

*An American Naturalist's*

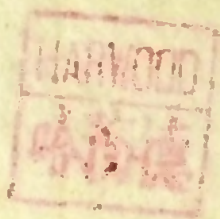
# HAIKU

*Poems*



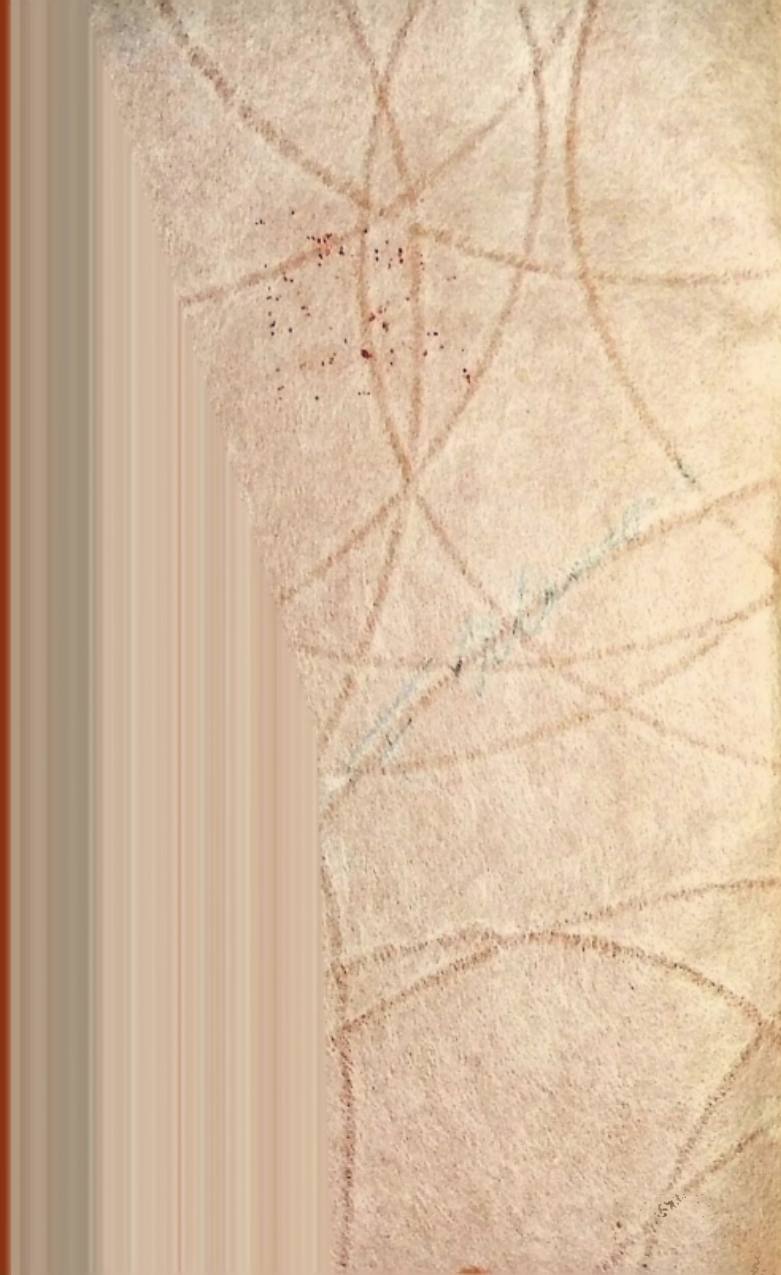
*Mainone*





## HAIKU...

is the traditional poetry of classic Japan. These three-lined verses originated in the 13th Century from a still older five-lined verse form. The brevity and apparent simplicity of haiku contribute to its continued popularity in Japan and to its growing influence on Western poetry. Its purpose is to capture and share a feeling, yet being mindful of life.

