

THE HERON'S NEST — VOLUME 4 (2002)



Compilation copyright *The Heron's Nest*, 2002.

Individual works are copyrighted to their respective authors.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Volume 4, Issue 1 — January, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 2 – February, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 3 – March, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 4 – April, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 5 – May, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 6 – June, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 7 – July, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 8 – August, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 9 – September, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 10 – October, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 11 – November, 2002](#)

[Volume 4, Issue 12 – December, 2002](#)

[Valentine Awards, 2002](#)

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

TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 2002 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>.

Compilation copyright *The Heron's Nest*, 2002.
Individual works are copyrighted to their authors.
<https://theheronsnest.com>

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 1 – JANUARY, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

late moon rising
the click of burro hooves
on cobblestones

Carolyn Rohrig

*

beet water
eddies down the drain-
winter evening

Margaret Hehman-Smith

*

New Year's eve . . .
rhythm of a push-broom
high in the stadium

Michael McClintock

HERON'S NEST AWARD

late moon rising
the click of burro hooves
on cobblestones

Carolyn Rohrig

Carolyn Rohrig wisely does not name a locale for her haiku, thereby allowing us to find it in our own memories and imaginations. Whether we have done our traveling physically or vicariously from an armchair, this author's vivid imagery is an invitation to return to a place of long siestas and evening promenades, of red tile roofs and market stalls piled with exotic fruit. For me, it is a small town on the Argentine border, where children offer visitors fresh orange segments dipped in raw sugar, and toucans roost in the eucalyptus branches. I am reminded of a line by Mario Puzo: "There was a heavy fragrance of flowers and lemon trees."

The sweet scent of citrus blossoms comes on a breeze between open shutters. No traffic or mechanical noises here; a man's voice singing of a lost love fades in the distance; a dog on the outskirts of town barks a few times, then falls silent. I turn out the kerosene lamp and lie in bed, gazing at stars framed by the window . . . and a curve of the rising moon. Then I hear them, faint at first but drawing nearer—the small, steady clicks of a burro's hooves on the cobblestones. Perhaps someone is just coming home from work, or from a tryst with a sweetheart; it could be a priest called out to comfort a family, or a midwife on her way to deliver a baby. As the gentle, yet purposeful rhythm of hooves grows briefly louder, then slowly disappears, I am left with a feeling of pure contentment, and a bone-deep yearning to carry the tranquility of this place with me when I leave.

Carolyné's opening phrase "late moon rising" promises more to come, and the author skillfully delivers. She subtly reveals the deep, comforting quiet of a village at rest by focusing on "the click of burro hooves." A familiar, homely sound, it does not break the silence, but enhances it. The poet succinctly employs vivid imagery within the classic, traditional construction to denote season and time and set a peaceful mood. Assonance, consonance, and onomatopoeia in fine balance strengthen the poem's resonance and aesthetic appeal. Slowing the pace, the soothing long double-o sounds in "moon," "burro," and "hooves" also lend a sense of restfulness. The repeated "k" sound in "click" and "cobblestones" echoes the cadence of hoof beats. The poet's artistry is evident in the flawless blend of images and fluid transitions from line to line.

Thank you, Carolyné Rohrig, for sharing the profound experience of this enchanting, timeless haiku.

— Ferris Gilli
January, 2002

POEMS

home for Christmas–
my brothers argue over
the Cracker Jack prize

Kathy Lippard Cobb

*

winter dreams–
at her bedside a basket
woven of sweet grass

Nancy Stewart Smith

*

earthquake–
the dogs that barked at each other
bark together

Carrie Etter

*

a lost ball
among fallen leaves
his grave

Helga Härle

*

freezing rain
the old doe
slow to leave the meadow

Eric Houck

*

hunter's moon
a Christmas beetle slips
from the child's hands

Maria Steyn

*

the passing year
a jetliner disappears
into gray clouds

an'ya

*

snowfall
a child draws the horizon
on a window

Jasminka Nadaskic Diordievic

*

an old ache returns
tractor ruts
filled with snow

Eric Houck

*

winter forest
the mist
from a whisper

Connie Donleycott

*

flowering field-
the farmer's new fenceposts
squarely staked

Del Doughty

*

new rain . . .
the odour of kangaroos
from the hollow

Andrew Lansdown

*

meadowlarks glide
over the ripe grainfield
tips of deer velvet

Elizabeth Howard

*

dry arroyo
click of insects
on slabs of slate

Margaret Chula

*

sun blocked by clouds
mile after mile
in silence

Pamela Miller Ness

*

darkening sky
between mimosa blooms
an iridescent honey-eater

Angelee Deodhar

*

spring rain
an old stone wall
between pastures

paul m.

*

unison shifting
of graduation tassels-
the expanse of sky

D. Claire Gallagher

*

wildfire-
how loud the forest
sounds

Kirsty Karkow

*

summit view
my friend examines
his shoes

Hilary Tann

*

vendor on the beach–
from hand to hand
the spinning pinwheel

K. Ramesh

*

the crab points skyward
with its remaining claw–
crane's shadow

Donald J. Lanska

*

evening light
following the anchor line
into the sea

Cindy Zackowitz

*

rain stopped
the sunflower drips
into its shadow

William Cullen, Jr.

*

buried in a coat
he never wore–
autumn equinox

Penelope Greenwell

*

gray morning sky
a herring gull drops a mollusk
onto rocks

Emily Romano

*

afternoon swim
in his hair
the scent of fish

Jeanne Marie Booth

*

factory whistle
blue morning glories
on the flag pole

Nina Wicker

*

Labor Day
an apple bough bent
to the ground

Carolyn Hall

*

autumn equinox-
fresh tooth marks
in the old birch

Cindy Zackowitz

*

barely dawn-
the cat's slow progress
toward the kitchen

Barry George

*

dusty temple yard-
Buddha's sandstone face
worn away

Stanford Forrester

*

fallen leaves
the first words of the letter
"I regret . . ."

J. B. Leong

*

nearly dusk
the playground astir
with dragonflies

John W. Wisdom

*

first autumn rain-
dust on the umbrella plant
interrupted

naia

*

morning cool . . .
silhouettes of the faithful
murmuring chants

Kuniharu Shimizu

*

war again . . .
the starlings
fly south

Doris Thurston

*

autumn leaves
a cowslip blooms
out of time

Celia Crook

*

fallen nest
turning back the clock
one hour

Elizabeth Moura

*

a barrow of windfalls–
emptying out
apple-scented rain

Matt Morden

*

autumn creek
each leaf shadow haloed
in sunlight

Christopher Patchel

*

last cast
a fisherman's breath
becomes river mist

Matt Morden

*

moon shadow
an owl plucks a mouse
from rising water

Stephen Amor

*

afternoon burble
the yin yang of two beef tongues
in a pot

Anna Tambour

*

hospital ward-
I try to isolate
her special scent

H. F. Noyes

*

still water
the crayfish slips under
the sky

Sabine Miller

*

moon almost full-
the blackness flows
downstream

Yvonne Cabalona

*

falling leaves-
the same old man returning
to the same old park bench

Robert Kusiolek

*

childhood home
twilight
as I arrive

John Stevenson

*

wish made . . .
concentric ripples
spread away

Robert Major

INDEX OF POETS

Amor, Stephen
Fremont, Ohio

Booth, Jeanne Marie
Dillard, Georgia

Cabalona, Yvonne
Modesto, California

Chula, Margaret
Portland, Oregon

Cobb, Kathy Lippard
Bradenton, Florida

Crook, Celia
Bloxham, Oxfordshire, England

Cullen, William, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Deodhar, Angelee
Chandigarh, India

Diordievic, Jasminka Nadaskic
Smederevo, Yugoslavia

Donleycott, Connie
Bremerton, Washington

Doughty, Del
Huntington, Indiana

Etter, Carrie
London, England

Forrester, Stanford
Weathersfield, Connecticut

Gallagher, D. Claire
Sunnyvale, California

George, Barry
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Greenwell, Penelope
Lexington, Kentucky

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Helga Härle
Stockholm, Sweden

Houck, Eric
Walton, New York

Howard, Elizabeth
Crossville, Tennessee

Karkow, Kirsty
Waldoboro, Maine

Kusiolek, Robert
Glendale Heights, Illinois

Lansdown, Andrew
Perth, Australia

Lanska, Donald J.
Keflavic, Iceland

Leong, J. B.
Singapore

Major, Robert
Poulsbo, Washington

Margaret Hehman-Smith
Hollydale, California

McClintock, Michael
South Pasadena, California

Miller, Sabine
Lagunitas, California

Morden, Matt
Hermon, Wales

Moura, Elizabeth
Bridgewater, Massachusetts

Ness, Pamela Miller
New York, New York

Noyes, H. F.
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Patchel, Christopher
Chicago, Illinois

Ramesh, K.
Adyar, Chennai, India

Rohrig, Carolyne
Fremont, California

Romano, Emily
Boonton, New Jersey

Shimizu, Kuniharu
Tenri, Japan

Smith, Nancy Stewart
Athens, Georgia

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Steyn, Maria
Johannesburg, South Africa

Tambour, Anna
Nowra, New South Wales, Australia

Tann, Hilary
Rexford, New York

Thurston, Doris
Port Townsend, Washington

Wicker, Nina
Sanford, North Carolina

Wisdom, John W.
Sarasota, Florida

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

naia

Fallbrook, California

paul m.

San Francisco, California

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 2 – FEBRUARY, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

nine-month belly-
she slowly unwraps
the heirloom crèche

D. Claire Gallagher

*

bullfrogs-
the widow looks out
her parlor window

William Cullen, Jr.

*

maddening heat
the cicada still singing
in the crow's beak

George Swede

HERON'S NEST AWARD

nine-month belly-
 she slowly unwraps
 the heirloom crèche

D. Claire Gallagher

For some of our readers the word crèche may be unfamiliar. It is defined most specifically as a crib, or manger, but also (in its more common usage) as a Nativity—the setting of the birth of Jesus.

Claire Gallagher's poem would have been good even if the crèche had been purchased a couple of years ago at Wal-Mart. But this crèche is not just any crèche, it's an heirloom. Claire has greatly amplified the resonance of her poem by telling us that this special Christmas decoration has been passed down from generation to generation. Surely the figures (Mary, Joseph, Baby Jesus, the Three Wise Men, assorted villagefolk and farm animals) are not plastic. It is easy to imagine that they were handcrafted of porcelain, papier-mâché, or wood, with carefully painted faces and specially sewn costumes. Probably included in the set are tiny bales of hay, and some straw for lining the miniature manger.

A pregnant woman unwraps a precious heirloom. It occurs to me that this decoration has been stored away for a particular length of time, just as a life is stored within a mother until the time comes for it to be born. Presumably, the pregnant woman is a daughter, or daughter-in-law of the poet. The poet looks on happily. She is enjoying the reemergence of Christmas ornaments. As piece by piece the Nativity is unwrapped, the poet is struck by the meticulous care with which the mother-to-be is going about her task. How perfectly apt! One who is about to give birth is empathizing with one of the most famous births of all time. Everywhere in the world, the act of bringing forth a life

is an occasion for awe. The portrayals of a mother's imminent labor and her reverent handling of a crèche, induces such awe in me. I imagine the crèche to be Claire's own family heirloom, one that she has carefully preserved and will one day give to the woman in the poem. In all likelihood it will eventually be passed on to the person about to be born.

Another interesting facet to this poem is the significance of the word "heirloom," defined as "a piece of property that descends to the heir as an inseparable part of an inheritance." Also as "something of special value □" On the most fundamental level, family genes could be thought of as heirlooms. The birth, lifetime, and death of Jesus are of supreme value to Christians. From a religious standpoint, accepting Jesus could be considered an inheritance. Furthermore, family beliefs tend to be carried forward by succeeding generations. So, in this poem the word "heirloom" resonates powerfully. It is an actual object, yet genetic transmission and faith are also implicit.

"Nine-month belly" is a delightfully creative way to describe a mother coming to term. The careful unwrapping of a special heirloom, a Nativity no less, suggests that this pregnant woman may also be coming to terms with other matters: a new role in her family and, perhaps, her own spirituality. Many thanks to Claire Gallagher for this richly rewarding poem.essay at 1.

— Christopher Herold
February, 2002

POEMS

winter wind
a wasp nest tumbles
from the eaves

Merrill Ann Gonzales

*

windswept day
a skater opens her coat
to cross the lake

an'ya

*

approaching spring . . .
a fire made of letters
written overnight

Michael McClintock

*

deep chords
from the practice room . . .
a bee stirs applemint

Peggy Lyles

*

spring moon
the sleeping dog
wears a puppy's face

Stephen Amor

*

daylight moon-
the shadows of bubbles
under the ice

Cindy Zackowitz

*

snowed in-
a silverfish
in my teacup

naia

*

February-
a sharpened edge
on the shovel

an'ya

*

a late arrival
in the back row-
the odor of rain

Gary Hotham

*

vesper bells
calling asylum inmates-
hazy moon

H. F. Noyes

*

first light-
pulling nightcrawlers
from the mud

John O'Connor

*

the wing-pulse
of a shiny wasp . . .
heat waves

Christopher Patchel

*

wet sand-
a crab comes up
out of the moon

William Cullen, Jr.

*

a skiff
broken loose-
wild flowers

paul m.

*

summer grasses
the trail upstream
into tomorrow

paul m.

*

morning sun
the shine
on a buttercup

Peter Williams

*

the polished surface-
a white heron hesitates
to put its foot down

Andrew Lansdown

*

blazing heat
my long shadow
useless

George Swede

*

children's laughter-
a naked woman bathing
in the river

Tomislav Z. Vujcic

*

a trout erupts
through iridescent ripples
summer sunset

Stephen Engleman

*

low moon–
the canoe's shadow rocks
on the river

Rosa Clement

*

birdsong
through open windows–
he lifts the veil

Peggy Lyles

*

midday sun–
rinsing a just-pulled melon
in the rusty tub

Lenard D. Moore

*

summer past–
the peony
that never bloomed

Stanford M. Forrester

*

shadowy steps–
climbing towards the sound
of a shakuhachi

Carmen Sterba

*

grass gone to seed
tiny brown moths flicker
about my ankles

Elizabeth Howard

*

summer fog
thins in the sun-
a swan emerges

Simcha

*

his arthritis
guiding the hoe-
late tomatoes

D. Claire Gallagher

*

October sun
a couple hold their embrace
in the sculpture garden

Matthew Paul

*

a towhee calls
from the seldom-used gate
autumn dawn

Carolyn Hall

*

dew on the morning paper-
grass blades
unbending

Michael Dylan Welch

*

much chirping . . .
sparrows settle on the wire
evenly spaced

Kuniharu Shimizu

*

sundown
a circle of yellow
beneath the ginkgo

Connie Donleycott

*

full moon-
two lovers hugging
one shadow

Hank Dunlap

*

door ajar
breathing in
a neighbor's fire

Joann Klontz

*

recess bell-
frost on the rungs
of the slide

Alice Frampton

*

the gravel layer
of a caved-in bank
November light

Burnell Lippy

*

Thanksgiving storm
scarlet leaves strewn
on the dining room table

Carolyn Hall

*

moonlight-
fractures
in the crystal dragon
Lynne Steel

*

a grasshopper
on the storm door-
late-night wind

Lenard D. Moore

*

shooting star
what do fish
see at night?

