

HAIKU WALKING II
postcards from pumpkin lane



Gregory J. Furman

March 2021 to March 2022

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for Daniel Arnott

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

“No ideas but in things.” - *Paterson*
William Carlos Williams (September 17 1883 – March 4 1963)

WINTER

3/19

to squash ticks kill mice
is not murder or is it
only if they bite

to scrawl a small mark
however crude plain or stark
contradicts the dark

let's hope there's heaven
since we take the time to die
leaving the big lie

like the moth aflame
shriven like the cloven worm
not a soul to blame

the black and white cat
appeared and stayed for two years
then gone just like that

snowdrops a surprise
electric white drill-bit hard
breaking frozen earth

daffodils chorus
peepers mating in the marsh
the red wings trilling
the Spring frog chorus

almost run over
crossing blind in mating rut
two chipmunks it's spring!

3/4

beautiful doll house
dad said he'd add electric
it never happened

3/3

typewriter

i the typewriter
Emperor of the space bar
Excavator of the word dump

with each finger's tap
making men and worlds collide
key by key by key

shift delete or add
on my black and white keyboard
there's no place to hide

my punctuations
range from incantations
to liberations

from mind to matter
infinities of chatter
just a too-brief ride

2/28

a white shag rug
can anyone imagine
why the pool of blood

2/27

freed from Time I sleep
beneath an ancient oak tree
birds and worms my company
I'm them and they're me

why now recalling
that room in Sausalito
then missing you now

2/26

snow day

the whiteness of eggs
morning of first big snow
then their yellow yolks

smell of bacon
frying in the frying pan
coffee freshly brewed

early snowplows roar
heavy wet flakes keep falling
a rousing silence

2/24

a very bad dream
two loved ones who lost their way
can't find their way home

days weeks on the run
rare few dare look directly
at death or the sun

2/23

amber butterfly
amber fly live forever
in the livings' eyes

disintegration
said the candle to the flame
with each draft and breeze

the past's a given
sometimes resignation leads
to new directions

the anvil falling
holds no malice toward the ants
it obliterates

the worst behavior
followed by a pleasant result
will be repeated

sweetness of the cream
if offered to curry favor
bitters in the cup

2/22

birds

how birds skyrocket
true to the blue canopy
why oh why not we

never self-conscious
the purity of their flight
proof that there is Right

if on limb or branch
however weak or flimsy
they trust their whimsy

their fine silhouettes
an instant of perfection
a resurrection

gift to those who watch them
timeless in their insouciance
a notch in God's gun

can you dance in the air
they do daily without care
inspired by the sun

2/20

the truth's not so bad
though fiction's sometimes better
if dogs became God

dreamed of losing big
so chose to pay with chickens
only feathers left

2/19

our world's rage caroms
struck by wild pools of chance
cue which we half own

annihilation
even with much reflection
hard to believe it

breathe in the present
then breathe out the recent past
this how long now lasts

2/18

the tracks of bobcat
skunk possum squirrel and crow gray
in the falling snow

sugar maples tapped
greet the flowing of the sap
Winter to Spring !snap!

up to you only
as a mad world teeter-totters
find your own happy

2/16

sun lights up a room
making everything seem new
Winter mornings' dues

the sound of ice melt
slow gurgling down roof drains
chirping Spring will come

the junco gets there
with a hop and then another
little thought to more

2/15

a rival goad to God
our world twists on its axis
stalking destruction

the daffodils wait
underground for the peepers
to sing then rise up

Winter is stubborn
letting go its bitter hold
humbled by the sun

freezing dethawing
the beat of a giant heart
changing cold to hot

Old Green Magic Trick
willful Spring rebuilds itself
new house from old sticks

2/12

save like starving mice
each moment at any price
a single grain of rice

praise Melancholy
on its winters of sadness
falls a shard of sun

from deep well's bottom
even on darkest of day
one can see the stars

our world's a total mess
wars plagues apocalypse
spawn creative bliss

the tortured genius
artists are no more no less
than layers of bricks

all shattered vessels
lusting after happiness
sweeping broken glass

2/9

'is' will soon be 'was'
best done now will be best 'was'
for eternity

2/8

infinitesimal
against the blizzards of the stars
are we one and all

2/5

every branch varnished
frozen in the rising sun
gone before day's done

2/4

sitting in a chair
remaining in the present
is fair medicine

2/2

expect nothing more
than mighty anonymity
and the rage to create

1/31

each day escaping
as if being hunted down
by rabid hound dogs

1/25

the cardinals' red
glows bright against white of snow
little do they know

1/23

moving furniture
toy blocks of past and future
in shock and humor

1/22

skip twisty thought and
merely do rather than think
invisible ink

1/21

horses and starlight

how hardy they are
majestic in their endurance
braving a harsh freeze

the plumes of their breaths
rise up to gladden the clouds
and spite bitter cold

their blankets steaming
the engines of their bodies
fueled by humble hay

they look up if called
forgiving interruptions
they are kinder than us

they share their paddocks
while global conflicts rage on
stalwart they stand calm

