The town
The moon on a bush:
winter wind topples the head
of the snow man.

The dark landscape -
a flash of lightning:
a puzzle of farms.

The dark landscape,
lightning flashes
a puzzle of farms.

The dark landscape,
and a flash of lightning solves
a puzzle of farms.

A maze of mountains,
and a flash of lightning solves
a puzzle of farms.

A flash of lightning,
and the lash of the oxen-driver
in the pampas grass.

A flash of lightning,
and the lash of the cattle-driver
in the pampas grass.

Lightning flashes,
and the driver in the pampas grass
lashes the oxen.
Java tea leaves swirl:
falling in place, Medusa
with her Rorshach curl.

At the other end
of the kite...
a pigtailed girl.

Autumn moon;
the old story-teller pointing...
a withered tree.

The sound is cold:
hail on the dark lantern.

Aha! Greedy culprits,
who drank the clover dew:
thirsty, thirsty shoes!

Waving stripedly,
by the barber-pole...
A hit

A hot summer day...
miring in haze,
tiring cicadas.

The dark landscape...
brightening in lightning,
becoming a puzzle of farms.

A dory at sea...
drifting into a sunbeam,
shifting with thunder.

Winter wind...
honing the waves on the bay,
sharpening the gull's cry.

Winter wind on the bay...
honing the waves,
sharpening a gull's cry.

A shirt on the clothes-line...
shooing the chickens,
cuffing the hawk!

The torch of the hunter...
flickers in pampas grass,
licks the autumn moon.

The dark landscape...
quickens over pampas grass,
licks the autumn moon.

The hunter's torch...
quicken in pampas plumes,
licks the autumn moon.

A redwood by the river...
casting a shadow ashore,
joining its rhyme at the root.

A firefly in the field...
pairing a glaring cigarette,
and a dot of dusk.

Becoming
Waving stripedly,

by the turning barber-pole...

the sound of the flag!
A distant sail -

A distant sail furls,
and a butterfly on a rose
  closes its wings.

A distant sail furls, 
and a butterfly on a rose
  folds its wings.

In the withered swamp,
  a reed spans the diameter
  of the overcast sun

In the dark cellar -
  autumn mist curls in a cobweb:
  the smell of apples.

Cloud collars the peaks -
  and far below, by the rocky surf...
  a strawberry shortcake.

In the dark cellar -
  autumn mist

In the dark cellar -
  cobwebs float on autumn mist:
  the smell of apples.

Cloud collars the peaks -
  and far below, by the rocky shore.
  a strawberry shortcake.

In the dark cellar -
  cobwebs sift the autumn mist:
  the smell of apples.

In the cellar -
  cobwebs sift the autumn mist:
  the smell of apples.

In the dark cellar -
  autumn mist

In a sunbeam...
  a leaf curls on a cobweb:
  suspended dust.

and suspended dust girls
in
Winter twilight;

and
a sunray through a knothole

In the withered wood,
a flapping crow

In the autumn fields,
the afterglow back drops
a wind-blown leaf.

In the twilight wood,
a flapping crow darkens
the snowy stillness.

In the young grass -
a fledgling and a worm
stare at each other.

In the twilight wood,
a lone firefly echoes
the distant tower light.

In the twilight wood,
a lone firefly echoes
the distant tower light.

In the young grass -
a fledgling-jay and a worm
stare at each other.

In the young grass -
a robin

In the twilight wood,
a lone firefly punctuates
wet leaves

In the twilight wood,
a lone firefly punctuates
the leafy stillness

In the twilight wood,
a lone firefly discovers
wet leaves

In the young grass -
a fledgling-robin

In the twilight wood,
a lone firefly discovers
the huddled child.

In the young grass -
a robin-chick and a worm
stare at each other.
in the sunlit shallows...
carp startu
The country doctor examines the coated tongue of the river.

