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Winter dusk:
the pampas plumes
become mouse-fur.
O prim pretty shell washed ashore from the sea of poesy:
Inlaid and jeweled, unbroken yet empty that bears no bird
Or fish; a masterpiece of craftsmanship containing nothing
Of new life, or food to feed the soul; a bauble to amuse
But a few moments then to be put away in a box

O prim pretty shell washed ashore from the sea of poesy
I read you 5 - 7 - 5 over and out to sea again
Pray something impregnate this empty egg of jeweled inlay
This amusing bauble flung from the hem of a promising wave;
That no bird or fish claims though some craftsman's masterpiece
Containing nothing of new life, or food to feed the soul
And if it did, who could break through the crust, or break out
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A child skipping by -
and a noisy maple leaf!
O prim pretty shell washed ashore from the sea of poesy,
I read you 5 - 7 - 5 over - and out to sea again!
Pray something impregnate this empty egg of jeweled inlay:
A moment's amusing bauble flung from the hem of a promising wave,
That no bird or fish claims though some craftsman's masterpiece:
Containing nothing of life, or food to feed the soul -
And if it did, who could break through the impenetrable crust,
That smothers the truth encoffined still-born?

What some people call haiku

No bird or fish would claim this specious masterpiece

O prim pretty shell washed ashore from the sea of poesy,
I read you 5 - 7 - 5 over - and out to sea again!
Pray something impregnate this empty egg of jeweled inlay:
A moment's amusing bauble flung from the hem of a promising wave,
That no bird or fish would claim, though some proud craftsman's specious masterpiece:
Containing nothing of life, or food to feed the soul -
And if it did, who could break through the impenetrable crust
That smothers the truth encoffined still-born?
Heavy rain

hanging from the roof...

weeping willow.
In the autumn fields...

a flapping crow slaps the scarecrow's face
with its shadow.

Autumn dusk:
an alighting crow hangs its cloak
in the pine.

Singing along...
its heart with the cicada -
but the trolley tracks...

Autumn dusk:
a flapping f

Autumn dusk:
a flapping crow slaps the scarecrow
with its shadow.

Early autumn:
a siren harmonizes
It's spring...
the love affairs of the hummin
are morningglorious

In the autumn fields...
a firefly and a thistle
play will-o’-the-wisp

In the autumn fields...
the scarecrow stands
by the surveying Thoreau.

Early autumn:
a siren harmonizes
with a cicada-quartet.
The baby awakens...

smiles:

sun spots on the wall.
keen wind sharpens the gull's cry

The choppy bay...
keen wind sharpening the cry
of an unseen gull

Winter twilight:
keen wind sharpens the choppy bay:
a gull's cry.

Drifting ice...
keen wind sharpening the choppy bay:
a gull's cry.

The crescent moon...
keen wind sharpening the choppy bay

A gull's cry...
keen wind sharpening the choppy bay:
the crescent moon.
Sticky heat:

the butterfly fans
to lose its feet!
Keen wind...
the crescent moon cutting through clouds

a shark

The choppy bay...
keen wind sharpening a shark's fin:
the crescent moon.

The crescent moon, and a shark's fin cutting through
an osprey grips

keen wind sharpens

keen wind sharpening the hawk's cry

The crescent moon, and a shark's fin cutting through clouds
in the choppy bay.

keen wind sharpens

keen wind sharpening a gull's cry:
the crescent moon.

The choppy bay...
keen wind sharpening a gull's cry:
the crescent moon.

The choppy bay...
a shark's fin cutting thru clouds:
the crescent moon.
Two farmers fighting!

