

THE HERON'S NEST — VOLUME 9 (2007)



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VOLUME 8, ISSUE 1 – MARCH, 2006

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FEATURED POEMS

circle of lamplight –
I complete the baby quilt
begun for me

Carolyn Hall

*

between windows
the space the spider
lived and died

Tom Clausen

*

another soldier . . .
the sound of wind
through a hole in the fence

Timothy Hawkes

HERON'S NEST AWARD

circle of lamplight —
I complete the baby quilt
begun for me

Carolyn Hall

Haiku poets and critics, ancient and modern, agree that one of haiku's essential features is a sense of seasonality. When nature and her seasons are effectively linked to human experience great emotional depth is possible in a brief poetic expression. In some haiku, seasonality may be explicitly conveyed by a season word. In other instances, such as this issue's Editors' Choice Award winner by Carolyn Hall, it may be implicit, a feeling or sensibility that dwells everywhere in the poem without specific mention anywhere.

The visual image in the first line creates a frame-within-a-frame, focusing our attention and drawing us intimately into the poem's activity. The em-dash marking the end of line one functions like a kireji, the Japanese "cutting word," giving emotional emphasis to the image that precedes it, as well as providing its own frame that separates the poem's two juxtaposed images.

The circle and light and darkness are visual and spiritual images that resonate throughout the entire poem. In our species' infancy light was fire, which also provided warmth and safety from dangers real and imagined. In our personal infancies such a sense of security and comfort was most likely afforded by a treasured family quilt or tattered old blanket. The passage from darkness to light marks the end of an old day and the start of a new one. The circular glow of the light suggests our planet's path around its lamp, the sun, a journey responsible for the very seasons we celebrate in haiku. The circle is also a symbol of continuity, and the seasons that mark our

ascendence, decline, and eventual demise flow seamlessly one into the next, year after year.

The theme of continuity is picked up in line two; the quilt begun for the poet before she was born is now being completed by her. Quilting, often a communal activity, is here carried out in solitude. The family and friends who first worked on it have possibly passed on, but they are present in the quilt that bears their love and craftsmanship and in the love and skill with which the poet, whom they probably taught to quilt, completes their work. Might the quilter be completing this now for a new relative, and might other babies she will never personally know one day be comforted by it as well?

For me, the season that resonates throughout the poem's images and deepens its emotional significance is winter. Perhaps the most complex of haiku's seasons, it seems the very edge between light and dark. The cold brevity of its days makes us take stock of the rapidity with which our time here is passing. It is the season of completion, of the cycle of the year, and of our lives. Though it is the time of the longest, coldest nights, it can also be a time of austere, even lush beauty. In the midst of this cold and darkness, the gradual lengthening of days hints that powerful forces of renewal are at work, for the point at which a circle is completed is the point at which it begins again.

— Robert Gilliland
March 2007

POEMS

moonglow
the hoot of an owl
circles the house

Kevin James

*

snowed in —
grandma's faded notes
for tatting

Connie Donleycott

*

cold rainy night
salt drifts to the bottom
of the shot glass

Dustin Neal

*

nor'easter . . .
another puzzle piece
clicks into place

Beverly A. Tift

*

spring moon
all night long
the mockingbird's song

George Dorsty

*

all night snow
I listen to mouse feet . . .
crossing the attic

Kirsty Karkow

*

the root cellar's
bare bulb
deep winter

Burnell Lippy

*

her long hair
the slightest scent
of the sea

Dietmar Tauchner

*

the outstretched fingers
of a toddler
first winter rain

Dr. R. K. Singh

*

vernal equinox —
storks again
in the old nest

Vasile Moldovan

*

catching rain
on my tongue —
scent of plum blossoms

CarrieAnn Thunell

*

in like a lion . . .
the buds
of a pussywillow

Christopher Patchel

*

rush hour —
spring snow covers
the roadside memorial

Billie Wilson

*

first buds . . .
droplets too fine
for the wiper

Scott Mason

*

spring sunshine
we look round a house
we can't afford

John Barlow

*

spring equinox
the precise pitch
of a sparrow

Dru Philippou

*

suddenly spring
I read the ending
first

Katherine Cudney

*

no one
to forgive
spring again

John Stevenson

*

drifting cherry petals . . .
a window goes up
in the passing limousine

Michael Dylan Welch

*

Easter egg hunt:
he brings back
horseapples

Roger Jones

*

marking
the cat's grave
our dog

Tom Clausen

*

Continental Divide —
a bumblebee gathers pollen
from both slopes

D. Claire Gallagher

*

spring rain —
stepping in the spaces
between worms

Frank Critelli

*

the rusted hooks
in Dad's tackle box —
spring tide

Lorin Ford

*

first light —
trying to untangle
birdsong

Harriot West

*

children's zoo
the one black-faced sheep
gets all the pats

Beverley George

*

ripples
on a meadow pond —
oriole song

Ellen Compton

*

Appalachian spring —
a pair of catfish
weaving upstream

Robert Bauer

*

angler's guide —
all the fish
we didn't catch

Grant Savage

*

distant haze —
a cuttlebone lifted
from the tide

Ian Daw

*

spring dawn —
the beggar dumps a spider
from her cup

Bob Lucky

*

Sacré-Cœur
a ladder almost up to
a stained glass window

Bruce Ross

*

school dismissed
the cemetery shortcut
comes alive

LeRoy Gorman

*

summer solstice
a little sunfish
puts up a fight

William Cullen, Jr.

*

a butterfly
so long at my window
summer dusk

Carolyn Hall

*

lilacs in bloom . . .
the lecturer drones on
about “End-of-Life”

