

HAIKU WALKING
postcards from pumpkin lane



Gregory J. Furman

March 2020 to March 2021

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“...because of a haiku the human race was saved...” *from On Salvation by Deeds*
Jorge Francisco Isidoro Luis Borges Acevedo (August 24 1899 - June 14 1986)

winter autumn summer spring
for Wanda

WINTER

3/20

any minute now
now any minute any
now minute now now

spring aspiring
last frozen day Winter clings
Cold's story now told

maple buds plump up
fat red against a raw sky
proof that winter's fled

trees alive as hives
with their shrill screams loud black leaves
the grackles are back

hung on a low branch
ukulele in a tree
strange apparition

3/15

mid-march horse droppings
at noon not one fly - come june
jam packed fly buffet

clouds like a rib cage
extraterrestrial blue
torso of the sky

3/12

chee dit chee dit chee
dit keedle dit keedle dee
song sparrow holds forth

breathing out and in
the King of one special breath
He that breathes us out

new buds exploding
bursting under bluest skies
winter banished dies

3/11

crows black on blue skies
crows the painters skies the palette
some things never die

how the loud jay flies
to tip top of gnarled pear tree
sleek mystery still
seasoned sleight of hand

same old prayer though old
ever-new like dry cleaned clothes
or fresh underwear

3/10

extravaganza
sunlight on streaming waters
snow melt diamonds

outside shots fired
owl light on cow bells be brave
another man killed

if it makes the cut
of memory and true love
it will never die

the way the beggar
held the dollar in his hand
never blind now sees

3/9

angus black as coal
their goal to eat and foal
no such thing as time
midwives sun and moon

soaring high above
the red tail is never blue
we the jealous few

the incline of hills
never gets any steeper
unlike monthly bills

in a healing way
cotton ball clouds a cliché
the blue jay concurs

ruckus of redwings
dark choral society
voce profundo

3/8

high at tops of trees
buds' maple red infant greens
spring is but a sneeze

aromas of spring
earth mud-melt dung burning leaves
oh Nose *obbligato*

shy bleats of lambkins
shake the guard dog from his dreams
from his barn halfheartedly
“let me sleep,” he pleads

3/7

plaintive are the lambs
their cries of “feed me, mother!”
tug at earth's plump tit

in a downhill wind
oak leaves marry gravity
sun's shadows applaud

one dry leaf joins me
tumbling downhill together
cruel wind brakes my friend

3/6

the repeated curve
swoop dip and fly dip and fly
slew of chickadees

lone caddis flutters by
prophet of brand-new spring
hill and sky unmoved

shag bark hickory's
nut husks slow decomposing
food for parent trees

it took many years
to see oceans in the land
swelling hill and vale

3/5

the span of his stride
coarse coat fur mud-caked
inscrutable as the sphinx
terror to his prey Sir Lynx
fiercely shy Bobcat

what makes crows fly south
pepper on dusk's scatter-sky
black bird's time to play

nibbling new spring grass
the tips sweetest baby green
white nose blaze "Big Red"

xylophones of wet leaves
scuttling across rain-soaked roads
gone souls glistening

crushed can of Bud Light
dreams on quilt of brown oak leaves
new-found born-again

3/4

pitch-black feral cat
at end of yellow meadow
dark gem pays no mind

gnat cloud crowns my head
breathing one trifling one in
he's now me i him

spring's here confident
sweet scent of hay and manure
bright rotogravure

redwings rouse the marsh
Master Winter's lost his harsh
thrill of their first trills

3/3

the sawgrass quivers
twilight whispers to a breeze
gusts us to our knees

handkerchiefs of snow
glow in crooks of old oak trees
longer days farmers sow

snow's white overalls
forsythia's yellow golds
awake hear spring's calls

this expedition
started so long long ago
arrow from whose bow

twinkling star-like poise
he played it so close to his vest
in death passed the test

at peace with ourselves
as freud said make death a friend
no other real choice

3/2

here's a toast to men
who themselves have known no love
but fled to books on shelves

this toast to women
whose men have no bamboo
flexible powers

memory says this
how i wished my world would be
pride says do not lie

2/28

streams black curvatures
last day of february
ash-peppered snow drifts

2/27

the young quite rightly
concerned only for themselves
the old dusting shelves

2/26

the mummified leaves
burnt-black and mahogany
buried in plowed snow

hibernation done
timid as a breeze the skunk
sees spring will soon come

2/25

tractor's tire tracks
like a sauteed sole's backbone
left whole in the snow

2/24

white of snow white white
over white white to green green
green green green come spring

thoughts and thoughts on thought
flocks of confused doves fly off
sad as a gray day

that time she smiled
as if she knew something true
took his breath away

2/23

the thing about snow:
it shows all the zipper tracks
of creatures unseen

"I have no idea
where I'm going. Follow me."
heard twelve apostles

2/22

coyote passed here
his fresh paw prints in the snow
a ghost of a ghost

snow highlights the nests
of many different birds
each of them snow-crowned

2/21

all creatures suffer
our cat old and arthritic
can't scratch her left ear

all things come and go
hardly time to say hello
watching loved ones age and die
hating each goodbye

2/20

let it drift and drift
out out on tides far from shore
so long the drifting

2/19

friend wood thrush returns
with his little heart and song
winter seemed so long

good sock hole in heel
tells me i should wear him more
good and faithful footman

2/18

since man first looked up
highflying above snow fields
crows leave us awestruck

2/17

banana pancakes
sausage real maple syrup
piping hot coffee
outside it's snowing
a perfect morning

2/16

winter just answers
old calls of cold sun and moon
soon tulips will swoon

when earth's blanket's white
we yearn for fields of fern green
when green we dream of snow

2/15

ridiculous things
watches clocks and calendars
fail to tell true time

i need some cricketts
to feed in a bamboo cage
winter long they'll sing
just for me serenading

the japanese love bugs
their zen-like intricacies
mantis cricketts bees

2/14

white mare roan stallion
spooked by a falling oak limb
bolt as if possessed

2/13

live minnows for bait
they drilled holes in frozen ponds
not one perch showed up

moon who are you moon
owl cried in the velvet night
stars shiver and swoon

when the moon was full
ice fishermen built fires
two trout glowed on ice

2/13

cold clouds crudely knit
a humble shade of ash gray
the rest etched in ink

2/12

poetry is like breath
it comes and goes like a guest
select few welcome

a secret notebook
even if not discovered
melting like spring snow

to create a path
mid-winter brooms or shovels
move the stubborn snow

the last winter snow
like a nasty argument
in spring's forgotten

2/11

horses' snow blankets
everything else white but for
black fences and trees

all-white dominoes
tumbling down like sugar
intricate geometries
crystal jewels called snow