The distant scarecrows.
The empty shell, that nurtured faery queens
To harass sleepy neighbors till the dawn:
A crumbled hulk, the life it held has flown
From my heart
And too, a part of me is gone
I felt the void for a part of me is gone

A void
My heart, a void from the part of me gone

And from my heart, a part of me is gone
The butterfly
fanning its wings -
the blossom falls.
Then, Molly wandered lost from friend to friend,
Who gave her food, but not for very long;
Unwanted, she was forced into a Home,
That cost her all the money she had left.
( Peace at last, peace at last, Molly left behind the past)

Envoi

Sometimes, a midnight dream awakens me;
By the window, I look across the way:
The empty shell, that nurtured faery queens
To harass sleepy neighbors till the dawn:
A crumbled hulk, the life it held has flown -
And from my heart, a part of me is gone.

Whenever, midnight dreams awaken me;
By the window, I look across the way
To the empty shell, that nurtured the shrews,
Who harassed sleepy neighbors till the dawn:
A crumbled hulk, the life it held has flown -
And from my heart, a part of me is gone.
Possums
in heaped
mimosa blossoms.
This prim pretty shell washed ashore:
A moment's amusing bauble
Flung from the hem of a frilly wave,
Lies heavily on the hungry soul
Lays heavy on the hungry soul -
And if Fancy's brocaded void:
Jeweled sterility contains life,
No timely power pierces to save
The encrusted, encoffined stillborn -
I read the dead 5-7-5,
Over - and out to sea again!

This prim pretty shell washed ashore:
A moment's amusing bauble
Flung from the hem of a frilly wave,
Lies heavily on the hungry soul -
And if Fancy's brocaded void:
Jeweled sterility contained life,
No timely power could pierce to save
The encrusted, encoffined stillborn:
I read the dead 5-7-5,
Over - and out to sea again!
Sparrow, pull a hair root...
bend the withered weed...
Fly, a muddy stick!
Whenever midnight dreams awaken me,
I stand at the window, and look across the way

Whenever midnight dreams awaken me,
By the window, I look across the way
To the empty shell, that nurtured faery queens
Who harassed sleepy neighbors till the dawn:
A crumbled hulk, the life it held has flown -
And from my heart, a part of me is gone.

Whenever midnight dreams awaken me,
By the window, I look across the way
To an empty shell, the life it held has flown -
And from my heart, a part of me is gone.
Under the bridge,
over the dam, the lake hung
a frothy, forked tongue.
O prim pretty shell
Washed ashore from the sea
Of poesy

O prim pretty shell washed ashore from the sea of poesy:
Unbroken, yet hollow and empty. What bird of fish laid you
Or craftsman

O prim pretty shell washed ashore from the sea of poesy:
Unbroken yet empty that bears no bird or fish
I am hungry
My soul is hungry

What master craftsman perfect work?
But my soul doesn't feed on inlay

O prim pretty shell washed ashore from the sea of poesy
Unbroken yet empty: an inlay that would feed the soul
What master craftsman perfect work

O prim pretty shell washed ashore from the sea of poesy
No bird or fish can claim you handiwork

O prim pretty shell washed ashore from the sea of poesy
Inlaid
Jeweled inlay
His voice:

a wall

on the telephone.
The swooping osprey's cry...
keen wind sharpening bared claws:
the crescent moon.

Winter overcast:
the cry of an unseen gull
lost in the choppy bay.

Autumn overcast:
the cry of an unseen gull
lost in the choppy bay.
This golden maple
fills
an empty heart.
The icy fields...
keen wind sharpening sparrow-song,
and the edge of dawn.

The icy fields...
keen wind sharpening reeds
and sparrow-song.

The icy fields...
keen wind sharpens reeds and sparrow-song:
the edge of dawn.

The icicled porch...
keen wind sharpening

The icicled porch...
keen wind sharpening chimes

The icicled porch...
keen wind glistening in chimes:
the Galaxy
Knife stuck in
a peeled apple...

skin-calligraphy.
In the stable -
horseflies linking afterimages:
the mare's swishing tail

Wind-blown leaves...
swirling birds drawn under the bridge

In the stable -
horseflies tangling afterimages:
the mare's swishing tail.

swirling leaves and birds

In the stable -
the mare's swishing tail tangles
in the fly's afterimage.