Dandelion seed drifting on the lake

Drifting on the lake
dandelion seed
the moon is with child
even

evening sun seeds the waves:
the moon is with child

In the dark cellar -
cobwebs sift the autumn mist:
the smell of apples.

Drifting on the lake...
evening sun seeds the waves:
dandelion-down.

The electric trolley stops singing:
cicada.

Homeless hermit crab...
the only vacancy,
a viking's horn.
Homeless hermit crab,
the only vacancy
is t
The caisson's wheel crushes a tiny stone...

November 25, 1963

Squirrels on the moor
their tails look more like pampas plumes than pampas plumes

Bitter afternoon:

sparrows chatter with wind chimes -
the clouded sun.

The riss

The rising cardinal adds another shade of red to the afterglow.

A single rain drop
ripples the moon, another
a few moments later.

The departing plane adds another shade of grey to the overcast bay.

A single rain drop ripples the moon, another, a few moments later.

and the red-wing shoulders the afterglow

Heat waves from the lid, and wiggles in the rain barrel rise, and descend.

Bitter cola:

moonward, a departing plane returns the evening sun.

Heat waves from the lid, and wiggles in the rain barrel ascend, and descend.

Green scum on the lake...

Beneath the street lamp,
wheeling moths halo a wavering drunkard.

the ripples' core is tar carp's sucking mouth.
Lone red-winged blackbird
riding a reed in high tide;
autumn cumulus.
A melting icicle...  
the sound, shade and shape  
of the rippling pool.

Girls and butterflies chase  
a bouncing ball to second base  
in a puddle, lace and face.

Crescent moon of spring:  
the scar of an old love -  
she walks with another.

Crescent moon of spring...  
she walks with another -  
the scar of an old love.

Crescent moon of spring  
irritates the scar of an old love

A melting icicle:  
the snotty urchin's face  
in a rippling pool.

A melting icicle...  
in the rippling puddle,  
a snotty urchin's face.

Crescent moon of spring  
arouses the scar  
of an old love

Hair streaked breasts...  
her big toe traces the moon  
through the glass-bottomed boat

Crescent moon of spring...  
scar of love -  
she walks with another.

Moon of spring...  
scar of love -  
she walks with another.
such a fine woman

came

a rainy day

bringing glow

Moon of spring...

scar of love -

she walks with another.
such a fine woman came a rainy day bringing glow the suns of other summers.

ripe grape out of reach might as well be sour.

wet hair streaks breasts toe traces moon in the river.

wet face hair streaked breasts her big toe traces the moon in the glass boat.

WET
HAIR
STREAKING
BREASTS
HER BIG Toe
T

Moon of spring...
scar of love -
she walks with another.

wet hair streaking breasts her big toe traces the moon in the river.

wet hair streaking breasts toe traces moon in the river.

wet hair streaks breasts toe traces moon in the river.
Morning moon

Departing sun's
train of dandelion globes -
the rising moon.

A withered tree...
even its reflection
dried up with the stream.

Poor scarecrow pelted with snow -
the beggar left his summer clothes.

From scarf to scarf
in morning mist, a fly
alights on the poet.

The rising moon -
and the evening sun's robe
of dandelion globes.

A breeze through the field -
white butterflies swirl from weeds:
billinging clouds.

The departing sun's
train of dandelion globes -
the rising moon.

The crow's shadow -
white butterflies swirl from weeds:
billinging clouds.

Twilight wood:
the song of the cuckoo -
bones of the poet.

The cr ow's shadow -
white butterflies swirl from weeds:
billinging clouds.

A raindrop pops
a bubble from the corncob

Billinging clouds;
white butterflies swirl from weeds -
the crow's shadow.

Summer
In the sunlit shallows...

carp start up from the wakes
of idling rocks.
A branch of lightning,
and a withered tree echoes the river's branches.

A branch of lightning,
and a withered tree maps the river's branches.