2/10

snow began to fall
an all-white jigsaw puzzle
flakes interlocking

soon covered over
a simple proof of elegance
crow tracks in the snow

2/9

running running i
i was running in a dream
running in the snow

running in the snow
i was dreaming of dreaming
of the snow falling

falling falling i
dreaming dreaming of running
the snow was falling

dreaming of falling
falling falling snow falling
running in the snow

the snow was dreaming
falling dreaming falling was
i the falling snow

snowing i snowing
was falling falling falling
running in a dream

dreaming of the snow
falling dreaming of running
falling with the snow

2/8

the prodigal's back
zen master black-and-white cat
own nothing be free

a chair in the snow
better than no chair at all
let the cold winds blow

not a single cloud
winter sky cornflower blue
same old things still new

eyes raised in coal dark
ranging field a startling sight
glows in blue moonlight

unseen in the snow
white cat under bird feeder
hunting for sparrows

the name of our road
is the coach that we live on
treasured pumpkin lane

hushed winter mornings
before the loud turbine churns
chirp of one brown bird

each season's pallet
a different shade on different days
the painter light says

never a rich man
but a poor man with money
rye bread and honey

like a pillow fight
snowflake battalions at war
end in duvet white

one egg two bacons
steaming on a bright white plate
it's the simple things

deep freeze two racoons
no-show bird-feeder bandits
sleep in their snug dens

2/7

looking out i see
three deer skeletal grimly thin
smallest looking in

from gutters and eaves
dripping stalactites of ice
winter's sharpest tines

muted metronome
drip drip drop drip spikes of ice
shellacked by the sun

2/6

the deer all huddled
for warmth under boughs of blue spruce
enduring deep freeze

tribes of chickadees
make sure pin feathers are clean
best insulation

all the animals
caught in winter's frigid trap
do they dream of spring

night's ice of silence
shattered by the booming whooo
of one great horned owl

2/5

outside it's chaos
poor world badly managed zoo
rabid animals

their bright hover-flight
come winter where do they go
all the hummingbirds
do they all just hide
decide to lay low

2/4

used to be all green
now all freezing drifts of white
tell me which is right

summer in winter
summer greens to winter whites
white to green once more

not a single deer
dared cross acres of white fields
pure the driven snow

oak leaves leather brown
refuse to fall to the ground
clatter-bright-white ice

2/3

on a snowy branch
red as fire the cardinal
strike anywhere match

2/2

a winter rain falls
glistening the backs of crows
melting all the snow

who really cares
if Groundhog saw his shadow
ours is still sleeping

2/1

the red truck ahead
skids on a patch of black ice
then we are no more

1/31

black lattice of trees
a white chrysanthemum moon
wolf-before-dawn frieze

1/30

cat's paw prints in snow
now we can see where he goes
long after he's gone

creatures of habit
deer take the same beaten paths
nightly winter long

snow below feeder
peppered with pumpkin seeds
riots of bird tracks

1/29

our cat on the bed
meows and plops down
purring in my face

her teasing a form
of touching a way to say
well here we are now

an arm's-length away
close enough for a chin scratch
then she goes to sleep

now wide awake i
stare at the ceiling thinking
what a crafty cat

1/28

twice in twenty years
bobcat families appeared
bobcat day today

1/27

good night sleepy ones
say good night to all your toys
teddy bears and guns

here's twenty dollars
don't tell your mom i gave it
spend it don't save it

the disappearing
was an act hard to follow
reappearing more so

angels sing to god
devils sing to the devil
two camps too gleeful

1/26

hoping for a drink
chickadees visit birdbath
puzzled by the ice

the snow reveals all
tracks of creatures come and gone
maps of their travels

perfect camouflage
white and black cat against snow
beware feathered ones

all of the tree limbs
glazed in brightest shining ice
hold sun's cold fire

some very small tracks
blue in the sun whose are they
critters on the run

1/25

twelve below zero
our feral cat seeks sunshine
warms his freezing coat

he prefers the sun
warmth first then food
proof that he's no fool

at noon he wanders
hungry for a midday meal
warm cat lunch colder

the cat that visits
late at night what does he want
always out of reach

1/24

wakened from deep sleep
to the sound of hunters' guns
wishing they all missed

we keep the dead close
my family remembers
talks about and to them

moonlight through the clouds
a flashlight shines under sheets
a boy reads at night

the road to nowhere
no map no compass no plan
is traveled by all

holding a cat's paw
lucky as a rabbit's foot
and so much warmer

woodchucks and rabbits
snug in their underground dens
juggling dreams of spring

too close to fast cars
redtail veers off - a flash of
underdown and quill

1/23

bright stencils of stars
ice clicks in the tree bowers
owls note the hours

the furnace rumbles
through frozen eyes of windows
moonlight fills the room

1/22

in times of the plague
covid and death wait outside
Calm Mind waits within

patience and desire
guide us through the covid dark
sparks on a wire

we see our worlds
through the windows of our souls
sands give birth to pearls

fishermen are blind
top waters opaque as walls
fish don't know to mind

dreams and fantasies
hollywoods' snack fest of choice
drugged chicken nuggets

1/21

melting of old snow
reveals winter fields sage-green
as kermit the frog

new snowstorms will soon
rewrite white it out again
winter's graffiti

planets moon and stars
have never been sold or bought
embers in the dark

beware of shy souls
their pent-up rage flows deep with
promises to keep

each home has a heart
fingerprint of their owners
pulse most palpable

1/20

today our only day
best of times to say hooray
as each flies away

when winter winds howl
be sure to wear a warm cowl
even if not an owl

1/18

dead skunk in the road
his hide and bones pressed flat still
hold his soul's perfume

1/17

fields all turned to straw
their furrows curve as if drawn
by some godly rake

1/16

side by side two cows
black and white maps of cow land
eating hay heads down

small faraway pond
beyond winter fields dark green
appears to recede

1/15

a samurai sword
rising sun slices morning
fog into slivers

1/14

history's a wake
a banana peel pratfall
we fail to recall

rider and her horse
early morning before dawn
freezing dark clip clop

Mind's a buzzing swarm
without a queen or a hive
search to be alive

to tell truest truths
one might tell a little lie
to help stuck things glide

1/13

a murder of crows
snow blood-red near dead deer's head
peck at the carcass

even in winter
death toll of creatures rises
stink of skunk on roads

traffic jams of words
crash pile up some burning
far as eyes can read

1/12

no police sirens
no whining of garbage trucks
no city ruckus

the furnace rumbles
cold the hours before dawn
its solitary song

1/11

a dream of sparrows
finding warm shelter in the pines
sleeping through cold nights

