

THE HERON'S NEST — VOLUME 7 (2005)



Compilation copyright *The Heron's Nest*, 2005.

Individual works are copyrighted to their respective authors.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Volume 7, Issue 1 – March, 2005](#)

[Volume 7, Issue 2 – June, 2005](#)

[Volume 7, Issue 3 – September, 2005](#)

[Volume 7, Issue 4 – December, 2005](#)

[Elizabeth Searle Lamb Memorial Pages](#)

[Jerry Kilbride Memorial Pages](#)

[Valentine Awards, 2005](#)

[The First Annual Heron's Nest Illustration Contest](#)

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

TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 2005 and may contain errors of transcription or typography. For current information about the journal and staff, and more recent issues, please visit us at <https://theheronsnest.com>.

VOLUME 7, ISSUE 1 – MARCH, 2005

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

so suddenly winter
baby teeth at the bottom
of the button jar

Carolyn Hall

*

mountain moonrise
the sound I didn't know
I had in me

Peter Yovu

*

Christmas far from home —
the odor of hay and manure
from an open barn

Adelaide Shaw

HERON'S NEST AWARD

so suddenly winter
baby teeth at the bottom
of the button jar

Carolyn Hall

Read separately, the images in Carolyn Hall's haiku are intriguing, but it is their combination that sparks a powerful insight of universal significance. A connection is made between a sudden change of seasons and the brevity of life. This connection resonates with the epiphany itself, the very nature of which is abrupt. Everything about this poem takes place in an instant. Even the numerous years represented by the buttons are compressed into that single moment of revelation.

The immediacy of Carolyn's haiku is greatly emphasized by the word "so." "So suddenly" demonstrates that she was caught off guard. Because the transition recognized is that of autumn to winter, a sense of anxiety is also produced. A lifetime can be seen to span one passage of seasons. If we are fortunate, we stream through spring and summer years with little heed of an end. During our autumn years it becomes increasingly difficult to ignore mortality and with winter this fact becomes even keener. Little time is left in which to learn what we must, to pay our debts, to become accountable for our actions. Where did the time go? And yet, it is especially during changes of season that a concurrent awareness emerges — the cycling is ceaseless and in this there is an abiding sense of timelessness.

The scene suggested by the first line can be imagined in a number of ways: frost, snowfall, or freezing rain; hail, sleet, or just plain cold. In this line, the poet (or someone the poet knows) is seen to be entering winter, the final stage of life. The compound second image can be readily envisioned yet its depth may not at first be apparent. It

represents time gone by, but it also represents the desire to collect things and, more importantly, the attachment that exemplifies. Baby teeth (from the spring of life) are seen at the bottom of the jar, under a gazillion buttons. The buttons depict years, seasons, experiences. Buttons are used to link things together. A collection of them triggers memories that link us to the past.

A glance out a window reveals a world that, without warning, has become cold and bleak. We shift our gaze to a jar of loose buttons. At the very bottom there are tiny teeth. Myriad buttons have accumulated since those early childhood days! With a shiver, Carolyn Hall peers into history and at the same time she sees into the future.

With much gratitude, I thank Carolyn for masterfully sharing this poignant moment.

— Christopher Herold
March 2005

POEMS

the final push
of a laboring bison
slow-rising sun

Victor Ortiz

*

dusting of snow
all the lights on
in the daycare

Alice Frampton

*

a leafless tree —
suddenly my father
comes to mind

Robert D. Wilson

*

snowlit night
the bedroom window
whistles a tune

Dietmar Tauchner

*

sleepless night
snow to rain
by the sound of it

Tom Painting

*

winter evening —
the newborn calf
eyes everybody

K. Ramesh

*

first snow
the smile
of a stranger

Clive Oseman

*

locust pods
in a raw wind —
thinking it over

Ann K. Schwader

*

crash of winter waves —
cries of the golden finch
shut in its cage

H. F. Noyes

*

waiting for the heron
to turn my way —
winter rain

paul m.

*

snow melting —
the field overflows
with robins

Allan Burns

*

snowmelt
down the arroyo
her laughter

Victor Ortiz

*

Easter sunrise;
gun towers overshadow
the prison graveyard

Johnny Baranski

*

Memorial Day
a flag-waving lad seeking
his father's white cross

Elizabeth Howard

*

foggy dawn
light threads through
the mockingbird's call

Yvonne Cabalona

*

misty morning —
for as far as I can hear
tree frogs

Connie Donleycott

*

cold wind
our conversation fills
with plum blossom

Angelee Deodhar

*

weeping cherry
my husband is somewhere
in snow country

Cherie Hunter Day

*

end of daylight savings
the orange pills
cut in half

D. Claire Gallagher

*

spring grass
I tell the calf
I'm a vegetarian

Lynne Steel

*

Two willows —
each its own way
with the wind

George Swede

*

brilliant sunlight
blue lobelia
through a clearwing's blur

Grant D. Savage

*

distant thunder —
a bumble bee hums
in the morning glory

Stephen Engleman

*

tax day —
a battery-powered breeze
stirs the desk chimes

Billie Wilson

*

the muddy river
a few egrets
mark its edge

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

*

spring breeze —
I teach my granddaughter
hopscotch

Billie Wilson

*

lilacs overgrown
with honeysuckle
the dooryard loses its way

Dave Russo

*

after the storm
the blue
blue lobelia

Margaret Hehman-Smith

*

sealing dad's niche . . .
one flowered umbrella
among the black ones

Connie Donleycott

*

lightning
in a chestnut shell
the evening rain

Ian Daw

*

evening star —
fold upon fold
the quiet blue hills

Mary Lee McClure

*

day at the zoo —
the elephant's shadow
in a small place

Gary Hotham

*

sunshine on the canal
an old nun stops
to empty her shoes

Colo Buchanan

*

outdoor café
the dog takes interest
in my interest

Bruce Ross

*

cool dusk
the tide finds
the sandcastle

Tony Beyer

*

early summer
the children's list
of what they'll bring

Marcus Larsson

*

dry season —
rock paintings
by a vanished people

Sandra Simpson

*

August afternoon —
behind the poetry books
a dry apple core

Ruth Holzer

*

new paperback —
the sun sets
without me

David Giacalone

*

bright stars
campfire coffee
full of grounds

Charlie Close

*

wind in the pines
never have I dreamed
of sleeping alone

Kirsty Karkow

*

out of hospital —
the summer grasses
up to my chin

Sue Stanford

*

rose garden
I've forgotten which one
is called Peace

Margarita Engle

*

summer night
a baby changed
on the hood of a Chevy

Carlos Colon

*

no moon —
on my knees I promise her
a glowworm

Peter Yovu

*

sleeping alone —
I begin to learn
the cricket's song

Maury Joseph

*

their hands lightly touch
at the nursing home picnic
a raindrop or two

Jack Murray

*

another wish —
puffballs ripe
for the wind

David Gershator

*

laughter
in a foreign tongue
summer stars

Carolyn Hall

*

shooting star
conversation halts
around the campfire

Allen McGill

*

shiny red apples
the painter introduces
a caterpillar

Greg Piko

*

summer ending
the wind and my songs
going their several ways

June Moreau

*

temple procession
so many gods
under one moon

Graham Nunn

*

sidewalk tilted
by the maple's roots —
faint city stars

Helen Russell

*

cool morning
slide of a coat hanger
across the rail

Lenard D. Moore

*

noon sun —
cane cutters
sing of tomorrow

Stephen Engleman

*

if onlys,
what ifs —
twilight

Christopher Patchel

*

autumn night —
the moon at the window
of the space museum

Barry George

*

hangover
a cat eats grass
along the driveway

Kay Grimnes

*

morning sunshine . . .
from a broken-down house
a burst of laughter

Tom Tico

*

scent of the river
in some of the laundry
Indian summer

John Stevenson

*

autumn drizzle —
a grove of maple trees
lights the way home

Curtis Dunlap

*

morning glories
what is left
of the rain

paul m.

*

again and again
to the tip of the rod
red dragonfly

Sue Stanford

*

black clouds part —
a moon so full
I could howl

Marian Olson

*

women's refuge —
new light finds the blue
in painted glass

Matt Morden

*

fall migration —
the park duck waddles
back to the pond

Timothy Hawkes

*

stillness
after the storm —
furled hibiscus

Beverley George

*

autumn hike
 slowly we descend the mountain
 into evening

Jay Santini

*

graffiti
sharper
by moonlight

Helen Buckingham

*

All Saints' Day —
beams of a lighthouse
sweep through the rain

Helga Härle

*

morning dew
I trace my son's
lifeline

H. Gene Murtha

*

autumn melancholy
she snaps a picture
of the flame-red zinnia

Kay F. Anderson

*

'tis great to be alive!
how to say this
to the scarecrow?

vincent tripi

*

harvest moon
the long pull
of faraway children

Roberta Beary

*

St. Francis's Feast
a fly crawls across
the communion wafers

Joshua Gage

*

concession speech
the dog waits patiently
on the porch

Deb Baker

*

Thanksgiving Mass
a shaky hand offers me
the chalice

Carlos Colon

*

Thanksgiving
the flower vendor
counts his roses

Margarita Engle

*

Thanksgiving
the two of us
and a salmon

Kirsty Karkow

*

late November . . .
I miss another visit
to the nursing home

Charles Trumbull

*

slender moon —
locking the door
for the last time

Timothy Hawkes

*

Pearl Harbor Day
the back yard fence steams
in the morning sun

Lane Parker

*

every one
of her Xmas cookies
the same snowflake

Scott Metz

*

dirt road —
ahead and behind
falling leaves

Rick Tarquinio

*

autumn elms —
under her arm
a folded star

ron moss

*

moonlight —
reducing the city
to ruins

Sean MacMathuna

*

Christmas Eve —
on the hairdresser's face
a hint of tears

Marili Deandrea

*

bowing
one last time —
frozen grass

Helga Härle

*

sickle moon
an exit ramp bends
through black ice

Scott Mason

*

New Year's Eve —
she teaches me
how to breathe

Sabine Miller

*

cold morning rain:
all the swoosh is gone
from the fallen leaves

Charles Trumbull

*

bus stop —
the winter dance
of cold feet

Adelaide Shaw

*

what the raven
has to say about them
snow clouds

Cindy Zackowitz

*

frosty morning
an old man boxes
his shadow

Vanessa Proctor

*

tooth marks
in the sharp cheddar . . .
the long night

Robert Bauer

*

New Year's Day
the sycamore's
uneven shadow

Peggy Heinrich

*

winter dawn —
waiting for the school bus
kids pretend to smoke

Kevin Paul Miller

*

first snow!
the congregation of birds
suddenly bolder

Carmen Sterba

*

taps . . .
a snowflake melts
on her dimple

Nara Bauer

*

the cold
a stranger
at my parents' grave

Jörgen Johansson

*

freezing rain
the yellow umbrella
of a hotdog stand

William Cullen, Jr.

*

a friend's house —
shedding loneliness
with my coat

Mitzi Trout

*

alone —
hugging
warm laundry

David Giacalone

*

winter afternoon
millions of points
at pinball

John Stevenson

INDEX OF POETS

Kay F. Anderson
Redwood Shores, California

Deb Baker
Americus, Georgia

Johnny Baranski
Portland, Oregon

Nara Bauer
Big Wheeling Creek, West Virginia

Robert Bauer
Big Wheeling Creek, West Virginia

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

Tony Beyer
Mt. Eden, Auckland, New Zealand

Colo Buchanan
Lisburn, Antrim, North Ireland

Helen Buckingham
Bristol, Avon, England

Allan Burns
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Yvonne Cabalona
Modesto, California

Charlie Close
Goodrich, Michigan

Carlos Colon
Shreveport, Louisiana

William Cullen, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Ian Daw
Lancaster, Lancashire, England

Cherie Hunter Day
San Diego, California

Marili Deandrea
Torino, Italy

Angelee Deodhar
Chandigarh, India

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

Margarita Engle
Clovis, California

Stephen Engleman
Ithaca, New York

Alice Frampton
Creston, British Columbia, Canada

Joshua Gage
Cleveland, Ohio

D. Claire Gallagher
Sunnyvale, California

Barry George
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Beverley George
Pearl Beach, New South Wales, Australia

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

David Giacalone
Schenectady, New York

Kay Grimnes
Alma, Michigan

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

Helga Härle
Nacka, Sweden

Timothy Hawkes
Silver Spring, Maryland

Margaret Hehman-Smith
Hollydale, California

Peggy Heinrich
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Ruth Holzer
Herndon, Virginia

Gary Hotham

Laurel, Maryland

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

Jörgen Johansson
Lidköping, Sweden

Maury Joseph
Broomall, PA

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

Marcus Larsson
Vaxjö, Sweden

paul m.
Bristol, Rhode Island

Mary Lee McClure
Kokomo, Indiana

Sean MacMathuna
Dublin, Ireland

Scott Mason
Chappaqua, New York

Allen McGill
Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico

Scott Metz
Tsuyama, Japan

Kevin Paul Miller
Maryville, Tennessee

Sabine Miller
Lagunitas, California

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

Matt Morden
Hermon, Wales

June Moreau
Lexington, Massachusetts

ron moss
Tasmania, Australia

Jack Murray
Red Hook, New York

H. Gene Murtha
Buena, New Jersey

H. F. Noyes
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Graham Nunn
Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Marian Olson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

Clive Oseman
Swindon, Wiltshire, England

Tom Painting
Rochester, New York

Lane Parker
San Francisco, California

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.
Taiwan

Greg Piko
Canberra, Australia

Vanessa Proctor
Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

K. Ramesh
Adyar, Chennai, India

Bruce Ross
Orono, Maine

Helen Russell
Issaquah, Washington

Dave Russo
Cary, North Carolina

Jay Santini
Rockland, Massachusetts

Grant D. Savage
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Ann K. Schwader

Westminster, Colorado

Adelaide Shaw
Scarsdale, New York

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

Sue Stanford
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Lynne Steel
Hillsboro Beach, Florida

Carmen Sterba
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

John Stevenson
Nassau, New York

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Rick Tarquinio
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Dietmar Tauchner
Puchberg, Austria

Tom Tico
San Francisco, California

vincent tripi
Greenfield, Massachusetts

Mitzi Trout
Roswell, Georgia

Charles Trumbull
Evanston, Illinois

Billie Wilson
Juneau, Alaska

Robert D. Wilson
Los Banos, Laguna, Philippines

Peter Yovu
Middlesex, Vermont

Cindy Zackowitz
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 7, ISSUE 2 – JUNE, 2005

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

glowing embers
I tell her a story
she already knows

Rick Tarquinio

*

New Year's Day –
a finch's weight
turns the pinwheel

Connie Donleycott

*

nearly spring
the refrigerator magnet
losing its grip

Robert Bauer

HERON'S NEST AWARD

glowing embers
I tell her a story
she already knows

Rick Tarquinio

The relaxing warmth of smoldering coals; one person speaks, the other listens to a favorite tale repeated. We know that storytelling began long, long ago. In ancient times, people painted stories on rock walls and animal hides. Perhaps the first story was told to a child wrapped in rabbit skins who sat with her family near a flickering fire in a gloomy cave.