they're monumental
the mystery of their mass
powered by slim legs

only five of them
horses on a starlit night
haunting equine hymn

to be like a horse
a quiet revolution
an evolution

1/20

can't be hunted down
skittish Joy lives within us
shy bird on high branch

1/19

moon glow on ice field
red fox slip-skitters across
horse dream of angels

1/18

melted snow puddles
late day now frozen solid
crows peck at road salt

1/17

dust on a bookshelf
dreams are flowers of the mind
they bloom then vanish

tell the truth dentists
your days spent excavating
weak teeth your goldmines

1/16

spiegel im spiegel
mirror in mirror
that voice each of us can hear

if we listen well
if the stars were wines
and the rivers were whiskies
who would know or tell

if we could predict
circumstances of our deaths
would we all behave

a man tells stories
so many times he becomes
the tales that he told

1/15

even in peace times
the smilers with knives lurk at
proscenium's edge

we assume it's safe
yet things fall from heights cars crash
madmen kill mall rats

1/14

nothing like warm socks
after hiking in the snow
socks and dryer know

1/13

self illuminate
empty mind no exertion
the jewel of grace

1/12

freed by winter wind
leaves polka down country roads
suddenly reborn

a baked potato
a steaming bowl of chili
a glass of cold beer

the fit fox ran free
as if to spite Winter's frieze
red on sward of snow

Roy Rogers ranch set
seen from above barns cows pigs
cowboy rides toy horse

1/12

after an hour
untangling tangled wool skeins
brain felt like cool rain

1/11

hear The Bard barred owl
he hoots it his way
who who who cooks for you
this is how owls pray

1/10

that dark of heartless
like gnawing on bone
that unforgiving place where
all cowards languish

a colossal trait
all artists must possess
from quagmires of chaos
to dare to create

on your worst of days
lock your past in a jail cell
never lose the key

1/9

successful haiku
should eat like potato chips
one read leads to more

1/3

wanders of snowflakes
can you relive the flurry
of it as a child

1/2

humbling the monarch
the thorn in the lion's paw
removed by a mouse

1/1

sun shines through carafe
shadow shaped like a wine glass
white tablecloth red

all the trees' shadows
barcode the long country road
sun's checkout counter

12/31

farewell year goodbye
ceaselessly asking "what if..."
on swells of the tide
the Infinite drifts by

12/30

keeping the skies clear
hunters shot the pelican
bird fell like a kite

12/29

twelve plump hens roadside
my footsteps scare the harem
scoot back to their coop

white dog guards white sheep
knows my voice doesn't bark
wished him late Christmas

12/27

the fact of breathing
breathing in or being breathed?
proof of God in us?

breathing to aspire
while aspiring to breath
our sacred fire

12/25

junco's two tail feathers
purest white on Christmas day
match the melting snow

on this fogged-in day

muted sun mimics the moon
mute disc pale dove-gray

12/21

first snow covers green
every living thing is shocked
by freeze winter brings

only rare birds sing
freezing rooster still greets the dawn
anemically

the prints of creatures
in the snow are blue-jay blue
only in full sun

they can be tracked
until their tracks disappear
melt foils hunters

winter's cold desert
all water sources frozen
creatures drink snow melt

very shy the sun
casts a sparkle on the white
of new fallen snow

bird tracks unblemished
fresh on snow's virgin canvas
melting palimpsest

AUTUMN

12/19

out unto the sea
looking ahead to what will be
we not meant to know

at outermost edge
poets eat oblivion
for brunch and for lunch

like white castanets
as rhythmic in their silence
the snow fandangos
can you hear all souls

of departed furry friends
in the winter winds?

start now with dolor
after autumn is over long past long gone
snowflakes mix with rain

the cows in the fields
their black and white skin blankets
don't twitch with the cold

12/8

if you were a cow
on a dark day rain freezing
just focus chew cud

now the ivies blush
now all robin redbreasts flee
now no rush of bees
now bereft of buzz

whole soul must be all in
nothing less on kill table
to win salvation

full moon's reflection
in ditches' muddy runoff
evidence of God?

how soft in the breeze
were the flying autumn leaves
drove them to their knees

all things breathing light
scuttle of a rambling leaf
anoints the roadside

his trapped companions
leaves rot in roadside culverts
a breeze made him free

damn the IRS
causing us to shit and piss
paying for wars with this

fooled by warmer days

squirrels breed and then their litters
face killer winter

the leaves are soldiers
mowed down by another freeze
domino by doom

to make sense of it
to find slight truths in the past
is to see the sea

12/7

except for Thy grace
i wander purposelessly
into a hostile night

12/6

it's the little deaths
the death of each day
the deaths of those we love
that show us the way
that prepare us all
for that final call