John Stevenson

*

grown overnight
in the city square–
a Christmas tree

Florence Vilén

*

two crows working
the twilight crosswinds–
my pregnant wife

Matthew Paul

*

patches of sky–
the ship's waves sink
into the ocean

Gary Hotham

*

freezing cold
the crow leaves
with a caw

Odd G. Aksnes

*

December traffic
white puffs
from the police whistle

Darrell Byrd

*

almost dusk
an extension cord dangles
in falling snow

Bruce Ross

*

gale force wind-
the shrieks of gulls
flying in place

Kirsty Karkow

*

last goodbye-
scent of his wool coat
deeper into my nose

Alice Frampton

*

moonrise-
shreds of a wasp nest
scattered in the snow

Cindy Zackowitz

INDEX OF POETS

Aksnes, Odd G.
Tonsberg, Norway

Amor, Stephen
Fremont, Ohio

Byrd, Darrell
El Centro, California

Clement, Rosa
Manaus, Brazil

Cullen, William, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Donleycott, Connie
Bremerton, Washington

Dunlap, Hank
Prescott, Arizona

Engleman, Stephen
Ithaca, New York

Forrester, Stanford M.
Wethersfield, Connecticut

Frampton, Alice
Delta, British Columbia, Canada

Gallagher, D. Claire
Sunnyvale, California

Gonzales, Merrill Ann
Dayville, Connecticut

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Hotham, Gary
Laurel, Maryland

Howard, Elizabeth
Crossville, Tennessee

John O'Connor
Chicago, Illinois

Karkow, Kirsty
Waldoboro, Maine

Klontz, Joann
Swedesboro, New Jersey

Lansdown, Andrew
Perth, Australia

Lippy, Burnell
Mt. Tremper, New York

Lyles, Peggy
Tucker, Georgia

McClintock, Michael
South Pasadena, California

Moore, Lenard D.
Raleigh, North Carolina

Noyes, H. F.
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Patchel, Christopher
Chicago, Illinois

Paul, Matthew
Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, England

Ross, Bruce
Red Deer, Alberta, Canada

Shimizu, Kuniharu
Tenri, Japan

Simcha
Thornhill, Ontario, Canada

Steel, Lynne
Hillsboro Beach, Florida

Sterba, Carmen
Kamakura, Japan

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Swede, George
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Vilén, Florence
Saltsjö-Boo, Sweden

Vujcic, Tomislav Z.
Petrovac, Serbia, Yugoslavia

Welch, Michael Dylan
Foster City, California

Williams, Peter
Watford, Hertfordshire, England

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

naia
Fallbrook, California

paul m.
San Francisco, California

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 3 – MARCH, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

gray morning
the weight of mist
in Spanish moss

Peggy Lyles

*

an empty shell
rolled back and forth by the waves
winter sunset

Noor Singh Khalsa

*

at the end
I wash my teapot
New Year's Eve

Emiko Miyashita

HERON'S NEST AWARD

Poem

Poem

poem

author

Spanish moss is not Spanish, neither is it moss. If you have not seen long drapes of Spanish moss swaying with the wind, attached to branches of live-oak, cypress, or other Southern trees, take a trip into your memories of movies, dramas, or novels. Such trees shaded Atticus Finch's house and Big Daddy's, where Maggie the Cat lived. Join Rhett Butler and Scarlet O'Hara as they step from the heat of Tara's dance floor. Stroll with them down the curving drive where the guests' carriage teams are tied to hitching posts. Stand in the moonlight by the magnolias hung with Spanish moss—hear the mockingbirds, frogs, and insects. Although the plantation life of the Old South is long gone, moss and trees remain as they were before the presence of humans. Swamps and forests devoid of settlement are still homes for the moss. Native Peoples had called it "tree hair" before French explorers (mocking their rivals for control of the continent) named it "Spanish beard." The taunt lost some of its edge as "moss" replaced "beard."

Peggy Lyles' haiku gives us a study in one color: gray moss, gray sky, gray mist. A flowering plant that reproduces from airborne seeds, Spanish moss grows into long, hanging masses of thready (primarily gray-colored) fibers. It is particularly common in rainy, humid parts of the southeastern US, with a range to Argentina and Chile. Seen at a distance, some species of lichen such as "old man's beard" may be confused with Spanish moss. Mist and rain feed this plant; the twisted colonies hold moisture well. When wet, as Peggy has observed, Spanish moss is stretched by the pounds of water that it can retain. What is also heavy in this poem is the atmosphere it depicts. With

such drenching humidity in the morning, I predict a steamy, hot day. Perhaps the mist will burn off as the sun comes out.

So few words, yet the author's poem evokes omnipresent heat and a scene of nostalgia. Her words are slow to read, even slower to pronounce, and they are plain. A distinct break comes after the opening line. Nouns with final *t*'s (one an *st*), make up the second line, and even slower *s*'s bring the poem to a close. Note the end-word shapes of the second and third lines—mist morphs into moss. Peggy Lyles' haiku demonstrates very skillful control of subject and language. The poet disappears so thoroughly that I could believe it was my idea to experience this languid scene.

— Paul MacNeil
March, 2002

POEMS

depth of winter
rubbing more face cream
into my crow's-feet

Margaret Chula

*

ice-cold morning
even the dog
holds her water

Debra Woolard Bender

*

Valentine's Day . . .
at the back of the greenhouse
withered poinsettias

Patricia Neubauer

*

springtime
a pair of ravens falling
over and over

Stephen Amor

*

dune grass
a yellow butterfly weaves
in and out of shadow

Susan J. Kent

*

bitter wind
I draw my quilt close and worry
about the birds

Anita Virgil

*

winter stillness–
a low nickering
from the horses

Billie Wilson

*

mother's scarf
slides from my shoulder . . .
wild violets

Peggy Lyles

*

Tiananmen Square
I buy a kite
shaped like a bird

Linda Robeck

*

birthday sunrise–
no extra waves
in the ocean

Gary Hotham

*

now and then the wind
through the ponderosa pines
billows of pollen

Rengè, David Priebe

*

outstretched arms
of a giant saguaro
afterglow

Naomi Brown

*

summer rain
the shape of the birthmark
on her shoulder

Lenard D. Moore

*

a lone inmate
on the prison grounds
summer rain

Tomislav Z. Vujcic

*

track meet-
a few grains of sand
in the drinking fountain

Michael Dylan Welch

*

lingering heat
the taste of hibiscus tea
on his lips

Angèle Lux

*

fragrant evening-
she thumbs through glossy pages
without reading

D. Claire Gallagher

*

constant drizzle
bride-to-be oscillating
between yes and no

J. B. Leong

*

a hard rain
what cloud
could have held it?

John Stevenson

*

swollen stream
a tick on new grass extends
both front legs

Cherie Hunter Day

*

ripening blueberries
a river carries sunlight
down the valley

paul m.

*

weathered cattails
sparrow-song skitters
through the bog

Elizabeth Howard

*

the moon's brightness
after midnight
cornstalk tepees

Carol Raisfeld

*

autumn gust
a squirrel with an acorn
back up the tree

Nina Wicker

*

tent revival-
between parables
locusts

Ed Markowski

*

landing
the heron's neck curves
into itself

Ruth Yarrow

*

swimming laps . . .
the moon
one stroke ahead

naia

*

Thanksgiving Day
a squirrel pulls Indian corn
from my neighbor's door

John S. O'Connor

*

scramble of jets
a chipmunk
runs for cover

Raffael de Gruttola

*

autumn sun-
the white and whiter shades
of a fountain

Barry George

*

lifting fog-
a few white feathers
in the raven's breast

Cindy Zackowitz

*

a friend dies . . .
the surrounding mountains seem
taller and closer

George Swede

*

the long night
a kaleidoscope of moth parts
in the overhead lamp

Carolyn Hall

*

steeltown Christmas-
drizzle blurs
the neon welcome

Matt Morden

*

winter afternoon
bringing the laundry in
stiff

Nancy Stewart Smith

*

first snow
the cough from a stubbled face
in the soup line

Lenard D. Moore

*

icy road
a cloud covers the moon
in the dead deer's eyes

William Cullen, Jr.

*

old neighborhood–
the haunted house
now painted yellow

Kathy Lippard Cobb

*

feeding the pigeons
on Christmas morning–
the can collector's red socks

Pamela Miller Ness

*

winter dusk–
fog flowing up
the dry canal

Yvonne Cabalona

*

New Year's Eve
flash of a firework
through the wool curtain

Peter Williams

*

January dawn
I scatter rock salt
from where I've landed

Joann Klontz

*

the paraplegic's gaze
climbing bare branches
with the jay

Emily Romano

*

a shy toddler
the rest home seniors
come to life

Christopher Patchel

*

winter landscape
one more raven flaps out
of her paintbrush

Marian Olson

*

holidays over-
dry roses
on the secretary's desk

Kuniharu Shimizu

*

snowdust
boulder to boulder-
a bobcat

an'ya

*

sunlit hoarfrost
the man who survived a stroke
tries to smile

Paul Wigelius

*

while I napped
the amaryllis opened wide-
winter sunshine

Doris Thurston

*

backroad-
moon shadows drift
with the snow

Brenda Turner

INDEX OF POETS

Amor, Stephen
Fremont, Ohio

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

Bender, Debra Woolard
Orlando, Florida

Brown, Naomi
El Paso, Texas

Cabalona, Yvonne
Modesto, California

Chula, Margaret
Portland, Oregon

Cobb, Kathy Lippard
Bradenton, Florida

Cullen, William, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Day, Cherie Hunter
San Diego, California

Gallagher, D. Claire
Sunnyvale, California

George, Barry
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gruttola, Raffael de
Natick, Massachusetts

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Hotham, Gary
Laurel, Maryland

Howard, Elizabeth
Crossville, Tennessee

John S. O'Connor
Chicago, Illinois

Kent, Susan J.
Holly Springs, North Carolina

Khalsa, Noor Singh
Los Alamos, New Mexico

Klontz, Joann
Swedesboro, New Jersey

Leong, J. B.
Singapore

Lux, Angèle
Gatineau, Quebec, Canada

Lyles, Peggy
Tucker, Georgia

m., paul
San Francisco, California

Markowski, Ed
Auburn Hills, Michigan

Miyashita, Emiko
Kamakura, Japan

Moore, Lenard D.
Raleigh, North Carolina

Morden, Matt
Hermon, Carmarthenshire, Wales

naia
Fallbrook, California

Ness, Pamela Miller
New York, New York

Neubauer, Patricia
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Olson, Marian
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Patchel, Christopher
Chicago, Illinois

Raisfeld, Carol
Atlantic Beach, New Jersey

Rengè, David Priebe
Chicago, Illinois

Robeck, Linda
Amesbury, Massachusetts

Romano, Emily
Boonton, New Jersey

Shimizu, Kuniharu
Tenri, Japan

Smith, Nancy Stewart
Athens, Georgia

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Swede, George
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Thurston, Doris
Port Townsend, Washington

Turner, Brenda
Canton, Ohio

Virgil, Anita
Forest, Virginia

Vujcic, Tomislav Z.
Petrovac, Serbia, Yugoslavia

Welch, Michael Dylan
Foster City, California

Wicker, Nina
Sanford, North Carolina

Wigelius, Paul
Stockholm, Sweden

Williams, Peter
Watford, Hertfordshire, England

Wilson, Billie

Juneau, Alaska

Yarrow, Ruth
Seattle, Washington

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 4 – APRIL, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

a fox's ears
above the garden wall
autumn sun

Peter Williams

*

kindling pile-
Mother retrieves the stick
engraved by beetles

D. Claire Gallagher

*

winter blues
half the piano keys
in sunlight

Rick Tarquinio

HERON'S NEST AWARD

a fox's ears
above the garden wall
autumn sun

Peter Williams

Through every reading of this haiku, I find myself smiling. I cannot imagine a more delightful experience than seeing a fox's ears appear above my garden wall. The first line tickles me even before I learn what else is going on.

Peter Williams uses sharp, immediate focus to draw our mental gaze directly to the object(s) in nature that evoke his sense of wonder. Then, with delicate precision, he quickly takes us from awareness of the ears to experiencing the mental vision of just those ears appearing above the garden wall. It is here at the natural break that we are encouraged to pause and enjoy the imagery so far. Surely the ears are bobbing a little, as their owner trots along on the other side of the wall, unaware that a human is watching its progress.

The last line suggests a harmony of earth colors. Reddish ears highlighted by the sun; the browns, yellows, and reds of turning leaves. The line also confirms that there is more to the haiku than visual pleasure. Now Peter invites us to stay awhile and bask in a sunny garden, while entering a deeper level of discovery.

This is one of those rare haiku whose author skillfully employs two different kigo to enhance the "aha!" effect. Readers who are familiar with traditional Japanese kigo will know that "fox" normally indicates winter; yet the author wishes us to know that this is an autumn scene, and for me, therein lies the real "aha!" When I begin reading the haiku, I see the fox's ears and imagine that it is winter. But with the last line, I learn that

it is autumn, and discover the delightful surprise that Peter springs at the end: Winter? No, not quite; it is still autumn, with only the imminence of winter revealed—just as the fox is revealing only its ears!

The fox moves on, and so will the season. In my opinion, the marvelous concrete imagery of this poem is ninety percent of its appeal; flawless simplicity, concision, and surprise make up the other ten percent. A question asked when critiquing a haiku: “Can any word be removed without altering the meaning or depleting the essence?” In this instance, I reply, “Not one word.” Peter, thank you for once again allowing us to join you in your joyful relationship with nature!

— Ferris Gilli
April, 2002

POEMS

first blossoms
the heron's nest
out on a limb

Carolyn Hall

*

dawn light
on white camellias . . .
the fever breaks

Peggy Lyles

*

white plum blossoms–
mother-of-pearl on the Korean chest
gathers the dawn

Emiko Miyashita

*

the kite
caught by a tree
still flying

William Cullen, Jr.

*

spring breeze . . .
one raindrop nudged
into another

Connie Donleycott

*

melting snow
I know why
the caged bird sings

Marian Olson

*

a single bark
from below the village
mist rising

Giselle Maya

*

morning breeze
a butterfly sways
with the blossom

K. Ramesh

*

a puppy chasing
its tail
I unbraid my hair

Fay Aoyagi

*

stained glass sunray
into the chalice-
the creaking of knees

Nina Wicker

*

open casket-
the absence
of his cologne

Amy Hartl Sherman

*

loneliness
a hint of salt
in the rain

Linda Robeck

*

needle-cushioned path-
only when he hops
the red toad

A. C. Missias

*

Maine-
granite poking up
through the lawn

Paul Watsky

*

slight arc
of the stepping stones
summer moon

Burnell Lippy

*

spring rain-
Dad's name misspelled
in the obituary

Kathy Lippard Cobb

*

mountain air
a caterpillar reaches
the twig's end

an'ya

*

warm rain
in the center of the tree stump
a black hole

Zinovy Vayman

*

peony buds-
can an ant
relax?