Jennifer Soule

*

Memorial Day —
a graveyard full
of Old Glories

Tom Tico

*

gentle days
the tethered dinghy
drifts round

Greg Piko

*

solstice shadows
the mockingbird’s breast
a study in blues

Jennie Townsend

*

summer solstice . . .
the sound of a door closing
at dusk

Marianna Monaco

*

first stars
a bat's wing brushes
my face

Lane Parker

*

hot morning
the glitter of traffic
on the harbour bridge

Patricia Prime

*

Crowded wharf café
old fishermen comparing
night crawlers

Joan Zimmerman

*

land's end
a seal returns
the dog's bark

Lorin Ford

*

banana leaf
our small talk
in the rain

Yu Chang

*

summer cottage
the nails
mother straightened

Hilary Tann

*

beach closed —
a slow walk on the pier
with seagulls

Adelaide B. Shaw

*

ferry dock
sunlight bounces
from wave to wave

Laryalee Fraser

*

stifling heat —
vultures teeter beneath
monsoon clouds

Edith Bartholomeusz

*

afternoon breeze
no one understands what
the parrot sings

Rosa Clement

*

waiting for the rains
both sides
of the pillow hot

Sandra Simpson

*

shimmering heat
a rattlesnake flashes
its new skin

Collin Barber

*

midday heat —
the glassblower's bubble
impossibly thin

Nancy Stewart Smith

*

sun shower —
children hopscotch
in pavement steam

Ron Moss

*

wilderness canyon
my shout and its echo
quickly lost in time

George Swede

*

rising sun
the flies and I
remain still

Andrea Cecon

*

circling
the Overland Stage marker
migrating hummers

Don Miller

*

blazing sun
I tell her
what I really think

Eve Luckring

*

the crammed beak
of a blackbird —
summer rain

John Barlow

*

climbing in shadow —
the canyon rim
brightly lit

Allan Burns

*

prairie —
nothing
higher

Gary Hotham

*

wild flax —
a minute of blue sky
on a cloudy day

DeVar Dahl

*

late summer —
eelgrass turns
with the tide

Hilary Tann

*

fly-fishing
a mosquito's buzz
in my ear

Paula Fisher

*

deep current . . .
his long pause
before the lie

Marie Summers

*

distant thunder . . .
stargazer lilies
caught in the brush fire

Erich Haught

*

blue sky
in the far distance . . .
still penniless

Colo Buchanan

*

pond at twilight
a least bittern scuttles
through the sedges

Elizabeth Howard

*

sound of water . . .
a fish rests
on my foot

K. Ramesh

*

evening sun
the shadow of a fence
on my face

N.C. Whitehead

*

twilight
the rough ends
of two-by-fours

Charlie Close

*

peach juice
from chin to sink
summer's end

Ann K. Schwader

*

his stubble
in my sink
morning rain

Laura Orabone

*

birch seeds tumble
from the laundry bin —
end of the day

Cindy Zackowitz

*

leaf smoke
the tart crunch
of an apple

Mary Lee McClure

*

a lovers' moon —
she tosses her bra
out of the hayloft

Curtis Dunlap

*

rolling thunder
the gentle vibration
of unused crystal

Rosa Clement

*

end of summer
a flat tire
on the wheelbarrow

Joann Klontz

*

in the notes
of the sax
autumn rain

Darrell Lindsey

*

fields plowed —
sunflower seeds
packed in cellophane

Kay F. Anderson

*

small talk
the pile of apple peels
growing

Cherie Hunter Day

*

evening stillness
a bonfire log slips
into its own ash

Collin Barber

*

dawn light
on a red-tailed hawk
Indian summer

Victor Ortiz

*

old snag —
a woodpecker starts
the day

Alice Frampton

*

time change
most of the fallen leaves
hidden by others

Burnell Lippy

*

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more painful now

Robbie Gamble

*

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*

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of a Hereford steer

Quendryth Young

*

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with a hardhat

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*

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touches my toes

Susan Constable

*

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partway down the trunk

paul m.

*

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wren

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*

autumn dusk
enough light
to count the leaves

Yu Chang

*

leaf-fall
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returns

Andrea Grillo

*

old schoolyard
dark ivy hides
the “fuck”s

Valeria Simonova-Cecon

*

autumn sunset
the lit bellies on a string
of geese

Yvonne Cabalona

*

orange sky
the cattle dog drinks
from my hands

Carla Sari

*

how to tell
of the myriad rich browns?
pin-oak leaves

William J. Higginson

*

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we view the leaves falling
in different ways

Keiko Izawa

*

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in perfect rows

Kay Grimnes

*

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if asked

paul m.

*

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autumn evening

Robert Hecht

*

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Pat Tompkins

*

winter solstice
I delete an e-mail
from Jesus

Carlos Colon

*

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I just sprayed silver
the matching spider

Brenda J. Gannam

*

autumn dusk —
red leaves coming down
with the rain

Amy Whitcomb

*

the rip
of a sheet of paper
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Lenard D. Moore

*

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sparkle with frost

Chad Lee Robinson

*

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turned warm —
the smell of haylofts

Michael McClintock

*

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the clatter of small change
on the coffee shop counter

Chad Lee Robinson

*

On the Road
as I turn, each yellowed page
breaks free

Sue Stanford

*

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Connie Donleycott

*

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Matthew Paul

*

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the pygmy owl's staccato —
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Ruth Yarrow

*

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*

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to warm his feet

Adelaide McLeod

*

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*

New Year's Eve
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Nara Bauer

*

New Year's Eve
one side of the mare
dusted with snow

Linda Jeannette Ward

*

Orion overhead
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is the first of the next

Angelee Deodhar

*

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Joann Klontz

*

walking
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Ruth Holzer

*

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*

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Aurora Antonovic

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FEATURED POEMS

late summer
no place in the corn
where you're not touched

Burnell Lippy

*

one egg
rattling in the pot
autumn rain

Sandra Simpson

*

stones in the rootmass
of a fallen tree —
winter stars

Peter Yovu

HERON'S NEST AWARD

late summer
 no place in the corn
 where you're not touched

Burnell Lippy

Endlessly evocative, Burnell Lippy's "late summer / no place in the corn / where you're not touched" should be read first and foremost as an intensely physical declaration of fact from someone who knows exactly what he is talking about. "Late summer" is not a separate image but an essential part of the statement, which would be untrue at a different time of year. Adding "In" at the beginning, "there is" after "summer," and a final period would transpose the elliptical expression into a standard prose sentence. In that form, too, the information is demonstrably accurate and richly compressed. The more forceful three-line form, however, emphasizes Lippy's poetic impulse and intent. It slows things down just enough for the reader to step in.

The period of incredibly rapid growth has passed, and the corn is as tall as it will ever be, seven maybe eight feet high, certainly well above a person's head. Banner-like leaves curve upward from the stalks then droop, taking up most of the room between rows. Earth, corn, and heat meld to produce heavy smells and ever-changing sounds unique to the season and the crop. Greens dominate, accented by browns and yellows and glimpses of sky. The plants move with their own weight and there is absolutely no place within the cornfield where a human being would not be brushed by leaves or leaning stalks — itchy, scratched, nicked — and utterly surrounded by the ancient, amazing crop. A person could get lost there, or feel he has been found and claimed.

The indefinite "you" can be tricky, but here I think it sets just the right tone, more inclusive than "I," much more natural and conversational than "one." The usage

catches a wrung-from-the-poet epiphany and establishes the universal quality of the insight. As a reader or listener becomes thoroughly involved, the sense of the second person pronoun may even shift from indefinite to specific, increasing the intimacy of shared experience.

Beyond paraphrase and beyond metaphor, the poem affects me emotionally as well as physically. Alive to the present moment, I am touched by the cycle of seasons and connections with people of many cultures and times. I know that corn has been cultivated for centuries, changed, developed, and spread around the world to become an economic giant and an essential source of food for humans and livestock. I am touched by feelings of responsibility as well as gratitude and abundance. Fertility, growth, change, ripeness all brush my consciousness.

Immersed in Burnell Lippy's splendid haiku, I respond to the tactile sensations of a cornfield in late summer and find myself insistently touched by the mystery of life.