they are calling us
all the faithful departed
beckoning us on

a boiling caldron
praying it won't boil over
hoping for closure

a life that was lived
a series of intricacies
locked doors opening

each day hope flares up
on fire with surprises
embers by nightfall

a rubber-band joke:
seconds seem eternities
decades snap short

12/5

it is what it is
you get what you get you've got
try not to forget

12/3

last call for last train
all aboard one track for all
that all must answer

12/2

the blue of the hills
at sundown like no rival
blue in sea or sky

one window on high
mirrors the blaze of sunset
sun blinks red to night

11/30

“now comes good sailing...
(Henry Thoreau's final words)
moose, Indian...”
1862

11/28

hay bales and horses
give the fenced pasture meaning
autumn clouds peer down

the woman hugged the horse
the happy horse stood statue-still
a vanishing point

11/25

look at you small leaf
pierced by a branch in your fall
looking down on it all

the shorter days say
the maple leaves now yellow
crickets' calls mellow

the leaves of the oaks
rustier than rusted metal
somber as old folks
wood ducks flown south now
rabbits snug in their warrens

fields cold and barren

11/22

i am the dead elm
serving only as backdrop
for the falling leaves

11/20

small plump and fuzzy
their buds prepare for winter
Fall magnolias

11/18

the capillaries
of wonder bleed into straits
of jubilation

11/16

gravity tempered
by Grace a blazing fire
sun rays on treetops

11/15

hunter's dayglo shirt
his orange trumped by leaves
Fall's complicity

11/14

under hunter's moon
raccoon entrails on roadbed
our cars the butchers

nature's in no rush
much of our time behind us
seasons fluster-free

trees on horizon
set aflame by setting sun
pale sun's day is done

one step one step more
as November's silence roars
the closing of a door

11/9

bananas turn blue

under ultraviolet light
like snow in full moon

11/8

Whore of Babylon
has drunk the blood of the saints
we mortals diet coke

11/7

poetry mere words
against which we have no defense
burning every fence

11/6

the beat of their wings
a colloquium
flocks of ravenous robins
gorge on crabapples

quick as an off switch
or slow as the breaking day
when it's off it's off

all the leaves that fall
requiems yet rhapsodies
hearing Winter's call

could life death and love
possibly be just one fact
a robin's egg intact?

11/4

Hope's arrow that flies
through the gravity of air
heart and mind centered

11/3

manipulation and love
often live in the same home
as hammers and knives

11/2

art shatters the noise

of old notions of beauty
its blood is the new

11/1

before god and devil
darkness and light were at peace
no man can recall

10/30

fields of white pumpkins
fields on fields of sun-dried hay
the snow the canvas

10/29

now geese stitch the sky
on the rose horizon's robe
pepper on cloud's cloth

flocks on flocks of them
cheering one another on
warriors battle south

the strength of the flock
the muscle of their wings' intent
rising sun speechless

even leafless trees
aspiring to their heights
wish them safe journey

the sounds of shotguns
makes them change their travel plans
always another pond

10/28

seems not long ago
in a grade-school cloakroom dank
with other kids' farts

10/26

exploratory?
the bite severed his right leg
the shark swam away

mirror-still waters
black fin under bright blue sky

then it all goes red

ocean's no stranger
to shark's black hockey-puck eye
silent eye of death

an apex predator
Man more than any great white
the planet our seal

10/25

now the red ivies
now the robins take their leave
suddenly no bees

10/22

trees are light catchers
to the pitcher sun's curve ball
swinging at the air

10/21

in one small life
trying to pull the curtain back
dying to break the code

10/20

furious hamster
wheel of overworked wage slaves
treadmill to what end

the impossible
lights the way to possible
as night leads to day

10/18

once i dreamed the dream
i became the dream i dreamed
looking down on me

once i thought the thought
i became the thought i thought
that was leading me

once i found my way
i was thankful for each day

work turned into play

10/17

bright the morning sky
the birds are leaving
the sun tells them “go!”

10/16

if it doesn't feel
a little bad it won't feel
as good as it should

breakdown is breakthrough
getting ill to getting well
worst can lead to best

10/15

when crabapples are
naked of berries and leaves
snow's not far away

10/9

one hundred billion
humans in all time have died
where now? those we loved

10/8

hickory nuts crushed
by cars now banquets for crows
chipmunks and squirrels

black diasporas
yellow-spotted salamanders
floating in the pool

crimson and maroon
auburn and gold invented
by rust-faced Autumn

10/5

warmest October

rising sun burns mists off ponds
a living fire

10/4

geese gathering
noisy circles of hundreds
sky's baffle echoes

10/2

now comes October
squadrons of leaves on fire
flocks of geese leaving

9/27

"spread joy... costs little"
another sappy mantra
smile why don't ya

9/26

sun shadows shifting
invisible animals
ambling in the shade

9/25

new neighbor rooster
crowning each sunrise and set
our clock with feathers

9/21

dear autumn hello
your cold winds and airborne leaves
rust-reds burnt-greens dull golds

dear summer goodbye
fireflies and boundless days
now a pleasant dream

wide circle of mist
turns the moon into an eye
a shining pupil

SUMMER

9/18

a room of mirrors
hard to see which me is me
murder mystery

9/17

in the fly's kingdom
trapped behind our glass windows
can't find a way out

drifting ominous
turning back not possible
sundown's sails all slack

9/13

the cut lemon glows
lit electric by the sun
saying day is done

9/12

the sun is on fire
walking his old high wire
holds no fear of heights

9/11

shadows blacken knives
kill-knives of terrorist planes
Sun's knife still reigns

our families safe
except for all our sorrows
for those loved long lost

imagination
brilliant strategy of war
THEY the Great Satan

September eleven
we learned anything can be
shrewdly weaponized

deconstructing it
the news crushes souls in barrels
requiems and carols
another kind of war
U.S. Open forges on

our world needs heroes

9/10

ocean of our minds
tempest or calm the waves say
come join us and play

cruel Afghanistan
which blew raw through you and me
porous suffering

end of one more war
fresh chops in the butcher's store
pain's phantoms still roar