John Stevenson

*

tiring heat-
the newspaper story continues
on another page

Gary Hotham

*

thorn-tree fence
even shadows seldom
come inside

Rosa Clement

*

gloves of fishermen
hanging on a clothesline-
shadows of gloves

Carmen Sterba

*

summer's end . . .
the staggered heights
of black umbrellas

Alice Frampton

*

a pause in the rain-
the old man goes out
to check the mailbox

Paul O. Williams

*

4H fair-
such a long-handled brush
to lather the pig

Joann Klontz

*

faded sale sign–
a sailboat heeled over
in the tall weeds

Stephen Engleman

*

restoring a fresco
light changes
along the Grand Canal

Ion Codrescu

*

blinding rain . . .
I find an old love's name
in the obituaries

J. B. Leong

*

autumn crabapples–
a neighbor and I
compare aches and pains

Christopher Patchel

*

dense fog–
the pine smudged
into shadow

Yvonne Cabalona

*

twilit tombstone
an owl
drops a pellet

Emily Romano

*

departing hearse–
the coldness as a wheelchair
touches my leg

John W. Wisdom

*

slight ripple
a moon spindles out
into others

Jim Kacian

*

winter beach–
the skywriting drifts
into clouds

Hortensia Anderson

*

distant glimmer
of a beach fire–
autumn moonrise

Marje A. Dyck

*

thick fog–
the sound of raven wings
between firs

Cathy Edwards

*

traffic tie-up
a fisherman on the bridge
casts a long line

George Swede

*

waiting . . .
a leaf falls
into my lap

Owen Bullock

*

winter sun
a last ray flares
from behind clouds

Kuniharu Shimizu

*

moon shadows–
between screams
the baby yawns

Lynne Steel

*

blackened forest
a mushroom
gnawed white

Anna Tambour

*

a small bowl
of imported oranges
snow outside

paul m.

*

winter sky
we decide to take
the slower road

Jerry Ball

*

spring fog . . .
a shoulder of mountain
crooked with pines

Michael McClintock

*

alleluias
a trapped bird flutters about
the church

Gillena Cox

*

dawn . . .
between branches the night
fades into sky

Ann K. Schwader

*

snowbound-
the orange tip
of a traffic cone

Patrick Kelly

*

parting clouds-
a crack in the ice
follows the riverbend

Cindy Zackowitz

*

in the music room
with each in-breath
hyacinths
Sabine Miller

*

religion aside
there are plum blossoms
and pussywillows

H. F. Noyes

INDEX OF POETS

an'ya

Prineville, Oregon

Anderson, Hortensia

New York, New York

Aoyagi, Fay

San Francisco, California

Ball, Jerry

Seal Beach, California

Bullock, Owen

Waihi, New Zealand

Cabalona, Yvonne

Modesto, California

Clement, Rosa

Manaus, Brazil

Cobb, Kathy Lippard

Bradenton, Florida

Codrescu, Ion

Constanta, Romania

Cox, Gillena

Port of Spain, Trinidad

Cullen, William, Jr.

Brooklyn, New York

Donleycott, Connie

Bremerton, Washington

Dyck, Marje A.
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada

Edwards, Cathy
Port Townsend, Washington

Engleman, Stephen
Ithaca, New York

Frampton, Alice
Delta, British Columbia, Canada

Gallagher, D. Claire
Sunnyvale, California

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Hotham, Gary
Laurel, Maryland

Kacian, Jim
Winchester, Virginia

Kelly, Patrick
New York, New York

Klontz, Joann
Swedesboro, New Jersey

Leong, J. B.
Singapore

Lippy, Burnell
Mt. Tremper, New York

Lyles, Peggy
Tucker, Georgia

m., paul
San Francisco, California

Maya, Giselle
St-Martin de Castillon, France

McClintock, Michael
South Pasadena, California

Miller, Sabine
Lagunitas, California

Missias, A. C.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Miyashita, Emiko
Kawasaki, Japan

Noyes, H. F.
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Olson, Marian
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Patchel, Christopher
Chicago, Illinois

Ramesh, K.
Adyar, Chennai, India

Robeck, Linda
Amesbury, Massachusetts

Romano, Emily

Boonton, New Jersey

Schwader, Ann K.
Westminster, Colorado

Sherman, Amy Hartl
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

Shimizu, Kuniharu
Tenri, Japan

Steel, Lynne
Hillsboro Beach, Florida

Sterba, Carmen
Kamakura, Japan

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Swede, George
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Tambour, Anna
Nowra, New South Wales, Australia

Tarquino, Rick
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Vayman, Zinovy
Moscow, Russia

Watsky, Paul
San Francisco, California

Wicker, Nina
Sanford, North Carolina

Williams, Paul O.
Belmont, California

Williams, Peter
Watford, Hertfordshire, England

Wisdom, John W.
Sarasota, Florida

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 5 – MAY, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

preoccupied–
my hand fills with
dog nose

Anna Tambour

*

Calling the cows home
on New Year's
they all come

vince tripi

*

parkas
out shopping
for a wedding dress

John Stevenson

HERON'S NEST AWARD

preoccupied–
 my hand fills with
 dog nose

Anna Tambour

Dog lovers are sure to delight in this poem. It perfectly expresses aspects of both dog and human nature, and a facet of the relationship between them. Some of you may never have owned a dog or spent appreciable time with one. Be that as it may, I hope that you do have some sense of canine disposition so that you can enjoy what this special poem has to offer.

Normally I wouldn't consider a word like "preoccupied" to work well in the context of haiku; it's a longish, rather cerebral word. It does, however, appeal to another haiku criteria: universality. I doubt there are many of us who would deny that, more often than not, our minds are engaged in either reminiscence or anticipation. I practice meditation daily and can personally attest to this. It is a rare sitting period in which I don't observe myself thinking about things that are beyond what is occurring in this place at this time. Preoccupation is universally familiar amongst us humans.

You may have noticed that Anna Tambour's poem does not have a kigo. It most certainly is a powerful haiku moment though. Not only does Anna direct our attention to an instant of time, she points to a precise location as well. This is a beautifully clear, succinct poem!

Usually I find that haiku read awkwardly when one line ends with a preposition. This is often the result of a poet trying to achieve a particular syllable quota. The rhythm created by such a line break is distracting because the diction appears unnatural. In this poem, however, the line-ending preposition works magnificently. The hesitation serves

to induce in us readers a momentary uncertainty akin to what Anna must have felt:
 “What the heck is pushing into my hand? Ahhhh! The dog’s nose!”

Our minds are constantly wandering away from their immediate surroundings, and just as constantly we are harkened back to this eternal “here-and-now.” Being summoned by a doting pet can be one of the more endearing ways to return to our senses. The simple, genuine devotion of a dog is truly comforting—a great relief if we’ve been caught up in the stresses and complications of being human.

Imagine that evening has come, and that you are at home by yourself. You’ve flopped onto a sofa and one hand hangs over the edge of a cushion. So . . . maybe you’re absorbed in a problem that’s come up at work, or perhaps you’re plotting ways to minimize the craziness that’s sure to arise when your in-laws arrive next week. How ‘bout a daydream? You could be imagining a vacation in the South Pacific, or what vegetables you’d like to plant in the garden this spring. Suddenly something cool and wet pushes into your dangling hand. You look down and find a quivering black nose at the end of furry snout—and behind that, two baleful eyes. “Hey!” the dog is intimating, “remember me?” This could be a last-ditch plea to get out of the house to answer nature’s call, or it could be a gentle prod: “certainly, oh revered one, the time for dinner has arrived. Has it not?” Or, this deployment of nose could be a supplication: “some affection if you please? A few strokes would be ever so nice right about now.”

Whatever the reason, you can be sure of one thing. That animal is responding to an immediate and tangible need. Your buddy the dog is totally focused, utterly in the present moment. You, on the other hand, have not been—at least not until now!

Note: I was bowled over when, in the midst of composing this commentary, my own dog reenacted this very poem. I kid you not.

— Christopher Herold
 May, 2002

POEMS

Easter stars
a rising chorus
of treefrogs

Christopher Patchel

*

redwing blackbirds
vie for the tallest stalk
spring wind

Cherie Hunter Day

*

adrift
between ice floes . . .
April sun

Helga Härle

*

peace officers' memorial
the empty slots
for future names

Yvonne Cabalona

*

the secret she tells
a wave opens
over the headland

D. Claire Gallagher

*

early morning
a sparrow's wingbeats
through the stillness

David Wood

*

the kite's pull-
in another life I wore
a braided pigtail

Barry George

*

the sweet alyssum
between my grandparents' graves . . .
spring afternoon

Maria Steyn

*

after the funeral
children at play
bury Barbie

Emily Romano

*

tidepool-
hermit crabs
shifting shells

Stephen Engleman

*

spring sky
a pair of ravens
owning it

Marian Olson

*

muddy barnyard
the old farmer waltzing
with a wayward cow

Elizabeth Howard

*

pruning old roses–
the taste of blood
on my tongue

Katie Cameron

*

water strider . . .
the wake
of an oar

John S. O'Connor

*

creek crossing . . .
the uneven footing
on the other side

paul m.

*

breezy afternoon–
making a kite again
after many years

K. Ramesh

*

nature preserve–
encircling its marker
an endangered plant

Paul Watsky

*

a rest by the stream–
burrs on the tongue
of my tennis shoe

Michael Dylan Welch

*

mid-stream
a doe waits for her fawns
summer twilight

Carolyn Hall

*

a row of canoe paddles
hanging on a rail–
evening stillness

A. C. Missias

*

heat lightning-
the first drop of sweat
on her chin

John W. Wisdom

*

echo of a bell . . .
a monk checks his step
over a garden snail

J. B. Leong

*

open window
the neighbor's parrot answers
my oven timer

Yvonne Hardenbrook

*

dawn
a vee of goslings swims
toward the moon

Francis W. Alexander

*

wipers wiping
slush from the windshield-
radio love song

Alice Frampton

*

a slug trail-
moonlight
streaks my shoe

Sabine Miller

*

pink clouds!
so hot the morning
the circus arrives

Michael McClintock

*

afternoon bath
the mockingbird echoes
a thrush

Mark Brooks

*

late autumn-
driving toward the sunset
all the way home

Adelaide Shaw

*

fumbling
to unlock the door-
winter stars

Lenard D. Moore

*

taking off the chill . . .
flickers of color
from the funnies

Connie Donleycott

*

cold dawn-
bird feathers stuck
on the cat door

Rebecca Lily

*

record cold
the flattened bubbles
of river ice

Burnell Lippy

*

scrubwoods
a homeless man
at home

Merrill Ann Gonzales

*

winter sun
the curve of laughter
down the tree-house slide

Peggy Lyles

*

reflecting
on his distance . . .
winter moon

naia

*

to start
 the fire
obituaries

Michael Ketchek

*

my cough
scatters the waxwings
New Year's Day

Cindy Zackowitz

*

fallen leaves
a tarantula's legs
still uncovered

Rosa Clement

*

jazz
in the long, cool evening
the sound of geese leaving

Marje A. Dyck

*

spring festival
hail clatters
on the stage

Darrell Byrd

*

spring sun
the whiteness
of my scar

William Cullen, Jr.

*

spring thaw
the splinter in my finger
finally comes out

MaryJane Turner

*

wild geese
nesting in the marsh grass . . .
she takes my hand

Michael Evans

*

honeymoon
we wade into the current
of a great river

Kirsty Karkow

*

by the statue
of the polar explorer
lingering snow

George Swede

*

stone fountain
the blind girl drinks
with cupped hands

Naomi Brown

*

a sinkhole
where the tree was
spring runoff

LeRoy Gorman

*

lovers kissing
as the tulips close
spring rain

Paul Wigelius

*

butterflies
throughout the meadow-
gypsy music

an'ya

INDEX OF POETS

Alexander, Francis W.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

Brooks, Mark
Temple, Texas

Brown, Naomi
El Paso, Texas

Byrd, Darrell
El Centro, California

Cabalona, Yvonne
Modesto, California

Cameron, Katie
Olympia, Washington

Clement, Rosa
Manaus, Brazil

Cullen, William, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Day, Cherie Hunter
San Diego, California

Donleycott, Connie
Bremerton, Washington

Dyck, Marje A.
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada

Engleman, Stephen
Ithaca, New York

Evans, Michael
Olalla, Washington

Frampton, Alice
Delta, British Columbia, Canada

Gallagher, D. Claire
Sunnyvale, California

George, Barry
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gonzales, Merrill Ann
Dayville, Connecticut

Gorman, LeRoy
Napanee, Ontario, Canada

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Hardenbrook, Yvonne
Columbus, Ohio

Helga Härle
Stockholm, Sweden

Howard, Elizabeth
Crossville, Tennessee

John S. O'Connor
Chicago, Illinois

Karkow, Kirsty
Waldoboro, Maine

Ketchek, Michael
Rochester, New York

Leong, J. B.
Singapore

Lily, Rebecca
Port Republic, Virginia

Lippy, Burnell
Mt. Tremper, New York

Lyles, Peggy
Tucker, Georgia

m., paul
San Francisco, California

McClintock, Michael
South Pasadena, California

Miller, Sabine
Lagunitas, California

Missias, A. C.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Moore, Lenard D.
Raleigh, North Carolina

naia
Fallbrook, California

Olson, Marian

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Patchel, Christopher
Chicago, Illinois

Ramesh, K.
Adyar, Chennai, India

Romano, Emily
Boonton, New Jersey

Shaw, Adelaide
Scarsdale, New York

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Steyn, Maria
Johannesburg, South Africa

Swede, George
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Tambour, Anna
Nowra, New South Wales, Australia

tripi, vince
Novato, California

Turner, MaryJane
Tucson, Arizona

Watsky, Paul
San Francisco, California

Welch, Michael Dylan
Foster City, California

Wigelius, Paul
Stockholm, Sweden

Wisdom, John W.
Sarasota, Florida

Wood, David
Lyndhurst, Ohio

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 6 – JUNE, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

creek rising–
a treefrog's heart beats
against the windowpane

Anna Tambour

*

wind shift
a clanking bulldozer
and one spring peeper

Dave Russo

*

table for one
the peacock feather's
eye

Sabine Miller

HERON'S NEST AWARD

creek rising-
 a treefrog's heart beats
 against the windowpane

Anna Tambour

The season of increase is upon the land. There is a faster tempo, an acceleration of life at this time of the year. With the rains, plants and creatures grow or reproduce in their respective patterns. I am not certain of the precise season of this haiku. I do know that it has strong seasonal reference. The writer lives in southeast Australia. In Florida (U.S.A.) bright green tree frogs are most audible and visible in our rainy season extending from early summer. In Japanese saijiki, "frogs" are of spring, but "rising water" is summer.

We easily see what the poet sees. A swollen, rushing creek is blurred by torrential rain. Pan back, telescoping to where the poet stands. There, in view, is a tiny frog. Peering at it, we join the poet in finding the rapid pulse of the animal, visible as we are seeing it's pale underside. Ahh, it is on a window, the poet's window. Perhaps there are rivulets of rain flowing down beside our frog. In reverse, we are drawn back outside. We readers may also share in what Anna Tambour hears. Mixed with sounds of the creek and drumming rain are harsh squawks, high-pitched, unlovely "barks." The night rings with these incessant mating calls. Although some people keep them as pets, there is no way I'd willingly spend a night in the presence of a terrarium resonant with breeding calls. I recall a house I once owned where the master bedroom wall seemed to be a haven for tree frogs. I confess, for the sake of sleep, to having gone outside in the middle of the night and squirted a hose up under the eaves to dislodge them.