For millennia, stories have been told as a means of preserving a people's history and teaching children how to survive. Increasingly through the ages, oft-repeated tales have conveyed diverse populations' cumulative wisdom and knowledge. Storytellers have enthralled their audiences with myths, legends, fairy tales, fables, ghost tales, oral histories, and epic adventures. Such stories have been told, retold, and passed down from generation to generation. So it is even today. Stories reflect our values and aspirations, our fears and dreams. Telling them is a uniquely human activity, and modern storytelling is big business. Where would movies, music, news media, the law, politics, and various other enterprises be without it?

Rick Tarquinio invites me to enter a universal and timeless familial scene where stories are told the old-fashioned way. Though it could be in any season, his haiku evokes a sense of cozy contentment. Enjoying the poem's cadence, I note that the last two lines suggest the repeating rhythms of children's picture books. The event in this haiku, as I readily imagine it, represents the cherished oral tradition between elder and child. The "glowing embers" that imply late evening also reflect the pleasure of both speaker and

listener as the poet retells this particular story, probably at the child's request. I can easily replace Tarquinio's scene with one from my own childhood or my daughter's early years:

"One morning, Mama Bear cooked a pot of grits for their breakfast —"

"Daddy, not grits! She cooked porridge!"

Children seem never to tire of their favorite stories. Before drifting into sleep, they are comforted by hearing a trusted adult tell a familiar one, exactly as they heard it the first time, be it a Grimm Brothers tale or the colorful account of Great Grandma's victory garden in World War II. The accustomed routine, the willing repetition, and the teller's soothing voice reinforce feelings of safety and cement the bond of love between adult and child.

This reader finds comfort in Tarquinio's "glowing embers." Whether the poem takes place near the hearth or beside a campfire, I am allowed a glimpse of intimacy and warmth, perhaps not so different from that found in the corner of a certain cave thousands of years ago.

— Ferris Gilli
June 2005

POEMS

Shaker village:
the clarity
of birdsong

Cherie Hunter Day

*

drifting clouds . . .
the exam hall
bright sometimes

K. Ramesh

*

small window
and a bird too fast
to name

Sabine Miller

*

rose thorns
the soft whirl
of a spinning wheel

Kay Grimnes

*

hot night —
riffs
and midriffs

Tom Tico

*

first light —
broken blue shells
under the maple

Helen Ruggieri

*

spring bird song
a girl comes first
to the peep-hole

Marcus Larsson

*

the tinkling
of recycled glass
spring drizzle

Yvonne Cabalona

*

Fourth of July fireworks
girls with long pigtails
jump double-dutch

Dee Wood

*

record heat —
a moth the color of heather
on the heather

Billie Wilson

*

clear whistle
of the white-throated sparrow —
evening star

Ruth Holzer

*

half moon
something slips into the pond
besides me

Peter Yovu

*

river rock —
the folded wings
of a damselfly

Carolyn Hall

*

stone causeway
the creek's summer flow
rearranging pebbles

Sue Mill

*

Silent woods . . .
a growing awareness of
the need to breathe

George Swede

*

mother and daughter
each in her own thoughts
fireflies

Agnes Eva Savich

*

waking
in the fetal position
. . . the river's hum

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

*

waterfall view —
soba noodles slipping
from my chopsticks

D. Claire Gallagher

*

noon heat
a swallow just ahead
of its shadow

Tony Beyer

*

wind upriver —
undersides of cottonwood leaves
rippling silver

Ruth Yarrow

*

alone now
the drake's wash
at both banks

Ian Daw

*

tall pines —
I'll never be ready
to go home

Michael McClintock

*

sweet peas
pulling the color
from the sky

Emily Romano

*

crowds
at the meat market
incense mingles

Andrea Cecon

*

intermission
sharing an awning
with the rain

Rick Tarquinio

*

bush trail
the astonishing colour
of jellybeans

Sue Stanford

*

drifting seed fluff . . .
the rented horse
knows an hour's worth

paul m.

*

Venetian vase
the glass blower pauses
to admire a cloud

William Cullen, Jr.

*

Chinese opera
her voice inside
my teacup

Dejah Leger

*

deep thunder —
a blue tail skink
slips under the door

Curtis Dunlap

*

3rd day of guests —
the soup pot
blows its lid

Linda Jeannette Ward

*

sand dollar
the morning's first set
of footprints

Deborah P. Kolodji

*

camera shoot —
seafroth clings
to her cleavage

Emily Romano

*

boarding the Greyhound —
one seat left
on the ocean side

Janelle Barrera

*

sudden downpour
the lizard takes its shadow
into a wall hole

Jasminka Nadaskic Diordievic

*

thunderstorm
white pigeons stroll
the man-of-war's deck

Vasile Moldovan

*

beach shack
a garden
of shells

Vanessa Proctor

*

windswept dunes —
the road map flaps
on the scorching hood

John Kinory

*

rearview mirror —
dark clouds gathering
into a twister

Carmen Sterba

*

stalactites
the howls of children
echoing back

Tom Tico

*

late summer —
blue jays not answering
a crow

Paul Watsky

*

hay baler
in its wake, a swathe
of cricket song

Margaret Chula

*

crickets droning
the tennis ball covered
with slobber

Charlie Close

*

distant stadium cheers:
a black branch releases
a drop of dew

Mike Dillon

*

morning sun
field too small
for the horse's shadow

John W. Sexton

*

dusk —
father and son
scything the meadow

Jörgen Johansson

*

cool dusk
our hands busy husking
fresh corn

Joshua Gage

*

warm night —
a soda machine rejects
my coin

Gary Hotham

*

bedtime —
fruit flies linger
after the fruit

Nancy Stewart Smith

*

end of summer
only a breeze
in the butterfly net

Andrew Riutta

*

sun on my back —
all the flower pots
arranged just so

Adelaide B. Shaw

*

there they are
in the bonsai exhibit
pot of weeds

Bruce Ross

*

autumn sunrise —
a muskrat grooms the dew
into its coat

Mike W. Blottenberger

*

trail of leaves
the child's plastic rake
missing teeth

Chad Lee Robinson

*

Indian summer
small boys run naked
on the tide line

Patricia Prime

*

petting farm —
first the children
chase the geese

Francine Porad

*

her birthday —
I count the rosebuds
left on the bush

Betty Kaplan

*

red maple leaves
scattered on moss —
the sound of falling water

David H. Rosen

*

breezy afternoon
children chasing children
chasing leaves

Maria Tadd

*

wind in the reeds —
my daughter speaks
about forgiveness

D. Claire Gallagher

*

wind-bent grasses
we bow to each other
goose and i

Ellen Compton

*

chill evening
all the nuts
are almonds

Helen Russell

*

taking a bite
from the wild apple
old, old memories

Michael McClintock

*

New Year's Eve
rain becomes hail
becomes silence

Lane Parker

*

New Year's Day
we both feel the kick
inside her

David Andrews

*

autumn downpour
a tow truck pulling
another

Carlos Colon

*

“grandpa’s dead . . .”
the call of wild geese
faintly heard

Timothy Hawkes

*

unpacking a new home —
do whales strand themselves
in this bay?

paul m.

*

winter stillness
the bed starts
purring

Dietmar Tauchner

*

winter morning —
the outline of the city
on Venetian blinds

Barry George

*

morning sleet
someone at the bus stop
humming

Karen Klein

*

winter morning
the sound of grandma
zipping her boots

Frances Angela

*

scotch mints —
the squeak of my walking stick
in packed snow

DeVar Dahl

*

sleet through bare trees
a titmouse shows me
a fiery black eye

Dave Russo

*

my brother's hello
the chill of the wind
on his jacket

Marilyn Appl Walker

*

fresh snow
for the hands,
for the face

John Stevenson

*

snowy day —
nothing ordinary
about an orange

Timothy Hawkes

*

the birch trunk's sheen
moves when I do
winter solitude

Burnell Lippy

*

Burial
mourners and bare trees
blend

George Swede

*

her empty bed —
night rain
on fallen leaves

Stephen Engleman

*

so set in my ways —
winter window with a
potted geranium

Merrill Ann Gonzales

*

soot-dusted snow
the shadow of my rebuke
on the child's face

Linda Jeannette Ward

*

behind the locked gate
more snow buries
thin gravestones

Jack Barry

*

winter garden
the puppy unearths bones
the lost dog buried

Elizabeth Howard

*

snow falling —
the same sound
in all her shells

Grant D. Savage

*

January sales
a clown's car steals
my parking space

Matt Morden

*

troubled by words
I look away —
moonlight on crusty snow

Kay F. Anderson

*

winter stars —
the cat's caterwaul
between junked cars

Lenard D. Moore

*

yesterday's snow —
the dog's path
one way

Gary Hotham

*

giggles
in grandma's afghan
winter moon

Laryalee Fraser

*

winter stars —
lichen sparkles
on a birch branch

Connie Donleycott

*

hint of spring
the weeds picked
for my hair

Paula Fisher

*

midday thaw
the blackbird's feathers
full of rainbows

Paul Wigelius

*

furrows curving
over the hill
a line of crow-topped trees

Elaine King

*

through my earmuffs
the sound
of a spring bird

Cindy Zackowitz

*

late winter
the night scented
with noodles

Robert D. Wilson

*

almost spring
scent of a woman's hair
in the elevator

John Stevenson

*

birdsong
an icicle drops
into my shadow

Dietmar Tauchner

*

first spring day —
a blue heron works at
an unruly feather

Carole MacRury

*

sunrise . . .
tadpoles emerge
from my shadow

Scott Mason

*

spring sun —
cedar waxwings fill
the leafless plum

Ray Rasmussen

*

budding trees
a stone bird's eyes
locked to the sky

Fay Aoyagi

*

all day rain
Easter egg dye
in coffee mugs

Lynne Steel

*

April shower . . .
she says her chalk flower has
grown a little

Scott Metz

*

Easter Sunday
the hand on my shoulder
once reached up for mine

Audrey Downey

*

first warm day
a wheat penny lands
heads up

H. Gene Murtha

*

Good Friday
the raven flies east
with a chunk of bread

Brent Partridge

*

cherry blossoms . . .
I wear a little less
blush

Nara Bauer

*

drizzling sky
a little girl drinks
from her mother's cup

Victor Ortiz

*

spring shower
her parasol opens
to take him in

Victor Gendrano

*

late spring rain
their prize dahlias
eaten by a cow

Angelee Deodhar

*

dentist's chair
butterfly wings on the window
open and close

Kirsty Karkow

*

white lilies
in a stoneware vase —
she speaks of her mother

Marian Olson

*

father's day
teeth missing
from the pocket comb

Roberta Beary

*

trees barely green
the latest graduates
stumble into line

LeRoy Gorman

INDEX OF POETS

Kay F. Anderson
Redwood Shores, California

David Andrews
Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Frances Angela
London, England

Fay Aoyagi
San Francisco, California

Janelle Barrera
Key West, Florida

Jack Barry
Chesterfield, Massachusetts

Nara Bauer
Big Wheeling Creek, West Virginia

Robert Bauer
Big Wheeling Creek, West Virginia

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

Tony Beyer
Mt. Eden, Auckland, New Zealand

Mike W. Blottenberger
Hanover, Pennsylvania

Yvonne Cabalona
Modesto, California

Andrea Cecon
Udine, Italy

Margaret Chula
Portland, Oregon

Charlie Close
Goodrich, Michigan

Carlos Colon
Shreveport, Louisiana

Ellen Compton
Washington, D.C.