— Peggy Willis Lyles
June 2007

POEMS

the rooster's
first five syllables . . .
all he's got

John Stevenson

*

lucky bamboo
a single leaf
tipped with sun

Yu Chang

*

spring walk
just me and my
ponytail

Marili Deandrea

*

Bright jacaranda
filling the hill town courtyard —
the grindstone's whir

Joan Zimmerman

*

sunset stroll . . .
the Labrador's nose streaked
with pollen

Maria Steyn

*

brush strokes —
morning light warms
the spring roses

Marian Olson

*

apple blossoms
with only me to witness
the path of the wind

Lenard D. Moore

*

tractor ruts
softened by rain
first buds

Lynne Rees

*

remnants of rain
between the flagstones —
morning prayer

Deborah P. Kolodji

*

the frog
slightly shifts his posture
summer evening

Bruce Kennedy

*

the drifting boat . . .
it must have nudged bluebells
somewhere upstream

Michael McClintock

*

rucksack
in tall grass
the scent of honeysuckle

Allan Burns

*

monsoon clouds . . .
a herd of water buffalo
wades into the pond

Srinjay Chakravarti

*

neighbor's quarrel
a climbing rose stretched
over the fence

Jasminka Nadaskic Diordievic

*

morning thunder
mom and the dog
both favor a hip

Jennie Townsend

*

stream
meandering
lovers

Jeff Stillman

*

spouting philosophy —
a giant salamander
has been watching us

Brent Partridge

*

water buffaloes . . .
shoreline shadows pleat
the monsoon lake

Kala Ramesh

*

a different pitch
from room to room
summer rain

Joyce Clement

*

storm damage
the sap still rising
in the stump of a maple

Cindy Tebo

*

summer drizzle —
dark shadow of an umbrella
takes its time

Sasa Vazic

*

pink honeysuckle —
trying to find the place
the creek used to run

Janelle Barrera

*

longer days
a nameless bug
on my bicycle

Yu Chang

*

clear summer sky
the breeze blowing rubbish
around children's feet

Lori Beresford

*

leaving the fair
high on my father's shoulders —
distant sunset

Susan Mary Wade

*

50th year
scent of honeysuckle
after the rain

Christopher Patchel

*

dry grass
a donkey colt
learning to wallow

Elizabeth Howard

*

hot day
the bicycle chain
keeps slipping off

Tony A. Thompson

*

street fair —
a mockingbird mimics
the ventriloquist

Nara Bauer

*

sunflower fields . . .
girls in the jeep sing,
“My Favourite Things”

K. Ramesh

*

childless . . .
I stand with the others
by the river

paul m.

*

organic garden
a cactus wren
probes for grubs

Don Miller

*

poking flowerpots
to see if they need water —
her faded house dress

Jack Barry

*

dust motes . . .
a careful sweep
around the cat

Beverly A. Tift

*

june bugs
under the street lamp
our goodnight kiss

an'ya

*

dry riverbed —
a new kind
of silence

Carla Sari

*

a bird sings
on my clothes line —
I can wait

Rosa Clement

*

an armful of lilies
in the fullness of summer
an urn full of ash

Edith Bartholomeusz

*

more gray in my hair —
a faint scent of mimosa
sweetens the breeze

Billie Wilson

*

muggy night
the child's breathing turns
a paper moon

Chad Lee Robinson

*

grandpa's desk
I sharpen a pencil stub
just for the sound

Beverley George

*

border town —
all the houses
with a dog to beware of

C. Avery

*

dry stream bed
only the loud pulse
of cicadas

Patricia Prime

*

so many memories
gliding pelicans
rearrange themselves

Lynne Steel

*

in the bottom
of a leaky rowboat —
a glimmer of stars

Tom Tico

*

back to school —
graffiti visible
beneath fresh paint

Jamie Edgecombe

*

twilight
a red pony narrowing
the distance to the barn

Dru Philippou

*

creekbed . . .
curlews poke their bills
the whole way in

Matthew Paul

*

An anchor dropped . . .
all the stars in place
this last summer night

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

*

slow dawn
the first flower
on the marrow plant

Tony Beyer

*

the ant returns
after being flicked . . .
autumn loneliness

Collin Barber

*

mild december —
walking acorns
into the earth

Hilary Tann

*

deep autumn
the gleam of his wedding band
as he tends the fire

Carolyn Hall

*

beach to ourselves
a dusting of snow
on the driftwood

Connie Donleycott

*

New Year's resolution
the fresh snow
already melting

Stephen Peters

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Harriot West

*

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Curtis Dunlap

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Laryalee Fraser

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Ian Daw

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Adelaide B. Shaw

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Andrea Cecon

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*

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with my hands

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Chad Lee Robinson

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Robert Bauer

*

hot afternoon
the carter wipes his hand
on the donkey's back

A. Thiagarajan

HERON'S NEST AWARD

buffalo bones
a wind less than a whisper
in the summer grass

Chad Lee Robinson

Now *this* is a deceptively quiet haiku. Entering it, my breathing slows and then, with little more than a whisper, Chad Lee Robinson ferries me back in time to two far-flung locales, North America's Great Plains and the small town of Hiraizumi in the province of Iwate in Japan. In these places, I overlook three diverse cultures: European, Native American, and Japanese, and I become witness to two horrific events: the massacre of buffalo in the United States during the 1870s and '80s, and a tragic event that followed the historic battle of Koromogawa in Japan, which occurred on June 13, 1189. The key to envisioning these events is yet another alluded-to moment that took place in the year 1689, when Matsuo Basho penned a haiku that was destined to become one of his classics. All of these times, events, places, and cultures can be discovered in this one exquisite haiku of just twelve words.

The opening line, "buffalo bones," places me on a midwestern prairie. I am struck by the tranquility of this expansive landscape, and I imagine the vast herds that once peacefully grazed there. But then, as I stand above the weathered bones of a buffalo, half-hidden among the tall summer grasses, my imagination conjures a railroad stretching east and west as far as the eye can see. A train enters my restful reverie. It is packed with U. S. soldiers and pioneers, mostly of European ancestry. All at once, I see rifles thrust from open windows and puffs of smoke issuing from the long barrels. I hear the screams of the terrified bison and the thunder of their hooves as they stampede away from the train. The scene brings tears to my eyes.

The wholesale slaughter of buffalo was a plan conceived by American colonists whose intent was to deprive First Nation Peoples of their primary source of food. The resultant butchery later came to be known as the Great Buffalo Massacre. It was so successful that by 1889 an estimated population of some 75 million was reduced to a mere 540. The prairies were veritably littered with their bones.

While “buffalo bones” is the primary means of alluding to the Great Buffalo Massacre, it is through the words of Robinson’s second allusive image, “summer grass,” that the power of the first allusion is increased exponentially. The same words (actually a compound Japanese word translated with grass in the plural) were used by Matsuo Basho in 1689. Basho had tears in his eyes when he wrote:

Summer grasses,
all that remains
of soldiers’ dreams.¹

One of the places Basho visited during his travels was Hiraizumi, the setting where the great General, Minamoto no Yoshitsune (1159–1189) and his faithful retainer, Musashibo Benkei, were attacked in the castle Koromogawa no Tate. They were eventually surrounded, and to protect Yoshitsune while he retired to the inner temple of the castle to commit ritualistic suicide (seppuku), Benkei fought valiantly to his death on the bridge in front of the main gate.