Tree frogs of my experience are big eyed for their nocturnal life, with bulbous toe-pads to allow great clinging ability, even to windows. Unlike their aquatic cousins, many

species commonly known as tree frogs live most of their lives out of the water. The egg masses may be attached over water or near it. The tadpoles do need water even if only in the natural container of a bromeliad or the crook of a tree limb. These frogs eat insects and may visit the house's glass, in the manner of spiders, because that is where bugs congregate. Little frogs are featured in the diet of many if not most predators. Camouflage and stillness are their weapons for both hunting and avoiding the hunter. This window-pane frog is hiding and is only obvious to humans.

Vulnerability. The focus of this haiku is the beating heart of such a small animal with such a rapid pulse. The poet did not put it overtly, but these frogs are so cute! One wants to say "Awww . . ." Anna Tambour has shared this with us and shared it beautifully. The forest is green and wet—full of life.

— Paul MacNeil
June, 2002

POEMS

stalled train
the red flash
of a blackbird's wing

Pamela Miller Ness

*

spring rain
the old mathematician walks
with a closed umbrella

Jasminka Nadaskic Djordjevic

*

my glissando
past the schoolyard railing-
spring wind

Christopher Patchel

*

evening cool-
a blue balloon
rises out of sight

A. C. Missias

*

landfill-
weeds growing over
some saddle shoes

Piper

*

waiting for the light,
umbrellas touch-
rapids in the gutter

Adelaide Shaw

*

brushing my hair
one hundred times
cat in love

Fay Aoyagi

*

north wind
buffets the hilltop field
black-eyed Susans

Stephen Engleman

*

crashing waves
power walkers
swing their arms

Peggy Lyles

*

summer thermal
a wheel of ravens
spins out of sight

Marian Olson

*

dusty path
the summer taste
of raspberries

Lynne Steel

*

next to each other
a boat full of people
one full of pelicans

Bruce Ross

*

glassy pond
the rattling blue dive
of a kingfisher

Elizabeth Howard

*

desert twilight
a packrat peers into
my empty boot

Darrell Byrd

*

cool summer night-
a full moon
frames the bird feeder

Michael Dylan Welch

*

a sweat bee
stings my hand-
summer heat

Curtis Dunlap

*

becalmed;
a blue butterfly
clings to the sail

Emily Romano

*

twilight lake
a merganser pulls silver water
into dark

Ruth Yarrow

*

saguaro blossoms
in moonlight
the first bat's shadow
Naomi Y. Brown

*

distant thunder
the old dog growls
in his sleep

Renate Sander-Regier

*

night lightning-
the rambutan tree's empty spaces
fill with brightness

Rosa Clement

*

a warm breeze
before the clock alarm
star jasmine

Connie Donleycott

*

fountain . . .
children watching
its ups and downs

Barbara Campitelli

*

midday call!
the owl deepens
a redwood forest

D. Claire Gallagher

*

sunshine fills the place
where he huddled-
old cat's passing

Yvonne Cabalona

*

You didn't have to
be there at Woodstock
tonight's sky

vince tripi

*

leaf shadows
pink and blue paint cans
in the baby's room

William Cullen, Jr.

*

a cicada drops
onto the easel pad
cloud shadow

Lenard D. Moore

*

guests arrive-
in our greetings
a cloud of gnats

Tom Clausen

*

deer hunters
trample the leaf-fall-
our small dog's grave

H. F. Noyes

*

hostel for the homeless
a flock of pigeons
settles

Sue Mill

*

grating turnips
into a steel bowl
afternoon snow

Patrick Kelly

*

against the night sky
the curved shape of an owl
my mitten in yours

Ruth Yarrow

*

spring night-
squirting green dish detergent
on the roach

John Ower

*

late March-
the snowman's nose
dripping

Helga Härle

*

watercolors
strung across the art room-
winter rain

Barry George

*

Christmas guests gone,
father sleeps in his wheelchair-
candlelight silence

Paul Wigelius

*

almost spring
the untouched mousetraps
in the attic

John Stevenson

*

vernal equinox-
a pebble casts a shadow
on the concrete floor

Cindy Zackowitz

*

cemetery
the blown-over oak
leafing

Nina Wicker

*

lakewind billows
the minister's robe-
Easter sunrise

Mark Brooks

*

daylight savings
the coal train
seems longer

Patrick Flanagan

*

a field mouse
in the crane's beak
mud month

paul m.

*

juggling five white balls . . .
a cabbage butterfly
joins in

Owen Bullock

*

dandelion fluff
my breath sails on
without me

Stephen Amor

*

brambles wrapped
around barbed wire–
first leaves

Peter Williams

*

the clink of change
in a roadside coffee can
cut daffodils

an'ya

*

first fine day–
working the kinks out
of the vine

Carolyn Hall

*

farmer's market
a ladybug comes
with the kale

Kirsty Karkow

*

folding the tripod–
the cloud I photographed
drifts apart

Cindy Zackowitz

INDEX OF POETS

Amor, Stephen
Fremont, Ohio

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

Aoyagi, Fay
San Francisco, California

Brooks, Mark
Temple, Texas

Brown, Naomi Y.
Sun City West, Arizona

Bullock, Owen
Waihi, New Zealand

Byrd, Darrell
El Centro, California

Cabalona, Yvonne
Modesto, California

Campitelli, Barbara
Foster City, California

Clausen, Tom
Ithaca, New York

Clement, Rosa
Manaus, Brazil

Cullen, William, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Djordjevic, Jasminka Nadaskic
Smederevo, Yugoslavia

Donleycott, Connie
Bremerton, Washington

Dunlap, Curtis
Mayodan, North Carolina

Engleman, Stephen
Ithaca, New York

Flanagan, Patrick
Iowa City, Iowa

Gallagher, D. Claire
Sunnyvale, California

George, Barry
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Helga Härle
Stockholm, Sweden

Howard, Elizabeth
Crossville, Tennessee

Karkow, Kirsty
Waldoboro, Maine

Kelly, Patrick
New York, New York

Lyles, Peggy
Tucker, Georgia

m., paul
San Francisco, California

Mill, Sue
Mansfield, Queensland, Australia

Miller, Sabine
Lagunitas, California

Missias, A. C.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Moore, Lenard D.
Raleigh, North Carolina

Ness, Pamela Miller
New York, New York

Noyes, H. F.
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Olson, Marian
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Ower, John
Athens, Georgia

Patchel, Christopher
Chicago, Illinois

Piper
Delta, British Columbia, Canada

Renate Sander-Regier
Quebec, Canada

Romano, Emily
Boonton, New Jersey

Ross, Bruce
Red Deer, Alberta, Canada

Russo, Dave
Cary, North Carolina

Shaw, Adelaide
Scarsdale, New York

Steel, Lynne
Hillsboro Beach, Florida

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Tambour, Anna
Nowra, New South Wales, Australia

vince tripi
Novato, California

Welch, Michael Dylan
Foster City, California

Wicker, Nina
Sanford, North Carolina

Wigelius, Paul
Stockholm, Sweden

Williams, Peter
Watford, Hertfordshire, England

Yarrow, Ruth
Seattle, Washington

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 7 – JULY, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

Featured Poems

Heron's Nest Award

Poems

Index of Poets

FEATURED POEMS

spring twilight–
the unexpected weight
of a swept snail shell

Yvonne Cabalona

*

summer daydreams–
the whicker
of a passing dove

Mary Lee McClure

*

no name for his illness–
the plastic lid snaps back on
the coffee can

Gary Hotham

HERON'S NEST AWARD

spring twilight-
the unexpected weight
of a swept snail shell

Yvonne Cabalona

With unexpected freshness, Yvonne Cabalona's depiction of a traditional and often-used haiku topic delights the mind as well as the tongue. It is a pleasure to read "spring twilight-" aloud. The susurruration of the repeated "s" hints at the poet sharing a secret with her readers. This quality coupled with the clipped cadence of the last line conjures a sense of excitement.

This poem offers insight on several levels. In general humans don't like to be confronted with death, no matter how small and insignificant we may perceive a dead thing to be. This is especially so in the West, where we prefer not to be reminded of our own mortality. Sweeping that dry, lifeless shell right off the porch or into a litter pile may be a metaphor for the human proclivity to quickly remove such reminders from view.

This poet, however, is attuned to nature and has great respect for it. Acknowledging that the snail shell is empty and no longer needed, she sweeps it along with the trash. Perhaps feeling sadness at the death of the little creature that created this unique, whorled house (or possibly because she wants to study its design) the poet picks up the shell. It is heavier than she expected. How can such a small, empty thing feel so solid and meaningful in her hand?

At this point, I am reminded of the mandala. Symbolizing wholeness, this geometrical art form is often used for meditation in Eastern religions. A mandalic design consists of the "circle with a center" pattern which represents the basic structure of creation. For

example, snowflakes, tree rings, spider webs, and snail shells reflect the primal mandalic pattern. Our solar system, the earth, the shell, and each of its atoms is a separate mandala that is also part of a larger one. The snail shell's unexpected weight confirms what the poet presumably knows: Even a bit of shell is an important part of nature's mandala. In dying, the snail leaves its shelter behind, and it is no different for humans. No matter what kind of dwellings we may obtain for ourselves, we too must leave them behind when we die. We can't take them with us, but they continue to exist, and will affect the living earth, perhaps in ways not apparent to us.

There is a second possible scenario suggested by the poem. I imagine the poet sweeping a porch, and upon seeing what appears to be an empty snail shell, she sweeps it too. But at the touch of her broom, she notices that it feels surprisingly heavy. Distressed that she may have been sweeping away something alive, she lifts the shell in her fingers, and finds that the living creature is still there, tucked snugly inside its casing. She carefully places the snail out of harm's way, relieved that she discovered her error in time. Yvonne's lovely spring poem not only evokes deep feelings and considerations of life and death, it invites me to consider the infinitely great by focusing on a thing that is very small—a hallmark of fine haiku.

— Ferris Gilli
July, 2002

POEMS

the wait
to take a driving test . . .
ants on the sidewalk

Deborah P. Kolodji

*

a street musician
plucks at his guitar
hot breeze

Francis W. Alexander

*

summer shower-
the sour smell of marigolds
along the path

Adelaide Shaw

*

creekside meditation
the play of light
on birch bark

Carolyn Hall

*

summer afternoon-
the soda's sound
changes as I drink

Michael Dylan Welch

*

morning sun-
a man still sleeping
on the pavement

K. Ramesh

*

Independence Day
next to the floats, ants carry
a butterfly corpse

George Swede

*

pioneer fort
a rare wildflower graces
each molded bowl

Elizabeth Howard

*

lost in thought-
the track announcer's voice
drifts over the river

Barry George

*

between hills
the shimmering heat-
reedy duck voices

Marje A. Dyck

*

three stabs-three misses
the heron
shakes its head

Gabriel Rosenstock

*

long afternoon-
the occasional tapping
of a screen door

John W. Wisdom

*

long restless day
the white eyes of a potato
beneath the cabinet

Lenard D. Moore

*

storm front
grackles sweep
into the wind

Ann K. Schwader

*

all day rain-
the sag
of the toddler's diaper

Stanford Forrester

*

heat wave
kids in the pet store
teasing a rat

Peggy Lyles

*

roadside diner
a fly inches across
distant hills

Gary Barnes

*

a wolf spider waits
against the woodstove window–
summer heat

Rob Knell

*

sudden storm–
in the makeshift shelter
an anthill

Dominique Chipot

*

his letter arrives–
the sound of rain
in the cornfield

Billie Wilson

*

garage sale-
memories
for a quarter

Merle D. Hincbee

*

summer night
the sound of a car
about to go by

John Stevenson

*

late evening
the monks' chanting
overcome by cicadas

Angelee Deodhar

*

overcast sky
news of a colleague's
nervous breakdown

J. B. Leong

*

dusk-
the silence after
a pomegranate falls

Naomi Y. Brown

*

moving day-
warm rain
on cardboard

Piper

*

planets in line
a moth flutters
in the open doorway

Celia Crook

*

foggy slope
tree roots for steps
to the water's edge

Nina Wicker

*

gray day
no way around
the puddles

Connie Donleycott

*

flashing white
on the evening path-
rump of a rabbit

Peter Williams

*

cold rain-
rice spewing from a hole
in the bag

D. Claire Gallagher

*

first light-
guessing at the depth
of overnight snow

Cindy Zackowitz

*

a little girl
watching a cocoon . . .
wings

Fran Masat

*

clear lake
spring clouds glide
towards the dock

Carmen Sterba

*

cherry blossoms
the parish priest
straightens his collar

paul m.

*

windblown rain
the labored purring
of an old cat

Kirsty Karkow

*

an osprey's nest
even here
the use of plastic

Joann Klontz

*

budding trees-
chafe marks
from new sandals

Maria Steyn

*

rural prison-
larksong drawing up faces
from the pens

Sean MacMathuna

*

cold rain
cherry petals in the street
with lotto tickets

William Cullen, Jr.

*

outgoing tide
jellyfish fade
with the sky

Marian Olson

*

misty moon-
strains of a boatman's song
lost at sea

H. F. Noyes

*

loneliness-
a piece of driftwood
keeps returning

Hortensia Anderson

*

bull through binoculars:
blurred fence
focused eye

Ruth Yarrow

*

a dried lemon
falls from the tree
the day lengthens

Raffael de Gruttola

*

starless night
one long blast
from the ship's horn

Kay F. Anderson

*

footprints-
a warm lantern
left on the sand

Ross Figgins

*

hide-and-seek
the weeping willow
giggles

Sabine Miller

*

a rooster
the split rail fence
zig-zags

Lori Laliberte-Carey

*

commencement day-
wind not strong enough
to flutter the flag

Kuniharu Shimizu

INDEX OF POETS

Alexander, Francis W.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Anderson, Hortensia
New York, New York

Anderson, Kay F.
Redwood Shores, California

Barnes, Gary
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Brown, Naomi Y.
Sun City West, Arizona

Cabalona, Yvonne
Modesto, California

Chipot, Dominique
Seichamp, France

Crook, Celia
Bloxham, Oxfordshire, England

Cullen, William Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

de Gruttola, Raffael
Natick, Massachusetts

Dyck, Marje A.
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada

Deodhar, Angelee
Chandigarh, India

Donleycott, Connie
Bremerton, Washington

Figgins, Ross
Claremont, California

Forrester, Stanford
Weathersfield, Connecticut

Gallagher, D. Claire
Sunnyvale, California

George, Barry
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Hinchee, Merle D.
Houma, Louisiana

Hotham, Gary
Laurel, Maryland

Howard, Elizabeth
Crossville, Tennessee

Karkow, Kirsty
Waldoboro, Maine

Klontz, Joann
Swedesboro, New Jersey

Knell, Rob
Nowra, New South Wales, Australia

Deborah P. Kolodji
Temple City, California

Laliberte-Carey, Lori
Tucker, Georgia

Leong, J. B.
Singapore

Lyles, Peggy
Tucker, Georgia

m., paul
San Francisco, California

MacMathuna, Sean
Dublin, Ireland

Masat, Fran
Key West, Florida

McClure, Mary Lee
Kokomo, Indiana

Miller, Sabine
Lagunitas, California

Moore, Lenard D.
Raleigh, North Carolina

Noyes, H. F.
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Olson, Marian
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Piper
Delta, British Columbia, Canada

Ramesh, K.
Adyar, Chennai, India

Rosenstock, Gabriel
Gleann na gCaorach, Co Atha Cliath, Ireland

Schwader, Ann K.
Westminster, Colorado

Shaw, Adelaide
Scarsdale, New York

Shimizu, Kuniharu
Tenri, Japan

Sterba, Carmen
Kamakura, Japan

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Steyn, Maria
Johannesburg, South Africa

Swede, George
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Welch, Michael Dylan
Foster City, California

Wicker, Nina
Sanford, North Carolina

Williams, Peter
Watford, Hertfordshire, England

Wilson, Billie
Juneau, Alaska

Wisdom, John W.
Sarasota, Florida

Yarrow, Ruth
Seattle, Washington

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 8 – AUGUST, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

warm evening
an open door
to someone's living room

John Stevenson

*

dawn . . .
the neighbor's newborn
stops crying

K. Ramesh

*

morning sun
washing the window
at puppy-nose height

Hilary Tann

HERON'S NEST AWARD

warm evening
an open door
to someone's living room

John Stevenson

The heat of the day lingers into evening. Someone's front door is left open to allow air to circulate. With matter-of-fact simplicity, John Stevenson depicts a commonplace scene. Part of what makes this haiku effective is that the presented imagery suggests a profusion of other images, all of which resonate beautifully. Although cicadas are not mentioned, they are there. I hear them. I can also see fireflies and smell a barbecue. It's easy to imagine these things and many more: a shooting star, distant music, the scent of jasmine or freshly mown grass . . .