William Cullen, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

DeVar Dahl
Magrath, Alberta, Canada

Ian Daw
Lancaster, Lancashire, England

Cherie Hunter Day
San Diego, California

Angelee Deodhar
Chandigarh, India

Mike Dillon
Indianola, Washington

Jasminka Nadaskic Diordievic
Smederevo, Yugoslavia

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

Audrey Downey
New Haven, Connecticut

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

Stephen Engleman
Ithaca, New York

Paula Fisher
Key Largo, Florida

Laryalee Fraser
Salmon Arm, British Columbia, Canada

Joshua Gage
Cleveland, Ohio

D. Claire Gallagher
Sunnyvale, California

Victor Gendrano
Lakewood, California

Barry George
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Merrill Ann Gonzales
Dayville, Connecticut

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, Ontario, Canada

Kay Grimnes

Alma, Michigan

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

Timothy Hawkes
Silver Spring, Maryland

Ruth Holzer
Herndon, Virginia

Gary Hotham
Laurel, Maryland

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

Jörgen Johansson
Lidköping, Sweden

Betty Kaplan
Aventura, Florida

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

Elaine King
Auckland, New Zealand

John Kinory
Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, England

Karen Klein
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Deborah P. Kolodji
Temple City, California

Marcus Larsson
Vaxjo, Sweden

Dejah Leger
Seattle, Washington

Burnell Lippy
Mt. Tremper, New York

paul m.
Bristol, Rhode Island

Carole MacRury
Port Roberts, Washington

Scott Mason
Chappaqua, New York

Michael McClintock
South Pasadena, California

Scott Metz
Tsuyama, Japan

Sue Mill
Mansfield, Queensland, Australia

Sabine Miller
Lagunitas, California

Vasile Moldovan
Bucharest, Romania

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

Matt Morden
Hermon, Wales

H. Gene Murtha
Buena, New Jersey

Marian Olson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

Lane Parker
San Francisco, California

Brent Partridge
Orinda, California

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.
Chia-yi, Taiwan

Francine Porad
Bellevue, Washington

Patricia Prime
Auckland, New Zealand

Vanessa Proctor
Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

K. Ramesh
Adyar, Chennai, India

Ray Rasmussen
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Andrew Riutta

Traverse City, MI

Chad Lee Robinson
Pierre, South Dakota

Emily Romano
Boonton, New Jersey

David H. Rosen
College Station, Texas

Bruce Ross
Orono, Maine

Helen Ruggieri
Olean, New York

Helen Russell
Issaquah, Washington

Dave Russo
Cary, North Carolina

Grant D. Savage
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Agnes Eva Savich
Austin, Texas

John W. Sexton
County Kerry, Republic of Ireland

Nancy Stewart Smith
Athens, Georgia

Adelaide B. Shaw
Scarsdale, New York

Sue Stanford
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Lynne Steel
Hillsboro Beach, Florida

Carmen Sterba
Meadeville, Pennsylvania

John Stevenson
Nassau, New York

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Maria Tadd
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Rick Tarquinio
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Dietmar Tauchner
Puchberg, Austria

Tom Tico
San Francisco, California

Marilyn Appl Walker
Madison, Georgia

Linda Jeannette Ward
Coinjock, North Carolina

Paul Watsky
San Francisco, California

Paul Wigelius
Stockholm, Sweden

Billie Wilson
Juneau, Alaska

Robert D. Wilson
Los Banos, Laguna, Philippines

Dee Wood
Mattoon, Illinois

Ruth Yarrow
Seattle, Washington

Peter Yovu
Middlesex, Vermont

Cindy Zackowitz
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 7, ISSUE 3 – SEPTEMBER, 2005

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

unemployed
the uneven edge
of a quahog shell

paul m.

*

first violet —
my grandmother
every time

Scott Metz

*

wildflowers
each of them
a different me

Victor Ortiz

HERON'S NEST AWARD

unemployed
 the uneven edge
 of a quahog shell

paul m.

An exceptional haiku can link poet and reader to layers of discovery that expand and deepen as the poem is allowed to do its work. This issue's award winner is an excellent case in point. It engages my emotions, senses, and intellect, and after repeated readings I am still finding new levels to appreciate. I enjoy imagining how it came to be written and exploring its contours and growth rings.

Unemployed. One word and it is easy to empathize with the speaker. Whether joblessness is chosen or imposed, it is almost surely an unusual and unsettling state that raises a variety of concerns and calls for thoughtful exploration of potential courses of action. The language of the second line affirms an unbalanced edginess, even as it leads to the striking final image that makes me see what is happening and opens the way to a wealth of associations and insights.

I love to walk along the Atlantic shoreline and am especially drawn there when I have major adjustments to work through or important decisions to make. Almost always I pick up a shell to take along. No need for worry beads when a readily available natural object can provide so much tactile satisfaction. That is how I visualize the unemployed poet, then – walking on the sand and absently running his fingers around the edge of a clam shell. Perhaps he pauses to look out over the water and then focuses on the thing he has been experiencing on a purely sensory level. A quahog shell. Surely he smiles. Maybe he even laughs at himself as he recognizes the haikai twist in his situation. The tangible messages he has been receiving come from the source of purple wampum,

prized from ancient times by Native American Indians and recognized as legal tender by early European settlers of New England. The whole idea of “needing a few clams” infuses a serious poem with welcome humor.

A little research strengthens the connection between the two parts of the haiku. The quahog’s scientific name is *Mercenaria mercenaria* from the Latin for “wages,” but neither the contemporary poet nor the early natives of the New England coast could lazily gather shells for a living. Wampum beads are painstakingly shaped into tiny cylinders, drilled lengthwise through the center, and fashioned into belts and other adornments. Before wampum became more or less like money, it signified prestige and commemorated important events, treaties, and mystical revelations. Almost certainly the unemployed poet longs for work that is deeply meaningful as well as a practical means of support.

The sounds are hard, especially those of the most significant word: “KO hog,” “KWA hawg,” or “KWO hawg,” depending upon which regional variant one chooses. The irregular rhythm and circular structure match the physical and emotional information. Meticulous craftsmanship is part of what attracted my immediate attention and continues to earn my admiration for this significant and highly compressed poem.

— Peggy Willis Lyles
September 2005

POEMS

a sand ripple
just fits my arch —
sunrise

Ruth Yarrow

*

hiking trail
a path of sky through
the bug-eaten leaf

Maria Steyn

*

trail's end —
the taste of wild onion
still sharp on my tongue

Billie Wilson

*

the golden smoothness
in a stem of wheat
I take home the field

Linda Jeannette Ward

*

quiet hillside
children climb one another
into the trees

Andrew Riutta

*

prairie stream —
what I know about mountains
in these small stones

Chad Lee Robinson

*

under us —
water that roared
in the waterfall

Gary Hotham

*

cicada song
the sleeping bag's
long zipper

Agnes Eva Savich

*

evening light
a loaf of bread
on the cutting board

John Stevenson

*

trellis of roses —
her being-photographed face
opens

D. Claire Gallagher

*

cicada shell —
the boy demands to
change his name

Jason Sanford Brown

*

nude beach
a man and a woman
collecting feathers

Ed Markowski

*

turning heads
the blackbird's
one white feather

Tony Beyer

*

autumn sunset —
grandma's fingers stained
with beet juice

Irene Golas

*

a shooting star —
the short grass
tickles my neck

Peter Yovu

*

on every step
dead cicadas —
a day's list of things to do

Gary Hotham

*

park path
just my thoughts leave
the straight and narrow

Michele Root-Bernstein

*

cut grass
i sweep away
summer's end

Roberta Beary

*

full moon . . .
everything in its place
in the kitchen

K. Ramesh

*

honky-tonk bar
a tomcat steps out
into the night

William Cullen, Jr.

*

three kicks
starting it —
autumn morning

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

*

broken clouds
for a moment he remembers
the way home

Mitzi Trout

*

family squabble
Daddy exhales
on his glasses

Helen Russell

*

Indian summer . . .
the deadhead pruner
returns to her easel

Helen Buckingham

*

midday moon —
a deaf child caresses
the grand piano

Marili Deandrea

*

morning fog lifts . . .
lapwings guard a fledgling
amongst grey stones

Angelee Deodhar

*

whistling kettle —
summer postcards
still unanswered

John Kinory

*

a blurred view
of the bulldozer —
yellow leaves

Marilyn Appl Walker

*

sketching . . .
a birch leaf blows
into my daughter's hair

Maria Steyn

*

handblown glass —
cirrus clouds curve
around the moon

Hortensia Anderson

*

acres of gold
fallen leaves hide
our childhood path

Emily Romano

*

family reunion
a tablecloth
pops in the wind

Tony A. Thompson

*

drifting leaves
the postman
stops to talk

Grant D. Savage

*

unemployed
withered leaves stop
beside me

israel lopez balan

*

soles tender
against the gravel —
starry night

Colo Buchanan

*

persimmons
the last kid drops
from the monkey bars

Sue Stanford

*

the wind that once
 lifted your hair
here again today

Marian Olson

*

No letter today . . .
Fog takes away the bend
in the road

Carol Purington

*

evening sun —
the light and dark side
of each tree

H. F. Noyes

*

moonlit clouds
over the native graveyard —
our feet deep into moss

Ruth Yarrow

*

deep ridges
in my fingernails
autumn rain

Cherie Hunter Day

*

Christmas Eve —
bits of a price sticker
stuck to my finger

Michael Dylan Welch

*

trespassing —
a swirl of leaves
around my ankles

Carolyne Rohrig

*

starry night
the queue for skates
moves slowly

Marcus Larsson

*

midnight sun —
we leave our sauna quarrel
in the icy lake

Nancy Stewart Smith

*

cold rain
licks the café tables
her lips at his ear

Dave Russo

*

a girl wandering
in the year-end crowd
her white cane

Hiroshi Tokui

*

dogwood winter
the waterfall plummets
into a ring of ice

Elizabeth Howard

*

onto my face
snow that started falling
before the stars appeared

Peter Yovu

*

deep winter
where have I lost
the third hubcap

Joann Klontz

*

snow-covered bridge
following in
my son's footsteps

Rick Tarquinio

*

dead calf
a mother licks
the wind

Alice Frampton

*

two-quilt night —
creak of the firebox
as we settle

Sandra Simpson

*

slow rain
a night
of seed dreams

Ann K. Schwader

*

In one year
work life ends — drizzle
with the rainbow

George Swede

*

drifting snow
lambs inside the barn
inside the ewes

Harriot West

*

snowed in —
doing the jigsaw puzzle
upside down

Allen McGill

*

midnight breeze
through magnolia branches —
a sigh escaping

D. Claire Gallagher

*

winter's end
the dreamcatcher's web
coated with dust

Connie Donleycott

*

funeral day —
still I hesitate
to open Mom's purse

Allen McGill

*

afternoon sun
the wake of a mallard
flickers on the birch

Yu Chang

*

spring thaw —
under the hemlock
a handful of feathers

Edith Bartholomeusz

*

first warm day —
torn caution tape
at the trailhead

Cindy Zackowitz

*

another spring
the nameless shoot
still nameless

Yu Chang

*

spring rain —
speaking of the dead
in a softer voice

Chad Lee Robinson

*

dinner alone . . .
the neighbour's cat comes 'round
to do the dishes

Vladislav Vassiliev

*

amid plum blossoms
my son and I
speak of recovery

Tom Tico

*

spring thaw
a new spider
in the mailbox

Bruce Ross

*

Arlington
the tulips
wide open

Carolyn Hall

*

spring chill
I search for the phone number
of a missing friend

Jerry Ball

*

sudden hope
as I leave the house —
magnolia

Dietmar Tauchner

*

Easter egg hunt
the smell of onion grass
on my son's breath

Katherine Cudney

*

daffodil shoots —
all these years
as an accountant

paul m.

*

aged hands
a caterpillar
on her life line

Kirsty Karkow

*

dusk in the city
the parking attendant sings
with Pavarotti

Katherine Cudney

*

torn ceiling blocks —
near the finches' nests
flutter and chatter

Francine Porad

*

new warmth —
the ruffled feathers
of the raven's throat

Cindy Zackowitz

*

spring planting —
a redbird offers a seed
to his mate

Curtis Dunlap

*

first warm evening
Grandpa mimics
a swan

Robert Bauer

*

dandelion seed
drifting through the lawn party
her perfume

William Cullen, Jr.