9/9

now the apples fall
of their own weight to the ground
the deer all waiting

when we hear You when
we see You we will be
oh You oh mighty Thee

9/6

hens panic the coop
when fox or hawk swoop in
this no country fair

9/5

Beauty's all around
as Breugel's blind rich or poor
live dreading the ditch

9/3

childhood's vast hammocks
of daydreams and open time
never found again

a vessel of joy
or a vessel of sadness
the Soul view matters

from my old young self
how have i fallen so far

adrift in my dreams

9/1

what about the deer
night long in the freezing rain
how they do abide

skunk at three a.m,
rank his royal pungency
louder than trumpets

8/31

oh the pretty bones
impatient for the day when
they will break away

geese now gathering
on all the September ponds
winter's siren calls

8/30

stay strong Memory
as crickets caged in winter
still sing on and rage

8/29

may your heart know peace
when you face your end of time
kind words and sweet rhymes

what we detest most
in others we hate and fear
most in ourselves

8/28

cicadas crickets
in dark August band and play
set the nights aflame

8/27

sunlit classroom clock

last day of school sunny noon
summer's slow tick tock

8/26

hold me in your arms
as you once did long ago
show me where to go

8/25

those who aim to teach
must stay true to their life's reach
otherwise just preach

8/24

the sun is a dog
the moon is a cat that howls
the stars are night's owls

girl in red sweater
leading black Arabian
from barn to pasture

cherries and peaches
watermelons almost free
sweet haymaker sun

the blue jays calling
sound of my own feet walking
woodpeckers drumming

8/22

for every worm
that made it across the road
ninety died dried out

knowledge freedom joy
goals of Man Compassionate
won in one life span

the simple pleasures
treasure in a ray of light
hard won endeavor

8/21

no excess of beans

in the chili her request
eight beans on an empty plate
the chef failed the test

8/20

ripe wild cherries
the memory of a tree
my father cut down

sunflowers and cows
recharging their batteries
plugged into the sun

8/19

happiness is rare
not to be relied upon
hopes and dreams threadbare

8/17

nature's sleight of hand
somethings slight as a raindrop
can transform dry land

bees in raspberries
sip of pollen then they go
happy never slow

begone testy gnat
winged thing awash in my eye
your own automat

8/16

August's arrow flies
to heart of autumn ripe with
every growing thing

vines and leaves bleed red
readying the earth's cold floor
for winter once more

how the swift shadows
of birds flying high above

darken leaves below

blackbird turns orange
as he flies through a sunbeam
then back to blackbird black

8/15

the rage of worms
what hope and dreams must they hold
to cross cruel roads

rooster our neighbor
at first light wakes himself up
needs no alarm clock

mute apparitions
phantom deer bucks fawns does
rule the fields and roads

the skunk was here
here his country scent remains
until the next rain

cherries and peaches
watermelon almost free
corn grows tall as thee

screes of the red tail
deviled by crows and blue jays
shatters new day's calm

8/13

longest days too brief
more days lived than days to be
once blind now I see

customer service
placed on an annoying hold
have mercy on us

8/12

dark green overcast

trees mirrored in mud puddles
color of chocolate

birds celebrating
the end of three days rains
ground fog joining in

birds celebrating
the end of three days' rains
earth a big funnel

8/11

tourniquet of cloud
sun red as a bloodshot eye
no bullet fired

one hickory nut
with a soft thud falls downhill
another uphill

8/10

birds going crazy
bubbling tweet tweedle-deeing
mid-summer circus

after the downpour
sticks looking like worms and worms
looking like sticks

morning trees and doves
branches looking like limbs
after a battle

8/9

banjo frogs' plunk-n-twangs
song sparrows wrens chickadees
gangs of 'tweets!' and “!dangs!”

roadside greenery
almost everywhere waist high
thistle sage chicory

telephone wires
the scores mourning doves the notes

grand conductor sun

fox scat sickly black
too much rain or vile mange
expanding their range

8/7

hot at five a.m.
ground fog rising so humid
black flies plague horses

sun the starting gun
racing summer halfway through
clouds join in the sprint

cherick-chk-chk
says the redwing flying low
freely comes and goes

we come and we go
footprints in the grassy dew
says sun rising slow

8/6

writing's not unlike
the persuasions of the soil
waiting for the rains

bodies of dead leaves
washed down the roadside gullies
the torrent's playthings

the driveway gravel
plowed and furrowed by rain floods
water rules matter

harsh hurricane rains
these torrential downpour days
then Sun electric

bodies of small frogs
ironed into the road's asphalt
stamped like passports
palest petroglyphs

8/4

the tiger lilies

roadside queues of bright orange
hues of mid-summer

grade school clock ticks slow
last day of school just won't end
summer's for little fools