Caw! Caw! Caw!
a flapping crow is rhymed in the waters of the thaw.

A billowing cloud,
and a pile of cotton is rhymed in the river.

The cities' river at night, a ship supported by pillars of light.

and an acorn ripples the rhyme in the river.

A leaning oak,
and an acorn ripples the rhyme in the river.

In the river - an acorn ripples the rhyme of an oak.

In the river - a willow joins its twin at the root.

In the river - an apple ripples the rhyme of the tree.

Assonance ashore...
an apple ripples the rhyme of the tree.

Assonance ashore, and an apple ripples the rhyme of the tree.
The cross on the hill...
quartering the evening sun,
shadowing a fallen scarecrow.
In the dark cavern -
  a candle slobbers, an icicle drips
  on a stalagmite.

A summer playground;
  a cake on the table

In the dark cavern -
  a slobbering candle and dripping icicle
  on a stalagmite.

In the cavern -
  a slobbering candle and dripping icicle
  on a stalagmite.

A melting icicle,
  and slobbering candle drip
  on a stalagmite.

The dark night grove:
  a lone candle on the table
  lights their faces.

The dark night grove:
  a lone candle on a table
  lights their faces.
A circling buzzard...
centering a dead mare,
frightening the colt
A summer playground;
an old storyteller in the shade
lights her face.

A summer playground;
an old storyteller in the shade
lights the kids' faces.

A summer playground;
an old storyteller in the shade
lights their faces.

How round the carp's mouth...
gulping green scum on the lake,
ringing a contraceptive.

How round the carp's mouth...

How round the carp's mouth...
gulping green scum on the lake,
rippling a contraceptive.

How round the carp's mouth...
gulping green scum on the lake,
ruffling a contraceptive.

A scrawny cat in sleet...
pawing an empty garbage pail,
walking up the alley.

A scrawny cat in sleet...
pawing an empty garbage pail -
dashing after a sparrow.

A scrawny cat in sleet...
pawing an empty garbage pail -
pouncing on a sparrow.

in the crowded church -
the sermon shapes up,
to a rounded knee.

in the crowded church -
the sermon is taking the shape
of a rounded knee.

A killdeer
over the hot summer field...
sounds, and sweeps.
A deserted mansion:
the autumn wind seeps the eaves
of leaves.
A game of jacks
is taking the shape
creviced ants

creviced ants...
taking the shape
of a game of jacks.

This jointed toothpick
is taking the shape
of a scorpion's tail.

This fracturing toothpick
is taking the shape
of a scorpion's tail.

creviced ants...
taking the shape of a game
of jacks.

A soaring skylark
is taking the shape
of a billowing cloud.

This filling sail
is taking the shape
of the crescent moon.

A distant sail
is taking the shape
of the crescent moon.

A distant sail...
taking the shape of the crescent,
rising to a cloud.

A distant train whistle
is taking the shape
of the summer twilight wood.

A distant train whistle...
...is taking the shape and shape
of the summer twilight wood.

The heat,
and darkening sky taking the shape
of biting flies.
An autumn fly...
buzzing the sunlit window,

disturbing dust.
An old farmer
in the winter twilight field,
trudges homeward.

A temple ruin:
a pillar is taking the weight
of the moon.

In the empty church -
a firefly lights a flower
on the altar.

In the empty church -
a firefly at the altar...
lights a flower.

The temple bell tolls...
a single ripple spreading
on the garden pool.

An alighting eagle's
blankets

An alighting eagle's shadow
blankets a scampering rabbit
on the snow.
In the empty church -

a lone firefly at the altar...

lights a flower.
Autumn morning mist -
  a blue jay's cry
  is the sound of my name.

The alumnus' forehead
is taking the shape of

The alumnus' forehead...
taking the shape of ripples
from his sinking ring.

A summer twilight field:
a lone puddle
holds the last of day.

Summer dusk in the field:
a lone puddle
holds the last of day.

