sutherland
Glen Waverley, Victoria
Australia

*

Memorial Day
the nonagenarian's
crisp salute

Carlos Colón
Shreveport, Louisiana

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2014 PEGGY WILLIS LYLES HAIKU AWARDS

JUDGE'S COMMENTS

It has been my privilege to judge the 2014 Peggy Willis Lyles Memorial Haiku Contest. I've selected 3 Prize Winners and 3 Honorable Mentions, and really could have selected many more. Those who have judged haiku contests will understand me when I say that the first round of selection is usually very fast—in fact, the general lot of submissions is so poor that 90% or more are easily dismissed in this first cull. Once reduced to the best 10%, the judging becomes a great deal more difficult, time-consuming and nuanced.

These same folks will envy me when I say that just the opposite has been the case this time. Fully 90% of the submitted poems (admittedly already culled by the editors at The Heron's Nest) remained in contention after my first cull, easily the highest proportion I've ever encountered in my long experience as a judge. This made the subsequent rounds of selecting even more pleasurable and difficult than usual. In truth, compelling arguments could be made for nearly all the poems submitted, and we should view this final tallying not as argument that these poems are head and shoulders above the others, but are rather first among equals.

— Jim Kacian

HONORABLE MENTIONS

not knowing
when I'll want it back
winter wind

Glenn G. Coats
Prospect, Virginia

*

above all the finch's song

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

*

gathering clouds
the clack of a clam
on an otter's stone

John Barlow
Ormskirk, England

A great many of the poems I didn't select were outstanding examples of normative haiku. By this I mean they contained juxtaposed images that, in company with one another, resonated; followed the usual strictures of brevity, cutting, seasonality, and appeared in one or another of the usual formats appropriately; surprised, and delighted with that surprise. The poems I selected as Prize Winners and Honorable Mentions share these characteristics as well, and offer, at the same time, something just a bit more. In some instances it is difficult to say what that something more is, other than a feeling of justesse, but I think it worth an attempt all the same.

For instance, it is easy to read "not knowing" as a straightforward haiku of this quality. The "toggle" which sets it apart, to my mind, is the ambiguity of the grammar: does "it" refer to the winter wind (in which case the answer to the question might well be "never")? If it does not, then the very lack of specificity, which in many a haiku can be deemed a flaw, opens this poem away from a literal and materialistic reading, and puts into play instead a psychological dynamic. This is loan, not loss, but with an uncertainty as to recovery. In this context, the winter wind, which carries away autumn leaves and winter snow to places unknown, becomes a menacing player of the drama.

As is usual with the best monoku, "above all" offers multiple readings, which we don't realize until we've gotten through to the end. The hinge of the poem is, of course, the "above all." In one reading we can take this to mean "above the din" we can hear the song of the finch, a tribute to its clarity and timbre. In a second, we can read that this song is "above all," that is, surpassing all others. Thus the poem becomes an exultation. But once having read it through, it is impossible to untangle these meanings, making it a simultaneous poetic experience, and therein lies its "something more."

The last of these, "gathering clouds," seems almost a throwback to the days of the nature-infused haiku of the 1960s and '70s. In fact, this poem conveys (to me, at least) some of the quality of observation and tone that we find in the best of Robert Spiess's work. Against the muzziness of the overcast is contrasted the sharp, hollow "clack" of a clam being breached. We can take the gathering clouds to suggest something ominous, but in fact this is simply nature as usual, and it is our human interpretation that adds an emotional tinge to the scene. This clean staging of natural phenomena is unusual, even during the time when it was the presentation style most favored by poets working in the genre, and certainly now.

THIRD PRIZE

this world's
long shadow
blood moon

Ann K. Schwader
Westminster, Colorado

The "something more" of this poem is the way it plays with the reader's expectations. In general, "message" haiku fail for the same reasons that most "message" art does: such work attempts to serve two masters, the signification and the artform, and in most instances compromises one or both of these. This poem begins as though it were doing

exactly that—the "long shadow" certainly seems laden with doominess for what is to be found on "this world." But when we finish reading, we realize the poem is really just the rendering of natural fact—it is indeed our planet's "long shadow" that calls forth the "blood" of the moon. But no sooner have we accepted this naturalistic rendering of the poem than we are called back by the specific word choices: a "blood moon" has long been a harbinger of incipient calamity, an omen, and it is our own "long shadow" that has brought this on. The poet's ability to keep both meanings in play without compromising the purposes of either is a rare achievement.

SECOND PRIZE

shortest day
spare parts
in a box

Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa

Of course the shortest day is the same length as all the others, but it is the day with the least light, and it might well seem that it is the day on which we can least accomplish our goals (to say nothing of how it feels above and below the Arctic and Antarctic Circles). No sooner are we risen but we are boxed in by the failing of the light. Ambition in the face of the inexorable darkness seems futile, though the poem states this in the simplest of terms: nothing but spare parts, not a whole anything, not an endgame in sight. The flatness of its diction contributes mightily to the effect, as does its form, run by in 8 syllables, over before we know it, with no excess to it, no spare parts of its own.