*

the feel of blossoms
on the back of my hand
spring dusk

Burnell Lippy

*

Daffodil Hill
a peacock's cry as we
dust our clothes

Lane Parker

*

Mother's Day sale —
pulling the red wagon
filled with plants

Connie Donleycott

*

last day of term
emptying the backpack
of old lunches

Graham Nunn

*

rain-streaked windows
how to paint
the finch's song

Carolyn Hall

*

spring night —
her moonlit zipper curves
from throat to waist

Harold Bowes

*

morning half-moon
a mockingbird echoes
the rooster

Margarita Engle

*

after the teenagers leave
the dishwasher
and sparrow song

Richard R. Powell

*

the lightest rain
a young squirrel springs out
from under its tail

Sabine Miller

*

in seat 12A
she holds a vase of lilacs
on her lap

William Palmer

*

her journey north
she tells me of swallows
building mud nests

Jerry Ball

*

March wind —
all the ducks at one end
of the pond

Adelaide B. Shaw

*

spring dusk
his phone call to tell me
he won't get well

Yvonne Cabalona

*

The year's first turtle
slowing . . .
still slowing

vincent tripi

*

turtle's back
covered with pollen
this new pen

Lenard D. Moore

*

thoughts of her still —
a wasp nest dangles
from an old maple

Stephen Engleman

*

desert wash . . .
from nowhere a frog
and the first faint stars

Timothy Hawkes

*

apple blossoms
my breathing
has been shallow

John Stevenson

*

Inspecting rose leaves
for aphids in the way
I now read

George Swede

*

wading egret
I try to walk
a little slower

Beverley George

*

twilight storm
the stones from low tide
still on my desk

Bruce Roxburgh

*

rain-wet sidewalk —
each maple key leaves
its own signature

Penny Harter

*

year of the rooster
the wind chimes swivel
soundlessly

Barry George

*

deep in the woods
the mourning doves
deeper

David Gershator

*

mosquitoes
the slap of a beaver tail
at twilight

Alice Frampton

*

everywhere this morning
maple keys soaking in
the gentle rain

William J. Higginson

*

Just a little peek
the underside
of passion flower

vincent tripi

*

Friday afternoon
a farmer mows hay
in zigzag patterns

Shane Robitaille

*

filament slides
off my father's reel
the faint current

Clyde Glandon

*

the humid night —
ancient wood carvings
shift their gaze

George Dorsty

*

flute song
across baked terraces
the clear air stippled

Janet Brof

*

heatwave —
nuns take turns
at the drinking fountain

Jörgen Johansson

*

peach seeds
an inch thick
the heat

Burnell Lippy

*

summer dusk
flecks of grass
in the dog dish

Charlie Close

*

summer evening
the man on the bridge
waves back to us

Marcus Larsson

*

Machu Picchu —
face to face
with a llama

David H. Rosen

*

Goodwill Store —
trying on the swimsuit
that I gave away

Nara Bauer

*

the very back
of the cat's mouth
Sunday afternoon

Charlie Close

*

a slow stroll
through the general store
lingering day

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

*

green water
I silently join
the dolphins

Lynne Steel

*

sunset
a child's arrangement
of shells

Frances Angela

*

full moon —
playing “statues”
among the fireflies

Beverly Tift

*

Country traffic
the pickup's music
follows its dust

Carol Purington

*

summer pajamas
my grownup ways to dawdle
past bedtime

Christopher Patchel

INDEX OF POETS

Hortensia Anderson
New York, New York

Frances Angela
London, England

israel lopez balan
Ciudad de México, México

Jerry Ball
Seal Beach, California

Edith Bartholomeusz
Fairport, New York

Nara Bauer
Big Wheeling Creek, West Virginia

Robert Bauer
Big Wheeling Creek, West Virginia

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

Tony Beyer
Taranaki, New Zealand

Harold Bowes
Pendleton, Oregon

Janet Brof
New York, New York

Jason Sanford Brown
Tucson, Arizona

Colo Buchanan
Lisburn, Antrim, North Ireland

Helen Buckingham
Bristol, Avon, England

Yvonne Cabalona
Modesto, California

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

Charlie Close
Goodrich, Michigan

Katherine Cudney
Liberty, Tennessee

William Cullen, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Cherie Hunter Day
San Diego, California

Marili Deandrea
Torino, Italy

Angelee Deodhar
Chandigarh, India

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

George Dorsty
Yorktown, Virginia

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

Hank Dunlap
Prescott, Arizona

Margarita Engle
Clovis, California

Stephen Engleman
Ithaca, New York

Alice Frampton
Creston, British Columbia, Canada

D. Claire Gallagher
Sunnyvale, California

Beverley George
Pearl Beach, New South Wales, Australia

Barry George
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

David Gershator
St. Thomas, US Virgin Islands

Clyde Glandon
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Irene Golas
Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

Penny Harter

Summit, New Jersey

Timothy Hawkes
Silver Spring, Maryland

William J. Higginson
Summit, New Jersey

Gary Hotham
Zwingenberg, Germany

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

Jörgen Johansson
Lidköping, Sweden

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

John Kinory
Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, England

Joann Klontz
Swedesboro, New Jersey

Marcus Larsson
Vaxjö, Sweden

Burnell Lippy
Mt. Tremper, New York

paul m.
Bristol, Rhode Island

Ed Markowski
Auburn Hills, Michigan

Allen McGill
Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico

Scott Metz
Tsuyama, Japan

Sabine Miller
Lagunitas, California

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

H. F. Noyes
Politia, Attikis, Greece

Graham Nunn
Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Marian Olson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

William Palmer
Alma, Michigan

Lane Parker
San Francisco, California

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.
Chia-yi, Taiwan

Francine Porad
Bellevue, Washington

Richard R. Powell
Nanaimo, British Columbia, Canada

Carol Purington
Colrain, Massachusetts

K. Ramesh
Adyar, Chennai, India

Andrew Riutta
Traverse City, Michigan

Chad Lee Robinson
Pierre, South Dakota

Shane Robitaille
South Hadley, Massachusetts

Carolyn Rohrig
Fremont, California

Emily Romano
Boonton, New Jersey

Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

David H. Rosen
College Station, Texas

Bruce Ross
Orono, Maine

Bruce Roxburgh

Tea Gardens, New South Wales, Australia

Helen Russell
Issaquah, Washington

Dave Russo
Cary, North Carolina

Grant D. Savage
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Agnes Eva Savich
Austin, Texas

Ann K. Schwader
Westminster, Colorado

Adelaide B. Shaw
Scarsdale, New York

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

Nancy Stewart Smith
Athens, Georgia

Sue Stanford
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Lynne Steel
Hillsboro Beach, Florida

John Stevenson
Nassau, New York

Maria Steyn
Johannesburg, South Africa

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Rick Tarquinio
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Dietmar Tauchner
Puchberg, Austria

Tony A. Thompson
Lufkin, Texas

Tom Tico
San Francisco, California

Beverly Tift
Hamden, Connecticut

Hiroshi Tokui
Takasaki City, Japan

vincent tripi
Greenfield, Massachusetts

Mitzi Trout
Roswell, Georgia

Vladislav Vassiliev
London, England

Marilyn Appl Walker
Madison, Georgia

Linda Jeannette Ward
Coinjock, North Carolina

Michael Dylan Welch
Sammamish, Washington

Harriot West
Eugene, Oregon

Billie Wilson
Juneau, Alaska

Ruth Yarrow
Seattle, Washington

Peter Yovu
Middlesex, Vermont

Cindy Zackowitz
Anchorage, Alaska

VOLUME 7, ISSUE 4 – DECEMBER, 2005

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

FEATURED POEMS

country graveyard
a hummingbird
she would've loved

Darrell Lindsey

*

cycling with my son —
this is the autumn
I fall behind

Curtis Dunlap

*

sparrows sift through
the shopping carts
autumn dusk

John Stevenson

HERON'S NEST AWARD

country graveyard
a hummingbird
she would've loved

Darrell Lindsey

A teacher and haiku leader in Japan today, Yoko Sugawa, suggests that in order to say ten things a writer of haiku might write only two. This brings to mind what Matsuo Basho reportedly said to a disciple: "Is there any good in saying everything?" If you'll pardon my imperfect analogy, some haiku may be likened to icebergs. In the here and now of Darrell Lindsey's haiku (seen above the surface), are the graveyard and a hummingbird.

As they dart about, hummingbirds can fly forwards or backwards and are able to stop in place. Flower shapes and colors attract them. Common throughout the Western Hemisphere, most are tiny, beautiful birds with shimmery iridescent colors. A country graveyard? Certainly trees and shrubs are there among the gravestones and markers. Probably not present are closely spaced monuments, statuary, and mausoleums of a city cemetery. From its "country" setting, I feel a sense of quiet in Lindsey's poem. Unmentioned by the poet are the flowers that I find at this grave. They might be planted there in a pot, the poet may have brought a fresh-cut bouquet, or there may even be permanent, plastic blooms. In any case, a reader may see the hummingbird come to the flowers to investigate at the very least, and to hover and drink nectar if it is present.

The opening line has a chopiness that complements the darting nature of the bird's search. The contraction "would've" and the long sound at the end enhance the third line's smooth flow. The last line's content reveals the mind of the writer, his thinking. It

is subtly done. Lindsey uses a conditional past tense to wistfully show the situation: this is a grave of someone special to him. He ends the line, and the haiku, with “loved.”

A reader may fill in the blank as to just what the relationship of the deceased was to the poet. My first inclination is that the “she” refers to a wife. It certainly could be a mother, a sister, a grandmother, or even a lover.

We feel the reverence of the moment as poet and a hummingbird meet at this particular grave. Darrell Lindsey remembers his loved one, the bird enlarges that memory, and we readers may also be stimulated to our own special remembrances.

— Paul MacNeil
December 2005

POEMS

cutting out pictures
from old calendars . . .
autumn drizzle

Stephen Toft

*

Christmas at the mall . . .
the turkey steps forward
with a clipboard

Helen Buckingham

*

this year's candles
in last year's wax —
Chanukah eve

Ruth Holzer

*

ripe persimmons
glazed with frost —
my soft red shawl

Mitzi Trout

*

blue heron
standing at the edge
of the falls

Allan Burns

*

something to it
about taking your time
ripe peaches

Marian Olson

*

clouds building . . .
paper snowflakes
in the window

Bill Waters

*

December evening:
the smell of gingerbread
in mother's hug

Irene Golas

*

distant wren song . . .
the brown river
slowed to green

John Barlow

*

shadows of blue hills —
wild turkeys forage
among a clutch of old stones

Elizabeth Howard

*

redwood grove
their arguing
hushed

Robert Epstein

*

storm clouds
water darkens
around the tea bag

Kevin James

*

peak hour traffic
beneath the harbour bridge
a humpback slaps its tail

Vanessa Proctor

*

her latest worry . . .
a raven lands
on the one bare limb

Scott Mason

*

new boy in town
throwing snowballs
at his own snowman

David Gershator

*

moonless night —
I read your letter
by heart

Valeria Simonova

*

drifting leaves
the slow arc
of a wrecking ball

Beverly Tift

*

dappled sunlight —
waiting to hear
you're safely home

Hilary Tann

*

icy mortuary steps —
linen or muslin
for her shroud?

Carolyn Hall

*

third blizzard —
the untuned piano's
middle C

Roberta Beary

*

a squabble of jays —
he shovels my bootprints
off the sidewalk

Billie Wilson

*

smell of matches
we recall the movies
that made us scared

Marcus Larrison

*

frost moon
a dented nail head
catches the light

Tony Beyer

*

roadside shrine
a child blows out
all the prayers

Laura Orabone

*

morning prayers
a glass cathedral
echoes vowels

Ariel Lambert

*

fireplace glow
first signs of fraying
in the cane-back rocking chair

Carolyn Hall

*

dark of the moon
turning the penny heads up
for someone else

Michelle Root-Bernstein

*

funeral march —
watching their grief
from behind

Colo Buchanan

*

mountain churchyard . . .
even the rocks
painted white

Kay McLain

*

first warm day
the derelict's
yellow tie

H. Gene Murtha

*

the dog takes a sniff —
snow that didn't go
with the first warm day

Gary Hotham

*

a minute
more daylight than yesterday —
paperwhites

Cherie Hunter Day

*

Peering into
the deep well, two boys
talk about girls

George Swede

*

morning mist
the swallows return
to last year's nest

Patricia Prime

*

misty river —
the drone of the drawbridge
still in my ears

Lenard D. Moore

*

spring longing –
following animal tracks
as far as I can

Dietmar Tauchner

*

dragging her jacket
home from school
first spring peepers

Jack Barry

*

from the mouths
of old stone frogs
the sound of water

Tim Edwards

*

rain clouds
a river frog's head
pops back down

Bruce Ross

*

lilacs in bloom
a swallowtail crosses
the double yellow line

Jack Barry

*

spring downpour —
my little son teaches me
to fold paper boats

Natasha Levi

*

sheep back
from shearing —
spring breeze

Stephen Toft

*

mating antics
of a hummingbird
wind on the lake

paul m.