Basho is believed to have chosen the word *natsukusa*, translated as “summer grasses,” in reference to that season’s oppressive heat and humidity which transform the grasses of spring into rank weeds — an appropriate image for the chaos and treachery of war. By the time Basho visited Hiraizumi (precisely five hundred years later) weeds were all that remained where once stood the castle in which Yoshitsune and Benkei perished. In

¹ Translation by Lucien Stryk

his epic travel diary *Oku no Hosomichi* (Narrow Road to the Interior), Basho comments:

It was at Palace-on-the-Heights that Yoshitsune and his picked retainers fortified themselves, but his glory turned in a moment into this wilderness of grass. "Countries may fall, but their rivers and mountains remain; when spring comes to the ruined castle, the grass is green again."² These lines went through my head as I sat on the ground, my bamboo hat spread under me. There I sat weeping, unaware of the passage of time.³

I'd wager that Chad Lee Robinson felt a great sadness as well, when he wrote the poem we chose for this issue's Heron's Nest Award.

I don't recall having read a haiku that alludes to more than one historic event, as Robinson's does. Not only does it do this, and to great effect, but the Basho haiku referred to by one of Robinson's allusions is itself famous for the depth and poignancy of its allusiveness. Quite a feat! I greatly admire what Chad Lee Robinson has achieved with this haiku.

— Christopher Herold
September 2007

² Poem by the Chinese poet Tu Fu (712—770) which became a proverbial expression in Japan.

³ Quoted passage from *The Narrow Road to Oku* translated by Donald Keene, Kodansha International, 1996

POEMS

fireflies
and I get to stay out
as long as I like

Christopher Patchel

*

seaside cabin
a picture window
in every room

Kirsty Karkow

*

weekend getaway
we give a name
to the jetty cat

Connie Donleycott

*

ebb tide
a trail of jellyfish
out to the moon

William Cullen, Jr.

*

the city below —
in my hand traces of
a firefly I held too tight

Peter Yovu

*

late summer
chant of carnies
driving stakes

Ken Hurm

*

sea light
this year she wades
into the waves alone

Deb Baker

*

end of summer —
the beachcomber palms
a cigarette

Scott Mason

*

rumbling ocean
old stories
circle the campfire

Roger Jones

*

river gorge
the long way
through yellow aspen

Cherie Hunter Day

*

autumn trail
cub scouts stomping
over the footbridge

Ken Hurm

*

shortening days
the neighbour's dog
welcomes me home

Patricia Prime

*

harvest moon
I find you dancing
with the scarecrows

Mike Montreuil

*

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the crunch of glass
along the bike path

Lorin Ford

*

harvest moon
when will the stray dog
find its home?

Dietmar Tauchner

*

new coolness —
a bird flies toward
a hole in the clouds

Cindy Zackowitz

*

disappearing sun —
the first bubble
in the pasta sauce

Dana Duclo

*

the old shoes
on my feet . . .
a path in the dark

Michael McClintock

*

this Halloween,
children born since
9/11

John Stevenson

*

evening wind
everything in motion
but the moon

Jay Haskins

*

her auburn hair
still catches my eye —
autumn wind

Philip Miller

*

mid-week
the crouch
of a grasshopper

Alice Frampton

*

Family quarrel
the breakfast tartness
of fresh quince jam

Joan Zimmermann

*

parking lot crow —
the same complaints
every morning

Priscilla VanValkenburgh

*

autumn river
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not holding hands

Neil Muscott

*

Indian summer
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between classes

Marcus Larsson

*

clouded moon
I let the machine
pick up his call

Aurora Antonovic

*

early to the station
ducks fly overhead
in pairs

paul m.

*

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Greg Piko

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Audrey Downey

*

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teapot will do

CarrieAnn Thunell

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caught in the drain cover

Angelee Deodhar

*

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between blows
of the axe

Sandra Simpson

*

deep creek
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retirement

Glenn Coats

*

we talked
until moonset —
crickets

John Martell

*

I stop looking
for the sunrise —
first sip of tea

Matthew Cariello

*

The boy
taught not to cry —
white chrysanthemums

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

*

slow-moving river
a heron's neck
enters the grey

John Barlow

*

cold moon . . .
a rising wave splashes
the taste of salt

Kala Ramesh

*

bare branches
a coyote howls
into the wind

Liz Crane

*

waiting in the room
with the plaster skeleton —
early winter

Ruth Holzer

*

death watch —
clouds connect the sky
one end to the other

Gary Hotham

*

cemetery garden
rain falls on
plastic leaves

Sherry Weaver-Smith

*

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moonlight on the nail heads
of the old fence

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*

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*

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George Swede

*

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Michele Root-Bernstein

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breeding song

Allan Burns

*

early blossoms
the hummingbird's throat
brighter still

Bruce Ross

*

two plovers
and their shadows
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Tony Beyer

*

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Kay Grimnes

*

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George Dorsty
Yorktown, Virginia

Audrey Downey
New Haven, Connecticut

Dana Duclo
Tuscon, Arizona

Sandra Mooney Ellerbeck
St. Albert, Alberta, Canada

Margarita Engle
Clovis, California

Lorin Ford
Brunswick, Victoria, Australia

Alice Frampton
Seabeck, Washington

Laryalee Fraser
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William Scott Galasso

Kirkland, Washington

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San Francisco, California

Jay Haskins
Port Townsend, Washington

Timothy Hawkes
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FEATURED POEMS

silted river
an old doe turns
to face the flow

John Barlow

*

incessant rain
a book from a library
that no longer exists

Petar Tchouhov

*

spring rain
the door to the cuckoo clock
about to open

Michele Root-Bernstein

HERON'S NEST AWARD

silted river
an old doe turns
to face the flow

John Barlow

Through literal imagery alone, this lovely poem reflects the author's faith in the cycles of nature. Like most haiku that are written with perfect concision, the poem at first glance appears simple. A meritorious haiku's brevity, however, can be deceptive, as "silted river" demonstrates. With a complexity that is not immediately apparent, John Barlow's work offers insight on more than one level.

The poet has carefully chosen his words, combining them in a structure that creates an agreeable assonance and rhythm. This arrangement places less stress on the long "o" sound in the mid-line "doe" than that of the same sound in the final word. Instead, natural emphasis is placed on "turns" at the end of the second line. This, followed by "to," which begins the next line, leads to a quicker reading of the third line. The last word lingers, however, contributing to a pleasant overall aural effect.

Beginning with the first word, concrete imagery fortifies each line of Barlow's poem. Mudslides and surface runoff transport dirt or soil into creeks and rivers. The smallest particles are deposited as silt, which makes the water muddy. Containing tiny bits of organic materials, silt enriches the soil, which encourages the growth of stream-clogging plants. Through the years, this changes the shape and flow of a river. Major flooding cleans out the silt, but heavy rains start the process of depositing silt all over again. Rich with connotations of time passing and cyclical patterns, the phrase "silted river" establishes the background and becomes the first doorway into the poet's experience.

The subject of the poem, a doe, could be a deer or hare or even a kangaroo. Readers are left to decide according to their own intuitions. I envision a deer nearing the end of her natural life span. Although the word “old” is overused in haiku, it is just right here and essential to the poem. It reminds me of the river’s endurance, while allowing insight into the doe’s circumstances — and another door opens.