FIRST PRIZE

a password
to access my passwords
the hummingbird's tongue

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

"a password" arrives within the context of our modern malaise, the increasing complexity of even our simplest tasks. The designs necessary to safeguard our identity, security and privacy are multiplying fractally – we require locks upon our locks. This annoying circumstance of human life is contrasted with the incredibly complex and completely natural phenomenon that is the hummingbird's tongue. The hummingbird faces the challenge of gathering nectar from a swaying blossom while hovering – could there be a more recondite puzzle? And so the hummingbird's tongue exists, the precise solution. Depending on our orientation, we might say God invented just such a tool for such a task; or we might say Nature has used selection to evolve both bird and flower into a symbiotic union. No matter how it came about, this is a marvel of job-specific engineering.

The comparison between these figures is complex as well. Is the poem arguing that we humans are as skilled problem-solvers as God or Nature needs to be? Or is it lamenting that we need to be more trusting, that we should be "as lilies of the fields," and place our trust in solutions that arise through agencies outside ourselves? Moreover, it raises questions about our own evolution: will the solutions to our problems be discovered in bits and bytes, or will we manufacture in some fashion wetware responses? Or perhaps incorporate the one in the other? Is the nature of our current evolution entirely to do with technology? And what are the consequences if it is? Considered in this way, the poem asks some very deep questions about where we, as a species, might be going.

At the same time, there is an appreciation for the intricacies involved. Buckminster Fuller defined "beauty" as "aptness to purpose." There are certainly other definitions, but granted this one, can there be anything more beautiful than such a tongue? And is there not a beauty, though rarified and abstract, in the codes – the genome, DNA

sequencing, even the humble password – that now bind our lives together? So the poem is also a paeon to fitness, to two very different creatures meeting their needs with a kind of beauty that ensures their future. This is a very great deal for nine words to do, but this poem, too, achieves an "aptness to purpose," and so dwells, in its own highly engineered way, in beauty.

READERS' CHOICE AWARDS FOR POEMS FROM 2013

Eighty-eight readers of The Heron's Nest have provided us with their selections of the best poems we published during 2013. We published 490 poems in Volume 15. Of these, 344 received at least one reader nomination. Ten points were awarded for a first place nomination, nine for second, and so on.

Here are the top poems and poets as identified by these Readers' Choice Awards:

FAVORITE POETS

POET OF THE YEAR

Sandra Simpson (24 nominations, naming 5 of 5 poems published in Volume 15 = 161 points)

FIRST RUNNER-UP

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

SECOND RUNNER-UP

Michele L. Harvey (19 nominations, naming 6 of 6 poems published = 111 points)

THIRD RUNNER-UP (TIE)

Francine Banwarth (19 nominations, 6 of 6 poems = 105 points)

Michael McClintock (17 nominations, 4 of 5 poems = 105 points)

OTHER POPULAR POETS

Lorin Ford (4 of 4 poems, totaling 102 points)

Chad Lee Robinson (4 of 4 poems, totaling 100 points)

Dan Schwerin (2 of 3 poems, totaling 97 points)

Bob Lucky (3 of 4 poems, totaling 94 points)

Yu Chang (6 of 7 poems, totaling 93 points)

Carolyn Hall (3 of 5 poems, totaling 92 points)

Burnell Lippy (4 of 6 poems, totaling 87 points)

John Barlow (5 of 7 poems, totaling 80 points)

Ron C. Moss (4 of 6 poems, totaling 70 points)
Peter Newton (1 of 1 poem, totaling 68 points)
Robert Witmer (3 of 3 poems, totaling 68 points)
John McManus (2 of 3 poems, totaling 65 points)
LeRoy Gorman (6 of 6 poems, totaling 64 points)
Alice Frampton (4 of 4 poems, totaling 61 points)

FAVORITE POEMS

HAIKU OF THE YEAR

(12 nominations, totaling 98 points)

receding tide the gasps of little shells

Sandra Simpson
March issue

FIRST RUNNER-UP

(9 nominations, totaling 68 points)

the age of the river a ripple in stone

Peter Newton
December issue

SECOND RUNNER-UP

(9 nominations, totaling 65 points)

dusk
where wild apples
have rolled to a stop

Burnell Lippy
March issue

THIRD RUNNER-UP

(9 nominations, totaling 59 points)

keep this
toss that
spring

Carolyn Hall
March issue

OTHER POPULAR HAIKU

- 58 points: "desert stars" — Tom Painting — March
57 points: "so many stars the burden..." — Bob Lucky — June
56 points: "the oars at rest" — Dan Schwerin — December
51 points: "calloused hands" — Robert Witmer — December
50 points: "drifting fog" — Michele L Harvey — September
46 points: "cemetery gate" — John McManus — June
45 points: "spring wind" — Francine Banwarth — June
45 points: "it is" — Alice Frampton — September
45 points: "an old reed song" — Michael McClintock — September
45 points: "it's all" — H. Gene Murtha — December
44 points: "the leaves" — Robert Michael Drouilhet — March
44 points: "lost in the woods" — Chad Lee Robinson — March
41 points: "crossing the bridge . . ." - frances angela — September
41 points: "altar flowers" — Dan Schwerin — June
40 points: "writing cursive" — Yu Chang — June

2014 ILLUSTRATION CONTEST

We pleased to announce that these images have been selected, from nearly 300 submissions, to be featured in *The Heron's Nest*, Volume 16 (2014).