1/10

the blue of twilight
clementines in a white bowl
the Christmas tree lights

in night's deep cavern
blizzards of swirling flakes fall
soft as soft goose down

1/9

the winter owl whose
winter owl whose who is he
he's January's

stars were all silent
windows flaring in the night
to no one's delight

1/8

ballet dancers each
snowflakes twirling spinning falling
like a dying swan

1/7

cabbage and onions
egg noodles all browned in butter
nana's recipe

1/6

after day's light falls
deer head-down a grazing ghost
near the old stone wall

1/5

keep listening to
that voice that's guiding your way
your truest compass

thinking of Soul Train
and how they put a bullet
in Doctor King's brain

1/4

sporting zany hats
the batty clouds chase the moon
make silly stars laugh

1/3

to go home again
only to search in dreams for
missing mom and dad

an ancient battle
to choose to do the right thing
and hear devils weep

the knowing of it
pity for the sinking wreck
is it gold or dreck

pulled back then released
arrows shot from archers' bows
hearts find their targets

souls caged in bodies
then one day a soul flies free
end of i and me

1/2

freezing rain glazes
all tree branches reaching out
spring still far away

1/1

moon falls sun rises
today they share the same sky
one pale one a flame

12/31

this good morning
shy moon hides behind the clouds
wanting not a thing

the breath of horses
small clouds of tiny crystals
their shadows moon blue

'till the end of time
each and every small thing
leaps then always leaves

none of us can cease
to try to re-remember
what we've all forgot

12/30

fascist Christmas lights;
white pure white bigot-gene blight
peace less love war more

hobo cat at our door
April through late December
loved then seen no more

12/29

Crow flying high knows
that man below is a dot
an ant lost in snow

the wind-bitten tree
felt something like jubilee
seeing Crow soar free

you know don't you Crow
your shadow against the moon
makes brightest stars swoon

only trace of you
your fresh tracks etched in new snow
and one black feather

your calls in winter
contradict all emptiness
quick to see or flee

when the moon sinks low
then you almost disappear
lead by your own light

your tribe's generous
one finds food tells the others
hunt share hunt then rest

your beak a scalpel
designed to carve carrion
harvesting surgeon

wrong reputation
the opposite of evil
Crow most resourceful

12/28

feral cat's pink nose
a feline thermometer
pinker when colder

big snow reveals all
the tracks of creatures come and go
maps all their travels

12/27

the telephone lines
weighed down heavy with wet snow
sparrows flee to pines

what most artists say:
we make it new each day
don't need to buy it

yellow coffee cup
yellow of Van Gogh's corn fields
no crows exploding

what a creature You
sea green eyes white bib and paws
yet you're just a cat

12/26

garlic's aroma
on the knife and my fingers
like good dreams linger

the mourning doves cry
less gladly as winter peaks
chastise sun's shy rise

swift the chickadees'
swoop and swerve to the feeder
saving energy

12/25

oak tree shadows run
stretch across cold country roads
shocked by winter sun

cannot be spoken
told or known The Library
of how small we are

the sparrows frantic
in the snow-covered cedars
puffed out all tantric

12/24

stacks of cherry wood
cut to fit the fireplace
blanketed in snow

peregrine on a limb
with fresh kill in its talons
Christmas story Grimm

12/23

the fire too breathes
against the waning of light
Spring will make it right

12/22

the way the sun
turns all tracks blue after noon
a Davinci cartoon

12/21

sunlight through a glass
flames bold on a frozen pond
bursts golden on snow

winter shows us this
on earth there is no heaven
at best a brief kiss

big snow central park
sleds dogs laughing girls and boys
all of downhill's joys

of the frozen pond
of the snows that fall again
of the feathers of a wren
of a wood fern's frond

my sister's photos
of her daily roselle walks
bring me home again

envelopes of wind
mailed first class from santa's north
children still believe

black hat in the wind
icicles reflect streetlights
and empty streetcars

AUTUMN

12/20

those who think kindly
are less inclined to do wrong
on best days break free

the view of the sky
one black bird does not ruin
nor do a hundred

12/18

calendar says "Fall"
temperature says 'Winter'
freezing big and small

in Fort McMurray
you know it's winter when spit
freezes as it hits

12/17

carolina wren
only happy singing thing
earliest a.m.

12/14

each flake claims its life
intricate geometries
melting on my eyes

how much happier
can a purring old cat be
we two forever

12/11

flying high above
swift reflections of a dove
in pond's bright mirror

the simplicity
of new sun and new moon rise
some things just won't die

drowning man searches
for water or breathes himself
breath by breath to death

make the rusty ax
also serve as a hammer
make friends with the nail

Executioner
what will you give us in return
hopefully our heads

rags of sunset clouds
below black roofs and steeples
all the little people

shadows projectiles arrows
windows butter-yellow glow
a glass of pernod

milk chocolate ad
white mustache on black baby
snow covered billboards

bedroom door locked
windows open curtains billow
body far below

12/7

prehensile tail
a questioning question mark
dark road lone possum

the possum glove-gray
too slow blinded by high beams
flight of shot-gunned dove

the possum ash gray
a bump in the moonless night
the thump of a car

black cartoon bubble
'round his cartoon possum head
drawn in bullet lead

the possum struck down
mid road snarling at his fate
or maybe grinning

the snow covered him
a coverlet of snowflakes
made the blood run pink

hit by speeding car
why'd the possum cross the road
to never get there

12/5

leftover turkey
bones and all made a good soup
time to light the tree

12/4

i was a good cat
taught them all how to obey
come go feed me play

12/2

even on dull days
the laws of physics apply
barns don't fly away

inside the red barn
plastic tarps protect saved junk
from pigeon droppings

lifetimes of things stored
in armoires closets and drawers
will outlast us all

12/1

outside in moonlight
the cat slept in the blue light
and dreamed a small dream

11/30

on-fire orange
moon through black pillars of trees
so november ends

gray day was so dull
that three mourning doves looked bright
even snow dull white

11/28

the crows eat the bones
and the gristle and the skin
every scrap a win

11/25

the pond a mirror
that lets the stars see themselves
their silent fires

11/24

doe and her fawn graze
on grass last cut by the barn
wolf of Winter near

squirrels plump as pumpkins
binging at Autumn's table
until Winter bites

11/23

winds roar through pitch pines
small birds blown off their branches
herds of clouds stampede

for you good reader
page by page these bright words play
follow the leader

echoes of shotgun blasts
those hunted know they're the target
pet cats' ears perk up

11/21

crescent moon a threat
bright scythe through the tops of trees
night does not protest