The verb “turns” shows a deliberate movement that changes the animal’s view of the river. It also hints at seasonal change, when temperatures and foliage turn. The mood of the haiku suggests autumn, and the traditional autumn connection of “deer” reinforces the feeling — and reveals another doorway. As I imagine it, the woods are vibrant with the colors of dying leaves, the air pine-scented and cool. Bird calls float back and forth across the water. Perhaps the doe feels a renewed vigor as she pauses in the forest she has always known, beside the river that will long outlast her.

Surely throughout her life, this creature has followed the dictates of her genes, going with the flow of nature’s cycles. Who knows what brute forces she has survived, what number of fawns she has brought into the world? As she looks into the silt-clouded river, I wonder if her vision is somewhat clouded now as well. How powerfully moving it is that, toward the last of her days, the old doe “turns / to face the flow.”

Could not the haiku reflect the situation of many people of a certain age? Unlike the doe, bound by the inherited instincts of her kind, humans of advanced years may make conscious decisions to face aging head-on; to move against time’s current. We are cautioned to avoid overt metaphor in haiku, and “silted river” has done that. Yet with skill and subtlety, the poet has created a poem that itself becomes metaphor. Its poignant beauty touches me in a profound way.

I feel a connection with this “old doe.” My thanks to John Barlow for inviting me to join him beside the river.

– Ferris Gilli
December 2007

POEMS

lifting fog . . .
the wing-whistle
of a mourning dove

Connie Donleycott

*

the comfort
of her conversation
gentle rain

Greg Piko

*

foam flowers
the pull of sand under
my inner child

Carmen Sterba

*

salmon ladder
the surrounding trees
stuffed with eagles

Kay Grimnes

*

at the goldfish grave
we form a circle
of river stones

John S. O'Connor

*

sixth anniversary
acorns between the cracks
of the deck boards

Robert Bauer

*

autumn twilight
my breath in and out
with the waves

Susan Constable

*

border collie
 rounding up
the tide

Helen Buckingham

*

the hooked fish's
last gasp . . .
its eye on me

George Swede

*

autumn mist —
wrapped
in grandma's shawl

Claudette Russell

*

City dusk
the warmth
of an ATM booth

Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

*

blaming . . .
at some point the rain
became snow

Dietmar Tauchner

*

first snowfall . . .
a chirp to remind us
the battery's low

Scott Mason

*

midnight mass
the stained glass infant glows
from within

Scott Mason

*

quiet twilight
Grandpa prunes thin limbs
with his pocketknife

Marilyn Appl Walker

*

full moon
the static
in his touch

Margaret Hehman-Smith

*

longest night —
the death poem
rustles

D. Claire Gallagher

*

moonless night —
our neighbor's telephone
rings and rings

Billie Wilson

*

dead of winter . . .
relighting
the pilot flame

Christopher Patchel

*

calling home —
the color of mother's voice
before her words

Hilary Tann

*

New Year's Eve —
rubbing velvet
the wrong way

Megan Arkenberg

*

winter moon
a smudged fingerprint
on the inkstone

Lorin Ford

*

white dawn . . .
the calf's breath
on the udder

Ron Moss

*

magpie nestlings —
redgum widow-makers
creak in the wind

Lorin Ford

*

gray skies —
a kestrel
cries its kill

Ann K. Schwader

*

fireside
a piece of jigsaw
slips into place

Quendryth Young

*

waking beside you
the room glows
with snowlight

Ruth Yarrow

*

April sleet
oatmeal sticks
to the pot

Robbie Gamble

*

light rain —
the open beak
of the bird

Yoav J. Tenenbaum

*

whistling back to them
I can't find the right key. . .
tree frogs

Brenda J. Gannam

*

leaden sky
the sharp angle
of the swallow's turn

Rafal Zabratynski

*

old car graveyard
mama moves her kittens
to the back seat

C. Avery

*

colors of flowers
I promise the children
she's in heaven

Collin Barber

*

spring cleaning . . .
she pauses a while
at the bay windows

Tom Tico

*

afternoon shadows
temple stones
stacked and numbered

paul m.

*

no man's land
a boy flies a kite
above rubble

André Surridge

*

grown wild
the spot where I buried
the last of my pets

John Stevenson

*

funeral flowers
bright pollen staining
the fresh linen

Jo McInerney

*

the Aegean
so blue
this wild anemone

Sandra Simpson

*

bristlecone pine —
older
than our religions

ayaz daryl nielsen

*

birdsong . . .
a blind child touches
my smile

Alice Frampton

*

flowering clover
slows my mowing
bee after bee

Andrea Grillo

*

big top
a white moth passing
under the trapeze

William Cullen, Jr.

*

a flip-flop
in the middle of the street —
the heat

Cindy Zackowitz

*

amid placards
pigeons settle
for crumbs

LeRoy Gorman

*

chasing the puppy
chasing the wind
white butterflies

Patricia Benedict

*

clipped grass
a rabbit keeps an eye on
Saint Francis

Richard Straw

*

summer camp
children play
with sunlight

Victor Ortiz

*

longest day —
a mosquito finds
my ear

Cindy Zackowitz

*

evening news —
each cloud carries
part of the sunset

Laryalee Fraser

*

sunset . . .
the cuckoo repeats
his morning song

Kala Ramesh

*

summer dusk
I douse the young fig tree
with today's dishwater

Janelle Barrera

*

fireworks
the teenagers
whisper

Sabine Miller

*

city fireflies . . .
I don't know which window
is yours

Jennifer G. Popolis

*

daybreak . . .
mayfly wings
on the cat

K. Ramesh

*

evening calm
a cricket appears
on my windowsill

Raquel D. Bailey

*

meteor shower
turtle hatchlings
head for the sea

Lynne Steel

*

flickering buzz
of the pool hall sign
summer night

John Stevenson

*

the short night —
sleeping on top
of the covers

George Dorsty

*

long morning shadows —
half shells flipped over
by the tide

Gary Hotham

*

water colors
I paint the spaces
between waves

Carolyn Hall

*

ruffling
my found feather
a breath

Diana Webb

*

an old flame
the boat nudges
spent cattails

Glenn Coats

*

hot day
a crow makes
the hawk flap

Sabine Miller

*

rows of corn
the farmer's
bad posture

Gregory Hopkins

*

surf's edge
the shape of wind
in her hair

Yu Chang

*

lilies in bloom
I launch the boat
in another place

Jacek Margolak

*

lily pads
not touching
noon heat

Jack Barry

*

big sky
a pronghorn
hops a fence

Allan Burns

*

storm clouds —
the cow's belly
rumbles

Nathalie Buckland

*

beanstalks —
the kids want
taller stakes

Harriot West

*

suncatchers
in the shop window
she smiles back

Darrell Lindsey

*

long afternoon —
the ceiling fan
turning the wrong way

Ruth Holzer

*

summer rain . . .
scent of lavender
in the mop water

Connie Donleycott

*

am I so old?
the sound of leaves
weighing rain

Zinovy Vayman

*

Father's Day walk
the pace
of the smallest grandchild

Tony Beyer

*

dappled sunlight
men group around
their frothy beers

Agnes Eva Savich

*

silence after thunder
the new neighbor calling in
her children

Jack Barry

*

through the sick boy's straw
the loud emptiness
of his milkshake glass

Emily Romano

*

longest day
the smell of chemicals
in the waiting room

Josh Wikoff

*

cottonwood rattle —
the wordlessness
of his final days

Deborah P. Kolodji

*

hillside cemetery
all gravestones
face the view

Hilary Tann

*

blue sky
the love
I never had

Yu Chang

*

lily of the valley
she hangs her bathing suit
on a branch

William Cullen, Jr.