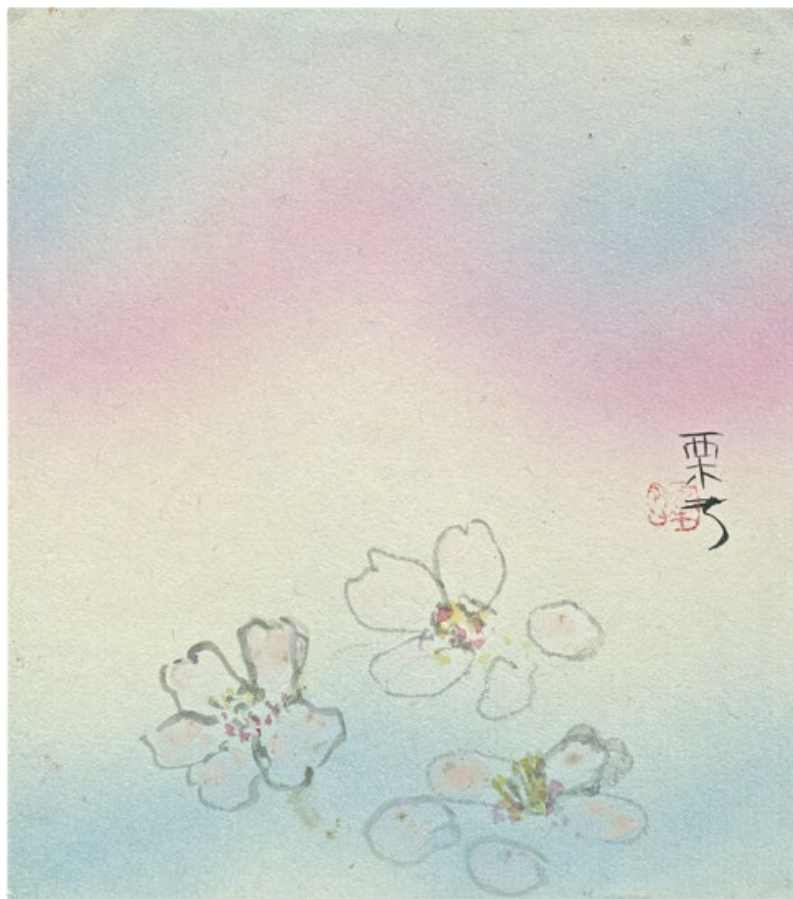
Cover — Debbie Strange



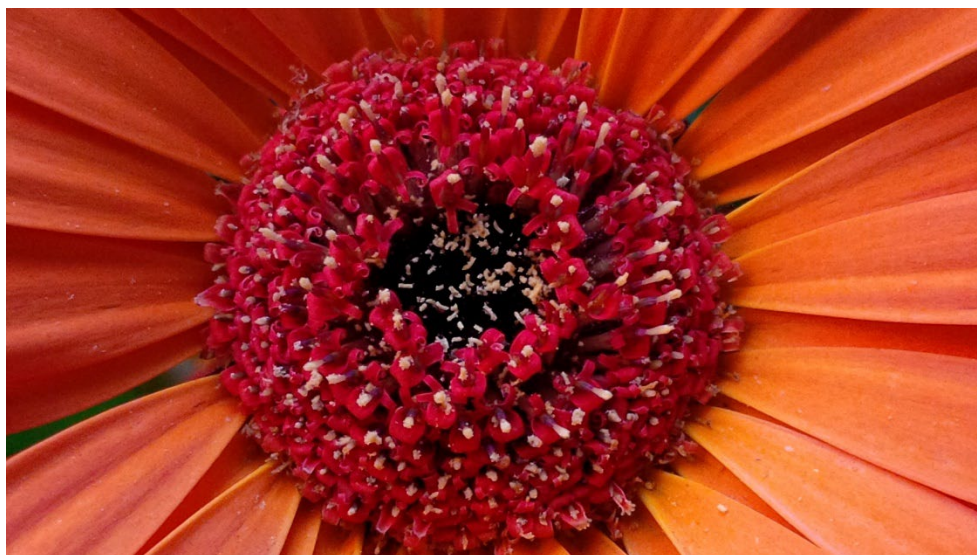
Back Cover — Gina



Overview — Alan S. Bridges



Spring — Kris Kondo



Summer — Liz Moura



Autumn — Sandra Simpson



Winter — Maya Lyubenova



Readers' Choices — Michele Harvey

Congratulations to these artists and our deep thanks to all who sent us their work. We wish we could have used much more of it.

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

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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 2014 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>.