Autumn wind-blown...
swirling birds and leaves drawn under

In the stable -
the mare's swishing tail
tangles the fly's afterimage.

Swirling leaves and birds
drawn under the bridge:
the twilight moon.

Sunday morning sun:
the scarecrow sending its shadow
to church.

Autumn wind-blown leaves
and swi

swirling birds and leaves
drawn under the bridge

In the stable -
the mare's swishing tail loses a hair:
a fly's afterimage.

Autumn wind-blown leaves...
swirling birds drawn under the bridge:
the twilight moon.
The rotating light
on the ambulance -
moths !
In the stable -
the mare swishes her tail:
a fly's afterimage

In the stable -
the mare's swishing tail looses a hair:
a fly's afterimage.

the mare's tail flings a hair

The trampoline...
a cobweb rises and falls on the guys:

In the stable -
spring wind.
the mare's swishing tail flings a hair:
a fly's afterimage.

Rising and falling...

The trampoline...
spring wind springing on a cobweb

The backyard trampoline...
a cobweb rises and falls from the guys:
spring wind.

A cobweb

The back yard tra

The torn trampoline net

The trampoline...

The broken trampoline

The junk-yard

The torn trampoline net

The backyard trampoline...

A cobweb

The trampoline...
a cobweb undulating on the guys

The trampoline...

The trampoline...
The farmer
planting seed -
manuscripts mailed.
The trampoline...
   a cobweb patches the torn net:
      spring wind.

The junk-yard trampoline...
   a cobweb patches the torn net:
      spring wind.

The junk wagon horse
   collared by the rose arbor

The rose arbor
   collaring the junk-wagon's horse

The junk wagon...
   a rose arbor collars the foraging horse:
      the Derby-winner!

The junk-wagon horse...
   foraging under the rose arbor,
      becomes a Derby-winner.

The junk-wagon horse...
   foraging under the rose arbor:
      a Derby-winner!
Butterfly sips -
blossom tips -
dew drips.
My lovely young woman in the stalled car,  
Who selfishly drained the battery dry;  
No wile to attract without commitment  
Recharges my love that you have let die;  
But only replacing the power of love,  
As much as I gave, to start up again.  
And you need not give

My lovely young woman in the stalled car,  
Who selfishly drained the battery dry;  
No wile to attract without commitment  
Recharges my love that you have let die  
But only replacing the power you took  
Replacing a part of the power you took  
But only love enough for a spark  
To start up again
White clouds...
puffy plumes
of pampas grass.
My lovely young woman in the stalled car,
Who selfishly drained the battery dry;
No wile to attract without commitment
Recharges my love that you have let die;
Replace the power with measures of love,
As much as I gave, to start up again.

My lovely young woman in the stalled car,
Who selfishly drained the battery dry;
No wile to attract without commitment
Recharges my love that you have let die;
But only replacing the measures of love,
As much as I gave, to start up again.
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The stone frog's open mouth -
the sound of siren-cicada!
My lovely young woman in the stalled car:
No wile to attract without commitment

My lovely young woman in the stalled car:
Wily woman in the stalled car
Who selfishly drained the battery dry

My lovely young woman in the stalled car
Who selfishly drained the battery dry
No wile to attract without commitment
Recharges my love that you have let die.
To start up again
Replace the power with measures of love
As much as I gave to start up again.
The morning mist:
dew hangs from
the spider's web.
My lovely young woman in the stalled car:
A while to attract without commitment;
But to live is, to commit oneself, in trust;
Return my love: recharge the battery.

My lovely young woman in the stalled car:
(A while to attract without commitment)
Return my love: recharge the battery,
That depleted, leaves our lives in a rut.

My lovely young woman in the stalled car:
(A while to attract without commitment)
But only love recharges the battery,
That depleted, leaves our lives in a rut.
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On the mirror
the butterfly practices
fanning.
The swooping osprey's cry...
keen wind sharpens its claws:
the crescent moon.