*

cicada song . . .
the slow drift of creek foam
long into the night

John Barlow

*

summer moon
a willow's shadow
dapples her grave

Edith Bartholomeusz

*

biting into cucumber . . .
the mountain wind
touches my cheek

Keiko Izawa

*

golden sun
a gong resonates
through bamboo

Mei-Li Liu

*

lazy river . . .
drifting toward the equinox
on an inner tube

Curtis Dunlap

*

windows open —
the sound of summer
in all the rooms

Adelaide B. Shaw

*

evening heat
sifting through the screen door
their laughter

Ruth Yarrow

*

patio dinner
our plastic chairs
slowly chill

Paul Watsky

*

autumn air
two crows on the roof move
closer together

Katrina Shepherd

*

fog with rain
the usual junk
in our mailbox

Kirsty Karkow

*

autumn rain
a baseball card softens
in the bicycle spokes

Chad Lee Robinson

*

exchanging pleasantries
while hammering
crab shells

George Swede

*

shorter days —
kink in the end
of a lizard's tail

Cherie Hunter Day

*

morning fog —
he closes all the windows
I just opened

Audrey Downey

*

saying goodbye . . .
the fence we painted
face to face

Susan Constable

*

football practice
the coach perfects
his game voice

LeRoy Gorman

*

sundown —
the sound as he scrapes
mud from his boots

Carla Sari

*

late afternoon light
through the window blinds —
a drift of leaves

Angelee Deodhar

*

evening cricket
squash vines disappearing
into other beds

Burnell Lippy

*

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Linda Jeannette Ward

*

hazy harvest moon
the face I met
when our skin was smooth

David Giacalone

*

mackerel sky
a concord grape bursts
between my teeth

Beverly Tift

*

she leaves
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Indian Summer

Alice Frampton

*

autumn dusk
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on the street corner

Marilyn Murphy

*

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MEMORIAL PAGE FOR KAY ANDERSON

Kay F. Anderson

July 29, 1934 — February 8, 2007

Kay Anderson was an embodiment of love, joy, and compassion. These, she expressed without favoritism and without inhibition. Her mere presence was an inspiration. In the last few years, Kay was a warrior in her battle with cancer. She turned the disease back on itself, making of it a reason to live more fully and more passionately. When she walked into a room, the energy increased, the light seemed brighter. If I was asked to name an ideal couple, two people who demonstrated how loving and supportive a marriage could be, the first people who would come to mind would be Kay and her husband, John. There really are no words that convey what a blessing our friendship has been. Kay's haiku will always be with me. She mastered the brush too, as those who have seen her exquisite haiga can attest.

spring without her
 pale green pollen
 drifts on the inkstone

Because Kay's life had a profound affect on so many of us, the responses to her passing have been both fervent and numerous. We now raise our voices to thank Kay. May her spirit hear us and rejoice.

— Christopher Herold

*

I admired Kay's bravery and have long been inspired by her affirmation of life and struggle to embrace every moment she could grasp.

— Peggy Willis Lyles

*

goodbye to Kay —
streams of colored sunlight
through stained glass

— Paul O. Williams

*

Kay F. Anderson, Life-Dancer
(by Michael Dylan Welch)

Those who met Kay Anderson couldn't help but be changed by her spirit of joy. I first met her in the early 1990s at a meeting of the Haiku Poets of Northern California in San Francisco. When Christopher Herold and I were editing the group's journal *Woodnotes*, the first poem we published by her, from issue #14 (Autumn, 1992), was this:

rainy day —
sharing my bread
with a peg-leg grackle

In 1993, I was drawn to take a class in sumi-e brush painting in Redwood City. Much to my surprise, when I showed up at the first class, there was Kay! She stuck with it and over the years many haiku poets have seen her heartfelt work. At the time of the class, she would have been nearly sixty years old, still learning, still eager to try something new. Here's a poem by Kay from *Woodnotes* #18 (Autumn, 1993):

first sumi-e lesson —
what I need
is the teacher's brush

Kay was also my nearest haiku neighbour for many years. She and I lived next to salt-water lagoons in Foster City and Redwood Shores, towns right next to each other along

San Francisco Bay. We'd occasionally get together and share poems, and her poems were often about the birds she saw from her back deck. Often her haiku expressed a profound, selfless empathy (the following one winning second prize in the 1996 Henderson Haiku Contest sponsored by the Haiku Society of America):

deep silence
 the orphaned nestlings
 this third morning

Yet she wrote vividly about many other topics. I once shared the following poem of Kay's with a friend who had just been divorced. My friend immediately wanted a copy for herself:

five years
 in the wrong window:
 the violet's first bloom

When my wife and I moved north to Seattle, Kay and I kept in touch by e-mail. She took particular delight in my becoming a new father and enjoyed the stories I shared about my two young children. Her positive outlook came, I believe, from an innate youthfulness, always seeing the world as just beginning, as full of hope. She valued the joy of youth, and encouraged me to savour it in my children. She said my son and daughter had changed me, and she was right. And so had she — for the same reasons. I like to think that something of her joy made it into this poem of mine:

first star . . .
 a seashell held
 to my baby's ear



The preceding picture is my favourite of Kay, taken in September of 2002 at the beach near the Asilomar conference center in Pacific Grove, California, at the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's annual retreat. What a sparkle in her eyes! Her ready smile and the twirl of her arms expressed her joy at being alive — despite her diagnosis of melanoma. I love how she wanted to be barefoot — not just at the beach that early autumn day but in all of life, to not hold herself back from life's full experience. She was a life-dancer. This unguarded moment on the beach is the way I want to remember her: ever and always as a life-dancer. It was the last time I saw her.

— Michael Dylan Welch

*

an upward glance
at geese on wing
a gap in the vee

— Zane Parks

*

I went down to Redwood City to see Kay a couple of weeks before she slipped into a coma. I consider myself so fortunate to have had that time with her, when she was still alert enough that we could laugh and cry together. I feel so grateful for that hour in her presence. Even then she was saying things like, “If you ever need to talk, just call me.” Then she’d catch herself talking about the future as if there were going to be one, and she’d say, “Oh my God, listen to me.” And we’d both cry. Our dear friend Kay Anderson, beautiful writer, haiku poet and visual artist, never hesitated to share the gift of her unconditional love with those who came into her life. The world will be a much sorrier place without her.

a squirrel’s leap
from fence to tree —
the certainty of her love

— Carolyn Hall

*

I discovered Kay at my first attendance of a Haiku Poets of Northern California, Two Autumns reading. I was so impressed with her zest for haiku that I just couldn’t help but think I wanted to write and read like her when I grow up. Not only was her poetry full of life, so was she. I was impressed with her enthusiasm and her delivery. Of one of her poems she even remarked, “I think I finally got this one right.” It made me realize that no matter how practiced one was with haiku, it was still a challenge to get that moment right. She showed me haiku need not be delivered in monotone. I’ve been

trying to emulate her ever since. Haiku is full of color and she showed me that. She will be sorely missed.