In the corn field -
the stretching Thoreau
is, simply, another scarecrow.

In the withered corn field -
the stretching Thoreau...
another scarecrow.

Autumn mist -
a distant scarecrow...
another hunter.

Autumn mist -
a distant scarecrow...
another grave-marker.
The caisson's wheel

crushes a tiny stone:

the day of the Burial.
Summer ocean;
undulating sheep on the dunes -
billowing clouds.

The summer ocean;
undulating sheep on the dunes -
billowing clouds.

Billowing clouds -
undulating sheep on the dunes -
the summer ocean.

Billowing clouds -
undulating sheep on the dunes -
How smooth the ocean

Billowing clouds -
undulating sheep on the dunes -
the smooth ocean.

A farm boy -
a mosquito pops the bubble
from his corncob pipe.

The farm boy -
a mosquito pops the bubble
from his corncob pipe.

The harvested field -
and a raindrop
on the scarecrow's cheek.

The harvested field;
a raindrop on the scarecrow's cheek -
the cold wind.

A farm boy -
the raindrop pops the bubble
from his corncob pipe.

A farm boy -
and a raindrop pops the bubble
from his corncob pipe.
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

Autumn crescent
The Temple

The temple bell tolls...
a single ripple spreading
on the garden pool.

Autumn morning mist -
the blue jay's cry
is the sound of my name.

Underneath the eaves,-
a sparrow on a linden branch...
picking lice from leaves.

A dead-ripe banana...
peeling strip-by-strip -
How yellow the fruit!

A dead-ripe banana...
peeling strip by strip -
How yellow the fruit!

Its frozen eye...
a hare held by a hound

The clouded sun:
a hare held by a hound,
its frozen eye.

The clouded sun:
echoes in the frozen eye

The clouded sun:
echoes on the hare's frozen eye,
and the hound's teeth.

The clouded sun:
grips the hare's frozen eye,
echoes on the hound's teeth.

The clouded sun:
echoes on the buzzard's beak,
and the hare's frozen eye.
Overcast city -
a newspaper on the wind,
chases leaves!
from the sweater's unraveling yarn, the spider descends on her thread.

Its heart with the hawk - but the kite-string...

Telephone wires: the hazy moon is a note in a minor key.

This blind poet... feeling the character of spring, fingering dots of dusk.

Rhyme in the river - assonance ashore... Lay of the Linden.

Autumn misfortune... blown here...there - into my face

Someone's misfortune blown here...there - into my face... a twenty dollar bill!

Misty autumn moon: the gypsy fortune-teller's breath on the crystal ball.

Its sands have run out: the black widow's red hourglass, pierced by a wasp.

by the garden pool, a firefly discovers jewels of the Galaxy.

borne on 'copter-breeze, a thousand samaras launched from maple trees.

In the morning mist, the scarecrow is, simply another hunter.

Distracted by legs... the old codger handing out "Dan the Bomb" pamphlets.

In the autumn fields... learning to be ignorant; becoming a child.

Out of the book store - into the snow storm
The farm boy -

a mosquito pricks the bubble

on his corn cob pipe.
Out of the book store—
crawling into the snow storm...
a silverfish.

Eating pancakes—
through the restaurant window...
breakers layer the shore.

From the podium...
the demagogue shakes his fist—
thunder and lightning!

"I want that color"...
the child at the custard stand

A billowing cloud—
breakers layer the shore.

The yellow moon
on the church spire—
or is it a balloon?

"Gimme that color!"...pointing to

Blue sky,
and a billowing cloud taking

Blue sky,
and a billowing cloud taking the shape
of the Orange Ball-sun.

A billowing cloud,
beyond the country fair

A billowing cloud—
the child at the custard stand...
pointing: I want that color.

"I want that color"!
the boy at the custard stand pointing to

A billowing cloud
above the custard stand,
swallows the yellow moon.