Over jagged rocks...
keen wind sharpening the hawk's cry:
the crescent moon

The stadium...
rhythms and rhymes of majorettes:
gleaming bells of tubas!

The icy fields...
keen wind sharpening the hawk's cry
the crescent moon.

The diving falcon...
keen wind sharpening its claws -
and the hawk's cry.

Bitter wind and persimmons
ripening a smile on the child's

Bitter wind,
and a persimmon ripens a smile
on the child's face.

The diving falcon...
keen wind sharpening the hawk's cry
the crescent moon

Over jagged rocks...
keen wind sharpening the hawk's cry:
the edge of dawn.

Bitter wind and persimmons
ripening a smile on the child's
Heavy, summer day -
  two white butterflies
  in another world!
The harvested grove...  
a butterfly garlands the last orange:  
the evening sun.

The ball diamond...  
skirting  
a butterfly following the base-line:  
the track of the jet.

The old scarecrow...  
a butterfly haloes his hat

The tottering scarecrow...  
a butterfly haloes his hat:  
the circling buzzard.

The barley field...  
An old scarecrow totters in the wind:  
the sleeping "drunk".

The clouded sun in the lake...  

The old farmer...  
his hot hoe striking a stone:  
cicada.

The hospital...  
a pregnant woman paces her room:  
the harvest moon.

The old farmer...  
evening sun striking his raise

The old farmer...  
evening sun striking the edge of his hoe:  
cicada
Autumn moon...

boiling cauldron

on the mountain.
The twilight moon -
a firefly glows in a dandelion-globe:
the street lamp.

A floundering firefly -
but the bass in the pond
swallows the evening star.

A butterfly...
haloing a tottering scarecrow:
the circling buzzard.

In the barley field -
a butterfly haloes
the tottering scarecrow.

A firefly in honeysuckle...
stealing from a blossom,
letting the evening star through.

The barley field...
a butterfly haloes the tottering scarecrow.

A barley field...
the tottering scarecrow:
a butterfly haloes the "drunk".

A barley field...
the tottering scarecrow:
a butterfly haloes the "drunk".

The backyard trampoline...
a cobweb rises, and falls on the
spring wind.

A barley field...

The barber field...
a tottering scarecrow:
butterfly-halo.
Wild cherry tree's bare stems...
birds gone.
Ripples on the pond...

a floundering firefly gulped by a bass:

the evening star.

A firefly catches
in the eyelashes of honeysuckle:

the evening star.

A firefly... 
catching in honeysuckle eyelashes:

the evening star.

The morning moon...

lighting on an icy telephone wire:

a mourning dove.

Back yard

Back yard sun bathing...

nylons on the clothes-line

model the calves of the wind.

The highway...

a butterfly following the medial:

the track of the jet.
Condor
over the jungle...
gnat into the thicket.
The windy linden...
tossing leaves muddle a lighted window:
the yellow moon.

The backyard trampoline...
rising and falling in the wind:
a cobweb on the guys.

The misty lake...
ripples ring a lily:
the haloed moon.

The morning moon...
a mourning dove on a te
lighting on an icy telephone wire:
the morning moon.

The bass in the pond...
gulping the ripples' core:
the evening star.

Ripples on the pond...
a bass gulps a floundering firefly:
the evening star.
Summer haze;
green scum
on the lake.
WIND ON THE WIND

WIND ON THE WINDOW SILL...
stirring a nail-clipping:
the crescent moon.

A struggling firefly
in the eyelashes of honeysuckle.

A glowing firefly...
in the eyelashes of honeysuckle:
the evening star.

The crescent moon at the window...
wind on the

The evening star...
a firefly catches in the eyelashes
of honeysuckle.

A firefly catching
in the eyelashes of honeysuckle:
the evening star.

Honeysuckle...
a firefly catches in the eyelashes:
the evening star.

THE WINDY LINDEN...
tossing leaves muddle a lighted window:
the autumn moon.