February rain
the impression left behind
by her voice

— Yvonne Cabalona

*

Kay F. Anderson was one of my closest haiku and tanka friends. Although we never met in person, I knew her through her poetry, artwork, letters and e-mails. I understood her spirit, her faith and her deep love of God. She was truly a gift from God and I shall miss her deeply, but, I will see her again in heaven.

path to heaven . . .
white dew
on white chrysanthemums

— Pamela A. Babusci

*

My longtime friend Kay F. Anderson inspired me with her winged spirit and open heart. She inhabited her days fully with joy and grace.

In my poem honoring Kay's passing, I use the term "flying white." It is a sumi-e brush technique. The stroke of a brush in the hands of a skilled artist can produce deep black, threaded by pure white.

the flying white
of her sumi-e —
cold moon

— D. Claire Gallagher

*

brilliant sunset
the call of an egret
joining its flock

— Ferris Gilli

*

Once upon a time I was getting ready for my first Two Autumns (as a reader.) I had written a poem — It pleased me, and yet . . .

seatbelt tightened
each tremor from the road
against my chest

I thought there was more to it, but what? At my limits, I turned to Kay (who was editing the book from that Two Autumns reading).

“Through me.” was all she said.

The earth fell away. “What is that?” said I.

“Zen” said Kay.

seatbelt tightened —
each tremor from the road
through me

Thank you Kay, — Laurie Stoelting

*

Kay Anderson was a dear friend. I want to share with you a tanka that Kay wrote, which I regard as her “death poem.” I know *The Heron’s Nest* is only for haiku, but I wonder if you might consider this as an exception. (Yes Linda, we sure will.)

when my whole note
and the universe are ready
there will be a tap
on my shoulder — and my song
shall fly beyond me

— Kay Anderson (Red Lights: Vol. 2, No. 2, June 2006)

Maui sunrise
through a crack of stone
a new pine

— Linda Jeannette Ward

*

The Gifts of Kay Anderson

(a haibun by Kay Anderson and Patricia J. Machmiller)

1993 — It was my first “real” haiku reading — the annual Two Autumns event sponsored by the Haiku Poets of Northern California. One of the other readers was that dynamic and exuberant, that unforgettable Kay Anderson. She made the reading a stellar show.

the red-tailed hawk
riding
Indian summer haze

This was her way. Since that time, over the years I have attended almost every Two Autumns reading. Her second reading stands out in my mind as among the best. She is

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there in flowing turquoise; each haiku is delivered with eloquence, like a gift to the audience, specially wrapped.

between crutches
one leg and his knee stump
into the surf!

I think it was after she had been diagnosed with melanoma that she learned of Kiyoko Tokutomi's descent into Alzheimer's. Even though her own battle demanded 110% of her concentration and energy, she reached out and arranged for a jinjitsu session for Kiyoko (literally "Human Day," which includes "the feast of seven herbs," from the custom of eating seven-herb to ensure good health for the coming year). Not that jinjitsu would heal Kiyoko's tangled mind, but that through her body, she could receive solace, love, and above all, grace. It was a unique and very thoughtful gift.

rainy day —
sharing my bread
with a peg-leg grackle

This is the Kay I know — the one who lives life to the fullest, who gives herself wholly, and who adds zest to the soul, hers and to all she comes in contact with.

on the wrong train —
nose against the window
laughing

And even though she has transitioned to a new state, her presence is still vividly felt, her voice still distinctly heard in her haiku.

blossoming almonds —
the valley where she lived
the valley where she has gone

— Patricia Machmiller

[Note: all the haiku in this haibun except the last are Kay Anderson's from *Morning Snow*, Two Autumns Press, 1993.]

*

Spring Moon —
this year, one more star
in the Milky Way

— Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

READERS' CHOICE AWARDS, 2006

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OVERVIEW

Happily, it is now time to share with you the overall results of the Readers' Choice voting for favorite poems and most popular poets in *The Heron's Nest*, Volume VIII, 2006. If you would like to read the entire awards issue, which includes the winning poems and poets along with commentary, special mentions, and many wonderful comments by voters (on individual poems and on the process in general), please order the paper edition of Volume VIII.

This year's paper edition of *The Heron's Nest* also features a full-color cover (two winning photographs from the 2006 Illustration Contest) as well as the other winning paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs. Copies are due to be sent out during the first week of April. They'll contain all four of last year's issues plus the complete Readers' Choice Awards. For ordering information, please navigate to [here](#).

I'm very pleased to announce that there was a record number of voters this year. Eighty-seven! That beats the old record of seventy-eight, set in 2005. A hearty thank you to all of you who managed to find time to vote in a very busy season.

And now, here are the poems and poets you chose as favorites from *The Nests* of 2006. The Grand Prize winners will receive engraved plaques and runners-up will be awarded certificates.

To put into perspective how well the winners did: 14 = the average point-score for a given poem.

FAVORITE POEMS

GRAND PRIZE

(22 votes: 170 points)

winter wind –
a cradlesong sung
in an ancient tongue

– Billie Wilson

FIRST RUNNER-UP

(18 votes: 131 points)

spring breeze –
I catch the tune
she leaves behind

– Kala Ramesh

SECOND RUNNER-UP

(17 votes: 115 points)

a little inn
with a swinging sign-board . . .
the evening chill

– Michael McClintock

THIRD RUNNER-UP

(13 votes: 90 points)

chill wind –
the heart of an oak

leaves the chimney

— Robert Bauer

FAVORITE POETS

This category results from totaling the number of votes awarded each poet for their entire body of work in Volume VIII. The most poems allowable in The Nest each year is eight. Obviously, the more poems a person has published, the more chances for garnering votes. So, success in the Readers' Choice Awards is significantly affected by a poet's earlier successes in having work accepted by the editors throughout the year. No poet had eight poems in volume VIII. Seven poets had seven poems published and six poets had six published.

To put into perspective how well the winners did: The average total points for combined works this year was 29.

GRAND PRIZE

(38 total votes for 5 of 6 poems = 242 pts.)

John Stevenson

FIRST RUNNER-UP

(28 total votes for 4 of 4 poems = 193 pts.)

Billie Wilson

SECOND RUNNER-UP

(33 total votes for 7 of 7 poems = 177 pts.)

Chad Lee Robinson

THIRD RUNNER-UP

(24 total votes for 4 of 4 poems = 143 pts.)