"Gimme that color!"...the boy at the custard stand, pointing to a billowing cloud.

The boy at the custard stand
The boy's anguished face:

a face
Bitter wind:
the stars and wind chimes
burn my ears.

Bitter night:
stars and wind chimes
burn my ears.

Bitter wind:
stars and wind chimes
burn my ears.

The gliding eagle
is sliding its undulating shadow
on the mountain.

The gliding eagle
is sliding an undulating shadow
on the mountain.

A firefly afield
is sliding a fading shade of yellow
on a pool of stars.

A firefly afield
adds a fading shade of yellow
to the moon.

Beneath a street lamp,
wheeling moths halo a drunkard -
the heat!

A tiny firefly
adds a fading shade of yellow
to the moon.
A cicada's song
rises over the rippling pond,

Nicholas A. Virgilic
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

On the garden pool.
A part of life that the reader intuit

A cicada's song
rises over the rippling pond,
darkening the rainbow.

The autumn moon
silhouettes a reed on the swamp,
shadowing a nest of eggs.

The clouded sun
grips the hare's frozen eye,
and the hound's teeth.

The hound grips the hare,
and the clouded sun echoes
on its frozen eye.

The clouded sun
grips the hare's frozen eye,
at the hound's feet.

At the hounds

At the hound's feet,
the clouded sun grips

The hound grips the hare,
and the clouded sun echoes
on its frozen eye.

The clouded sun
grips the hare's frozen eye
in the buzzard's beak.

Moonlight on the swamp...
silhouetting reeds,
echoing on a nest of eggs.
The autumn moon
is mounting another head
she stood there
and waited
in the cradle
(and even before that)
unaware
that she waited
in the schoolyard
the classroom
at home
in the car
anywhere
everywhere
she stood there
A distant balloon
drifting over the county fair,
eclipses the moon.

(Haiku West Magazine)
The stadium fence
knocking out a knothole

old dog

The empty stadium
through a knothole in the fence
the evening sun

Through a knothole
in the stadium fence
a sun ray guided

The empty stadium...
through a knothole in the fence:
a sun ray guides a fly

finds the knothole in the fence

The empty stadium
through a knothole in the fence

The stadium fence
through the only knothole

The empty stadium
through a knothole in the fence
a fly in a sun ray.
Summer storm:

a clay pot collects rain

for the steam iron.
The evening sleet
is painting the pebbled edge
of the ebbing creek.

The freezing rain
is painting the pebbled edge
of the ebbing creek.

is gilding the willow

The ebbing creek
at twilight, freezing rain
paints the pebbled edge.

The freezing rain
is glazing the pebbled edge
of the ebbing creek.

The feather moon

Summer lightning
is solving a puzzle
Summer lightning
is creating a crazy quilt
of farms

A smoldering wreck
on the shoulder of the road

A string of steppingstones
across the lilied pond...
footprints of the moon.

A string of lilies
stepping across the pond

A string of lilies
stepping across the starry pond

A string of lilies
stepping across the still pond

A string of lilies
stretching across the still pond;
the Milky Way

A water lily
is nestled in the belly
of the quarter moon.

A string of steppingstones
stretching across
Moonlight on the dump...
streaming from a tinsed tree,
showing the wind the way.
A tidal wave
rumbling through the jungle island,
tumbles an idol.

The boardwalk at dawn
a turtledove
emerges from shadow

The first snowfall
is coating a stack
of rusty cannonballs.

A string of puddles
stretching across the beach...
footprints of the sea.

The morning mist

The meadow brook:
a dam of dead branches
brakes a red maple leaf.

A distant blue jay
shrieking in the reeking mist
betrays the sewage creek.

The first snowfall
is dusting a small stack
of rusty cannon balls.

A distant blue jay
shrieking in the reeking mist

The first snowfall
is coating a small stack
of cannon balls.

A distant blue jay
shrieking in the reeking mist
the stench of the creek.