

PUMPKIN LANE



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“sitting-on-the-porch” poems

I

red ant on the porch
his shadow eclipsed
by a pumpkin seed

II

plink plunk plink
rain's fingers play
poor earth's piano

III

each blade of grass boasts
a diamond for a crown
dew to dust by noon

IV

spring peepers peeping
if we breathe your city breath
will you breathe ours?

V

blank page no haiku
shadow of autumn berries
where's inspiration?

VI

startled mourning dove
sweeps the porch of pumpkin seeds
swift brush her gray wings

VII

telephone wires
page of clouds the blank score
kestrels the grace notes

VII

not hearing silence
until peepers and grackles
begin their chorus

VIII

timothy's laughter
swinging on rope from rafter
swoosh through pitch dark

IX

night creak of barn rope
moonlight smiles through barn walls
timothy swinging

X

my mother asleep
asleep in the afternoon
the goldfinches' cheee!

XI

moon over the marsh
racing orion leads
too cold to follow

XII

acrobat squirrel
pilfering seeds from feeder
chipmunks jealous

XIII

swan patrols reed beds
keeping honking geese at bay
sole white on gray day

XIV

rain blackens the road
daffodils bow down to storm
now mud's proud

XV

the great white birch sings
a white song for all to see
steeped in night's dark tea

XVI

mozart playing
rain obeying every note
oboes trumpets pray

XVII

spring's wild flowers
cheer the green canopy on
bloom early and leave

XVIII

washing dishes
white throated sparrow spies in
through the steamed window

XIX

tiger in the sun
chickadees seeing mousey
abort their seed flight

XX

apple trees swaying
their breeze greets the sun
their blossoms tutus

XXI

shoes soaked with dew
dandelions and bees
suits of same yellow

XXII

meadows soaked with dew
save the dry beds of deer
and the bone white moon

XXIII

crabapple in bloom
has paralyzed my brushes
paint jar's water still clear

XXIV

clouds behind apple tree
rhyme with apple blossoms
dandelions nod

XXV

louder than the breeze
the sound of sunflower seeds
snapped open by finch beak

XXVI

cold winter moon
frozen lake ice cracks and groans
old man all alone

XXVII

my dead father
his wedding ring
on my finger

XXVIII

downy woodpecker
three cheers one wing flutter
announce his arrival

XXIX

phoebe scolds cat
sleeping by the window ledge
no offense taken

XXX

rabbit shaped cloud
flies high above the cottontail
no carrots

XXXI

candle pays no mind
today or tomorrow
burn equally bright

XXXII

next to the beer can
flattened by a horse trailer
a leopard frog

XXXIII

outside the blossoming pear
inside van gogh all thumbs and elbows
staring at the tree

XXXIV

the brightest jewels
are clouded costume set against
sunlight on the lake

XXXV

lacking substance
the tree shadow crosses the road
or does it really

XXXVI

drone of bumblebee
wind in trees and horses' neighs
symphony in e

XXXVII

watching morning pass
could i be my own cat's dream
she covers her ears

XXXVIII

sleeping cat
one eye opens slightly
the catnip mouse

XXXIX

watching arnold cast
buried in a cloud of caddis
no fish rising

XLI

square of sunlight
sleeping cat the center
ignored by an ant

XLII

smell of new mown grass
still strong in starlight
deers' beds freshened

XLIII

squirrel stands on a branch
like a child on a bench
reaching for a cookie jar

XLIV

the squirrel upside down
on the feeder eats nonplused
squirrel etiquette

XLV

the best bird watching
done from my office window
instead of working

XLVI

the cattails are dry
pale recollections of fall
ghosts of season past

XLVII

in my office
thinking of wanda's pony tail
computer humming

XLVIII

on her bamboo chair
our cat watches birds or sleeps
asleep she's watched too

XLIX

talking to my mom
baby's body found in woods
near my childhood home

XLX

this week in may
you can almost see things grow
go slow please go slow

XLXI

blocked writers note
trouble filling an empty page?
no paper protests

XLXII

midday in april
anticipating moon rise
night sky's charity

XLXIII

my hands beginning
to resemble my mother's
well worked purposeful

XLXIV

carrying clay pots
interrupting sparrow's song
two notes not four

XLXV

i've been here before
watching the sparkling lake's light
waiting at your door

XLXVI

her mouth so sweet
there's been no tenderness
ever equaled it

XLXVII

in less than a week
apple blossoms fallen now
sweet memory's guests

XLXVIII

tips scarred from first mow
grass thrusts up with such force
gray clouds seem lower