11/20

geese long gone flown south
autumn's garb cloaks silent ponds
cold as marble slabs

rain-freeze varnishes
thinnest limbs of every tree
lit by neon sun

first November snows
erased all traces of green
tracks of deer and crows

peony rings stored
gone peonies all bowed down
mulch the frozen ground

11/19

oh! you smoked ham hocks
celebrate the season's change
garlic onions soups

11/18

cold underbelly
of late-rise autumn sun warms
all furry creatures

deer in winter garb
sun an auger through cold clouds
life's short pray harder

skim of ice on ponds
all the birdbaths transparent
as finest crystal

rise up you lentils
celebrate your being best
in savory soups

a few red feathers
male cardinal not in sight
a cat black and white

11/17

yellow sun rises
lost in corn rows one black cat
few scarecrow stalks left

11/16

biblical autumn
the plague's presence colors all
millions gone like leaves

is it curious
that all souls and bodies swim
in the same fishbowl

11/15

days shadows of days
pumpkins fallen off a cart
pulp eaten by crows

surreal sunsets
colors of cotton candy
black brushstrokes of trees

good night my dearest
love you more than light rain rests
on a robin's nest

11/14

cat sits on a stump
warmed by the afternoon sun
nothing on his mind

as the birds fly south
the length of days grows shorter
as waters flow cold

11/13

branches stark and bare
now the leaves mere memories
blown from here to there

why daylight savings
when daylight's already spent
don't be slaves to clocks

11/12

mid-november sun
lowly sets in my cat's eyes
oak leaves turned orange

every failure
has at center a guide light
high beams rainy nights

11/11

as the geese fly south
light of day grows much dimmer
cold flowing waters

the rain is a jeweler
rubies and pearls on bare limbs
brightest on dark days

11/10

concatenations
crumble crunching of dead leaves
hills on hills of them

at the end of each day
ashes better than interred
sown to wild winds

if leaves were putti
they'd bury the Vatican
the pope but one tree

11/9

choir rings of stars
serenade a newborn moon
only she can hear

what giant needles
needed to puncture Night's robe
to let stars shine through

11/8

now in november
it feels like first days of spring
all creatures confused

11/3

a white and black cat
a big blue sky low white clouds
late fall fields still green

11/2 all soul's day

faithful departed
living shards piercing memories
longer gone sharper

here on your shoulder
souls unseen can you feel them
breathe them in rue them

ever had a dream
much like a melting ice cream
gone souls now kissing you?

the body's a bag
the soul a see-through vessel
pummeled by dumb winds

11/1 all saints day

my mother no saint
her mother's mother's mother
all saints sadly gone

of all the saints known
each was seriously flawed
all cats excepted

10/31

a fine engraver
the frost etches every vein
on each froZEN leaf

crow top of old oak
black against sky's blue ocean
for him mere notions

the bird on my hand
is totally imagined
resting quietly

the black and white cat
sleeping in the feral sun
best model of bliss

10/30

synesthesia
first snow falling lightly
the crows' calls are black

10/29

the way potatoes
stripped of their skins glisten white
pale naked bathers shivering

10/21

whisper of the waves
inland sadly not heard here
yearning for the sea

the instant the eye
glimpsed blackbird on the wire
then !flit! she was gone

does some frail old hand
on an old Etch A Sketch trace
Fall's lineaments?

country roads are shocked
by the absence of all leaves
tree shadows grow bold

10/20

autumn now extinguished
like fireworks in July
how quickly she died
now an empty sky

anticipating
the vast sparkling winter nights
when stars shine brighter

10/19

today old pear tree
after years appears her frailest
we'll hate to lose her

the leafless trees dream
cardinals singing greenest leaves
never forgetting spring

compared to mans' deeds
the genocides of Autumn
pale in shock and fear

10/18

promised some frail thing
you my fondest dream or not
just another dream

frost turns old fields white
temples of the earth shiver
winter's first colds strikes

a trapeze artist
the circus moon vaults from stars
to venus to mars

10/16

last of the cricketts
and the stubborn katydids
sing 'till stilled by frost

chorus of cricketts
enchancing as fine perfume
is even one missed?

carolina wren
strident feathered friend knows not
how its song consoles

10/14

all autumn flowers
save blue chicory or two
have brightly fallen

in utter darkness
sun surprises naked clouds
they blush rose and pink

autumn is a sword
mirror which holds no image
of silent carnage

10/12

autumn's palette shifting
red leaves against sky's cotton
not yet forgotten

ping pong birds pummeled
round paddle of new day's sun
no net no table

10/11

the whisper of the waves
can't be heard from here inland
only imagined

10/8

every man a leaf
every leaf all men counting
fingerprints erased

as a skein of wool
woven round into a ball
so the fine arts roll

10/5

when was it i changed
into a fat pumpkin face
mirror tells true tale

10/2

now things really move
colors blaze so quickly bright
the eye can't keep up

10/1

the asters and chicory
going pale as leaves go bright
now the shortest days

9/30

thinnest scrim of ice
on all the birdbaths and ponds
farewell september

9/28

they don't want to die
or be crushed by crazy cars
hoarding for the freeze

the animals' souls
shine out clearly from their eyes
run over few look

the possum's grimace
with a blood cartoon bubble
"wish I had watched out"

murder without mercy
they are September's victims
failed to look both ways

9/27

riots of yellow-greens
warbler mobs en masse rush south
some sporting black masks
cause the oaks to blush

i sit on my porch
and with binoculars watch
migrant warblers perch

they're subtle hidden
camouflaged by leaves and sun
flitting tree to tree

skunk's intestine pink
on dark road his spotless coat
all the wine-red oaks

9/26

now when days dash
so quickly do colors change
the eye can't keep up

squirrel a gray flash leaps
from fence to red maple branch
remembered ember

9/25

chicory and asters
gone dull gone pale as the leaves
in turn burn brighter

Fall sneaks up on us
and before we know it leaves
scarlets golds and rusts

age is a mute clock
mostly deaf to its tick tock
'till we whimper "Oh!"

blind kind of madness
possesses all the squirrels
hunt find store bury

9/23

the unashamed smell
of fresh cow dung in the air
clouds moo to the sky

9/22

hear the crickets thrum
their cellos their violins
Autumn's drum begins

acorn caps scattered
under all the old red oaks
cold enough for gloves

a doe and a fawn
side by side shyly lope by
crossing Fall's dun road

the maples mirror
ivies fire red now turn
Fall's wheel starts to burn

9/21

cars the predators

death toll of nut hunters grows

drive slow and see more

SUMMER

9/20

massive two Clydesdales
two tons each taller than i
escaped from their stalls

talking to the birds
pruning pink roses she said
proof of a clear head

9/15

sun up sleepy hens
come clucking out of their pens
scratching and pecking

oak leaf in the sun
its shadow an escutcheon
morning's coat of arms

sleep that weird tightrope
all the bizarre surreal dreams
birthed all Dali's screams