*

gala garden tour!
the overwhelming urge
to yank pokeberry

S. R. Spanyer

*

slow rain —
losing myself in
birdbath circles

Ann K. Schwader

*

sheets of rain
a calf huddles closer
to the cowherd

Angelee Deodhar

*

redwing blackbird calls —
the dog tugs for
another scent

Tom Clausen

*

the sun
at its zenith
goldfinch song

John Barlow

*

garden trellis
a green snake loops
into our small talk

Marilyn Appl Walker

*

quiet evening
the wind has touched
a lilac bush

Bronislawa Sibiga

*

blossom rain . . .
but you hope we can
still be friends

Christopher Patchel

*

hazy moon —
the dog's third day
on the cat's grave

Linda Jeannette Ward

*

early mist
feeling in my pocket
for the stone

frances angela

*

sweet peas
the round eye
of a hummingbird

Elizabeth F. Kusuda

*

darkening sky —
a woman's song rises
on the desert breeze

Edith Bartholomeusz

*

white camellia
the coolness
of new sheets

Sandra Simpson

*

first light
the space between
mother and lamb

Graham Nunn

*

spring rain
the soft click of marbles
on the kitchen floor

Chad Lee Robinson

*

morning shadows —
a colt's legs stroke
through long grass

Beverley George

*

the warmth of May —
a pregnant woman
smiles to herself

Adelaide B. Shaw

*

late supper
the smell of tomato plants
under my fingernails

Hilary Tann

*

fallen sycamore —
the chess players move
to another tree

Yu Chang

*

now and then
when my neighbour is away
blackberries

Kirsty Karkow

*

adirondack chair . . .
falling madrona blossoms
tick on the deck

Connie Donleycott

*

summer sunset —
briefly the magpie
rimmed with gold

Andrea Cecon

*

Fourth of July —
not a breath of wind
to stir the flag

Timothy Hawkes

*

a little escape
from the world and its affairs —
the scent of jasmine

Tom Tico

*

warm day
an inchworm stretches
beyond the leaf edge

Andrea Grillo

*

I tap the crystal
four waiters attentive to
the green-leafed wind

Francine Porad

*

loose hair
the wind brings me
an old song

Marili Deandrea

*

deserted porch —
crickets continue
our conversation

Paul Watsky

*

meditation over . . .
the crickets
still chirping

K. Ramesh

*

winding road —
under the influence
of a strawberry moon

David Giacalone

*

tough as we sound
our eyes
on the fireflies

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

*

a bowl
full of pear bruises
lingering heat

Burnell Lippy

*

evening breeze
something close to Mozart
in the chimes

Lane Parker

*

distant stars . . .
poplar fluff drifts
through the dark

Natasha Levi

*

dusky lake
fishermen's voices
sink into darkness

Eileen Evans

*

distant thunder
a shadow flickers
on the locked shed

Quendryth Young

*

heat wave —
a spider's thread
across the frying pan

Brent Partridge

*

her aged veins
the steady pulse
of crickets

James Chessing

*

Carousel . . .
the grasshopper riding
anywhere

vincent tripi

*

summer clouds
the river and I
inclined to the sea

Peter Yovu

*

sultry day —
one green berry
among the red

Cindy Zackowitz

*

lavender blooms
outside the sanctuary —
late summer rain

David Rosen

*

children's carousel —
the way seasons come around
faster than before

Janelle Barrera

*

midsummer day —
the wrong way
on a one-way street

D. Claire Gallagher

*

stepping stones
a child finds a way
across the stream

Frances Angela

*

thunder . . .
the mustang's tail
begins to sway

Ed Markowski

*

thunderstorm
roosters and crows
answer the sky

Margarita Engle

*

bird calls . . .
the grass blade buzzes
on my tongue

Beverly Tift

*

dust rising
down the old dirt road
summer twilight

Rick Tarquinio

*

heat wave —
a knife stuck
deep in the melon

Timothy Hawkes

*

September sunset —
crabs explore the skeleton
of a humpback whale

Collin Barber

*

lilt in her voice . . .
the moss-agate colors
in a sunlit wave

Connie Donleycott

*

Stifling heat
a palm frond suggests
there is a breeze

George Swede

*

late summer rose
the feeble twitches
of an orange beetle

Grant Savage

*

summer reunion
she ties a seaweed bracelet
on her sister's wrist

Victor Ortiz

*

minus tide . . .
a child sings
an ancient fishing song

Sabine Miller

*

end of summer
coming home
with the current and the tide

John Stevenson

*

summer's end
the weight of my body
out of the water

Christopher Patchel

*

high forest ridge
far from the sea —
a stone clam

Anna Tambour

*

art class —
I become
a rose of Sharon

Nara Bauer

*

playground —
every day the apple tree
bends further

John Kinory

*

Remembrance Day —
my insignificant wince
at the misdirected poppy pin

Michael Dylan Welch

*

long, low bridge
the perfect monotony
of the summer sea

James Chessing

*

Indian summer . . .
a bag of green peppers
turning red

Scott Metz

*

white jerseys
spread across the hockey field
Indian summer

Barry George

*

mushroom gathering
I trust her
with a secret

Clive Oseman

*

setting sun
my mother picks
the last tomato

Elizabeth Moura

*

evening cool:
the dog finds
his favorite bone

David Boyer

*

pull of the moon
I am not myself
tonight

Yu Chang

*

Indian summer —
so many empty flies
in the spider's web

Paul Wigelius

*

autumn sunrise
the scent of sage lingers
in the prayer lodge

Robert Bauer

*

clear autumn day
the stray cat washes its face
in a pool of sunlight

David Noble

*

flies on the floor
of the lifeguard cabin
autumn twilight

Marcus Larsson

*

sirens in the night
the widower fidgets
with his wedding ring

William Cullen, Jr.

*

jack-o-lantern
the old pugilist's
sudden grin

Kay Grimnes

*

maple leaves
a breeze blows through
the branch being cut

Rick Tarquinio

*

what else
do I need to know . . .
pine trees growing from stone

Kay F. Anderson

INDEX OF POETS

Kay F. Anderson
Redwood Shores, California

Frances Angela
London, England

Collin Barber
Marion, Arkansas

John Barlow
Liverpool, Merseyside, England

Janelle Barrera
Key West, Florida

Jack Barry
Chesterfield, Massachusetts

Edith Bartholomeusz
Fairport, New York

Nara Bauer
Big Wheeling Creek, West Virginia

Robert Bauer
Big Wheeling Creek, West Virginia

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

Tony Beyer
New Plymouth, New Zealand

David Boyer
Stamford, Connecticut

Colo Buchanan
Lisburn, Antrim, North Ireland

Helen Buckingham
Bristol, Avon, England

Allan Burns
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Andrea Cecon
Udine, Italy

Yu Chang
Schenectady, New York

James Chessing
San Ramon, California

Tom Clausen
Ithaca, New York

William Cullen, Jr.
Brooklyn, New York

Cherie Hunter Day
San Diego, California

Marili Deandrea
Torino, Italy

Angelee Deodhar
Chandigarh, India

Connie Donleycott
Bremerton, Washington

Curtis Dunlap
Mayodan, North Carolina

Tim Edwards
Jakarta, Java, Indonesia

Margarita Engle
Clovis, California

Robert Epstein
El Cerrito, California

Eileen Evans
Chilliwack, British Columbia, Canada

D. Claire Gallagher
Sunnyvale, California

Barry George
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Beverley George
Pearl Beach, New South Wales, Australia

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

David Giacalone
Schenectady, New York

Irene Golas
Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

Andrea Grillo
Randolph, New Jersey

Kay Grimnes

Alma, Michigan

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

Timothy Hawkes
Centerville, Utah

Ruth Holzer
Herndon, Virginia

Gary Hotham
Zwingenberg, Germany

Elizabeth Howard
Crossville, Tennessee

Kevin James
Woolwich Township, New Jersey

Kirsty Karkow
Waldoboro, Maine

John Kinory
Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, England

Elizabeth F. Kusuda
Issaquah, Washington

Ariel Lambert
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Marcus Larrson
Vaxjo, Sweden

Natasha Levi
Moscow, Russia

Darrell Lindsey
Nacogdoches, Texas

Burnell Lippy
Mt. Tremper, New York

paul m.
Bristol, Rhode Island

Ed Markowski
Auburn Hills, Michigan

Scott Mason
Chappaqua, New York

Kay McLain
Pacific Palisades, California

Scott Metz
Tsuyama, Japan

Sabine Miller
Lagunitas, California

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

Elizabeth Moura
Taunton, Massachusetts

H. Gene Murtha
Buena, New Jersey

David Noble
Tokyo, Japan

Graham Nunn
Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Marian Olson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Laura Orabone
Tucson, Arizona

Victor Ortiz
San Pedro, California

Clive Oseman
Swindon, Wiltshire, England

Lane Parker
San Francisco, California

Brent Partridge
Orinda, California

Christopher Patchel
Chicago, Illinois

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.
Taiwan

Francine Porad
Bellevue, Washington

Patricia Prime
Te Atatu South, Auckland, New Zealand

Vanessa Proctor
Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

K. Ramesh

Adyar, Chennai, India

Chad Lee Robinson
Pierre, South Dakota

Michelle Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

David Rosen
College Station, Texas

Bruce Ross
Orono, Maine

Grant Savage
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Ann K. Schwader
Westminster, Colorado

Adelaide B. Shaw
Scarsdale, New York

Bronislawa Sibiga
Tychy, Poland

Valeria Simonova
Moscow, Russia

Sandra Simpson
Tauranga, New Zealand

S. R. Spanyer
Louisville, Kentucky

John Stevenson
Nassau, New York

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Anna Tambour
Nowra, New South Wales, Australia

Hilary Tann
Shuylerville, New York

Rick Tarquinio
Woodruff, New Jersey

Dietmar Tauchner
Puchberg, Austria

Tom Tico
San Francisco, California

Beverly Tift
Hamden, Connecticut

Stephen Toft
Swansea, Wales

vincent tripi
Greenfield, Massachusetts

Mitzi Trout
Roswell, Georgia

Marilyn Appl Walker
Madison, Georgia

Linda Jeannette Ward
Coinjock, North Carolina

Bill Waters
Pennington, New Jersey

Paul Watsky
San Francisco, California

Michael Dylan Welch
Sammamish, Washington

Paul Wigelius
Stockholm, Sweden

Billie Wilson
Juneau, Alaska

Quendryth Young
Alstonville, New South Wales, Australia

Peter Yovu
Middlesex, Vermont

Cindy Zackowitz
Anchorage, Alaska

ELIZABETH SEARLE LAMB MEMORIAL PAGES

MEMORIALS

In Memory of Elizabeth Searle Lamb

January 22, 1917 — February 16, 2005

The editors of *The Heron's Nest* join the family, friends, and world-wide admirers of Elizabeth Searle Lamb in grateful celebration of her remarkable life. Her immeasurable contributions to the development of American haiku weave threads of kindness, compassion, intelligence, depth, experimentation, enthusiasm, and twinkling humor into its fabric and spirit. She leaves a body of poems so rich and timeless that when I am sad there will be no new ones in my mailbox, I imagine Elizabeth suggesting, “You could read some old ones again,” and then adding a little smiley face to her note. I believe she would be pleased that so many of us have re-read and shared her haiku since her death. Surely, she would welcome the words of comfort and fellow feeling that have passed among us and the thoughtful way her closest friends have assured us that her passing was gentle. Elizabeth’s message was always one of love and peace, and her wish for us remains clear and simple: “May haiku bring you joy.”

— Peggy Willis Lyles

*

THINKING OF ELIZABETH

From first meeting Elizabeth and Bruce years ago in Manhattan, through times shared with them in Santa Fe until Bruce’s death in 1992, and with Elizabeth since then, she has been one of my dearest friends. Her vibrant optimism and caring friendship, her indomitable spirit (always seeing things “in the light”), and her gentle humor

nourished my days. She was a superb haiku poet with a lively intellect and finely tuned creative voice, and we often shared both haiku and longer poems. How beautifully she opened her heart to so many of us. She was a source of spiritual strength!

We shared both fine and challenging times, many a good meal, well loved novels, lots of poems, and a running joke about how easily I fell asleep on her couch. We both loved to watch ice-skating, and even from New Jersey, I'd still call her to say, "Turn on ABC; Michele Kwan is skating." And then we'd watch together across the miles. Elizabeth was and continues to be such a strong presence in my life that, although I already miss her sorely, I feel she's still here, looking over my shoulder as I write this, and saying, in her usual fashion, "Oh my!"

broken harp string —
but how the wind sings
in the cottonwood

— Penny Harter

*

I have posted one of Elizabeth's haiku on a dictionary stand here in the lobby of Cornell University's A. R. Mann Library:

the broken harp string
curving
into sunlight

— Elizabeth Searle Lamb

and in looking at her many wonderful haiku in *Across the Windharp*, I am very moved at the indelible graciousness, specialness, and extraordinary life she lived. I'll never

forget all her encouraging feedback from the days she was editor at *Frogpond*. She always had kind words, and gentle yet clear guidance to offer, and she made me feel very accepted as a novice writer way back then. It is hard to imagine her not “here” but hopefully she is in peace, and love, and certainly we will all celebrate her magnificent life and her many gifts to us. To share the sorrow of her passing and the joy in knowing such a remarkable and beautiful being:

opening the door
to hear better . . .
owl hoots

— Tom Clausen

*

I regret not knowing Elizabeth personally, but I have always admired her work. My favorite poem of hers is:

by the night light
tiny spider’s tiny web
leaving it there

— Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Over these last years I have always thought of her that way, as that tiny spider—our night light if you will—at the edge of the community, at the edge of her beloved desert, her poetic web spun years ago. She helped make it possible for later poets like myself to find a receptive audience.

the tiny web remains —
to I don’t know where
this arroyo wind

— paul m.

*

I was very sorry to hear about dear Elizabeth's passing . . . a very gentle, kind soul, a true haiku spirit. I corresponded with her often and she was always very encouraging. She was a haiku mentor for me.

winter evening
the beggar's breath
joins smoke from the fire

— Angelee Deodhar

*

A letter and collective gift to Elizabeth sent by John Stevenson, March 31, 1998:

Dear Elizabeth,

The enclosed is returned to you, with love. I am told that this began as your Christmas greeting to Arizona Zipper. From there, it has passed through the hands of a series of haiku friends, wintering with Bruce Ross, Tom Clausen, Carol Conti-Entin, Fay Aoyagi, Ebba Story, and me. Now it is spring and we return your greeting, sevenfold.

(Elizabeth's poem to Zipper was)

early blizzard
the faintest cries of wild geese
in the dark, in the snow

— Elizabeth Searle Lamb

(And the following poems were added, in this order)

snowflakes
astrologer
stargazing

— Arizona Zipper

heavy ice storm
icicles hang from the two-tier
birdhouse

— Bruce Ross

under the streetlight
— looking up into
the slow snow

— Tom Clausen

winter beach
a piece of driftwood
charred at one end

— John Stevenson

purple coneflowers
enter me in capsule form
snowbound

— Carol Conti-Entin
winter rain —
an umbrella, not big enough
to catch my jealousy

— Fay Aoyagi

winter sunset
drifts of sea foam
whiten the shore

— Ebba Story

I always thought this was an example of how Elizabeth's generous spirit inspired something of the kind in others.

— John Stevenson

*

ON ELIZABETH'S GOING

Carolyn Lamb, Elizabeth's daughter, has lived for some time in a house just across a shared driveway from her mother. She was with her mother much of the time through the two recent short hospitalizations, and told us that when Elizabeth was last in the hospital, her regular M.D. stopped in to see her, and she told him she was ready to go. She said to him, "When I get there, I'll write you a letter and let you know how it is." Wry humor and light inextricably mixed in much of what Elizabeth said and wrote.