8/2

hold us in your arms
as you have once long ago
show us where to go

moonlight in treetops
soft as cobwebs powder blue
songs of cicadas

8/1

bones sleeved in flesh
from the begging first-breathed breath
longing for release

the hand's vermillion
when held against a candle
the moon behind a cloud

7/31

to find a language
that can withstand the tears and fears
of pummeling years

to find one moment
like the intensity of birds'
raptured in their flight

after many years
we are still starting over
yearning for grandeur

7/28

the heart dies slowly
shedding hopes like autumn leaves
fall from an old tree

7/27

the moonlight congealed

blue on bushes and branches
by fireflies healed

let's drink with the moon
not asking why in July
remembering June

7/26

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

7/16

the mourning doves cry
so sadly at start of day
nun-gray fly away

goldfinches' shrill tweets
to them no idea how sweet
like cops on their beats

7/15

July's sweetest nights
boast summers' defining lights
Oh! the fireflies

7/12

curves of old pear tree
new fruit on curving branches
Mother Memory

i have found the place
where time stands quite still
birds on windowsills

7/11

a Greek friend of mine
found dead in his apartment
brother from afar

7/10

Carolina wren

startled by a sudden breeze
lost track of his song

you can hear red squirrels
chastising one another
just after sunup

7/9

no clouds in the sky
July's full moon on the rise
fireflies the prize

7/8

prognostications
prestidigitations and
procrastinations

7/7

one drink then one more
alcoholics' paradise
a bottomless floor

7/5

the sparrows frantic
deep in the forsythia
noisy harmonies

7/2

the great blue heron
hunts his own infinity
what is it he knows

7/1

our souls are swan boats
we vanish in the flux of time
reason fogs rhyme

master Rembrandt's browns
of fresh horse manure are found
gilding country roads

bugs fish dragons bears
wild dream menagerie

other times just clouds

6/29

the blue jay was crushed
pressed by cars into the road
wings as if flying

two-rabbit day
some days as many as twenty
up to the rabbits

mostly-black kitten
shyest neighbor of them all
white bib three white paws

dreamed of my parents
making a western omelet
couldn't find the ham

with no self-pity
leaving pity and terror
behind forever

pale gibbous moon
tilted like an upturned bowl
that spilt all its milk

the squirrel's intention
was to cross the gravel road
failed now fur and bone

chiaroscuro
of grapevines curling on fence
spreading like rumors

stubborn invaders
toadflax loosestrife zebra mussels
plague marsh roads and lakes

stroking horse's nose
like petting buddha's belly
but soft and warmer

the old haymaker
redder than a bloodshot eye

fire for hire

if i had just walked
instead of running in pain
i'd not have new hips

6/28

three fawns two does
at sunrise on high alert
smiling moon looks down

hint of sassafras
even without faintest breeze
owns this stretch of land

treefrogs song sparrows
crickets and tiger lilies
waiting for the day's parade
friends of empty roads

horsefly magnetized
out for what blood he can get
follows pheromones

bright yellow toadflax
hems roadside as if woven
in a king's carpet

in drop of my sweat
one gnat drowned another tries
to annoy other eye

after each hard rain
raccoon scat fertilizes
flowers at road's edge

a black and white cat
sits on a swimming pool mat
watching me do laps

6/27

hot at six a.m.

a cooling breeze gives meaning
to the purpose of sweat

piece of a puzzle
a robin's egg at road's edge
like no other blue

certain moths' flight paths
swift with crazy randomness
frustrate hunting birds

foxes and racoons
their roadside scat packed with seeds
June's berry buffet

on a white napkin
near-whole shell of robin's egg
gift of lightest blue

blue bird and the cat
play old game of hide-and-seek
no grace for the weak

6/24

the eye of the cow
the eye of the sun on the run
the sound of a gun

6/23

orchard oriole
yellow-orange and black flash
sparks dark cedar grove

6/22

on each blade of grass
an opal of morning dew
what's a blade to do?

6/21

woodpecker knocking
across the pond his echo
drum to catbird's trill

hook beak eyes gone dead
featherless fledgling robin
one less in the nest

what scents are sweeter
than the fresh of new-mown grass
perfuming noon heat

each day the horses
sunshine brightening their hides
their easy-go strides

SPRING

6/15

curious sparrow
why are you following me
such good company

each summer morning
plays a note of childhood
those days were so new

6/13

the now vanishes
reappears and disappears
game of hide and seek

half fish half human
she felt the ocean in her
her cold waves shudder

the ruckus of geese
splash landing then settling down
hoot owl calling

youth's hullabaloo
give way to natural silence
last laugh of age

6/12

the horses today
morning sun glistens their coats
calmly chew their hay

the making of it
raw joy of something from nothing
gift's in the doing

earth worm spider ant
dangerous road you're crossing
where are you going

6/11

fox spoor on the road
marking his territory
proof that he is here

6/10

how the dragonfly
dapped the surface of the lake
to take the slowest gnat

exalted yet wary
of what shadow-words can win
triumph over caution

most thoughtful reader
shows the writer why he wrote
fine gift given free

6/8

ferociously cute
woodchuck pups venture out
little Mohicans
strange noise sprint to den

once Japanese blue
irises now burnt and dry
faded kimonos

sun dried irises
shaped like scrolls of violins
shades of papyrus

horse flies up early
horses wearing their fly masks
their flyswatter tails

6/7

everyone's asleep
moon's down sun's still waking up

save crickets and birds

fox's litter box
midnight mid road makes his mark
darker than road-tar dark

the white horse looked dead
sleeping on his sweet grass bed
Big Red standing guard