More now than ever before, the news is filled with horrific and tragic stories from all over the world. The stress that builds up from monitoring these events can easily cause us to forget more peaceful times and the goodness in people. In this especially worrisome epoch, it is a relief to read a calming haiku such as this one by John Stevenson. He reminds us that it is still possible to feel safe, to open ourselves to the world beyond our doors. I feel welcomed by this poem, and through it, into a stranger's living room. A stranger who is not really so strange after all. The poem itself is a door to our commonality.

More often than not the doors to our houses are closed to the world outside. We see into other people's homes, and their lives, through books, television, and movies. How pleasant it is to take a walk on a summer evening, to look into an open door and catch a glimpse of someone's domestic scene, a place where facades are put aside. The person inside the house and the poet passing on the sidewalk may even wave to each other.

I'm impressed by the way this poem progresses. With a first line of just two words, Stevenson presents the overall scene. Evening warmth indicates summer, the season during which we tend to be more outgoing. The second line is, both literally and figuratively, "an open door." When we close our doors, we are essentially protecting ourselves from the very life we want to live. Our homes are finite places, but the home in this poem is not closed to the infinite reach beyond its walls. That is good. The final line brings me back from the expansiveness of the great out-of-doors to a particular place. All at once I realize that although this living room belongs to someone in particular, the knowledge of what such a room represents is shared by just about all of us. In other words, "someone's living room" is first understood as a specific place, then a place in general—it could be anyone's living room. The recognition of this results in a sense of familiarity that is both welcoming and reassuring.

Although the most obvious break comes at the end of the first line, Stevenson has not placed punctuation there. This may be so that it is also possible for us to read through all three lines without stopping. Try it. The warm evening becomes itself the open door, an invitation to give ourselves over to what we share in common, the natural world. In a very basic way, the weather moves us to open our doors and to meet in a much more spacious living room.

— Christopher Herold
August, 2002

POEMS

curve by curve
I follow her down
the river

Jim Kacian

*

summer solstice–
a school of minnows suspended
in the stream

Christopher Patchel

*

forest path
a spider web
catches my ear

Doris Thurston

*

eyes closed
to a new morning–
mockingbird melodies

Kay F. Anderson

*

not watching the fireworks
the big black dog
in a child's lap

Sabine Miller

*

a cool current
where the river deepens
summer sky

Peggy Lyles

*

flattened grass
where the bear slept
stink of salmon

Billie Wilson

*

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

Robert Major

*

dewpoint . . .
the kleenex flowers wilt
on a parade float

an'ya

*

Taos sunrise–
a polished pot
on the adobe sill

Ann K. Schwader

*

temperature rising-
the basset hound stretches
another inch

Yvonne Cabalona

*

this downpour
 of plum rain . . .
I polish the silverware

Emiko Miyashita

*

lazy afternoon
two grasshoppers mating
on my sandal

Catherine Sadowski

*

chipmunk
in the hawk's talons-
an acorn falls

William Cullen, Jr.

*

coastal rain
sweeps the potato field-
the lustre of crows

Matthew Paul

*

screened window-
faintly in and out of view
a woman's face

Barry George

*

new summer dress
the roses in her garden
less symmetrical

Florence Vilén

*

well-worn ruts
between the old maples
hand in wrinkled hand

Stephen Engleman

*

first cast-
sunlight along the line
sinks into the sea

Emily Romano

*

twilight glow
a raft of pond geese
drifts in silence

Marian Olson

*

fallen apples . . .
the mare's warm breath
in my hand

Connie Donleycott

*

All Hallow's Eve
the summer people's porch light
on all day

Burnell Lippy

*

creeping fog
a little moonlight
crosses the river

Sonny Villafania

*

geese overhead
the dog stops licking
to listen

Joann Klontz

*

door slammed–
her perfume lingers
in the frosty air

J. B. Leong

*

husking-
the band of white skin
where mother's ring was

Dan McCullough

*

a child's magician hat-
dust motes float
in the moonlit attic

Rebecca Lilly

*

autumn moon
the luminous whiskers
of a cat

Maria Steyn

*

willows
in river mist-
year's end

Peter Macrow

*

snowflakes whirl
in the headlights-
ghost stories

Lori Laliberte-Carey

*

melting snow
the distance between
someone else's steps

paul m.

*

new catkins-
a moose's behind
at the edge of the willows

Cindy Zackowitz

*

childhood home
the pussy willow
just as it is

carmen

*

my tears come
then the sound
spring rain

Margaret Chula

*

goose flight-
my gossipy neighbour
speechless

Dominique Chipot

*

snowmelt-
beaver dam swept
to the river's edge

William Scott Galasso

*

early spring
her hand-painted robin
in my mailbox

Yu Chang

*

house for sale
a bluetit tries out
all the nest boxes

Celia Crook

*

May Day-
bees collecting nectar
from wilted azaleas

Kuniharu Shimizu

*

moonlit garden-
the asparagus
overcooked again

Carolyn Hall

*

last night's rain
the bird bath full
of sparrows

Angelee Deodhar

*

new leaves–
the tree growing
through a roof's remains

Fran Masat

*

a boy pitching pennies
into the water basin–
lowering clouds

Lenard D. Moore

*

summer humidity:
 the circular motion
 of the carousel

Shirley Cahayom

*

between innings–
the joy of the game
on my son's face

Curtis Dunlap

*

clearing sky
a child washes pebbles
in a puddle

Kirsty Karkow

*

ready to garden-
in the potting shed she gathers
her love handles

Evelyn Hermann

*

tornado sky
the mockingbird keeps
right on singing

Rick Tarquinio

*

midday train ride
fanning the child
with Dr. Seuss

Raoul Fernandes

*

summer evening
the woodpecker
finishes

Gary Steinberg

INDEX OF POETS

Anderson, Kay F.
Redwood Shores, California

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

Cabalona, Yvonne
Modesto, California

Cahayom, Shirley
Brooklyn, New York

carmen
Kamakura, Japan

Chang, Yu
Schenectady, New York

Chipot, Dominique
Seichamp, France

Chula, Margaret
Portland, Oregon

Crook, Celia
Bloxham, Oxfordshire, England

Cullen, William Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Deodhar, Angelee
Chandigarh, India

Donleycott, Connie
Bremerton, Washington

Dunlap, Curtis
Mayodan, North Carolina

Engleman, Stephen
Ithaca, New York

Fernandes, Raoul
Delta, British Columbia, Canada

Galasso, William Scott
Kirkland, Washington

George, Barry
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Hall, Carolyn
San Francisco, California

Hermann, Evelyn
San Anselmo, California

Kacian, Jim
Winchester, Virginia

Karkow, Kirsty
Waldoboro, Maine

Klontz, Joann
Swedesboro, New Jersey

Laliberte-Carey, Lori
Tucker, Georgia

Leong, J. B.
Singapore

Lilly, Rebecca
Port Republic, Virginia

Lippy, Burnell
Mt. Tremper, New York

Lyles, Peggy
Tucker, Georgia

m., paul
San Francisco, California

Macrow, Peter
Hobart, Tasmania, Australia

Major, Robert
Poulsbo, Washington

Masat, Fran
Key West, Florida

McCullough, Dan
Somerville, Massachusetts

Miller, Sabine
Lagunitas, California

Miyashita, Emiko
Kawasaki, Japan

Moore, Lenard D.
Raleigh, North Carolina

Olson, Marian
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Patchel, Christopher

Chicago, Illinois

Paul, Matthew
Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, England

Ramesh, K.
Adyar, Chennai, India

Romano, Emily
Boonton, New Jersey

Sadowski, Catherine
Wheaton, Illinois

Schwader, Ann K.
Westminster, Colorado

Shimizu, Kuniharu
Tenri, Japan

Steinberg, Gary
Mahwah, New Jersey

Stevenson, John
Nassau, New York

Steyn, Maria
Johannesburg, South Africa

Tann, Hilary
Schuylerville, New York

Tarquinio, Rick
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Thurston, Doris
Port Townsend, Washington

Vilén, Florence
Stockholm, Sweden

Villafania, Sonny
Manila, Philippines

Wilson, Billie
Juneau, Alaska

Zackowitz, Cindy
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 9 – SEPTEMBER, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

family album–
the black and white
of my youth

Jim Kacian

*

evening haze
the sound of one duck
flapping

Kirsty Karkow

*

aimlessly floating by
it carries off the summer–
yellow leaf

H. F. Noyes

HERON'S NEST AWARD

family album–
the black and white
of my youth

Jim Kacian

Nature has its seasons, and so do our human lives. Focusing on a family album, Jim Kacian experiences a moment of heightened awareness and insight that links his personal life to a particular time and place in cultural and social history.

Technology has changed. Color photography is the norm now and has been for some time. The black and white family pictures from his youth are dated in more ways than one. What was once commonplace and expected seems odd, catching the author's attention and adding to the sense of transience the pictures must already have stirred. I think of my own family photographs, black and white, sometimes glossy, sometimes matte, right through the fifties, with color snapshots becoming more prevalent from the mid-sixties onward.

A far more profound change was taking place in the United States during those same years. Race was a major issue as society slowly and painfully moved toward integration. Jim Kacian was born in 1953. In *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka*, May 17, 1954, the Supreme Court ruled that compulsory segregation in public schools denied equal protection under the law. In 1955 Rosa Parks was jailed for refusing to give up her bus seat to a white passenger. The successful bus boycott soon followed, as did the Civil Rights Act of 1957. By the time Kacian was old enough to be aware of such things, the Civil Rights Movement was well underway. Growing up in the Sixties, he witnessed a decade of struggle and reform that revolutionized society. Whatever his family album may or may not show of the upheaval, the mature poet is surely conscious of it as he looks back and thinks of “black and white.”

Chances are he also thinks of the black and white of oversimplification. Often the young are passionate, seeing right and wrong as clear opposites. The elders of any generation may become “set in their ways,” adhering to fixed codes, regardless of how well those codes stand up to tests of logic. While practically all established standards of behavior came into question during the Sixties, the moral judgments of that era seem simple and innocent compared to those of later decades.

Kacian's poem is compressed, seemingly artless, and infused with expansive energy. It appeals to the senses, the emotions, and the intellect. Ordinary language and readily available associations open large spaces for the reader to enter and explore. Just nine words link to a whole era and speak clearly of transience and awesome change. The last line brings us back to the personal, and the poem circles to its beginning. The family album is a concrete and meaningful presence. The poet's tone is somewhat detached and slightly humorous as he focuses on the black and white photographs, intuitively recognizing all those shades of gray.

— Peggy Willis Lyles
September, 2002

POEMS

for the fragrance
brushing tomato leaves
warm August sun

Robert Major

*

studio window-
a fly walks
from cloud to cloud

Kuniharu Shimizu

*

summer heat
the sticky touch
of blue-eyed grass

Neca Stoller

*

the warbler
in a mockingbird's song
summer dusk

Naomi Y. Brown

*

late-summer party
her few dance steps
after the song ends

Raoul Fernandes

*

the sun's warmth
part of the house
we seldom use

Gary Hotham

*

a hawk rising
between canyon walls
layers of heat

Adelaide Shaw

*

bird bath-
miles of sky
reflected

Owen Bullock

*

a circle of teens
playing hacky sack-
summer twilight

Christopher Patchel

*

September morning
the teacher writes her name
on the blackboard

Marian Olson

*

low sun
behind the churchyard
piles of earth

Paul Wigelius

*

early dusk-
an obituary taped
in a used book

Mark Brooks

*

full moon
the sidewalk curves
around tree roots

Philomene Kocher

*

its whole body
cawing-
the crow

Hilary Tann

*

a dried leaf
slips from her journal
new year's eve

Pamela Miller Ness

*

borrowed novel–
a bookmark left
near the end

Sonia Cristina Coman

*

séance–
a white moth flutters
above our clasped hands

Emily Romano

*

All Souls' Eve
limbs of the sycamore
through the fog

Jim Kacian

*

fading light . . .
the faint smell of camphor
on old love letters

J. B. Leong

*

twenty below
the Milky Way
lined up with the river

Burnell Lippy

*

chain-link fences–
the snowstorm melting
where it fell

Gary Hotham

*

root cellar
white sprouts reach for
the slit of light

Elizabeth Howard

*

wrapping tulips–
her fingertips smudged
with yesterday's news

Sandra Simpson

*

at odds today–
crow-pecked plums
in the leafy tree

Francine Porad

*

one year gone–
crushed rose petals on the soles
of his garden boots

Victor Ortiz

*

Sunday morning-
a boy digs in the mud
that buried a cathedral

Melchor Cichon

*

old garden shed-
clumps of dirt
shaped like pots

Connie Donleycott

*

the jockey's silks
the yellow of a swallowtail-
I place my bet

Carolyn Hall

*

soft rain
a frog leaps from
one leaf to another

Sonny Villafania

*

start of a journey-
petals stuck
in the tire treads

Cindy Zackowitz

*

driving past wheatfields
snippets of meadowlark song
from the fence posts

Elizabeth Howard

*

narrow bridge
our shadows fall
onto the rocks

Rosa Clement

*

hazy sky
the sound of the anchor
lowering

Lenard D. Moore

*

dusk
pelicans and cormorants
share the rocks

paul m.

*

searing heat-
a passing bus stirs
the first row of cotton

John W. Wisdom

*

crossing the bridge-
the shadow of a gull
I never see

Barry George

*

right now
while we chat
fish in the deep ocean

John Stevenson

*

empty deck
the seagull adjusts
its glide

Odd G. Aksnes

*

tiny seashells
under the magnifying glass
a cut finger

Yvonne Cabalona

*

summer twilight
the flap of pigeons
in a dry fountain

Patrick Kelly

*

cutting
the red bell pepper . . .
cathedral chambers

Kay F. Anderson

*

fireworks
I close my eyes
for a second look

John Stevenson

*

porch breeze
a fluff of puppy hair
into the pea hulls

Nina Wicker

*

the eyes
of a scarecrow
harvest lightning

Michael McClintock

*

squatter camp
the witchdoctor's bones rattle
with a passing train

Maria Steyn

*

camping out-
the flashlight beam
lost among stars

Chaim Lazar

*

dawn-
the first sunflower
rises over the fence

Cathy Drinkwater Better

*

dawn breeze
a song of migrants
from the potato field

William Cullen, Jr.