After that hospitalization, Elizabeth went home to hospice care, which she and Carolyn had agreed was the best for her situation. On Elizabeth's last afternoon, Carolyn was with her mother, and shared the fact that one of her poems that appeared in *The Heron's Nest* in 2004 was singled out for special mention in the annual Valentine's Day awards. The poem goes:

still wanting
to fly these feathers
of the dead owl

— Elizabeth Searle Lamb

A few tears ran down Elizabeth's cheek when Carolyn read the poem. Carolyn went on to read some of her mother's poems from *Across the Windharp* to her. And so it was when Elizabeth stopped breathing, with Carolyn and a caregiver on either side of her, and she at peace.

a spring flurry
crows large as ravens
move tree to tree

— William J. Higginson

A SELECTION OF POEMS BY ELIZABETH SEARLE LAMB

before tonight's frost
bringing in a cricket's song
with the geraniums

*

a new day
 how to translate
this talk of crows

*

field of wild iris —
the pinto pony
kicks up his heels

*

shimmering beneath the glaze
blue brush strokes
on the Chinese ginger jar

*

the meadowlark
holding down the fencepost
with song

*

too early awake
 but this mockingbird
 this moon

*

glissandos
rippling from the strings
wind from the sea

*

deep in this world
of Monet water lilies . . .
no sound

*

spring morning
the raven goes
where the wind went

*

pausing
halfway up the stair —
white chrysanthemums

“too early awake,” “field of wild iris —” “pausing,” “deep in this world,” “shimmering beneath the glaze,” “the meadowlark,” “glissandos,” and “before tonight’s frost” from *Across the Windharp: Collected and New Haiku* by Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Miriam Sagan, editor (Albuquerque, NM: La Alameda Press, 2000.)

“spring morning” Editors’ Choice Award in *The Heron’s Nest*, Vol. V: *5, 2003, and “a new day,” from *The Heron’s Nest*, Volume VI: *10, 2004.

MEMORIAL POEMS

pausing
halfway through a life
with chrysanthemums

Jim Kacian

*

Afternoon of a Faun
snow sparkles
in the arroyo

Raffael de Gruttola

*

The old wind chimes
in the basement for winter
tinkle from my sigh

George Swede

*

tree-filtered moon
the night wind
in a leafpile

Paul MacNeil

*

gone then?
cherry petals fall away
in the rain

Paul O. Williams

*

her gentle passing . . .
a robin flock settles
on the front porch

Ferris Gilli

*

this is how life is —
hearing the cricket at dawn
just as it ceases

Michael McClintock

*

if someone should ask
tell them she loved
ginger snaps and tea

Marian Olson

*

a ripple
reaches the pond's edge —
daffodils

Peggy Willis Lyles

*

warm hand held tightly
dream of a maple seedling
ready for planting

Francine Porad

*

her last breath . . .
the strings vibrating
on her dusty harp

Michael Dylan Welch

*

news of her death —
winter moon descending
beyond the trees

Paul David Mena

*

she is gone . . .
the soft call
of a mourning dove

Naomi Y. Brown

*

raining —
I discuss tomorrow
with falling petals

Fay Aoyagi

*

no night clouds —
just the numbing news
of her crossing over

Lenard D. Moore

*

quiet arroyo
the song borne somewhere else
by wind

Christopher Herold

*

moonless
the rain-muffled cries
of returning geese

Robert Gilliland

*

I pause
halfway up the stair . . .
because she has paused

George Dorsty

INDEX OF POETS

JERRY KILBRIDE MEMORIAL PAGES

MEMORIAL

In Fond Memory of Jerry Kilbride

February 25, 1930—November 3, 2005

In 1987 I attended the East-West Haiku conference, the first ever such meeting between Japanese and Western haiku poets. It was sponsored by Japan Airlines and held at the just finished Hotel Nikko in San Francisco. In addition to the several speakers from Japan and the United States, there was a haiku competition held to commemorate the occasion. Jerry Kilbride was the winner of the English language division. His winning poem:

fog . . .
just the tree and I
at the bus stop

has been anthologized several times and remains a classic among English language haiku poets. Jerry has won many awards for his haiku. He was also known for the eloquence of his prose. Haibun, in particular, was a love of his. Jerry's haibun count among the most powerful I've read. "Losing Private Sutherland," for instance, is a wrenching piece about the loss of a friend with whom Jerry served in Korea.

In 1989, Jerry helped cofound the Haiku Poets of California. He also served a term as the vice-president of the Haiku Society of America that year. In 1996, he helped found the American Haiku Archives at the California State Library in Sacramento.

Jerry Kilbride was an outgoing man. He had a knack for storytelling which made bartending for the San Francisco Olympic Club an ideal job for him. He had a way of bringing people together, connecting folks with similar interests, haiku poets, for instance. It was he who introduced me to the haiku community in 1990. Although I'd

been writing for quite some time, I had no idea there was a global community of haiku poets. Out of the blue, Jerry called and invited me to join him and John Thompson for a walk on a beach near Half Moon Bay. Through him, I learned of the Haiku Poets of Northern California, the Haiku Society of America, and much more. Jerry made a point of keeping in touch with his friends. Even after I moved to Washington in 1998, he continued to call me a couple of times each year. Our conversations would always end with a hearty “God love ya, Chris.” I miss Jerry. How fortunate that we can continue to connect with him each time we read the wonderful haikai legacy he has left for us.

— Christopher Herold

Here are a few of Jerry’s haiku:

windows filled with light
at the home for the blind,
christmas night

*

nursing a friend with AIDS
I close the window
against rain

*

last flutter
of the butterfly
in the mime’s hand

*

jumping rope
the little girl and her shadow
touch touch touch touch touch

*

end of a long day
the bartender's feet
take the floorboards home

All five poems previously published in the former publication of the Haiku Poets of Northern California, *Woodnotes*.

"windows filled with light": WN *11,
"jumping rope": WN *20,
"nursing a friend with AIDS": WN *21,
"end of a long day": WN *23,
"last flutter": WN *15

*

I only met Jerry once, when he and Elizabeth Lamb joined Ed and me for dinner one night in our casa. It was a splendid evening, and Jerry was brilliant as a guest and storyteller. I will never forget that night or him. Jerry fought long and hard all his life for the underdog and all things he cared for. A truly beautiful guy.

quasar
only a great star
that dies

Marian Olson

*

November sunset —
now you can chat with
all the stars

Fay Aoyagi

*

hotel window
a thistledown blows in
and out

Ernest J. Berry

*

late autumn
and all the songbirds have gone
— the lilt in his voice

Margaret Chula

*

where snowflake
becomes lake — safe beyond
all accident

Larry Kimmel

*

morning bells
through a crack in the shutter
one bright star

Carolyn Hall

*

sunset today
more wintry, more solemn
than usual

Paul O. Williams

*

catching the twinkle
in frog eyes among the reeds —
old pond jumped in

John Thompson

*

fog . . .
just the tree
at the bus stop

Michael Dylan Welch

*

I spoke to Jerry just about every day he was in hospice. My last conversation with him was a day before they gave him heavy drugs to sleep. The next morning I had an e-mail waiting for me saying Jerry had passed away. I was fortunate to tell Jerry that I loved him and did this numerous times per week, per phone call. The last time I spoke to him he sounded stronger than he had in a few weeks, and happy. He was ready and died very wealthy because he knew so many people were thinking about him. Can't ask for more. He was a true poet at all times, even in pain and facing death. It's hard for me since I was so used to talking with Jerry.

hospice garden —
he points out
the last calla lily

— Stanford Forrester

*

another leaf drifts
from the landmark oak
wren song

Ferris Gilli

*

turning tide
the river goes
from gray to blue

Peggy Willis Lyles

*

daybreak
birdsong glides
from oak to elm

Robert Gilliland

INDEX OF CONTRIBUTORS

Fay Aoyagi
San Francisco, California

Ernest J. Berry
Picton, New Zealand

Margaret Chula
Portland, Oregon

Stanford Forrester
Wethersfield, Connecticut

Ferris Gilli
Marietta, Georgia

Robert Gilliland
Austin, Texas

Carolyn Hall
San Francisco, California

Christopher Herold
Port Townsend, Washington

Larry Kimmel
Colrain, Massachusetts

Peggy Willis Lyles
Tucker, Georgia

Paul MacNeil
Ocala, Florida

Paul David Mena
Cochituate, Massachusetts

Marian Olson
Santa Fe, New Mexico

John Thompson
Someplace, Somewhere

Michael Dylan Welch
Sammamish, Washington

Paul O. Williams
Belmont, California

VALENTINE AWARDS, 2005

ISSUE CONTENTS

[Featured Poems](#)

[Heron's Nest Award](#)

[Poems](#)

[Index of Poets](#)

OVERVIEW

Before addressing the Valentine Awards, I want to thank you all for so generously supporting *The Heron's Nest*. You have responded enthusiastically to all of our efforts to provide you with the best possible journal of haiku. I can't tell you how many absolutely wonderful letters we've received. A lot! You've uplifted us, given us energy and confidence, and helped us to improve. You've subscribed to the printed edition of *The Heron's Nest*, made donations to help us defray costs, and purchased gift subscriptions. Above all, you have submitted many of your finest insightful haiku. Thank you! 2004 was a whirlwind year for *The Heron's Nest*. With our readership rapidly growing and the number of contributors steadily growing as well, we have been obliged to make changes. We are now a quarterly, on-line journal available also in an annual hard-copy edition. I'm happy to report that the transition has been going smoothly. We are delighted, no, amazed and profoundly grateful for your support during this time of transformation.

Now to the Valentine wards! A record number of people participated in the voting this time around. We are impressed that so many of you found time to revisit and select your favorite poems, especially during the busy month of December.

There are three prime purposes for the annual awards issue. First and foremost, we wish to honor poets who have gifted *Heron's Nest* readers with exceptionally powerful work. Second, it provides an opportunity for our readers to help shape the evolution of

haiku beyond their individual publishing efforts. Haiku voted to be favorites by peers serve as examples to help guide poets and editors alike. The third purpose has to do with the process of voting. Many of you commented that the careful reviewing of a given volume of *The Heron's Nest* (with an intention to select favorite haiku) inevitably results in valuable insights to the craft. Clarity is acquired concerning what is and what is not important. Also, there's a special pleasure in reviewing the past year's poems. Someone said that it's like revisiting old friends.

During 2004, we received in excess of 12,000 poems. We chose 593 of them to publish in 11 regular issues. They were written by 173 poets living in 23 countries. One in every four poets was new to *The Heron's Nest* this year.

A few months ago, we Nest editors decided to add a new twist to the annual awards. Beginning with this year's issue, the poet whose haiku is elected "Poem of The Year" will be invited to write about their award-winning haiku. Lenard D. Moore is the first poet we asked to do this. He is also the first poet in Nest history to sweep all three award categories. Lenard graciously accepted our invitation to pen something (if he wished) about his winning poem, written in the wake of an unthinkable family tragedy. Ferris Gilli expresses perfectly what we feel in response to what Lenard wrote: "This essay demonstrates the power of a man's faith, and his understanding and acceptance of the place in the universe each of us is allotted."

A number of you sent comments along with your votes. Some concern the process of voting, others are responses to poems chosen, and some of you commented on both. "Voters' Notes" was a well-received feature in the awards issue last year so we're presenting it again, this time in two parts. Comments about particular poems are part of the "Special Mentions" section and are included only if the poems commented on rank high among your favorites. Notes about the voting process is now called "Readers' Comments about Voting." When at the end of this year it comes time to vote for poems

from Volume VII, we'll encourage you to send comments with your votes so that we can expand these two valuable sections.

Nest editors work very closely as a team, striving to choose work that will further both haiku and haiku poets. We value the contributions of everyone who has appeared in *The Heron's Nest* and encourage those who are seeking acceptance to continue honing their craft. Those of you whose work is presented in this Valentine Awards issue have achieved something extra special. It is a pleasure to honor you..

— Christopher Herold
February 2005

READERS' CHOICE – POEM OF THE YEAR

hot afternoon
 the squeak of my hands
 on my daughter's coffin

THE WAY IT HAPPENED

by Lenard D. Moore

The afternoon sweltered with humidity two days before summer began and one day before Father's day. After our daughter Maiisha LaShawn Moore's funeral on June 19, 2004, we were driven in procession to Carolina Biblical Gardens. Once we emptied the long, dark blue family car, and others got out of their glinting cars and SUVs, we walked to the green tent and sat in the metal chairs. My wife Lynn, other family members, and I were handed white roses. I was the first person to lay a rose on my daughter's coffin, which was also white. I planted my hands on the coffin. Somehow they slid down, giving off a squeak. I had never heard such a sound. It was as if my hands screamed. I didn't know my hands were moist. All I knew was the sound – that awful squeak pierced a door into the house of memory. I kept thinking about that squeak, which resonated so clearly in the cemetery hush. I kept thinking about how I considered carrying my daughter's coffin from the hearse to the gravesite, even though family members insisted I let the pallbearers carry her. At that point, I had felt my daughter would have wanted me to be one of the six pallbearers. When the family car pulled off to take us in procession to my brother and sister-in-law's house for the repast, I turned toward the window on my right and saw the coffin lowering into the earth. I didn't want to leave the gravesite so soon. I was clinging to memories and to a haiku Maiisha wrote when she was only six or seven years old. I still remember that night in the late 1980s when we were riding on Barwell Road and Maiisha recited her haiku to me:

the dark rock-road
a car coming down it,
me and my daddy

— Maiisha L. Moore

I still remember a morning in the mid 1980s when we were leaving our apartment on North Hills Drive to take our daughter to camp and from there to go to work. I remember the haiku my wife Lynn wrote on that occasion:

morning fog
my daughter dropped off at camp
fumes of city bus

— Lynn G. Moore

To further illustrate the meaning of family for us, I might go back even further. I still remember witnessing my wife breast-feeding our daughter in private and in public:

a black woman
breast-feeding her infant —
the autumn moon

— Lenard D. Moore

How I remember all those Friday evenings and nights in the 1980s, 1990s, and the early 2000s when Lynn, Maiisha and I went out to dinner and then to the movie theater. How I remember the shopping trips to Charlotte and Potomac Mills; the vacations to Atlanta, Savannah, Myrtle Beach, Atlantic Beach, Bluefield, Jacksonville, Washington, DC, and the Bahamas.