XLXIX

the mourning dove's call
after sudden rain affirms
sad weather's rightness

XLXX

what is a painting
but a way to see new
all we've been blind to

XLXXI

white cabbage moth
white as blown blossoms
little will of its own

XLXXII

dream of judgement day
tried convicted and sentenced
in my underwear

XLXXIII

white boat drifts away
from white home on high cliffs
once young once old moon

XLXXIV

visions of crossings
rose up from deep river's mind
then the bridge was born

XLXXV

smelling black cat's musk
the catbird in the willow meows
field mice nose the air

XLXXVI

the moon the moonlight
the moon's reflection this night
this moon this moon's light

XLXXVII

every star revolves
around a center unseen
each has been will be

XLXXVIII

things so orderly
lawns children their cats their dogs
world war two reader

XLXXIX

four bottles of port
on a rough pine table
sunset shines through them

XLXXX

in the old apple
chipmunks made snug residence
landlords carpenters

XLXXXI

my shadow startles
itself too light this dark night
self of self of self

XLXXXII

two or three peepers
remain to greet the may moon
where have the others gone

XLXXXIII

how often mozart
can be played again
never seeming old

XLXXXIV

white dogwood blossoms
in white ironstone pitcher
inside fire still burns

XLXXXV

raindrops on the creek
small circles of souls breathing
from an ancient rain

XLXXXVI

this hill is always
here we greet night and morning
the bright impossible

XLXXXVII

after a shower
seeing the eastern towhee
in the lilac tree

XLXXXVIII

severe storm warnings
failed to do the thing justice
tree limbs nude as arms

XLXXXIX

sadly uprooted
the grand old cedars and oaks
snubbed like bad jokes

LXXX

the trunks of old trees
twisted as dreams or fears
dismembered rent free

LXXXI

there's a sadness after
a party of drunks all gone
leaving no laughter

LXXXII

the storm so intense
deer forced to change their beds
their only defense

LXXXIII

the backhoe's deep ruts
so full of muddy water
old habits change slow

LXXXIV

sweet dreams my sweetheart
safely sail sleep's rolling sea
we're just dreams apart

LXXXV

gold cathedrals
dandelions rise in rings
dwarfed the cricket sings

LXXXVI

raindrops by drop
from gutters spout rhymes
keeping time

LXXXVII

the din of birds
this cold morning
akin to silence

LXXXVIII

the phoebe builds
its wattle nest full of young
make something and die

LXXXIX

the coots hoot and cuss
yellow heads rave and mew
homo musicus

LXL

the coots raise their wings
run that loony take off run
yellow blackbird sings

LXLI

hangnail moon
clipped and cast into orbit
junipers swoon

LXLII

buffalo grazing
long dark line up the valley
grasshoppers lazing

LXLIII

brown trout in net
the will to live
never stronger

LXLIV

moose socks and khakis
remembering the river
and the osprey's cry

LXLV

in may black willow
new as rough river permits
the clouds the clouds

LXLVI

powder blues
curious land on wet boots
whose fine invention

LXLVII

dry fly clubhouse
troubador drowned out
by conversations

LXLVIII

young ground squirrel
crosses six lane highway
big timber trail

LXLIX

tips of old white pine
this younger greener green
still reaching out

C

one wing drooping
the injured robin eats
drowned worms from puddles

CI

blue mountain range
on license plates
blue mountains ahead

CII

lone palamino
vast sward of alfalfa
the mocking bird's word

CIII

as many hues of green
as eskimos have words
for different snows

CIV

ancient teepee rings
circles of drum gray stone
no teepees no songs

CV

chrysanthemums
in moss covered clay pots
folks waiting in line

CVI

corvette convention
everyone polishing
the years away

CVII

change on table
nickles dimes and pennies
no bills still life

CVII

one shining sail
bright in the steel gray bay
past the prison past

CVIII

east wind shakes tall grass
sends winged ants bobbing downstream
sipped in by rainbows

CIX

cloud over moutain
bull over cow
here come the calves now

CX

boots' laces untied
tongues out to dry
van gogh their voice

CXI

smell fall's last mowing
old october willows gold
leaves our hearts falling