6/6

summer's perfume musk
infusing every breath
honeysuckle dusk

6/5

waddling synchronized
a fine choreography
geese in Sunday best

6/4

the snapping turtle
made her nest covered her eggs
crossed road tempting fate

claws prehistoric
predator's cold gimlet eye
live ember blood-red

6/3

no flower too shy
lift their faces to the sky
yellow white and blue

6/2

learn to pray once
an unforgettable thing
any fool can do

i typed the word 'watch'
in an email in seconds
screened watch ads pop up

night blacktop raven
we are defined by color
grass fern or willow

harvest straw or tan
Monet or the Grand Canyon
words for colors pale

Caribbean seas
turquoise and parrot feathers
strings of mind's guitar

the secret of blue
in the sun caught in pure flight
on wings of a crow

6/1

covid has changed time
how we all see and feel it
time no clocks can tell

haven't worn a watch
in more than twenty-three months
don't need batteries

5/31

pluck a flower's heart
see all the beating beauty
then die happily

5/30

soft nose yellow teeth
Mr. Bitey sidles up
then he tries to bite

5/29

broken lace old shoe
no clue as to what to do
the feet say "walk on"

calling feral cats
is as useless as swiss cheese
trapped in a fat rat

ever feel like floating
floating away like balloons
filled with laughing gas

switching is the best
from one thing to another
keeps the blood boiling

5/27

the season's first swim
and the muscle memory
makes me young again

i am in the cage
of a screened-in porch
free birds peering in

the sun's golden "O"
rises again in glory
wisely defies time

upward-floating leaves
rise through a lattice of trees
birds jigsaw blue skies

5/26

when the crucifix
was sealed in a jar of piss
artist decreed "This!"

5/25

the two phoebes are back
life mates hunting in tandem
eyes sharpest at dusk

flycatchers they're quick
of eye to point of capture
beware moths and flies

tails twitch bob swivel heads
fine radar their speed of sight
in the waning light

tucked under barn eaves
at home secure in their wattle nest
now they take their rest

5/24

now the fireflies
make their blinking presence felt
as most others sleep

the moon's a watchman
cloaked in cloud casts light on all
the night heron's call

too early for owls
to wonder who who goes there
the sweet cool night air

the birds reluctant
singing through light's last splinter
soon hush to shelter

the drunken darkness
calls for yet another round
pond geese settle down

constellations reel
in cold and stony silence
their elegance astounds

stars' whirling fires
sparkling warp and woof of them
Time The Weaver's hand

in greatest darkness
invisible sun within
spare us do spare us

5/23

Tetragrammaton
the unutterable name
secret name of God

5/21

ruled by properness
and respectability
no idea of fun

5/20

poets torn apart
seeking lost Eurydice
their pride is their power

5/19

carillons of birds
even on rainy mornings
the earth's open ears

5/18

membrane through marrow
the bodies of gods live here
in all our tomorrows

instants in the wind
our pasts flown far behind
sound of a bird's wing

he poured out his words
as buckets of fresh water
nourish thirsty weeds

5/17

angelus of dawn
the clanging bell of sunrise
tolls awake and bright

the heart's crucifix
as tortured as ancient maps
one silent hand claps

death of loved ones' pain
those who refuse to lament
have not felt spring rain

each Eve each Adam
might eventually become
a sword and a gun

5/16

when he lost his toe
pale *pronunciamento*:
"Just nine more to go."

5/14

pluck the beating heart
all beauty that eyes do see
then die happily

5/13

old-movie cliché
calendar pages flying off
our page still holds

5/12

stare down with squirrel
statue still on dogwood branch
petal falls he flinched

leaping squirrel's shadow
flits across living room floor
back lit by sun rise

breathe honeysuckle
honey in the flower's stem
air perfumed with them

5/11

the undulations
of the earth a solid sea
ancient upheavals

as the crow flies by
so swiftly does his shadow
never asking why

5/9

being the first born
spanking new from womb always
equals first in queue

5/8

thirty-three of them
black faces fleece wool muddied
timelessly grazing

see you down the road
to the ones who can't come back
he said to himself
the soul's never alone
it is well inhabited
those once loved live there

much-loved cat a month
gone to the day still feel her
presence through the house

5/7

rainwater in hoof prints
mirroring the bluest skies
one white horse in sight

April's wool-soft greens
knit purled by some loving Hand
the flowers the trees

5/6

seven decades plus
each year some angels taught me
the power of trust

dropped a ballpoint pen
in the simple act of bending
i am old again

horses stand and wait
wait for their master to come
fill their stalls with hay

the roar of May winds
trees moored vessels in high seas
bow down to the land

5/5

field sun on field grasses
blown to wild ecstasies
spring's not for sissies

red as morning sun
four startled fox kits scamper
to their hidden den

don't take for granted
the planetary movements
of the holy bowels

last call for the train
Hudson riverside track 2
all aboard last call

5/4

my baby sister
is ten years younger than i
a sunrise walker

5/3

between suns and moons
beyond ocean's rise and fall
each of us so small

the deer's skull in snow
will soon be moss green
the marsh redwings sing

5/1

the great Wyoming
lives here on train tracks in slums
in the souls of bums

the way dogs look out
the windows of speeding cars
smiling in fresh air

some people are swine
their condoms fast food wrappers
near-empty bottles of wine
defile roadsides