9/14

enthusiasm
for how words are born and flow
to hold them just so

crushed by the season
mad scramble to find and store
squirrel struck by a car

drawing down the moon
its thin sickle foundering
what hand pulls it down

9/13

black-backed laughing gulls
piping plovers dodge the waves
this movie won raves

no cardinals now
at dawn only crows and jays
grass turns into hay

enemy within
runs the risk of becoming
a very best friend

9/12

hickory nuts drop
the sound of one shoe falling
one by one non-stop

9/9

black and white feral
cat proves we don't own a thing
won't say he's ours

hydrangea bookends
between red and green sleeping
the black and white cat

9/8

to morning's pale moon
blue jay sings a blue jay tune
new day this blue day

9/6

puzzle of the road
too many pieces to hold
just junk and fool's gold

drive to Happiness
a trumped-up amusement park
that never was there

moon's face brilliant bright
its nightlight mirrors the sun
so too yours and mine

in the crickett's mind
how does he compute or feel
the passing of time

is the artist lost
or found in the corkscrew maze
of his own making

9/4

far beyond the sea
the pitch and roll of the land
defines mystery

9/2

far end of long pond
dark waters dark cedar stand
osprey flashes by

all the others live
living their lives away
hawk on high looks down

9/1

why does leaf become
leaves when belief turns believes
falling English leaves

sun howling through clouds
hush of trees waiting for rain
a mongrel in pain

there was an old rug
slung on a porch rail for years
all seasons still there

8/31

one ponderous cloud
an elephant sitting still
rising moon his eye

it is after all
an empty place always full
school for friends or fools

horse scratching his flank
on the splintered corral rail
what ails him frees him

Irishman now gone
gone to Dublin left his all
friends horses and hens

8/30

from fallen willow
new one grows fed by our stream
weeping like before

bags at the door
welcoming or coming home
same ever sad more

8/29

rain rain rain the rain
puddles widening circles
rain rain the rain rains

8/25

first red maple leaf
leaves behind a world of green
will not see autumn

what voice and whose speaks
this boisterous monologue
dragonflies at dusk

8/24

branches of oak trees
like birds buckshot and fallen
feather the roadsides

8/23

see each thing as is
sword in the stone only drawn
Excalibur awarded
to those pure of heart

some dark nights forlorn
lead to new big ideas then
bigger ones are born

8/21

the sun's fighting eye
blood red as if sucker punched
opens every day

just tell the story
doesn't matter if none know
footprints lost in sand

boxer pissing blood
battered eyes face black and blue
dreams of victory

back stretch of black road
its spine a muddy herringbone
farm tractor's old tracks

the eye of the sun
cyclops staring back at me
questioning the stars

8/20

now with cooler nights
birds not in the mood to sing
just sparrows and crows

banjo frogs twanging
plunking in the august marsh
strum their days away

8/18

scree of red tail
shrieks of crows in black pursuit
blue sky movie screen

drops of rainwater
fall from leaves to leaves below
rich earth keeps silent

young bull terrier
guard dog between naps and barks
watches life go by

8/16

the tallest poplar
toppled down by savage winds
torn away from friends

8/15

clovers pink and white
buds Lenten purple as rue
what and why we do

a mourning dove egg
on side of road but only half
white as dove-shaped clouds

to confess one's sins
act of true humility
leading to freedom

rabbit on a rock
head bowed ears back lost in thought
thinking rabid thoughts

dumb luck and good chance
one side of the tossed coin of
fickle circumstance

8/14

Algonquin's great vast
contains all our futures and pasts
all our firsts and lasts

cadmium yellow leaves
leaves scattered on the road
jewel-fall in august

8/10

field mouse on old fence
likes scampering on the edge
sees me leaps to hedge

that worm what a fool
thinks he'd like to cross the road
at hottest high noon

8/8

three turkey hens one chick
the others didn't make it
thanksgiving not yet

8/4

in lifeboats alone
all food and water needed
how use to use the time

8/1

doing and making
gives good purpose to a life
the rest time wasting

they perch in treetops
each day warmed by new sun
too few sing in praise

a tiny gray muff
the vole a lifeless c-note
fresh snack for a fox

lime green cicada
a decorator's fine touch
to black rug of road

right beside 'yes'
lurks the lazy coward 'no'
immortal combat

7/31

phantom-white inch worms
paratroopers without chutes
touch down in corn fields

7/30

the hens down the road
rust-red white with yellow feet
plump ladies' eggs free

purple loosestrife
in culverts near streams and ponds
portends summer's end

for the road workers
there's always more stone and tar
each day a chain gang

muddy tire tracks
turn the winding road into
a slithering snake

7/27

slug's fine silver trail
stopped when he ran out of juice
made his mark then quit

why so insistent
at first glimmer of new day
birds tell sun to rise

crows out of the night
heading to some unknown site
blackier than blacktop

pressed into asphalt
small creatures their bony legs
splayed wanting to fly

no gnats until now
what drew them to me today
buzzing bits live snuff

thinking of breakfast
battered toast red pepper jam
coffee fresh roasted

7/26

i swirling dust mote
in the cosmic all of it
soulless yet joyful

this insight sparks me
floating through sun's two-by-fours
small dust mote am free

7/24

fireflies coding
bright semaphore messages
to the edge of gloom

one-trick magicians
same old nightly magic show
appear disappear

on off on off on
flashing haloes of gold light
circumscribing night

after the downpour
they rise up from the field grass
small bright courageous

nocturnal tailors
they sew dazzling hems into
midnight's royal robe

they christen midnight
with sweetest optimisms
defying darkness

their coolest fires
their night armies' encampments
vanquished by the dawn

tiny souls arrive
like shy summer they flicker
then are sudden gone

7/22

mockingbirds compete
two dueling songsters
their best arias

we are clouds passing
early day sun shines through us
horizons all ours

7/21

fearful symmetry
the way tent caterpillars
trust their fall to earth

filled with strange sadness
let the healing rains pour down
days of queen anne's lace

dull sack skin and bones
the weight of just being here
where's the freedom phone

kick leap flash of white
in a blink he's out of sight
mister cottontail

7/20

sun shines right through rain
bullet train to Kyoto
rice fields wet puzzles

sounds of pouring rain
tree leaves dripping trunks varnished
wet cedar's fresh scent

her kimono blue
soldiers didn't want to die
leaders lied !*bonzai!*

7/19

birds on power line
at dusk what Composer's score
these dark feathered notes

early sun glazes
flower petals and field grass
enlightening them

a skilled weed whacker
disliked concerts plays and poems
less interest in art

7/18

shot from sun's cannon
the white catalpa blossoms
popcorn the green lawn

walk no matter where
hold inner conversations
to plan best next steps

7/17

the same song sparrow
on a different phone line
sings his same old song

as we grow older
do we feel the good and bad
angels more sharply

oh blue chicory
at the end her eyes your blue
how i miss her still

small green maple leaf
pressed perfect in black asphalt
the road its album

two pumpkin lane deer
startled by what i'm doing
invading their peace

you are our gone guides
need to hear your voices near
mothers and fathers

7/16

used to be ten hens
red tail got one now they're nine
when scared they huddle

old man's addition
seventeen twelve five years left?
count down down and down

this hour this day
time for us to choose what's best
a welcome guest

strangest of places
this place this dream this moment
unexpected guest

7/15

cool breeze sun smiling
song sparrow sings his heart out
clouds all applauding

most fragile tendrils
aspire to go farther
white fence their anchor

7/14

the grasshopper sleeps
on a stalk of wheat then leaps
down to his jungle

7/13

limbless phallic ghosts
past their own demise erect
dead trees standing

7/12

clouds of covid days
wooly flocks brave armadas
surge by sudden gone

on a humid breeze
the smell of honeysuckle
horses and new-cut hay

we have one black squirrel
unlike Toronto's queens park
need more in our hood

7/11

ten or twenty calls
mocking bird's virtuoso
manic jazz solos

crushed flattened steamrolled
what creature might it have been
tiny backbone pressed

no phoebes will sing
on frozen winter mornings
silence sings good day

dead tree skeletons
smooth exclamations of gray
erect reminders

7/10

stems as thin as floss
shades of jellyfish tan
their cups facing up

legs dangling behind
great blue heron up away
quieter than rain

small birds sail and swoop
feathered darts bullseye the sun
blazing swift trails

7/9

asleep and dreaming
i'm asleep dreaming a dream
a dream of dreaming

in the gazelle's eye
blur of cheetah reflected
after all blinks dark

7/8

this morning so still
as if birds are wondering
expecting what? who?