The three poems above all appeared in Chapter Two, “It’s a Family Affair,” of the book *CATCH THE FIRE: A Cross-Generational Anthology of Contemporary African-American Poetry*. Perhaps, when one reads that Chapter Two title, he or she will hear Sly Stone singing those words the way he did more than three decades ago. Maybe one will also hear Sister Sledge singing “We Are Family” as they did so eloquently more than twenty-five years ago. I don’t think I could say anything more about our own family bond.

— Lenard D. Moore

January 20, 2005

NOTE: The poems “the dark rock-road,” “morning fog” and “a black woman” have previously appeared in *CATCH THE FIRE: A Cross-Generational Anthology of Contemporary African-American Poetry* (Riverhead Books—Penguin Putnam, 1998) edited by Derrick I.M. Gilbert (a.k.a. D-Knowledge). The poem “a black woman” also appeared in *TROUBLE THE WATER: 250 Years of African-American Poetry* (Mentor—Penguin Books, 1997) edited by Jerry W. Ward, Jr. Permission to reprint granted by Lenard D. Moore and Lynn G. Moore, co-executors of the estate of Maiisha L. Moore.

READERS' CHOICE – POET OF THE YEAR

Voting in last year's Valentine's Awards, scores of excruciating decisions left me the most difficult one of all: which of two poems was my favorite? One was

summer stars
the trumpet glinting
from its case

Lenard D. Moore

I was compelled by the keenness of anticipation, appreciation of melodies yet unheard, kinship of star and trumpet – the twinkling night sky and brassy arpeggios suggested by the crisp syllables sprinkled through the last two lines.

This year, an invitation to join The Heron's Nest let me trade such annual agony and joy for the every-three-months model, and affords me the privilege of honoring a poet whose haiku I have admired since I discovered English language haiku a decade ago. Whether his early work or his latest contribution to the Nest, Lenard D. Moore's poems are consistently among my very favorite.

They are to be read aloud, enjoying their musicality, and savored by all the senses. Not one who reads out loud well, I imagine a voice like that of James Earl Jones intoning each syllable.

Indian summer –
we ride around town
just to be riding

Here, a leisurely cruise is captured in the rich, slow vowels and internal rhyme at the end of line two. The "r"s growl like dual exhaust pipes. The passengers' exhilaration is

evident in the long, ascending “i”s in “ride” and its repetition at the end of the poem.
Another example:

a purple haze
across the hairgrass —
scent of her perfume

Its delicate, almost hypnotic assonance and sibilance evoke the subtle beauty of the scene. The rest at the end of line two allows the reader, having slowly exhaled the first two lines, to breathe in with the poet.

Moore’s diction is honed, but never contracted into awkwardness. Adverbs are non-existent, verbs often absent, and adjectives inextricable from their nouns. Each word reads true. Images are unembellished. Brevity and suggestion welcome the reader to discover complementary experiences and layers of significance.

a magnolia leaf
falls between us
tenor sax

A leaf, not a petal or a blossom, falls, and we experience the tree’s cool shade, or the fragrance of its moonlike flowers sharing the warm night air with the strains of the jazz reed that choreographs the leaf’s descent.

Like a blues artist, Moore works in a structurally simple form with great potential for improvisation and emotional expression. His sense of sound and rhythm is as good as any poet’s or musician’s, as in the poem I finally selected as last year’s favorite:

midday heat
snap of the shoeshiner’s rag
against the toe

Or one from this year:

cold evening —
the smell of chili beans
and cornbread

Switch the order to “cornbread / and chili beans” and you still have good eats but the poem falls flat.

Moore’s unobtrusive craft, economy, and restraint reflect more than stylistic choice; they come from the humility and empathy which allow him to consecrate things as they are:

Daylight Savings —
the glimmer of a penny
in the sand

and

midday heat
the sheen of fish scales
on the pier

His sense of humor is light and honest, as in the following poem:

summer vacation
the bumpy ride
back home

The alluring first line is followed by jolting “b” and “p” sounds and hard consonants in the second and third lines. The ascending “bum-py-ride” and the descending “back-home” trace the rise and fall of the car’s suspension, and the family’s spirits.

Moore’s harmonious juxtaposing of natural imagery and resonant kigo illustrates the alchemy by which haiku achieves much of its power and depth. Family is inseparable from season. The connection may be light-hearted, as in

morning pitch
of my grandmother’s voice
spring wind

or heartbreaking, as in the two poems that shared the Editors’ Choice Award for October. Both are triumphs of the poetic spirit. Both depict summer. One, merciless heat:

hot afternoon
the squeak of my hands
on my daughter’s coffin

The other, a soothing breeze:

eyes closed
while listening to her poem
the summer wind

When I first read “hot afternoon,” I was certain no other poem in Volume VI would approach its startling fusion of dissonance and beauty, frailty and strength, emotion and poetic sublimation. It is elegy in a league with John Coltrane’s poignant, “Alabama,” also an artistic response to a tragic loss of innocent, young life. But now I feel that “eyes closed” is every bit as good. Its first line invites us into silence, sharpens

our senses, and links poet and listener. The longest word in the poem, “listening,” is given special emphasis. Its syllables tinkle like wind bells, like the words of Maiisha Moore’s poem, as behind closed lids the first crystals of a new poem coalesce in Lenard Moore’s mind.

Poet and listener form a creative union that bridges the void. Poetry is a death-defying act.essay at 1.

— Robert Gilliland
February 2005

READERS' CHOICE – FAVORITE POEMS

1ST RUNNER-UP

weathered bridge
everything but the moon
drifting downstream

Rick Tarquinio

2ND RUNNER-UP

starlit sky –
I touch a turtle
before it enters the sea

K. Ramesh

3RD RUNNER-UP

low tide –
stones that have dried
among those that haven't

John Stevenson

READERS' CHOICE – POPULAR POETS

1ST RUNNER-UP – JOHN STEVENSON

Of the eleven poems by John Stevenson we published in Volume VI, nine received votes totaling 222 points.

2ND RUNNER-UP (TIE) – RICK TARQUINIO

Rick Tarquinio had four poems in Volume VI. Three of them received votes totaling 166 points.

2ND RUNNER-UP (TIE) – PETER YOVU

Six of the nine poems in *The Heron's Nest* that were by Peter Yovu received votes totaling 162 points.

3RD RUNNER-UP – YU CHANG

Yu Chang had six poems published in *The Nest* last year. Five of them received votes totaling 146 points.

EDITORS' CHOICES

POEM OF THE YEAR

hot afternoon
the squeak of my hands
on my daughter's coffin

Lenard D. Moore

FIRST RUNNER-UP

starlit sky —
I touch a turtle
before it enters the sea

K. Ramesh

SECOND RUNNER-UP

winter stars
who else sits up
with a sick child?

Joann Klontz

SPECIAL MENTIONS

Even though they didn't receive awards, a number of poems scored well above the average and some poets accumulated high overall point scores for their respective bodies of work. A few of these most popular poems received comments from the voters who favored them. All of the following poems resonated powerfully with readers and richly deserve to be part of this Valentine Awards issue. They are divided into two sections. The first section is comprised of poems that received comments, the second of poems without comments.

leaves on the river —
too old to call myself
orphan

Peter Yovu

For whatever reasons this resonates strongly for me, along with some of his other haiku, bringing Peter's name to the fore this year.

— Christopher Patchel

*

i turn the radio lower
 & lower
 the summer stars

vincent tripi

You are not alone — the space and brilliance above is also within. Beautiful.

— Rick Tarquinio

Less attention to the media sharpens the senses. But so does fine tuning the soul's receiver.

— Peter Yovu

*

cloudless sky
the baaing
of penned sheep

Carolyn Hall

Deceptively simple, it doesn't pull in a lot of extra images that might blur the contrast between the main ones — wide open, and caged. Great stuff.

— Rick Tarquinio

*

winter rain
the shape of shoulder blades
through her shawl

Burnell Lippy

The sharpness of a winter rain, the sharpness of the shoulder blades of a frail older woman, the edge of a year — all these things come together to enhance each other. What a haiku should do.

— paul m.

*

graveside

my father and I
find common ground

Tom Painting
Just the right scent of mystery to compliment this graveyard setting.

— Michael Evans

*

near dark —
the grand hotel drips
long after the rain

Gary Hotham

I'm not a city person and yet this poem almost makes me want to go there. I don't think I've ever seen a "grand hotel" in a haiku before and the impending darkness and rain dripping long after it has stopped is very captivating. It sounds beautiful too, every word leading to the next and finally disappearing into the image.

— Rick Tarquinio

Why do I feel the presence of thousands of dreams, longings and heartaches in those raindrops?

— Peter Yovu

*

my daughter skips off —
in a drying clam shell
a color I couldn't name

Peter Yovu

We never know when the question will come at us, or how, or in whose mouth. But we probably don't know the answer anyway, and anyway the question will skip away, to change shape and "meaning" in a mercurial moment. Meanwhile, we're left there with an old question, drying out even as we admit our failure. The daughter who skips away will probably never stop asking the question, and even when it seems like we know the answer, we won't. Oh for that moment when we too can skip away from all questions and answers.

— William J. Higginson

*

midsummer sun
facing the mountain
I'll never climb

Pamela Miller Ness

What makes this poem for me is the word "facing." Any other choice: standing beneath, looking at, watching, driving past – and it falls flat. Facing gives this poem courage, humbleness, and an acceptance of our mortality, frailty and predicament here on earth. There are so many mountains I'll never climb. This is terrific and I will carry it with me when I need to do some facing of my own.

— Rick Tarquinio

*

the heat
two boys take it
outside

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

An easy favorite, and perhaps the one time that I agree with the panel on the editor's choice. A strong poem that Paul Mena summed up well in his commentary. We all know what "it" means, and I love the idea of a poem being about something without saying it. Haiku should employ common language, or in this case a colloquialism. A rather risky poem, that borders on gimmick, but pays off!

— paul m

*

snowstorm over
my grandson puts a seed
in my hand

June Moreau

Last year's seed, the hope of next year's crop. No strain or stress here, no fireworks or bells ringing, just the direct action of a child: Here, Grandma, plant this one. Yes, the snow is out there, but spring will come. How simply our dealings in the world of vegetables and flowers mirror our own situation. May we all live in a world where such revelation is possible.

— William J. Higginson

*

winter dusk
the bare shoulders
of the prostitute

Yvonne Cabalona

This mix of coldness and humanity stayed with me.

— Christopher Patchel

*

miles of beach . . .
the sudden urge
to run

Connie Donleycott

I can not step onto a beach without feeling suddenly free — and always, I have this urge
to run.

— Michael Evans

Inwardly and outwardly this poem is huge. I have had miles of beach all to myself,
know well the “urge,” and have often given in. Sometimes I am running towards,
sometimes away from, but it matters not because beach and urge aren’t going
anywhere. I love this and I think I’ll think of it every time I walk the beach.

— Rick Tarquinio

*

just as I decide
what kind of bird it is —
its call

Cindy Zackowitz

Speaks well to our need to name and identify things.

— paul m

*

all its leaves fallen —
a tree we were
forbidden to climb

paul m.

*

whispers . . .
the hummingbird's tongue
ripples the nectar

Connie Donleycott

*

sunset moon
she pops seafoam bubbles
with her lips

Linda Jeannette Ward

*

just long enough
to leave an impression
dragonfly

Yu Chang

*

one maple leaf . . .
end over end on the sand
without a trace

William J. Higginson

*

the sheep too
were always here
standing stones

Ann K. Schwader

*

spring again
a taste of rust
in the harmonica

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

*

no wind today —
the cottonwoods
speak in chickadee

Billie Wilson

*

boyhood summer —
the hang time
of watermelon seeds

Timothy Hawkes

*

Flooded plain —
fence tops show which water
belongs to whom

George Swede

*

last of the sunlight
cows bounding
downhill

Carolyn Hall

*

almost spring
noseprints
on every window

Charlie Close

*

birdsong
my imaginary lover
alive again

Yu Chang

*

letter from Iraq
a birdsong spelled
phonetically

Katherine Cudney

*

After the burial —
my eyes on the shadows
of everything

George Swede

*

incoming tide
a hermit crab wanders
among empty shells

Kirsty Karkow

*

a salmon leaps
Grandpa starts to sing
with a brogue

William Cullen, Jr.

*

rings on a stump —
an inch
for my life

Francis Masat

*

still wanting
to fly these feathers
of the dead owl

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

*

dead hamster —
my son invents
a religion

George Dorsty

*

spring's green light
I can smile
without wanting anything

John Stevenson

*

day's end
the length of my fish
the length of my fathers fish

Chad Lee Robinson

*

sunlight
through a snail shell
and the snail

Katherine Cudney

*

dry heat
a hawk corkscrews
the sky

Tom Painting

READERS' COMMENTS ABOUT VOTING

I keep a list of favorite *Nest* haiku going all year. All I have to do is look it over, along with the December issue, in order to put my Valentine selections together. If I don't do it right away, I might let it go and not get around to it at all. What a treat to read them all again. Fun!