*

old beehives
in the weeds at the crossing . . .
a rumbling freight

Jack Murray

*

empty tracks
a stranger and I
looking in the same direction

Yu Chang

INDEX OF POETS

Kay F. Anderson
Redwood Shores, California

Odd G. Aksnes
Tonsberg, Norway

Cathy Drinkwater Better
Eldersburg, Maryland

Mark Brooks
Austin, Texas

Naomi Y. Brown
Sun City West, Arizona

Owen Bullock
Wahili, New Zealand

Yvonne Cabalona
Modesto, California

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

Melchor Cichon
Miagao, Panay Island, Philippines

Rosa Clement
Manaus, Brazil

Sonia Cristina Coman
Constanta, Romania

William Cullen, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

Raoul Fernandes
Delta, British Columbia, Canada

Barry George
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

Gary Hotham
Laurel, Maryland

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

Jim Kacian
Winchester, Virginia

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

Patrick Kelly
New York, New York

Philomene Kocher
Kingston, Ontario, Canada

Chaim Lazar
Baltimore, Maryland

J. B. Leong
Singapore

Burnell Lippy
Mt. Tremper, New York

paul m.
San Francisco, California

Robert Major
Poulsbo, Washington

Michael McClintock
South Pasadena, California

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

Jack Murray
Red Hook, New York

Pamela Miller Ness
New York, New York

H. F. Noyes
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Marian Olson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

Francine Porad

Mercer Island, Washington

Emily Romano
Boonton, New Jersey

Adelaide Shaw
Scarsdale, New York

Kuniharu Shimizu
Tenri, Japan

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

John Stevenson
Nassau, New York

Maria Steyn
Johannesburg, South Africa

Neca Stoller
Columbus, Georgia

Hilary Tann
Rexford, New York

Sonny Villafania
Manila, Philippines

Nina Wicker
Sanford, North Carolina

Paul Wigelius
Stockholm, Sweden

John W. Wisdom
Sarasota, Florida

Cindy Zackowitz
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 10 – OCTOBER, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

spring snow
the compost pile
steams

Hilary Tann

woodland path–
a small flower
bends our knees

Connie Donleycott

Amish country
the deer beside the road
stare at us

John Stevenson

HERON'S NEST AWARD

spring snow
 the compost pile
 steams

Hilary Tann

Spring snow has a specific character. It is often unwelcome, this late arriver. Especially as part of a storm, spring snow evokes human feelings of impatience for winter to end. This kind of snow can be a very wet, sticky substance, and the flakes are sometimes huge. As it falls, it can be difficult to see through and is hard to clean off things like glasses or car windshields. Such snow is fleeting, however, and usually gone with the next sun.

Hilary Tann has made a brief haiku that is neither terse nor insufficient. Arranged carefully, each of the five key words gives the reader a complex image. The writer has shaped the delivery of the poem's music with skill. An auditory effect, the lengthy "O" sound of "snow," creates a pause. A moderate tempo is achieved with the second line that leads smoothly to the one-word third. The same effect, open-mouthed without finality, comes with the sound of the last word, "steams." Not many single words can carry the weight of a line of haiku. As a verb, and in this context, this one is successful.

Two modified nouns are presented before the verb, yet there is action inherent in "snow," "pile," and even "compost." Apposition of snow with steaming compost reveals the poet's affect and her skill in expressing it effortlessly, unadorned with ego.

The snow may have been falling as this haiku was experienced. My own reaction is that it snowed overnight, and that snow and steam were seen the next morning. In either case, this mention of snow calls to mind the swirling pattern of descending flakes. The

motion of the steam is obvious. What comes to me with a bit of reflection is the reason for the steam. Active composting occurs when plant material is being eaten by many kinds of worms, insects, and small things. When a pile is hot, when it can steam in cold conditions, it is the work of bacteria. Farmers have learned not to pile new-mown hay, but to leave it spread on the field until it decomposes some. Given the right air and moisture, a large stack or barnful of such hay could burst into flames. Hilary's compost was mounded deliberately to increase heat and encourage rotting. The labor has been done to collect and pile weeds, leaves, and plant trimmings to ready a spring garden and to enrich its soil later on. The microorganisms are also hard at work on the provident feast. Perhaps the gardener, holding to artificial calendar notions, has tried to hurry spring. I can envision colorful seed catalogues spread on a desk. The order envelopes may have already been addressed and licked.

The moment of this haiku, so keenly felt by the poet, is that precise part of seasonal change when both spring and winter hold sway.essay at 1.

— Paul MacNeil
October, 2002

POEMS

extended drought
the wake of a goose
drifts toward shore

Barry George

*

summer's end –
the falling ashes
from a distant wildfire

an'ya

*

retirement party
maple seeds spin slowly
to the driveway

Kay Grimnes

*

dewdrops
magnify a leaf vein –
my heartbeat

Cherie Hunter Day

*

first light –
the cows are browsing
frost

John Ower

*

twilight lingers . . .
from the wrecking yard
flash of a blowtorch

Michael Dylan Welch

*

autumn afternoon
wind blown leaves
caught by the brush pile

Michael Ketchek

*

a wobbly wheel
on the shopping cart –
autumn night

Christopher Patchel

*

an owl hoots
deep in the hollow –
coolness along the stream

Rebecca Lilly

*

morning mist
the tick . . . tick
of leaves falling

Adelaide Shaw

*

crowing cockerel
the black cat takes
her morning wash

Celia Crook

*

pieces
of a robin's egg . . .
I look up

Sabine Miller

*

green tips of jonquils
grandpa changes the oil
in the lawn mower

Elizabeth Howard

*

Memorial Day ...
the light blue sky
crowded with clouds

J. B. Leong

*

baby spiders
swarm around a knothole –
summer drizzle

Cindy Zackowitz

*

tai chi class –
breathing deeply
downwind of the narcissus

Kirsty Karkow

*

gentle rain –
pigeons murmuring
under the eaves

Mary Lee McClure

*

day's end
a bit of clover
floats in the bath

Jennie Townsend

*

glacial stream
shadows of dragonflies
pass over the bridge

Pamela Miller Ness

*

a doe and two fawns
mid-street –
my hand motions "go ahead"

Kay F. Anderson

*

summer solstice
a climbing rose
bent with blossoms

Yu Chang

*

trailhead poppies –
but today
with butterflies

paul m.

*

a reed hangs
from the swan's beak
hot afternoon

Peter Williams

*

Gettysburg –
the children pause
to watch a dove

H. Gene Murtha

*

summer afternoon
nuns giggle
in a dim corridor

Kuniharu Shimizu

*

early sunrise –
pink bindweed curled
around barley stalks

carmen

*

river bend
the slow move
of an eddy

Odd G. Aksnes

*

Independence Day
slowly the clouds
drift upstream

Rick Tarquinio

*

blazing sun
the shape of her legs
through a thin summer dress

Shirley Cahayom

*

summer school –
papier-mâché pigs
sunning on the deck

Victor Ortiz

*

home from the funeral
finding the cat
in with his shoes

Joann Klontz

*

defunct nursery
every dead flower
with a marker

Carolyn Hall

*

twilight breeze –
stench from the horse
that pulls the carriage

Lenard D. Moore

*

getting to know the pine . . .
clotted resin
on the seat of my pants

D. Claire Gallagher

*

late afternoon –
a breeze sweeping
home plate

Yvonne Cabalona

*

fallen rose petals –
a Japanese beetle tries
to right itself

Curtis Dunlap

*

medieval washbasins
hollows in the rock
where their knees were

Paul Wigelius

*

outdoor concert
the smell of grass
by candlelight

Ai-Ling Chang

*

one hundred degrees
the neighbor I don't know
offers me a ride

Rodney Stevens

*

cicada din
a cell phone rings
in the willows

Darrell Byrd

*

rustle of bamboo
the steady pace of oxen
hauling fruit

Allen McGill

*

Hiroshima Day –
a cat pokes and pokes
a cicada shell

Fay Aoyagi

*

cloudy afternoon –
a chrysanthemum blooms
in the paper-folder's hand

K. Ramesh

*

wet summer night
one neighbor's cigarette
joins another

Mark Brooks

*

apple peelings –
a slow drip
the rain left

Gary Hotham

*

summer veranda –
into an open notebook
a few unknown seeds

Helga Härle

*

chemo again –
trying not to notice
the lawn's brown spots

William Cullen Jr.

*

afterglow
a white heron vanishes
in the rising fog

Elizabeth Howard

*

rain on the roof
my breath stirs a cobweb
in the corner

Maria Steyn

*

Autumn rain . . .
a face in a window
behind rivulets

Emily Romano

INDEX OF POETS

Odd G. Aksnes
Tonsberg, Norway

Kay F. Anderson
Redwood Shores, California

an'ya
Prineville, Oregon

Fay Aoyagi
San Francisco, California

Mark Brooks
Austin, Texas

Darrell Byrd
El Centro, California

Yvonne Cabalona
Modesto, California

Shirley Cahayom
Brooklyn, New York

carmen
Kamakura, Japan

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

Ai-Ling Chang
Taiwan

Celia Crook
Bloxham, Oxfordshire, England

William Cullen Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Cherie Hunter Day
San Diego, California

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

D. Claire Gallagher
Sunnyvale, California

Barry George
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Kay Grimnes
Alma, Michigan

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

Gary Hotham
Laurel, Maryland

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

Helga Härle
Stockholm Sweden

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

Michael Ketchek
Rochester, New York

Joann Klontz
Swedesboro, New Jersey

J. B. Leong
Singapore

Rebecca Lilly
Port Republic, Virginia

paul m.
San Francisco, California

Mary Lee McClure
Kokomo, Indiana

Allen McGill
San Miguel de Allende, Mexico

Sabine Miller
Lagunitas, California

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

H. Gene Murtha
Buena, New Jersey

Pamela Miller Ness
New York, New York

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

John Ower

Athens, Georgia

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

K. Ramesh
Adyar, Chennai, India

Emily Romano
Boonton, New Jersey

Adelaide Shaw
Scarsdale, New York

Kuniharu Shimizu
Tenri, Japan

Rodney Stevens
Columbia, South Carolina

John Stevenson
Nassau, New York

Maria Steyn
Johannesburg, South Africa

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

Rick Tarquinio
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Jennie Townsend
O'Fallon, Missouri

Michael Dylan Welch
Foster City, California

Paul Wigelius
Stockholm, Sweden

Peter Williams
Watford, Hertfordshire, England

Cindy Zackowitz
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 11 – NOVEMBER, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

migrating whales
all our footprints
wash away

paul m.

*

not here long-
the child asks to see
a star fall

Gary Hotham

*

baiting one fish
with another
autumn dawn

Carolyn Hall

HERON'S NEST AWARD

migrating whales
all our footprints
wash away

paul m.

Concision. Classic construction. Concrete imagery. Credibility. They are all here. However, while these four qualities almost guarantee an adequate haiku, they are elemental and can be found in almost any haiku crafted by an experienced writer. Something more makes a poem much better than adequate; something more earns this one unusually high marks from each Heron's Nest editor. Evocative juxtaposition and haunting musicality are also here, and they are the key to its resonance.

This haiku reflects the vast difference in the time spans of two infinitely significant events: A whale population's journey occurs only twice a year, while the tide rises and falls twice daily. The sense of a long passage of time is reflected in the rhythm of the poem. A migration may last for several months. The repeated long sound of "a" in the first line and again at the end suggests a long-term process rather than an event that occurs suddenly. This assonance, coupled with the cadence of the second and third lines, imparts a song-like quality, so that the words seem to fade away rather than come to a sudden stop. Here is a haiku that begs to be read aloud.

The unspoken certainty that human life and nonhuman life are interwoven lies in the joining of these precise images. The sense of immediacy is another valuable quality. It is easy for me to imagine the awestruck author, oblivious of time, watching the journey of whales. At some point, while still held in the wonder of their passage, the poet notices that his footprints and those of his companion(s) are disappearing with the rising tide.

Along with his sudden awareness of this natural juxtaposition of events, comes the flash of insight. The poet lives the resonance of the moment.

The visual imagery alone is beautiful, but I also perceive the poem as a rich metaphor with subtle foreshadowing. The first line fills me with longing to see migrating whales in person, and I am reminded that their numbers are diminishing. The implicit message of “all our footprints/wash away” leaves me breathless. When the whales are all gone, so might the rest of us be too---or at least well on our way out.

In addition to presenting an aesthetically pleasing haiku, the author invites readers to venture within and explore its connotations. Thank you, paul m.; I am richer for the journey.

— Ferris Gilli
November 2002

POEMS

the ocean –
a shallow stream merging
without sound

Kirsty Karkow

*

gloomy morning –
a worm follows an oil slick
down the gutter

Cindy Zackowitz

*

foghorn
the slow roll of a fish
on the line

Kay Grimnes

*

morning frost
stutter
of the rooster

Margaret Chula

*

mourning –
a piece of birchbark
peels

Pamela Miller Ness

*

gulls far off
in the twilight calm . . .
lock waters fall

Rebecca Lilly

*

a skipping stone
strikes the moored sailboat . . .
autumn drizzle

Michael Dylan Welch

*

talk of war –
my toddler points at swells
before they break

Mark Brooks

*

cold mountain shadow
the slow drip of a spring
into sunlight

William Cullen, Jr.