for whom the bell tolls
the great drama does unfold
us and god in us

oh eastern towhee
seeing you forgot how sweet
as your song you are

the bright company
of all singing things living
and still no lyrics

gives transparency
to the wings of birds in flight
sun's rise first daylight

7/5

fireflies love lost
dragonflies full of courage
the Samurai say

glancing in full flight
dragonflies and butterflies
mirror summer's grace

7/3

deep mystery sleep
brief death tells many stories
who knows what they mean

7/2

do the stars gaze back
unless we're delusional
not coldest likely

7/1

new asphalt old road
tar smell and two slugs' slime trail
shine silver as dimes

6/30

phoebe sings as if
there was no such thing as time
her endless summer

below black branches
sheep in early morning fog
long before sunup

6/29

cat white as snow
sunset makes his pink ears glow
at first sight love owed

no perfectionist
funnel spider weaves his web
his loom his nature

all movies we watch
the eyes of their directors
elegant or crude

phoebe sings as if
there were no such thing as time
an endless summer

roadside finches spark
gold faster than rising embers
feathered explosions

6/28

one oxeye daisy
stands against the red clay bank
father sun to thank

silver spider webs
thousands size of a man's hand
culling all the bugs

like snow fog transforms
the entire countryside
ghosts and shadows born

6/27

two red cars one blue
spin their wheels to get ahead
who knows where or why

halfmoon dayglow blue
summons the courtier clouds
on us looking down

6/26

cattails gone to fluff
landing redwings explode them
new punks soon to come

angleworms crossing
migratory traffic jam
all robins gorging

make a small chili
sweet red and green poblanos
just enough for two

athletes scholars hear
class of two thousand-twenty
who will you become?

in the robins' nests
many long strands of horsehair
how do they get them?

6/25

birds calling talking
when i walk outside early
all there is to hear

birds flying in twos
will never make network news
clueless pigeons cruise

summer eczema
one small cloud rashes the sun
poor big itchy one

6/24

clouds are filthy sheep
waiting to be shorn by sun
gone their tangled fleece

walks in gentle rains
sound of soft drops on the leaves
soaking it up soaked

roast turkey good swiss
ham off the bone sliced real thin
crusty peasant bread

6/23

the wood thrush's call
of all the birds' best of all
a *belle* "ee-oh-lee"

tap into the flow
and follow it down river
wherever it goes

each turn in each bend
can hold a new creation
act on your vision

to act one must see
a victory to just do
to most fully be

dreams of perfection
are civilizations' myths
some strong some stillborn

first mushrooms pop up
small umbrellas one day late
children of the rain

found half a bird's egg
the lightest blue almost white
it's owner took flight

6/22

it's perfect as is
no need for more metaphors
or pale similes

6/21

any wish dream or dream
plenty in the here and now
no clocks in heaven

squirrel leaps picket fence
more poised than Olympic gold
every sprinter's dream

time is a construct
no way to police our days
no clocks in heaven

SPRING

6/20

airy wings beating
their own mysteries weaving
finches fly and sing

gang of angry crows
hound and badger the red tail
escapes to treetops

6/19

from top of blue spruce
hills blue fields green way below
sparrow greets the day

6/18

snail's trail graced by sun
a blaze caught in morning light
bright string of diamonds

6/17

the new moon follows
the sun flowers and we too
indivisible

worm crossing mid road
does he have any idea
of all the dangers

6/14 birthday

turned seventy-three
tightly clutching the trapeze
counting lies and victories

what trains through the brains
when living seven decades
wins no accolades

betty davis said
getting old ain't for sissies
buy wick-dry skivvies

no fear of drowning
took a lifetime to get there
running out of air

let's anoint our lives
swinging from an old trapeze
"?the point?" scream the joints

after all these years
if you don't like what you see
become a cashier

6/11

finches intertwine
jet pilots weaving sky's loom
singing as they fly

gold finches just two
a couple just wings apart
married or courting?

6/8

the full moon in june
summer moon here too soon
our out-of-breath tunes

wild sassafras
roots dried make great healing tea
crushed leaves best cologne

6/7

to walk is to dream
to find a kind of calm rest
to simply drift downstream

6/5

working class poor but
for not one thing did we lack
can never go back

a just-shot buckshot
shot-gunned flock of goldfinches
pure joy hits sad sky

6/3

maple leaves start out
all red then soon summer green
autumn in their genes

yellow irises
surprise! summer has arrived
their spiked explosions

horses on the hills
mahogany red shoulders
sun fire on their manes

can you smell summer
honeysuckle lilac pine
warmed by new day's sun

at every road's edge
all the flower take their stand
part of the traffic

6/2

the strange in between
of sleep dream wake be or seem
sun and moon nonplussed

tent caterpillars
silver nests in crooks of trees
their swarming madness

6/1

black carpenter ants
cross country roads determined
soldiers off to war

sonic speed of cars
imagine crash toll impact
on foot too few do

5/31

red wings chattering
no matter what time of day
something true to say

the fetid stink bug
off-putting to man and beast
no hungry thing's feast

first crickets now out
taking comfort in the shade
field and dale and glade

when the wind dies down
the leaves in trees stop shouting
birds start song clowning

5/30

the day born in blue
turned to silver then to gray
then erased by rains

days merry-go-round
ordinary but not so
corona's no dream

horses in the rain
not one intimidated
winter's loss spring's gain

i know the white place
of every blossoming pear
my gone mother's hair

i hate all of you
because you each have earned it
shit! i was so wrong

do something useful
stop filming and remember
all the time we've lost

5/29

the relentlessness
no getting away from it
beyond the brackets

job of the artist
is to infect his viewers
with his new disease

rapists pillagers
thieves killers evil devils
no matter love lives

when i make a work
i take it to the far edge
this side of collapse

joy's retrospective
when lived it is elusive
looking back futile

5/28

the blackest branches
on the darkest of all days
don't know they'll soon bloom

the spring peepers confused
cold rains turn fields to marshes
and a freezing moon

contagious us
the virus carries our death
death through touch and breath

the virus petals
blossoming insidious
flourishing in us

forsythia blooms
stubborn virus still flowers
incubates in us

5/27

first love is despair
the broken heart needs to dare
the drowning need air

the speech of lawnmowers
the silence of just mown lawns
green's autocracy

the sun dries horse drops
the weather is persistent
clop clip clop clip clop

just the faintest hush
as a song thrush with a worm
in no rush to sing

one blue butterfly
brave contrast against gray skies
blue like no others

look down goose on nest
back dark-brown black neck white breast
perfect camouflage