Michael McClintock

SPECIAL MENTIONS

We are also particularly impressed by reader's responses to a few new contributors (or relatively new contributors) to The Nest last year. With well over the average total point-score of 29 were:

Kala Ramesh: 2 of 4 poems received votes totaling 134 points

Graham Nunn: 4 of 5 poems received votes totaling 84 points

Lorin Ford: 4 of 4 poems received votes totaling 77 points

Harriot West: 5 of 5 poems received votes totaling 74 points

Dietmar Tauchner: 4 of 4 poems received votes totaling 61 points

Lane Parker: 4 of 4 poems received votes totaling 60 points

Susan Constable: 2 of 2 poems received votes totaling 52 points

Some long-time Nesters who were high in the standings this time were:

Cindy Zackowitz: 7 of 7 poems received votes for a total of 114 points

Yvonne Cabalona: 6 of 6 poems received votes totaling 72 points

K. Ramesh: 7 of 7 poems received votes for a total of 67 points

Margarita Engle: 2 of 3 poems received votes for a total of 52 points

A deep bow to the winning poets for penning haiku that have profoundly touched so many of us. We congratulate you, the winners of the 2006 Readers' Choice Awards!

We also applaud everyone whose work appeared in The Nest last year. Your haiku passed through a team of five critical editors to get there.

On behalf of the editors and web master of The Heron's Nest,

Christopher Herold

THE THIRD ANNUAL HERON'S NEST ILLUSTRATION CONTEST

Once again our call for art to complement the paper edition of *The Heron's Nest* has been answered bountifully. Considerable talent was utilized by twenty-two artists from England, New Zealand, Poland, Canada, and the United States. We appreciate that the artists also expended a good deal of time and energy to prepare their art for submission.

The paper edition of Volume IX will feature cover-art and illustrations for each of the sectional headings within the volume. There were many fine pieces offered in several media: watercolors, ink paintings, drawings, photographs, and mixed-media. Our choices were based on overall quality and the need to achieve a healthy balance between consistency and variety in the visual aspects of the upcoming book.

This year's cover, created by Jamie Edgecombe, is both striking and subtle. Describing the techniques he employed to create his two selected pieces, Jamie wrote: "The undercoat / sketch, which comes through the later layers, is made in a suiboku / sumi-e style. The painting is then layered with white and black spray paint, using homemade stencils and free spray-painting. Although I use modern painting methods for the second stage, I still bear in mind the idea of negative spaces employed in both suiboku and sumi-e."



Cover: Jamie Edgecombe Tavistock, Devon, England

Using the same mixed-media techniques, Mr. Edgecombe came up with this second fine painting. It will be used to lead into the overview of Volume IX.



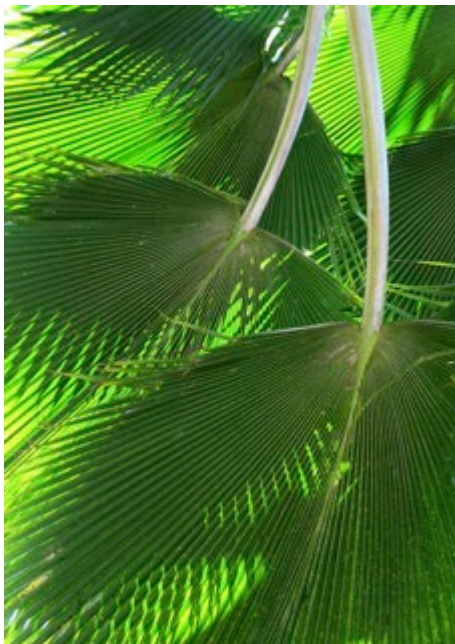
Overview: Jamie Edgecombe Tavistock, Devon, England

We were delighted by five magnificent photographs. The first three, by C. Avery, will open Nest issues which appeared in spring, summer, and fall of last year. Spring is nicely depicted by this colorful welcoming-in of the out-of-doors:



Spring: C. Avery Kailua, Kona, Hawaii

And here is shade for those hot summer days:



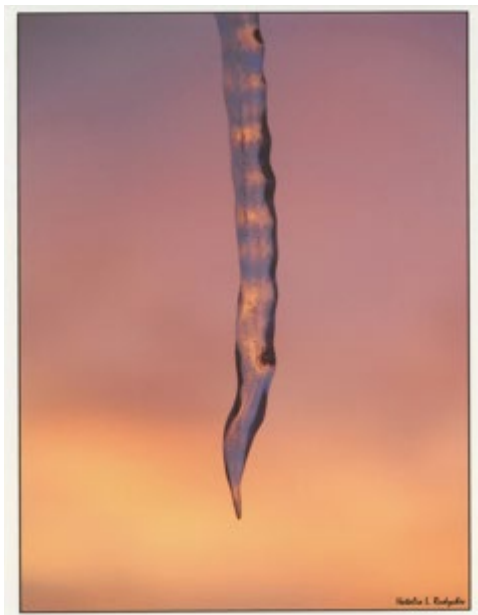
Summer: C. Avery Kailua, Kona, Hawaii

Considering the tropics are without four distinct seasons, we couldn't help but chuckle at this photographer's playfulness in offering a spent banana leaf as a kigo.



Autumn: C. Avery Kailua, Kona, Hawaii

Holding within it the colors of the sky, Natalia Rudychev's icicle is a splendid seasonal reference.



Winter: Natalia L. Rudychev DesPlaines, Illinois

Doris Thurston's simple cartoon-like drawings are delightful, her humor contagious. This first drawing captures the spirit of the Readers' Choice Awards, providing a sense of celebration.



Readers' Choice Awards: Doris Thurston Port Townsend, Washington

Ruth Yarrow's graceful sumi-e heron is bent forward in search of food. Likewise, we imagine readers coming to this point in Volume IX will be eager to learn the results of the Readers' Choice Awards.



Readers' Choice Overview: Ruth Yarrow Seattle, Washington

Doris Thurston's second drawing furnishes us with an amusing start to the "Readers' Comments" portion of the awards section.



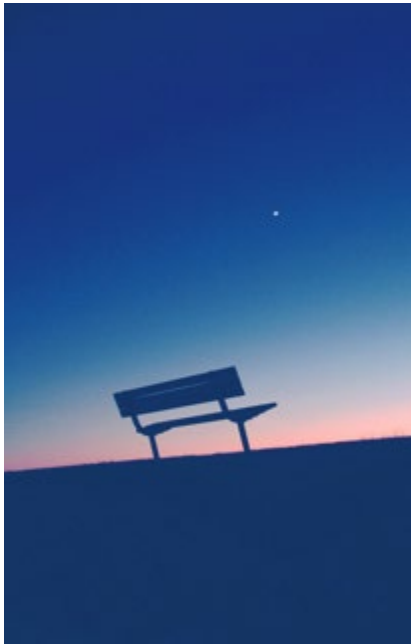
Readers' Comments: Doris Thurston Port Townsend, Washington

Sandra Simpson's sumi-e painting introduces the "Special Mention" section. The graceful bend of the leaves and the flower stalk beckon us forward to read still more of the poems that received high scores from readers.



Special Mentions: Sandra Simpson Tauranga, New Zealand

We feel that the stark poignance of Christopher Patchel's photograph evokes a sense of possibility as well as of loss, elements befitting Kay Anderson's memorial.



Memorial: Christopher Patchel Chicago, Illinois

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.

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TECHNICAL NOTE

This volume is a 2024 reproduction of an issue from 2007 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>.