*

the first flakes of snow
drifting down on the wetlands
Canada geese

Billie Wilson

*

wintering field
cranes as one
face the coyote

Marian Olson

*

graffiti wall
the rain uncovers
a poem

Victor Gendrano

*

mountain sunrise
the silhouette
of distant firs

Barry George

*

stopping here
while all around us moves –
wind in the mist

H. F. Noyes

*

Father's silhouette
at the pier's end –
departing geese

Brian Darnell

*

west-bound train
the winter sunset
lasts a while

D. Claire Gallagher

*

chilly dawn
rain-bent briars
block the trail

Michael Ketchek

*

spring mist -
a mallard paddles
through our stillborn's ashes

H. Gene Murtha

*

evening haze
geese come up from the pond
in two's and three's

Jennie Townsend

*

a change in their voices . . .
children finding
a fledgling

John Stevenson

*

feather beds airing
on a balcony –
cumulus clouds

Evelyn Hermann

*

summer dusk –
the babel of mynahs
in a banyan

Angelee Deodhar

*

the long segments
of the Big Dipper's handle
summer fields

Burnell Lippy

*

hayng –
swallows widen
the summer sky

Cherie Hunter Day

*

dry season
the infant in the stroller
sucks his toes

Stephen Engleman

*

heat lightning
a siren
nearer and nearer

Elizabeth Howard

*

summer evening –
the scent of fresh loaves
as I pass the bakery

K. Ramesh

*

first locust
a breeze curls across
the ripe wheat

Darrell Byrd

*

the farmer's spit
catches on a thistle –
still no rain

DeVar Dahl

*

embroidered dresses
showcased in the window
eyebrow moon

Fay Aoyagi

*

after a swim
the rock's warmth . . .
soaring gull

Odd G. Aksnes

*

the longest day –
my lip print fades
from her sunburn

Martin Vest

*

a firefly
on my open palm . . .
its moonshadow

Christopher Patchel

*

Kahlo exhibit
the guard's face half lit
between two portraits

Victor Ortiz

*

summer camp –
studying other people's
collections of stones

Hilary Tann

*

ducks paddling
slowly upriver –
open drawbridge

Johnny Baranski

*

open air theatre –
above Oberon and Puck
two bats looping

Paul Wigelius

*

Santa Fe rain –
red chili strings shine
by the porch light

Ann K. Schwader

*

late summer drizzle –
evening walkers
slow their pace

Curtis Dunlap

*

Perseids
a bat flits
across the yard

Celia Crook

*

end of summer
the bumper car glides
to a stop

Lori Laliberte-Carey

*

cool dusk
kookaburra chatter
from a tree's silhouette

Anna Tambour

*

insomnia . . .
the cat's breathing
deepens

Yvonne Cabalona

*

heavy fog . . .
among river rocks
a single poppy

Karina Young

*

the gardener's truck
willow leaves scattering
down miles of highway

Paul O. Williams

*

end of summer . . .
the changing sound
of maple leaves

Connie Donleycott

*

first night alone –
finally the moon
reaches the western windows

Rosemary Gwaltney

*

foggy morning
through the open window
a blur of birdsong

Carol Purington

*

morning dew –
darkness of footprints
off the path

Piper

INDEX OF POETS

Odd G. Aksnes
Tonsberg, Norway

Fay Aoyagi
San Francisco, California

Johnny Baranski
Portland, Oregon

Mark Brooks
Austin, Texas

Darrell Byrd
El Centro, California

Yvonne Cabalona
Modesto, California

Margaret Chula
Portland, Oregon

Celia Crook
Bloxham, Oxfordshire, England

William Cullen, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

DeVar Dahl
Magrath, Alberta, Canada

Brian Darnell
Athens, Georgia

Cherie Hunter Day
San Diego, California

Angelee Deodhar
Chandigarh, India

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

Stephen Engleman
Ithaca, New York

D. Claire Gallagher
Sunnyvale, California

Victor Gendrano
Carson, California

Barry George
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Kay Grimnes
Alma, Michigan

Rosemary Gwaltney
Idaho

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

Evelyn Hermann
San Anselmo, California

Gary Hotham
Laurel, Maryland

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

Michael Ketchek
Rochester, New York

Lori Laliberte-Carey
Tucker, Georgia

Rebecca Lilly
Port Republic, Virginia

Burnell Lippy
Mt. Tremper, New York

paul m.
San Francisco, California

H. Gene Murtha
Buena, New Jersey

Pamela Miller Ness
New York, New York

H. F. Noyes
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Marian Olson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

Christopher Patchel

Chicago, Illinois

Piper

Surrey, British Columbia, Canada

Carol Purington

Colrain, Massachusetts

K. Ramesh

Adyar, Chennai, India

Ann K. Schwader

Westminster, Colorado

John Stevenson

Nassau, New York

Anna Tambour

Nowra, New South Wales, Australia

Hilary Tann

Schuylerville, New York

Jennie Townsend

O'Fallon, Missouri

Martin Vest

Pocatello, Idaho

Michael Dylan Welch

Redmond, Washington

Paul Wigelius

Stockholm, Sweden

Paul O. Williams

Belmont, California

Billie Wilson
Juneau, Alaska

Karina Young
Salinas, California

Cindy Zackowitz
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 4, ISSUE 12 – DECEMBER, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

winter nears –
in the dog's eyes
the wolf

Billie Wilson

*

the Big Dipper
turned up –
stubble fields

Christopher Patchel

*

September sun –
a bubble wavers
between salmon bones

Cindy Zackowitz

HERON'S NEST AWARD

winter nears –
in the dog's eyes
the wolf

Billie Wilson

In 1993, dogs were reclassified as a subspecies of wolf (*Canis lupus familiaris*). Technically, the oft-used term “wolf hybrid” is incorrect. The word most accurately describing the more recent wolf/dog crosses is simply “wolfdog.”

Although all dogs are subspecies of wolves, I will not linger on an image of Billie Wilson's “wolf” as a chihuahua. I prefer to envision it as a malamute, a husky, or samoyed. For a little fun, however, try inserting your own choices of breed (try several) in place of the word “dog's” in this poem. I have, and I discovered that each breed appreciably changes the feel of the experience. The sort of dog each of us sees is not so important though. Specificity is a desirable quality in haiku, but not always, and this poem is a case in point. If Billie had designated a particular breed of dog, the poem would have been weakened in two ways. First, we readers wouldn't be allowed the opportunity to imagine the dog for ourselves. Second, the resonance struck by using a generic name would be all but lost. “Dog's” allows us an intuitive realization: with the approach of winter, the primitive nature in all living things tends to come to the surface, compelled by the natural instinct to survive.

How interesting it is that the 23-degree tilt of Earth's axis, in conjunction with its orbit around the sun, accounts for all of the seasonal changes. From winter solstice to summer solstice an expansion takes place, a great inhaling. Light increases, energy increases, seeds sprout, animals give birth, life burgeons and matures. From summer solstice to winter solstice there's a contraction, a six-month exhalation. Light and energy

decrease, life-giving fluids no longer reach to extremities, and things begin to dry and to shrivel. There is a drawing inward, and more and more the focus is on self-preservation.

Billie Wilson lives in Alaska, a place that is still very wild. Winters there are long and harsh. One must be resourceful to survive in such a climate, both physically and emotionally. It's easy to go stir-crazy when the mercury drops way down, the sun barely rises (or doesn't rise at all), and one is compelled to spend much time inside. Relationships are put to the test.

I can see this in the eyes of Billie's dog. Here is a pet accustomed to having its needs provided by humans: a bowl of food once or twice a day, the water bowl filled regularly, and a soft pad to sleep on. Leftovers may also be offered, perhaps a bone to gnaw. And then there's the pleasure of being petted. In short, dogs often lead pretty cushy lives. But deep inside the tamest of pets is something perfectly primitive, something that will invariably come to the surface as circumstances warrant.

This poem reminds me of a story about two Buddhist monks looking up at a flag. One says that the flag is moving; the other argues that it's the wind. When their teacher happens by, they ask him to settle the matter. "Neither of you is right," the teacher says, "It is mind that moves." So, is it wolfness in the dog's eyes, or is it winter? Are winter and the wolf in the dog's eyes or the poet's?

By pointing to one specific manifestation of winter's approach, Billie Wilson effectively reveals not only the movement from one season to another, but the entire cycle of seasons. She points to the constancy of change.

— Christopher Herold
December, 2002

POEMS

gold leaves
swirl around the maple . . .
Thanksgiving alone

Francine Porad

*

possible remission –
bitter wind
shivers the shutters

Kay F. Anderson

*

his silence
the sounds of rain
becoming hail

Kay Grimnes

*

pulsing light –
the crunch of leaves
as the ambulance pulls away

John Wisdom

*

first snow –
in each school window
a face

Nancy Stewart Smith

*

scent of winter –
the sycamore's tire swing
turns in the wind

Billie Wilson

*

sounds of a downpour . . .
I trace the pillow pattern
on her cheek

Mark Brooks

*

stormy night
hot Jelly Roll
from the jukebox

Jeanne Marie Booth

*

morning frost
a compost seedling
sparkles

Doris Thurston

*

clear marsh sky –
the sound of geese
drinking water

Barry George

*

sharp moon
the sound of a cow
chewing dry leaves

Anna Tambour

*

fireplace ash
a mouse's journey
from here to there

Emily Romano

*

tractor sounds
mare and foal
touch noses

Celia Crook

*

a bicycle
left in the meadow
long shadows

Marje A. Dyck

*

twilight blossoms
the robin's song moves
from tree to tree

Maria Steyn

*

Zen garden –
snow melts
in raked patterns

Ron Moss

*

dawn . . .
amid bird calls
the sound of a broom

K. Ramesh

*

7th floor, cubicle 9 –
a butterfly drifts
past the window

Timothy Hawkes

*

last light
a hot air balloon
dips into the canyon

Cherie Hunter Day

*

twilight lingers
a coyote's shadow slips
across the neighbor's yard

Naomi Y. Brown

*

angry voices
the child purrs
to his kitten

Allen McGill

*

sparrow's song –
the ancient piling
of a lake-dweller site

D. Claire Gallagher

*

grassy hill –
a suitcase of dolls
let out to stretch

carmen

*

a child's shoe
left on the wooden bridge –
late spring

Helga Härle

*

river fog
the slow creaking
of an anchor line

Jim Mullins

*

alone at sunrise . . .
a small wave covers
my shadow

Connie Donleycott

*

soft morning rain
the island deer stretches
for a golden plum

Marian Olson

*

late-day silence
the backs of cattle
steaming after rain

Rebecca Lilly

*

covered bridge
the sound of the river
between planks

Yvonne Cabalona

*

willow scent
a kingfisher hangs
in the air

Darrell Byrd

*

haloed sun
the slight whispering
of tall corn

Elizabeth Howard

*

heat lightning
a tangled string
the cat left behind

Jennie Townsend

*

caskets adrift
in the flooded cemetery
a crow alights

Lenard D. Moore

*

midnight –
the window fan dices
a train whistle

Curtis Dunlap

*

after her death
finding the old scar
in my eyebrow

Pamela Miller Ness

*

summer solstice –
above the Piazza del Duomo
sun through a dove's wings

Paul Wigelius

*

a cicada's long cry . . .
pollen drifts through
twilight woods

William Cullen, Jr.

*

a snakeskin
tacked to the drying board –
midsummer's eve

Carolyn Hall

*

her hum –
the shapes never changing back
in the kaleidoscope

Gary Hotham

*

autumn mist
a complete
fairy ring

Hilary Tann

*

autumn evening
a hedgehog scurries
over cobblestones

Odd G. Aksnes

*

twilight lingers . . .
from the wrecking yard
flash of a blowtorch

Michael Dylan Welch

*

coming home
on the train
. . . the backyards

John Stevenson

*

crisp air
the sound of an ax
across the lake

Odd G. Aksnes

*

autumn afternoon –
the bride leans
into the wind

Sandra Simpson

*

autumn mist –
the parking meter
in a black plastic bag

Shirley Cahayom

*

down the train's long aisle
everyone else asleep
prairie flatness

Burnell Lippy

*

a skimming stone
makes the mountains wobble –
autumn chill

Angelee Deodhar

*

first frost
on the window ledge –
the tea kettle's whistle

Evelyn Hermann

*

harvest moon
the groom inhales helium
from a white balloon

Victor Ortiz

INDEX OF POETS

Odd G. Aksnes
Tonsberg, Norway

Kay F. Anderson
Redwood Shores, California

Jeanne Marie Booth
Dillard, Georgia

Mark Brooks
Austin, Texas

Naomi Y. Brown
Sun City West, Arizona

Darrell Byrd
El Centro, California

Yvonne Cabalona
Modesto, California

Shirley Cahayom
Brooklyn, New York

carmen
Kamakura, Japan

Celia Crook
Bloxham, Oxfordshire, England

William Cullen, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Cherie Hunter Day
San Diego, California

Angelee Deodhar
Chandigarh, India

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

Marje A. Dyck
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada

D. Claire Gallagher
Sunnyvale, California

Barry George
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Kay Grimnes
Alma, Michigan

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

Helga Härle
Stockholm, Sweden

Timothy Hawkes
Tokyo, Japan

Evelyn Hermann
San Anselmo, California

Gary Hotham
Laurel, Maryland

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

Rebecca Lilly
Port Republic, Virginia

Burnell Lippy
Mt. Tremper, New York

Allen McGill
San Miguel de Allende, Mexico

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

Ron Moss
Tasmania, Australia

Jim Mullins
New York, New York

Pamela Miller Ness
New York, New York

Marian Olson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

Francine Porad
Mercer Island, Washington

K. Ramesh

Adyar, Chennai, India

Emily Romano
Boonton, New Jersey

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

Nancy Stewart Smith
Athens, Georgia

John Stevenson
Nassau, New York

Maria Steyn
Johannesburg, South Africa

Anna Tambour
Nowra, New South Wales, Australia

Hilary Tann
Schuylerville, New York

Doris Thurston
Port Townsend, Washington

Jennie Townsend
O'Fallon, Missouri

Michael Dylan Welch
Redmond, Washington

Paul Wigelius
Stockholm, Sweden

Billie Wilson
Juneau, Alaska

John Wisdom
Sarasota, Florida

Cindy Zackowitz
Achorage, Alaska

VALENTINE AWARDS, 2002

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Overview](#)

[Readers' Choice – Poem of the Year](#)

[Readers' Choice – Poet of the Year](#)

[Readers' Choice – Favorite Poems](#)

[Readers' Choice – Popular Poets](#)

[Editors' Choices](#)

[Special Mention](#)

OVERVIEW

We have three purposes for our annual awards event. One is to afford poets an opportunity to influence the evolution of haiku (beyond that which is accomplished by writing and submitting work). Those poems that are voted favorites serve as guiding lights to editors as well as to other poets. Such haiku exemplify traits that are generally held by our readers to be valuable and effective. The second purpose for these awards goes with the first. A thorough review of a given volume of *The Heron's Nest* (with the intention of voting for favorite poems) produces valuable insights about what works and what does not work in a haiku. The voting process, therefore, is a means of triangulating what is important to us as individual poets. The third purpose for the Valentine Awards is celebratory. We wish to honor those poets who have gifted our readers, and the haiku community at large, with exceptionally powerful work. The images, moods, and emotions in these chosen haiku resonate long after a great majority of poems have faded from our memories.

We received about 10,000 poems for consideration last year. Only five percent of these were accepted. In light of this, an appearance in *The Heron's Nest*, in itself, is a fine accomplishment. To have a poem selected as a Heron's Nest Award winner or runner-up is worthy of praise.

173 poets from 24 countries appeared in *The Heron's Nests* of 2001. 3 was the average number of poems accepted from contributors. 2 poets had 12 poems in *The Nest* last year. In all, there were 529 poems in the ten issues of Volume III. 260 received votes (nearly half the poems). The average number of points awarded to a single poem was 14. The grand prize-winning poem garnered 119 points. 1 poet was awarded 146 points for 9 of her 12 poems. The average number of points for a poet's combined works was 26.

We wish to thank all of you who submitted work to us this past year. We greatly enjoy corresponding with you, encouraging you, and learning from you. We also wish to thank all who applied themselves to the difficult task of casting votes for the Valentine Awards. Your efforts have resulted in a grand prize winner and 4 runners-up in each category: Favorite Poems, and Popular Poets. By vote, the editors selected a grand prize poem and 2 runners-up also. The poets who appear in this Valentine Awards issue have achieved something especially significant. They deserve a loud and lengthy round of applause.

— Christopher Herold

READERS' CHOICE – POEM OF THE YEAR

crowd of umbrellas
 a child opens his
 face to the rain

Connie Donleycott

At its surface, this haiku delivers an easily understandable urban scene. The wording is light and direct, and there is a bit of surprise. Umbrellas are bunched together, obscuring their bearers. We see umbrellas gather, not people. They are wet and shiny. Perhaps this is at a street corner, pedestrians awaiting the light change. And yet . . . in this crowd scene, the poet indicates one who is different, a child.

“Crowd of umbrellas” won The Editors’ Choice Award for the June issue. In his June commentary, Christopher Herold shed light on many aspects of this haiku. One viewpoint was (to quote him): “. . . adults armoring themselves against the rain, probably without a second thought. But the child, not yet tamed, revels in life, in the feel of raindrops. He is unconcerned if he gets wet.” Even if this boy’s parents packed a compact umbrella in his backpack, it is unlikely he would use it. Umbrellas are a tool of grownups, a symbol of responsibility and preparedness. One underlying metaphor of Connie Donleycott’s poem focuses on conformity versus non-conformity. As Christopher Herold indicated, the child is not yet acculturated to avoid the rain. I also reacted this way to the verse but followed several other directions.