5/26

disdain the goldfinch
its brilliance so obvious
instead parse warblers

they attack in shifts
red wings strafe carnivore crows
blitz to save their nests

as i walk uphill
carpenter ant walks with me
jesus or buddha

the one that is hurt
cries out the loudest in pain
memorial days

take our breath away
you ruthless seasons we cry
soon to come july

look look look at you
you late May your majesty
greens like never seen

5/24

sleeping by the fence
rust-red Bushy Tail the fox
olympic sprinter

a strange green blanket
under which summer does hide
spring to summer slides

orchard orioles
punctuate new maple leaves
orange yellow black

tree shadows longer
no longer long for the sun
longest days now come

mourning doves ask who
who who in late afternoon
the marsh redwings swoon

eastern towhee calls
his 'drink your tea' reminds me
of my childhood's me

5/20

the alcohol thinks
for every drink the man drinks
the drink drinks the man

5/19

the carpenter bees
hover near the sides of barns
searching to drill homes

the shadows lengthen
with the longer light of days
things begin to grow

everything slows down
finding a new point of rest
greener days the best

5/18

honeysuckle breeze
may lifts us off our feet
a flying trapeze

earth's body breathes
needs no fake deodorants
knocks us off our feet

morning air infused
honeysuckle and lilac
atomize the breeze

if they were britches
songbirds would surely burst them
proud May how she sings

5/17

the woodpecker tribe
small and large knocking for grubs
many daily drums

light/hard knocks echo
downy and pileated
then all woodpeckers

two deer vault old wall
leave a silent sward of green
and gray stone behind

the earth breathes so still
sweet the songs of many birds
crows wings row the air

5/16

crows rise up explode
black notes in a leafless land
dark composer's hand

from five hundred yards
guard llama spots my approach
his sheep keep grazing

in the birdseed bin
eyes black as eight balls two mice
bottoms up they say

baby chipmunks reign
look at you like "who are you?!"
first human contact

5/15

size of gold doubloons
hillside dandelions shine
sun-chariot's pride

5/14

deep thrum of May bees
the old crabapple tree
blossom magnate

5/13

there was that moment
when the boat-tailed grackle held
purple still as air

this side of despair
recalled tortoise and the hare
sometimes the slow must dare

5/12

determined he walked
onstage to make the crowd cry
they burst out laughing

for some horses' stalls
large wet dogs after big rains
are acquired smells

respect the dark days
low hanging clouds and cold rains
help define the light

cabbage butterfly
blown across my path brightens
dull day's dreary winds

5/10

in my underwear
giving a power point pitch
i dreamed "what a bitch!"

5/9

the shift from reading
to dependence on lit screens
once silent books scream

clouds and blossoms kissed
romantics saw spring as a tryst
that blind cynics missed

i click to netflix
billion hits in half-second
my soul don't despair

5/7

time's an eraser
an old horse bet and chaser
bourbon scotch and rye

as the white petals
of the old pear drift and fall
those soon gone soon borne

5/6

first spring fly arrives
exasperating devil
real fat way too fast

5/4

the adagios
of purples whites blues and yellows
greenest trilling greens

corona walls us in
we're meant to be together
swears at our nature

the plague surrounds us
the virus that carries death
death through touch and breath

the virus petals
blossoming insidious
flourish within us

flowers still flower
the stubborn virus still blooms
Baudelaire's *Fleurs Du Mal*

5/3

young squirrels leave their nests
frolic up and down tree trunks
free of gravity

singing all at once
yet each song unique distinct
each bird hears its own

honking of the geese
echoes over marsh and pond
all May's birds chime in

wearing rags a joy
old shirts sewn to a newness
triumph over time

the warblers are back
so many variations
of khakis and greens

old pear in full bloom
its whites make blue skies go pale
the yellow bird's home

5/2

when the muse smiles
all blocked artists get to work
rain snow sleet or shine

methane from cow farts
put a cork in an angus
better than a fork

never ending list
of all the great books to read
not one beast bothered

red squirrels eat their fill
deranged by spring's abundance
dizzy as drunk clowns

dandelion hordes
transfusions of bright yellows
conquer all the lawns

white pear's black branches
arc and leap reach up and out
crowned with white blossoms

the lowing of cows
echos over marsh and fields
base to birds' altos

5/1

spring-white violets
compete with dandelions
green canvas new greens

hanging from gnarled branch
old tire sleeps in the shade
dreaming of children

from gnarled maple limb
chained tire hangs in the shade
hears children's laughter

petals of yellow
cascade down the moss-green wall
forsythia's farewell

4/30

finding tree faces
that look down on country roads
walks become a hunt

4/28

guard dog that barked most
now greets me like a good friend
gentle truce dogsend

creation's faces
stone-carved in trunks of trees
we the least of these

listen and listen
listening will help us hear
each note glistening

4/27

some days sugar cubes
some days chunks of raw carrots
bribing my horse friends

4/26

low clouds willow greens
sheep on hillsides so serene
ewes groan giving birth

4/25

rabbit killed by car
filled turkey vultures' bellies
before the sun set

slow rabbit darts out
heard his head hit body slammed
fur tufts borne away

art is just seeing
what's not obvious to all
muses' siren calls

yellow goes mustard
to shriveled browns to new greens
farewell forsythia

4/24

the faces? of trees
seeing what only few see
silly? fantasies?

circles of raindrops
expanding on a calm pond
so all we will be

just dealing with Time
this the plague's reduced us to
what good shall we do

4/23

orange of carrot
in the mare's mouth disappears
cantering horse bows

lattice of snowflakes
softer than a horse's nose
april's rarely cruel

a cube of sugar
between trot and a gallop
mares love a carrot

4/21

this day born in blue
turned to silver then to gray
then was pearled by rains
then the sun broke through

dull days dull-go-round
ordinary bland but not
corona dreams shot

thinking we'll survive
inside unscathed by plague's hand
outside twigs like bones

4/20

grind deep meat thrasher
baby's laughter vaccine to
corona's slaughter

against dry leaf bed
of dull taupe tans and light browns
greens rise up KAPOW!

male calves butting heads
galloways training for what?
oreo olympics?