4/30

no clouds begrudging
warm April winds in their sails
we all are regaled

disintegration
said the candle to the flame
with each draft and breeze

dandelion patch
earth's skull filled with green and gold
corpse of Winter's old

4/29

'pecker's jackhammers
sound like hollow coconuts
machinegun knockings

against all dark days
whatever your instrument
play with all your heart

yelping growl of spring
breezes barking souls of trees
dogs scratching their fleas

the bird of our souls
chaffing its wings on the bars
sings a caged bird's song

gently marsh hawks glide
their white-striped tails defying
man's clocks human time

4/28

cabbage butterflies
soar like they're in ecstasy
and fully know it

bright blues knife-yellows
dark earth renewals hurtling
to another Fall

baby greens of trees
infant blues of distant hills
at ease salute Spring

pirate winds so loud
blasting armadas of clouds
snow flurries smithereens

4/27

graveyard's old headstones
shining in the morning rain
daffodils rising

the first beheadings
hundreds of blown daffodils
feed next year's flowers

4/25

a question i keep asking

below curved skull bone
brain's jolting convolutions
this is not the soul

flailing arms and legs
running walking saluting
this is not the soul

eyes drinking all in
landscapes seascapes flowers ants
this is not the soul

mouths speaking tasting
flavors of words and wines
this is not the soul

funnels of the ears
Mozart winds in trees Brahms
this is not the soul

the electric nerves
only felt in dead of night
this is not the soul

the veins' river-rush
the tireless heart's turbine
this is not the soul

the nose well knowing
lavender or burning leaves
this is not the soul

trampoline of skin
from flame to rain to feathers
this is not the soul

the skeleton's frame
upholding all breathing beasts
this is not the soul

what then is this thing
this thing that breathes all breathers
that sings comes and goes

blood-shines within thee
incomprehensible thing
hope and memory

carved out of the flesh
of every living creature
regenerative

this power of One?
exquisitely revealing
reengineering

what what is this shy
fleeting evanescent thing
refusing to be seen?

4/24

gilded daffodils wait
underground for the peepers
to sing then wake up

Winter is stubborn
releasing its freezing hold
humbled by spring sun

freezing dethawing
the heat of a giant's heart
this giant called spring

4/22

a wind-blown journey
laundry dancing on a line
old wooden clothespins

raindrops in puddles
form new expanding circles
sweet April's smiling
ejaculations
what the old-school priests and nuns
called the smallest prayers

4/18

“country roads country”
sings the white-throated sparrow
“roads roads country roads”

to mistake the moon
for the light streaming from it
ignores role of planet earth
shadow of shadows

seeing through all pain
is the eye that never sleeps
purifying reign

a cold snowball stored
in a late december barn
melts faster than we

4/17

i wish i could fly
like the black crow looking down
under bluest skies

spears of irises
pierce the mirrors of calm ponds
with their iris blues

at last! my soul changed
from walking for cardio
to walking for joy

4/15

locked in Winter’s freeze
forgot about the robins
their red breasts their calls

skunk cabbage fingers
Martian-green rise from their graves
earth’s dank underworld

4/14

every step we take
leads closer to those we’ve loved
not unlike spring buds

4/12

pursued by one gnat
wants to sip my forehead sweat
not yet 8 a.m.

the little Shetland
with pale palomino tail
blond bangs hide his eyes

in S's and J's
dried worms punctuate the road
nature's Etch A Sketch

4/10

cracked CD roadside
shines like a silver saucer
labeled "waterfalls"

4/9

tiny ants are back
crowding unwashed spoons and knives
pepper black in kitchen sink

odd recollection
the toenails of an old friend
yellow as bear claws

4/8

the death of tutu

her name death defying
but not enough to save her
a broken ballet

battery powered
her battered eyes blacked inward
no turning back none

urine and blood smell
thirsty near-death breath smell
weak terrible mews

nothing i could do
hold the water bowl near her
she too weak to drink

kept my hand on her
feeling weak pulse of her heart
wishing i could kill her

very slightest breaths
surprisingly very cool
far and far between

pain like my mother's
"now I want to die," she said
using not a word

the difference between
our pain and all animals'
we talk about ours

this darkest of nights
sky's operating table
the stars all scalpels

excruciating
soft moans making night look bright
praying she will die

tiny gull in flight
small tissue on the floor
cut to somewhere bright

wish we'd second guessed
and skipped all the hopeful tests
made them put her down

she tries can't sit up
walk or pee or drink water
from a shallow cup

jailed in 'yes' or 'no'
end to all the sufferings
where we must go

in desperation
i prayed for mercy for her
was blessed to kill her

it's all about loss
slow degenerations and
sad valedictions

one morning bird sang:
"...and what think you about death?"
we mewled, "against it!"