There is a sense of anonymity as well as conformity. The surrealist painter, René Magritte (1898 – 1967), is known for the prominence of both umbrellas and the so-called “Magritte men” in his paintings. The latter are dressed identically in black suits and bowler hats. They are faceless. In “Golconda” (1953), Magritte painted many of these

men falling as if rain. In an interesting synthesis of the haiku and my memories of these surrealist images, I supposed a Magritte with suited, hatted men, all sporting umbrellas. There is no such painting in fact, but I saw it within this haiku.

Christopher Herold's commentary points out several more perspectives. That there are so many ways to see "crowd of umbrellas" is in itself delightful. I see it in still other ways. The power of season seems quite prominent. All we are given is the word "rain," but the boy "opens his face" to it; it is not something uncomfortable. In regards to a sense of season, the key word is "opens." The context this word creates transforms "rain" into a soft summer rain; there is a voluntary opening. Looked at closely, the word "opens" is decidedly poetic in this context. Nearly too much so, but it is a quiet word and slips into the reader like a smooth wine slips past the tongue.

An alternate interpretation is that the "boy" is a person of any age, but one who, like Wendy and Peter (in Barrie's Peter Pan), still believes as a child believes. There may be a few poets among the crowd in Connie Donleycott's poem – perhaps even haiku poets. Such folks see the world with a poet's eye. Haiku poets live with feelings of season. They are attuned to the rhythms of nature and appreciate a summer rain. Let's all turn our faces and our poet's "eye" to the world of wonder.

One in a crowd. Congratulations to Connie Donleycott. Her haiku is also one in a crowd.

— Paul MacNeil

READERS' CHOICE – POET OF THE YEAR

Last year, Peggy Willis Lyles' haiku "dragonfly . . ." won the Grand Prize Readers' Choice Award. Peggy was also a runner-up for the Popular Poets Award. It is no surprise to find her in the winner's position again this year. The fine craftsmanship, unique style, and consistent high quality of her poems appeal to readers all over the globe. Peggy continually inspires readers with her gift of haiku, through which we share her jubilation in small, everyday dramas, the thrill of new perceptions, and the quiet convictions of deep insight.

Peggy is expert at juxtaposing humanity and nature in ways that make her readers more deeply aware of both at the grass roots level. Peggy's genius with language is evident in the artistic grace of each of her haiku. Using a variation of intensity in a poem that involves conflicting forces, she moves easily from one rhythm to another, drawing readers into her mood, as illustrated in "dragonfly . . ." and "yellow leaves," both of which feature a solitary human in the midst of nature:

dragonfly . . .
the tai chi master
shifts his stance

yellow leaves
a girl plays hopscotch
by herself

Other poems that illustrate her skill with rhythmic transition:

Indian summer
a turtle on a turtle
on a rock

sweet peas
tremble on the trellis
the bride's "I will"

Peggy's extraordinarily fine focus has become a familiar trademark in her haiku, as illustrated in "heat lightning," "downpour," and "a bull's eye":

heat lightning
the heron's toes
grip dead wood

downpour
a whelk's foot stretches
toward the waves

a bull's eye
on a cardboard box
autumn haze

Peggy's haiku about serious subjects evoke emotion without gimmickry or conceits:

processional
cold wind lifts one corner
of the pall

Along with all her talent, Peggy has an abiding appreciation for natural drollness, and her subtle humor is a real treat:

high noon
a cat stares down
the chipmunk's hole

Peggy Lyles writes with love for the form and dedication to the spirit of haiku, and it is clear that in mastering her craft, she has become one of the finest haiku poets writing in the English language. Peggy, we at The Heron's Nest are grateful for your presence

here, and for the joy of discovery and the understanding of deep truths evoked by your poems.

— Ferris Gilli

READERS' CHOICE – FAVORITE POEMS

CONNIE DONLEYCOTT

Grand Prize (119 points)

crowd of umbrellas
a child opens his
face to the rain

At its surface, this haiku delivers an easily understandable urban scene. The wording is light and direct, and there is a bit of surprise. Umbrellas are bunched together, obscuring their bearers. We see umbrellas gather, not people. They are wet and shiny. Perhaps this is at a street corner, pedestrians awaiting the light change. And yet . . . in this crowd scene, the poet indicates one who is different, a child.

“Crowd of umbrellas” won The Editors’ Choice Award for the June issue. In his June commentary, Christopher Herold shed light on many aspects of this haiku. One viewpoint was (to quote him): “. . . adults armoring themselves against the rain, probably without a second thought. But the child, not yet tamed, revels in life, in the feel of raindrops. He is unconcerned if he gets wet.” Even if this boy’s parents packed a compact umbrella in his backpack, it is unlikely he would use it. Umbrellas are a tool of grownups, a symbol of responsibility and preparedness. One underlying metaphor of Connie Donleycott’s poem focuses on conformity versus non-conformity. As Christopher Herold indicated, the child is not yet acculturated to avoid the rain. I also reacted this way to the verse but followed several other directions.

There is a sense of anonymity as well as conformity. The surrealist painter, René Magritte (1898–1967), is known for the prominence of both umbrellas and the so-called “Magritte men” in his paintings. The latter are dressed identically in black suits and bowler hats. They are faceless. In “Golconda” (1953), Magritte painted many of these

men falling as if rain. In an interesting synthesis of the haiku and my memories of these surrealist images, I supposed a Magritte with suited, hatted men, all sporting umbrellas. There is no such painting in fact, but I saw it within this haiku.

Christopher Herold's commentary points out several more perspectives. That there are so many ways to see "crowd of umbrellas" is in itself delightful. I see it in still other ways. The power of season seems quite prominent. All we are given is the word "rain," but the boy "opens his face" to it; it is not something uncomfortable. In regards to a sense of season, the key word is "opens." The context this word creates transforms "rain" into a soft summer rain; there is a voluntary opening. Looked at closely, the word "opens" is decidedly poetic in this context. Nearly too much so, but it is a quiet word and slips into the reader like a smooth wine slips past the tongue.

An alternate interpretation is that the "boy" is a person of any age, but one who, like Wendy and Peter (in Barrie's Peter Pan), still believes as a child believes. There may be a few poets among the crowd in Connie Donleycott's poem – perhaps even haiku poets. Such folks see the world with a poet's eye. Haiku poets live with feelings of season. They are attuned to the rhythms of nature and appreciate a summer rain. Let's all turn our faces and our poet's "eye" to the world of wonder.

One in a crowd. Congratulations to Connie Donleycott. Her haiku is also one in a crowd.

READERS' CHOICE – POPULAR POETS

1ST RUNNER-UP (142 POINTS)

Connie Donleycott

A new voice in the haiku community, Connie Donleycott has quickly demonstrated that she is exceptionally sensitive and has the gift of words. Not only did her “crowd of umbrellas” receive the Heron’s Nest Award in June, readers have now voted it to be the Poem of the Year. Connie has six other poems in Volume Three. Each is brief in form and expertly cut. She has a marvelous sense of rhythm and her poems flow naturally, with the sound and feel of classic haiku. Two exemplary poems:

floating
through my thought
butterfly

first spring day
the bareness
of legs

The wonderment with which Connie perceives the world is evident. That she feels herself intimately involved in it is also clear.

— Christopher Herold

2ND RUNNER-UP (109 POINTS)

John W. Wisdom

The Heron’s Nest published six haiku by John Wisdom in Volume Three. Two were Editors’ Choices. John is a keen observer; his craft is easygoing and unobtrusive.

Prominent characteristics of his haiku are commonplace imagery, originality, and an ability to create mood.

afternoon hush-
the cat takes another step
towards a robin

approaching storm
a nest of yellowjackets
in the scarecrow's belly

Exemplary of the commonplace, a domestic cat stalks a songbird. "Approaching storm" has an original topic that generates a most ominous mood: the threats of yellowjackets (wasps) and a storm. Both have spring-loaded tension about to snap.

— Paul MacNeil

3RD RUNNER-UP (108 POINTS)

Yu Chang

Four of Yu Chang's poems appeared in Volume III. One was a Heron's Nest Award winner. As I reread these, and other poems by Yu, I found his voice easily recognizable. Good humor abounds. More often than not, his humor exemplifies the lightness associated with fine haiku rather than the more satirical sort of humor which characterizes senryu. Another hallmark of Yu's poems is a sense of open friendliness and of familiarity. Two poems that illustrate these qualities:

tiny bubbles
where the moose was
a cluster of flies

warm kitchen
the rise and fall
of friends' laughter

Yu Chang delights in his surroundings. He is true to them in his writing and at the same time, playful.

— Christopher Herold

4TH RUNNER-UP (106 POINTS)

paul m.

In addition to a Heron's Nest Award winner and two runners-up, paul m. had nine other haiku in Volume Three. Most of his haiku are very quiet. Two of them:

spring rain
the measured step
of a sandhill crane

canyon echo
sky-colored asters
among the rocks

These poems are devoid of anything resembling a "sexy" hook. The reader/listener is not manipulated because the writer makes no attempt to tug at heartstrings. To the contrary, often a casual look, or "quick read," will not afford as much pleasure, or insight, as will a deep breath and a good, long look. Something, an indefinite something, communicates paul m.'s vision. His collation of place, season, living things, and a minimum of action reveal the naturalist that he is. The words are spare but

skillfully chosen. His poems are strongly divided. The resonance of the parts is not jarringly juxtaposed. I opt for the word “apposition.” Things are shown together, compared side-by-side.

— Paul MacNeil

EDITORS' CHOICES

GRAND PRIZE

the slow turn
of a barber's pole–
afternoon heat

John W. Wisdom

Winner of the Heron's Nest Award in February 2001, this haiku by John Wisdom epitomizes the overall feel of a hot summer day. It veritably exudes lethargy. As the poet watches the red, white, and blue stripes of the pole rotate, it seemed to him to be in slow motion. The pole's movement was in keeping with the sluggishness he and everyone else was feeling on that hot, muggy afternoon. Dogs and cats flopped into shadows. People in sweat-stained clothes plodded along sidewalks from which heat-waves were radiating. Leaves hung limply in the stagnant air. It was as if the world was grinding to a halt and along with it, time. Yet, the stripes on the pole spiral endlessly on, and the afternoon felt interminable.

Ferris Gilli wrote a brilliant commentary for this poem. If you haven't yet read it I recommend that you do, and if you have, it's definitely worth rereading. John Wisdom's haiku transported Ferris from the cold winter day in which she was writing her commentary, back to a summer in her youth. She vividly described the scene she recalled. To me, both the haiku and the commentary have the look and feel of a Norman Rockwell painting. I too remember staring at barber poles when I was a child. I remember wondering how so many stripes could emerge from the bottom of the pole; where did they all go when they got to the top. A barber's pole is a magical thing to a child.

Thinking about them recently, as an adult, I ponder anew. Could the perpetually spiraling stripes symbolize the ceaseless growth of hair, and the continual need to have it cut or trimmed? Nope. I looked into the origin of barber poles and, since I can think of little more to add to what Ferris has already written in praise of this remarkable poem, I'll share with you what I discovered. Barber poles originated in days when bloodletting was one of the principal duties of barbers. The red and blue stripes represent long bandages. One was used as a tourniquet, the other a dressing. Originally, a pole was actually the storage place for fresh bandages; they were wrapped around it. Said pole was then situated in a prominent place to attract customers. Later, for convenience sake, the bandage-pole was kept where it was more accessible to the barber and another pole, painted as they are seen today, was used for a sign.

One of the attributes of haiku I delight in most is its capacity to give rise to emotion, atmosphere, or mood. With words, haiku poets attempt to recreate moments of inspiration. When this is done effectively, the essential mood of an experience is made readily accessible to readers. "the slow turn" is just such a haiku. Paul, Ferris, and I are delighted to award the Editors' Grand Prize to John Wisdom.

- Christopher Herold

1st RUNNER-UP

funeral procession
the stillness of cotton blossoms
in sunlight

Lenard D. Moore

As do many of Lenard Moore's poems, "funeral procession" reveals the author's close ties to the land he loves. Lenard writes with reverence and wonder of the familiar

earthly things that inspire and enrich his haiku: dragonflies; the red dust of a baseball field; a just-pulled melon; a basketball's rhythm under the summer moon . . . and cotton blossoms.

With concision and tight focus, Lenard uses sensually evocative imagery to create a quietly powerful poem. "Funeral procession" sets a slow tempo, slowing further with the second line, so that the procession and time seem to stand still. With the author, I am caught in the stillness, gazing with a sense of peace at a cotton crop in bright, full bloom. In a world of impermanence, we gain comfort from the presence of familiar things that have endured through many generations. For countless Southern families, the endurance of cotton is vital to their livelihood, and the word itself is charged with rich familial history. It is typical of Lenard to go beyond the moment, to reveal a reassuring truth on a day of mourning. "Funeral procession" reminds us that nothing stays the same, while at the same time acres of brilliant cotton blossoms affirm the continuance of life.

— Ferris Gilli

2ND RUNNER-UP AND READERS' 1ST RUNNER-UP

winter sunrise
slowly
the cockerel finds its voice

John Crook

SPECIAL MENTION

Several poems received high numbers of points, and a few poets accumulated high overall point scores for their respective bodies of work in Volume Three. We feel that these poets richly deserve to be honored by inclusion in this Valentine Awards issue.

crochet hook
pulling the yarn through
deep November

Carolyn Hall

*

spring thunder
from the center of a pine stump
a pine

naia

*

lake trout–
a raven's caw
in with the knife

Odd G. Aksnes

*

carrying moonlight
into the house–
white peony

Margaret Chula

*

just now
as my life turns crazy
forsythia

Jim Kacian

*

back home-
trees I knew
in all their seasons

Tom Clausen

*

a deep bruise
I don't remember getting
autumn evening

John Stevenson

*

faint thunder
a snake sloughs its skin
in the creekbed

Anna Tambour

*

starlit lake-
a stray bobber
afloat in the galaxy

an'ya

*

i take the strongest
of my walking sticks
first cherry blossoms

vince tripi

*

headstones . . .
butterflies move
through the silence

Maria Steyn

*

sent back out
for something I forgot
winter stars

Rick Tarquinio

ABOUT *THE HERON'S NEST*

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

PHILOSOPHY

It is our intention to present haiku in which the outward form of each poem has been determined by two important elements. The primary element is the poetic experience, faithfully and uniquely evoked in words. The second element helps to shape the first; it is the poet's knowledge and respect for traditional haiku values. When well balanced these elements result in work that is distinctively and unmistakably haiku.

"Poetic experiences" are those which inspire us to express ourselves creatively. "Haiku values" are the traditional underpinnings, both Japanese and Western, by which haiku sensibility has evolved into what it is today, and which will continue to shape haiku traditions in the future. There are many ideals equated with each of the various haiku forms. No one poem can embody all, or even a majority of these ideals. Each of us must decide for ourselves what is important in the writing and appreciating of haiku.

STAFF

Christopher Herold, editor
Ferris Gilli, associate editor
Peggy Willis Lyles, associate editor
Paul MacNeil, associate editor
Carol O'Dell, administrator
Alex Benedict, webmaster

TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 2002 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>.