great dragon of cloud
your whites dwarf farms and fields
sun's flames your breath

thing's never the same
just springs' rephrasing of
same old same yet new

like fastest race cars
when forsythia yellows
flashed red by red bird

4/19

startled by a dry leaf
tumbling past me in the sun
ghosts of former selves

horses' chins so soft
like seeing an osprey aloft
types of transcendence

the pileated
red-headed woodpecker king
his shrill staccatos

sun sailing through clouds
unseen unknown bird singing
running brooks chime in

deep twee dee twee deep
my best phonetic reply
bird doesn't buy it

You forsythias
your dominions of yellows
make platinums pale

nuthatch sings good day
the wind answers in the trees
dry leaves galloping

4/18

masks and hazmat suits
surgeon gloves ventilators
will kill Halloween

ruckus of redwings
almost drowns out noise of cars
tops of trees their bars

the purpose of snow
is to show red to winter
the cardinal said

4/17

cloud bottoms today
pink-gray as baby hippos
Kenya memories

on winter's cold back
through blizzard snows freezing rains
spring hitches her ride

last hidden driveway
toll booth we all must drive thru
moms dads me and you

just below the stars
each of us our own spaceship
joy in looking out

4/16

anti-virus masks
shopping for bread and onions
public luxury

jealousy and rage
keep the reptile brains alive
insane hellish hive

4/15

some smart feathered thing
heaped-up pile of quill and down
RIP small one done

cluster of feathers
owner killed by sparrow hawk
only evidence

winds so strong they shear
the bark off trees like sheep shorn
no baas to be heard

world under lockdown
horses still nibble spring grass
cherry trees still blooming

high society
save me from their policies
exile helps me see

hip hoppity squirrel
innocence of intention
finding nuts enough

remembering well
holding my mother's old hands
blue veins on parchment

get it into gear
and stay always in motion
work and don't look back

4/12

fact of all their deaths
makes ours less believable
strollers with no wheels

rooster on the road
far from his hens and his pen
free or still cooped up

battered soccer balls
kicked to goals by best players
sun and moon kicked too

4/11

shard of broken glass
mirrors the rainbow's colors
sun's eye the filter

we our own spaceships
intergalactically
joys of looking out

rooster on backroad
far from his hens and his pen
still cooped up or free

rarely thanked unseen
clerks cashiers nurses aides all
the new firemen
corona's new heroes

4/10

pair of mourning doves
flew away just yesterday
then i thought of you

when i think of us
yesterday just flies away
pair of mourning doves

4/9

willow's a soft wood
trunk of tree wide as a man
beaver-chewed half through

4/8

carrion crows' treat
sweet as custard pies to us
god's menu varies

trapped inside our skins
terrorized by what's outside
just one more menace

4/7

the plump bumblebee
against all odds and logic
flies so why not we

spiders on the road
basking in the warm spring sun
dark tarantulas

telephone wires
silvered by the midday light
barn swallows their ornaments
forked tails breasts so white

4/6

bird outside our door
song fresh as march air
now home and nesting

the robin redbreast
rivals blue jay's epaulets
blue skies paint the day

the happy bird
sings as if no tomorrow
and tomorrow and
tomorrow sings back

4/5

country-road horses
sweet-tooth sugar-cube survey
one knew four no clue

touching canned peaches
infectious first touch
supermarket spawn
death by groceries

now Death is lurking
in the air on all surfaces
hollow skull that laughs

4/4

early days of spring
birds' song-grenades explode
time passing like wars

4/3

heaps of cheese nachos
family-style now poison
thank you? corona

a robin's shadow
sun's fine-cut laser stencil
all but the red breast

4/2

no brush can capture
this season's tectonic shift
no brake can stem it

tree shadows now stretch
longer across country roads
now newborn lambs dance

in the speed of light
mute winter sings in spring's voice
bright feathered and free

4/1

the boat-tailed grackles
ecstatic with first warm day
all in a dither

every living thing
newly awake gets happy
new moon smiling new

to sit on a porch
and dream a little day's dream
of life's milk the cream

from the labyrinth
the waking beast shakes its head
sun beams its antlers

waiting for moonrise
to stumble over the tree line
planets keeping time

3/31

their eyes frozen windows
shut tight in their cold coffins
no hope of return

barn owls carry mice
much less wind resistance
torpedo style

one step one step more
walking to our destinies
bittersweet cartoons

shadows of the trees
sun's and shade's conspiracy
on each hill and glade

met a black dachshund
by the name of Harrison
not mean just grumpy

3/30

beaten starving dog
exiled from the hunting pack
his rage was his meal

you killed my mother
wrathful old testament God
drank my father's blood

3/29

so long all you things
goodbye you thinking breathers
farewells like the rains

3/28

the heart is a cage
plays chess obsessing the past
brings sadness and rage

corona sick friend
gives us no choice but to live
fierce with a vengeance

spring peepers daylong
violating dusk's curfew
no stopping their song

3/27

black rooster crowing
feathers shining purple blue
shy hens following

3/25

easy go easy
cast out vain ambitions
in rough seas find calm

lasting but a day
brightest blues of early spring
new-moon woodland flox

late-march birds singing
vagabonds sweet troubadours
gypsy company

white as bleached linen
snow melting at base of trees
mozart understood

white as ocean sand
snowflakes sown like finest lace
the field earth's table

eggshell white the snow
beethoven knew it seized it
nature played his score

gray clouds now scrumming
exhausted rugby players
sheep their spectators

all our fine daydreams
mere optical illusions
roadside styrofoam

old leaves slick with rain
gray sweater of clouds hover
knitting down on us

welcome back robins
your red breasts still a surprise
against rags of snow

3/24

“social distancing”
a claustrophobic’s delight
virus unites us

3/23

oil slick’s rainbow
dirty yellows purples reds
dull day dull roads

his lift dip and swerve
blue jay’s royal epaulets
snow his engraver

sheep and guard llamas
know I’m not the coyote
keep grazing fearless

3/22

the soup dreams of
brushing dirt off wild mushrooms
otherworldly white

scattered surgical gloves
blue praying hands virus proof
shopping carts care free

redwings joy the marsh
sawgrass playing with the sun
rites of spring begun

sun's simplicity
brings light and life to all things
why troubadours sing

hudson valley's hills
range from smoke blue to purple
gray at end of day

3/21

heads too small for caps
ducks can't afford sunglasses
sun warms their asses

now that winter's done
maple oak and willow leaves
greet the new spring sun

cedars in wind rush
brushing the hills up and down
field grass greening still

making sun look pale
huge stands of forsythia
make haystacks look small
many yellows everywhere

what curdles the soul
is the ghoul of compliance
to what others think

with no history
no kind of pedigree
outlier yet free

where we are standing
and where the precipice falls off
is a very short walk

years years to tell the truth
minutes to eat a Baby Ruth
say farewell to youth

skin more transparent
veins in my hands much bluer
just like my mother's

creeks overflowing
blue patch peeks out from gray sky
spring now bright springing

sharing spring secrets
gray skies add a shred of blue
a chance to shine through

creeks' shimmer-trills
flowing through thin plates of ice
snowmelt down from hills

dark cedar curtains
morning sun turning the yard
into a living room

old doe one limp leg
hanging down a sad plumb line
gimp-walks sun still shines

what the world shows us
is sometimes not so pretty
accept try and trust

thin scam of our dreams
that place between wake and sleep
all of it we keep

most true at first light
when the dream comes to us
this what all must trust