at eight forty-three
last flickers of her heart beats
refusing to leave

all cats' real power
to drift away to elsewhere
'till their clocks just stop

vet came to our home
gave three compassionate shots
she didn't want to go

insignificance
was her most endearing charm
gone soul still warm

how a man's mind rests
furnishes his soul ship for deaths
and soul's last breath

laughing to the tomb
to earth go the daffodils
yellow memories

sun's strangling the clouds
wrapped in a shroud this Spring
kissed by morning mists

4/7

struggling with nightmares
every dream's recalcitrance
untranslatable

motorcycle moon
the speeding sidecars of stars
race through night's dark park

vain politicians
chasing dirty dollar bills
ignoring the starving

in less than a year
a vaccine for the virus
yet cancer's still here

none of this is news
to any one smart or slow
The Fates say stop or go

4/6

first hum-buzz of bees
synesthesia of yellow
black-striped reveries

could it be a frog?
stopped to inspect the brown clod
lump of clay from god?

looking back from far
impossible to recall
each turn bend and burn

one small soft raindrop
foretells legions to follow
no wonder Spring's green

brothers to the sea
sisters to the land
Hudson sky's majesty

the tiniest ants
smaller than a peppercorn
on the white porcelain sink
appear each April

sun shatters lake's waves
jubilation of diamonds
the wind just moves on

cartel of dead leaves
of last Fall heckle Spring greens
glad their job is done

4/5

these darkest of times
planets sleep on night's table
wait and spin toward spin for day

4/4

things despicable
we hate in others
must guard against in us

4/3

the cows and the bulls
heads bowed down nibbling spring greens
calves sleep in the sun

4/1

winds ride the willows
as thoroughbreds are ridden
small birds now hidden

3/31

nest egg in tall grass
two gutsy geese patrolling
keep racoons at bay

3/30

blue sky in puddle
strongly suggests wondering
why's too befuddling

plump woodcock explodes
sword-pointed beak rust-brown breast
from maze of dense brush

3/29

today first-worms day
hundreds their Spring pinks and grays
slimy slow their way

two oxymorons
some practical protocols
government morons

3/28

trees bless tender moon
full tonight so new so soon
caress the afternoons

3/27

no sun this morning
just rain tonight no moon
now the crocus blooms

if all of man's work
amounts to less than even less
what's the point of best

3/26

the way sun and cloud
bright and dark the country road
they carry no load

this world's rage caroms
struck by some drunkards' pool cue
into dark pockets

breathe in the present
and then breathe out the past
this how long now lasts

this business of life
acquiring memories
then saying goodbye

3/25

fathered by the sun
old Lion Poetry hunts
it could kill a man

hunting perfection
a goad rival god's goodness
the world spins on its axis
man in a dark wood

the bar codes of trees
dark horizontals on roads
in our checkout line

albino litter
of used covid masks roadside
empty offices

3/24

going home sweet home
hoping with each step we take
going going home

yes i was once here yes
here before your eyes here
there before your eyes

keep the dream intact
free of etiquette and tact
dream big then act

birds our loyal friends
all it costs is pumpkin seeds
to fulfill our needs

3/23

monday no robins
tuesday redbreast flocks now here
juicy worms beware

jeepers creepers first
spring peepers! where'd they get those
goog-goog googlee eyes

clump of hen feathers
faint odor of skunk on them
now down to seven

3/22

crow's proscenium
blue skies blue blue his blacks black
nothing does he lack

runs outran my hips
no more jogs speed walks for me
strolls my victories

spooked by season's change
herds of last year's leaves stampede
Spring's lion wind roars

first dazzle of greens
as if never 'till now seen
spring being reborn

3/21

a misplaced tenderness
as finches explode roadside
something quiet stays

the brightest stars
the smartest conversations
come and go like fog

his purrs fall and rise
deep pool of the eternal
lost in the cat's eyes

a game of billiards
the balls of nations carom
struck by some drunkards' pool cue
into dark pockets

3/20

sweet cacophonies
birds wake up the sun their songs
melt Winter's abyss

glades of yellow-greens
just shy of gold the willows
first woke trees of spring

decomposed carcass
of a fawn killed in the Fall
snowdrops at its side
crocuses blooming

car-struck dead racoon
like he stopped to take a nap
dreaming of next life

dream of gorillas
three asleep two gently peel
raw green bananas

what are these flowers
earlier than the buttercups
cadmium yellow

breathe in the present
and then breathe out the past
this how long now lasts

this business of life
acquiring memories
then saying goodbye

it's just a big joke
so how's *your* sense of humor
we come and we go

tiny ants are back
crowding unwashed spoons and knives
pepper black in kitchen sink

is it better now
or are we just used to it
wonder the dying

sacrificed it all
to bequeath a labored mark
my children were words

COVER

from *DAY FOR NIGHT* series
(Colored acrylic pen – 24” x 36”)

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