— Katherine Cudney

As in the prior two years, this was an instructive exercise for me. I started with a short-list of 67 haiku and fairly quickly winnowed those down to 19 finalists. Arriving at the last ten was more difficult and rank ordering them was the toughest task of all. But in the process I learned more about the qualities I respond to, and admire, in haiku.

— Scott Mason

My top ten list doesn't feel all that definitive, objectively or subjectively, but at any rate here are ten pieces that resonated for me over the course of 2004. Thanks for another year of exceptional haiku moments.

— Christopher Patchel

How great it was to see the editors in the last monthly edition of *Heron's Nest*. You must do that more often. Now, to the Valentine's voting. What a task! And how interesting to discover that I chose only two that had been editors' choices—maybe a cultural gap (references to the natural world that mean nothing to me here on the other side of the world) caused that or maybe I'm just contrary! I found myself mentally editing some as I went, including my own, I hasten to add. Going back through a year's worth of haiku by

some excellent writers is, however, not a chore. A bit like Santa, I've made a list and I've checked it twice (actually, more like five times, and with plenty of crossing out and moving round, and asking non-haiku members of the household what they think, and getting into some good discussions). I'm still not sure I've got it in the right order past the first three! Still, all judging of writing is subjective, especially when it's already been through a rigorous editorial selection process.

— Sandra Simpson

Once again, an impossible task! On another day I might have chosen others. But I have gone over and over them, and I like all 10 of these very much. It wasn't until I had made my final selections that I realized there were only eight poets represented (i.e., I chose two poems each from two of the poets).

— Carolyn Hall

Once again, much fun, but also difficulty this year in sorting them. I tried to rank them like any other haiku, on a 1 - 10 scale, but found I had too many that were 8s and 9s. A testament, as I always say, to the strength of the journal.

— paul m.

As usual, these were selected blind from a short list of about 50 of my top-scoring haiku throughout the year, which I re-scored. My overwhelming impression was that all 50 haiku were very close in quality, so my final ranking 1-10 is virtually meaningless. Any one of the 50 was virtually interchangeable with any other in terms of overall merit.

— Charles Trumbull

As usual, I found that I needn't worry about selecting quality work from *The Heron's Nest*, there being nothing else. But this year I felt a twinge of guilt about passing over so many really good poems, the products of so much skill and desire to communicate. As in the past, what I have selected is not so much "the best" as it is the poems that happen to connect most strongly to my own experiences and to my own preferences regarding how haiku can be a unique, and needed, alternative poetry for me.

— John Stevenson

My top ten for 2004 from *The Heron's Nest*. And a week before Christmas—shouldn't I still be decorating or shopping?

— Gary Hotham

I ran through all the issues from last year and noted 30 poems that resonated particularly well with me. It was very difficult to cut that number down to 10 and then put them in any meaningful order. There were simply too many strong poems to choose from. Though the Rick Tarquinio poem clearly struck me as the best of the lot, I can't help but feel that most of the rest of the selections and the order of preference I've put them in are somewhat arbitrary.

— Timothy Hawkes

I have been putting this off because I know how hard it is and am afraid of giving a worthy poem short shrift! And then I learn again that this voting leads to double and

triple enjoyment of many, many wonderful verses. Thank you, all. Can you believe I have actually been taking a copy into the bathtub with me?!

— Kirsty Karkow

This is my first year of voting and even though I want to comment on each of these choices, I feel myself as a toddler amongst so many beautiful poets.

— Robert Bauer

It was extremely tough this year . . . tough every year. There are so many wonderful poems! Very difficult to trim it to a top ten.

— Curtis Dunlap

These poems were among the 25 that I selected on a first, anonymous reading just for this purpose, intending to cast my votes for my ten favorite haiku appearing in last year's *The Heron's Nest*. Of the eleven 2004 issues of *The Heron's Nest*, I read eight in hard copy and three on the web. I typed the 25 haiku into a file, printed them out on paper for further review. When I went through trying to reduce the number to ten, I picked those that I knew would stay with me, possibly for years. I could only cut the list down to eleven, which I again printed out and read through several times with the names of the authors covered. According to the rules of the readers' selections, I was supposed to put ten of them in rank order. I figured that number eleven would drop out. But there was no way I could rank or grade them. Each of the following eleven haiku is simply *sui generis*. That is, each is uniquely itself, not comparable to any other, and therefore not possible to rank or grade relative to any other.

— William J. Higginson

What a wonderful excursion it has been going through some extremely fine work in the 2004 issues.

— Billie Wilson

As always, it has been a pleasure to review these. Also a neat way to keep up with the progress of new poets.

— Cindy Zackowitz

In the first list, there were many poems. My selection of ten from this list was based on the different moods and feelings the poems evoked in me. At this point in my life, I consider these moods and feelings very important. The order of preference is based on the state of my mind now. If I were to go through the poems again in the future, I may rearrange them. In other words, I like all the tens poems!

— K. Ramesh

A characteristic special to haiku, for me, is that I can reread them and find something new every time I immerse myself in one.

— Maria Steyn

Thank you and everyone involved for putting together another wonderful year of *The Heron's Nest*. There are individual monthly issues that I could easily (and did!) pick ten favorites from, so to cull only ten from the year is nearly impossible. For the sake of simply enjoying participation, I will give you a rather spontaneous ten from those I delighted in most.

— Tom Clausen

This never gets any easier, does it? Thanks again for the opportunity to choose nearly half of the haiku that touched me so this year.

— Jennie Townsend

Choosing what I considered the ten best haiku from *The Heron's Nest* '04 was, as others have said, very challenging, but also very rewarding and an education. I come out of this exercise knowing better what I value in haiku. My preference has always been for work with depth, by which I mean haiku which defy but also incorporate conscious understanding, haiku which one does not merely “get” and pass on from, but which invite entrance—(because they are entrancing)—a sense, bolstered by the senses, that they are alive, and will behave differently in different lights, to different eyes. For me, good haiku embody intelligence—of head, or heart, or music. The best embody all three. Looking over those I have chosen, I find a quality of movement within stillness which may be another way of saying they are imbued with mystery, of being known and unknowable at the same time. They have, many of them, an aura of having just been born, and of continual birth, which means, of course, that they face, as every moment does, death at every moment.

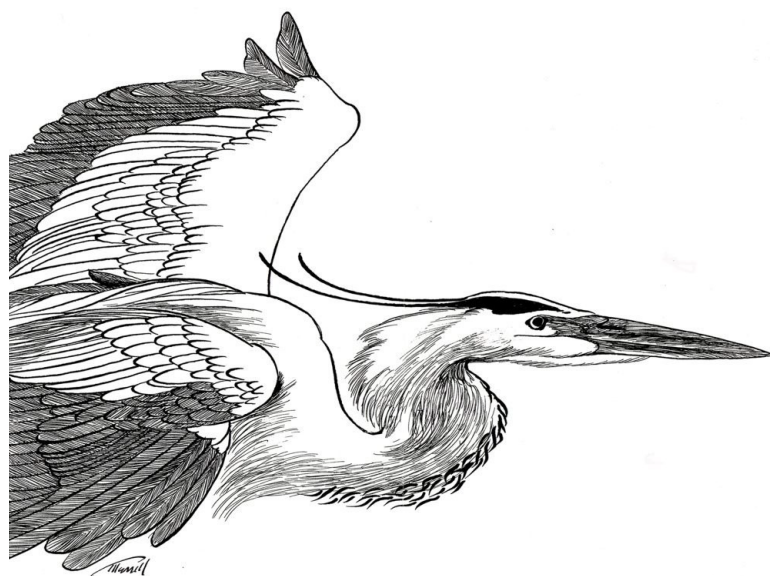
— Peter Yovu

THE FIRST ANNUAL HERON'S NEST ILLUSTRATION CONTEST

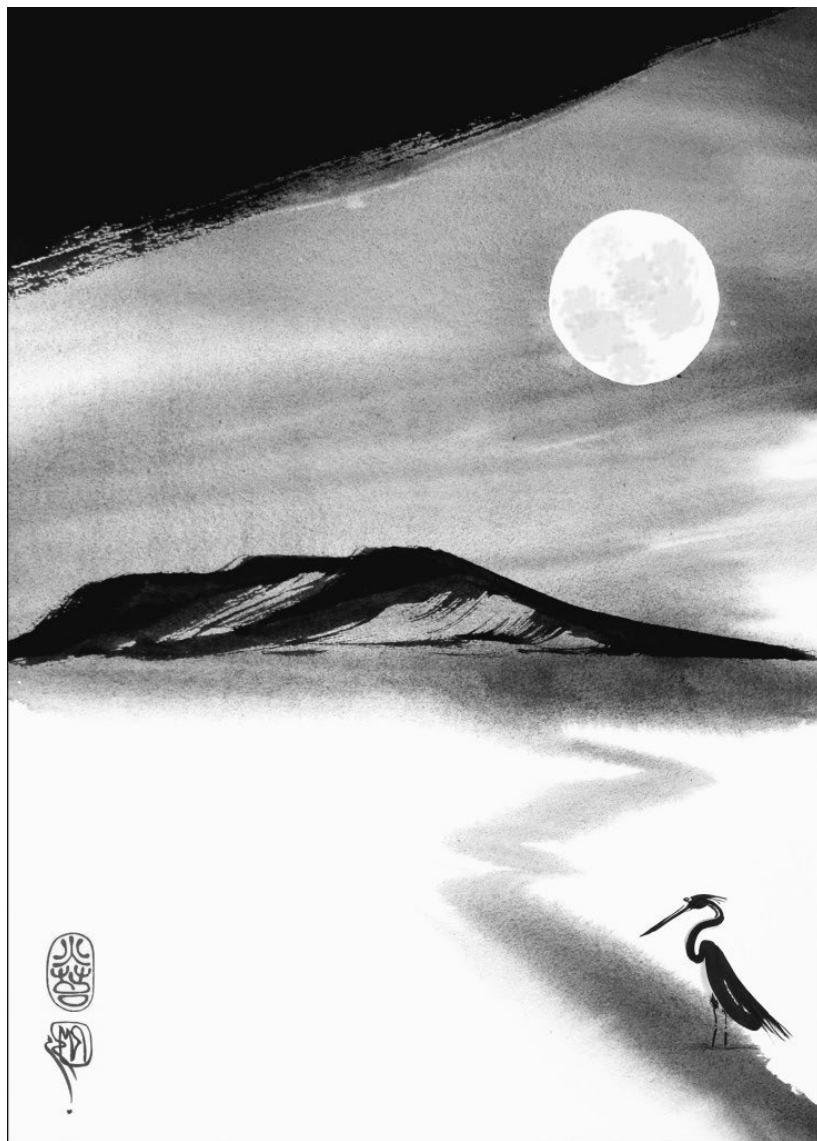
First and foremost, we thank the twenty-one artists from seven countries who submitted their work to us. It's obvious that much preparation went into those submissions and the overall quality far exceeded our expectations.

The panel of judges consisted of David Noble, an accomplished artist and professional book designer, and *The Heron's Nest* editors. After careful study of the submitted work, notes were compared and a vote taken. Fortunately, there was much agreement. In addition to the cover for Volume VII and the five issue dividers (spring, summer, fall, winter, and the awards section), it was decided to include additional illustrations to introduce sub-divisions of *The Nest*—an Overview, two sections of the Readers' Choice Awards (Special Mentions and Voter Comments), and three memorial sections. One illustration will be the frontispiece for all three memorials.

The winners and their artwork are below:



COVER: Merrill Ann Gonzales - Dayville, Connecticut, USA



OVERVIEW: Ron Moss - Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia



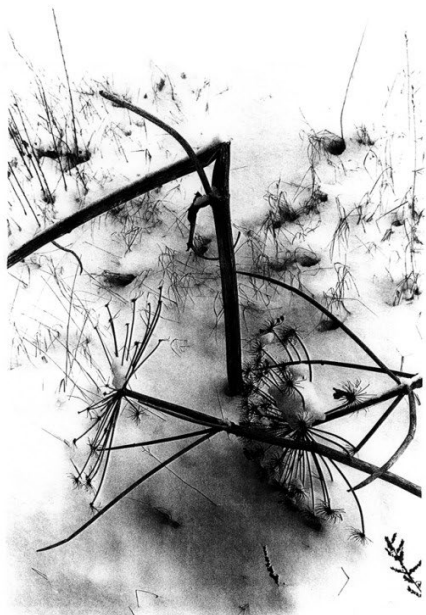
SPRING: Margaret Hehman-Smith - Hollydale, California - USA



SUMMER: Sandra Simpson - Tauranga, New Zealand



AUTUMN: Ron Moss - Leslie Vale, Tasmania, Australia



WINTER: John Kinory - Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, England

READERS' CHOICE AWARDS (illustrations):



Sectional Plate: Origa - Lansing, Michigan, USA



Special Mentions: Christopher Patchel - Chicago, Illinois, USA



Voter Comments: Christopher Patchel - Chicago, Illinois, USA

Compilation copyright *The Heron's Nest*, 2005.
Individual works are copyrighted to their authors.
<https://theheronsnest.com>



Memorial Plates: Christopher Patchel - Chicago, Illinois, USA

On behalf of David Noble and *The Heron's Nest* staff, many thanks and hearty congratulations to the artists whose work we chose for Volume VII.

Christopher Herold

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, managing editor
Carol O'Dell, administrator
Paul David Mena, webmaster & contributing editor
Ferris Gilli, associate editor
Robert Gilliland, associate editor
Peggy Willis Lyles, associate editor
Paul MacNeil, associate editor

TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 2005 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>.