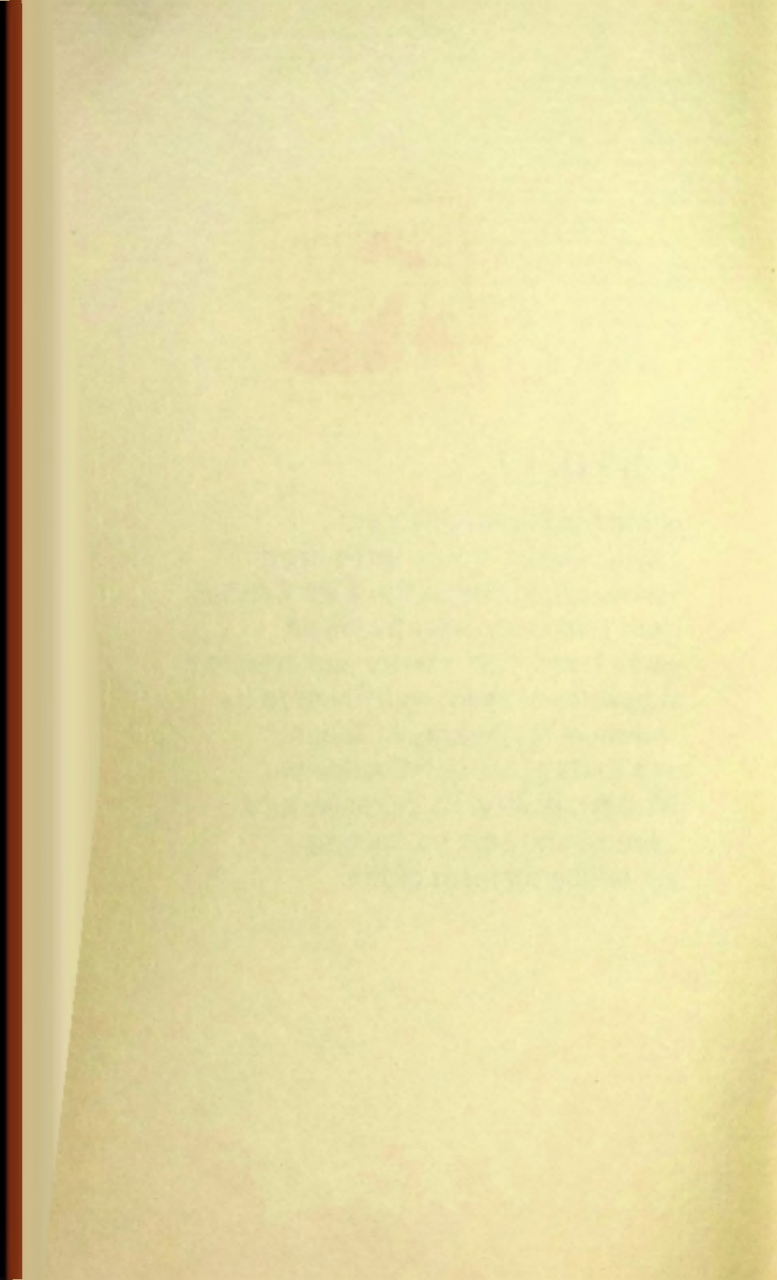


Reva Harwood  
1968



## HAIKU.....

is the traditional poetry of classic Japan. These three-lined verses originated in the 13th Century from tanka, an older five-lined verse form. The brevity and apparent simplicity of haiku contribute to its continued popularity in Japan and to its growing influence on Western poetry. Its purpose is to capture and share a fleeting yet telling moment of life.





BY THE RIVER . . . . .

Ho! What joy to feel  
the marsh air burst and fill, with  
flashing wings of teal!

INDIAN SUMMER . . . . .

Smoke and red moonglow;  
the rustling fields of maize, where  
phantom Redmen go.

Mostly veiled by dark,  
a toad from sudden earth-lump  
leaps an unseen spark.

Just to be aware!

Joyous life, invested time —  
these thoughts — dividends!



Bent-winged pair,  
Mallard meteors —  
rushing air!

Unthinking yellow weed,  
cast your silvered parasols, your  
windborn magic seed.

THE STUMP . . . . .

A standing bear!  
I shoot — he drops  
splinters instead of hair!

"Where does heaven lie?"

Ask the frog in his great marsh,  
ask the firefly.

SEA DUCKS . . . . .

White floats bobbing,  
Old Squaws ride the rising wave;  
and all dive down.

NATURALIST . . . . .

How the summers go  
and still I seek the answers  
even Deer Mice know.

Through a row of pines,  
scratching itself and purring; this  
wind that comes and goes.

Faintly now a lark . . . . .  
on snow-patched earth the sun; and  
I too, long for spring.

## GRASS STALLIONS . . . . .

Verdant rippling meads:  
wild-flowing manes and tails, of  
charging windblown steeds.

## FOSSILS . . . . .

Gardens of the sea,  
sent stone animal-flowers, in  
glacial ice to me.

## KATYDID . . . . .

From the maples, he  
woos the lovely summer night,  
sighing, "She-she-she!"

On green grass it falls  
and it's hardly even cold —  
this spring snow.



TREEFROG TREE . . . . .

Lilting down on me,  
a song of summer rain, drifts  
from a Hyla Tree.

OLD SHORE LINES . . . . .

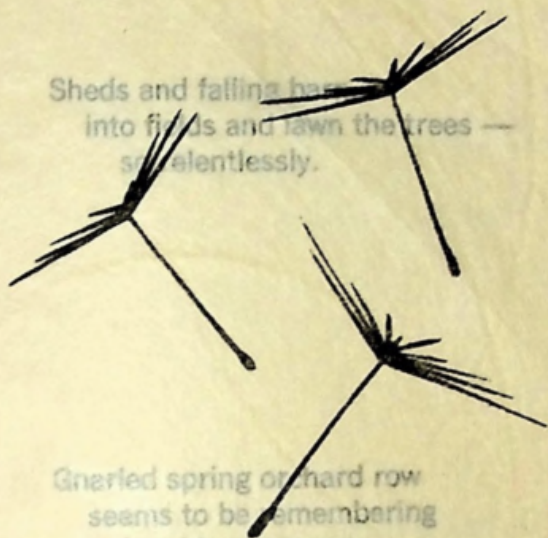
Tidy vineyards grow  
where whales and breakers ruled, oh  
not so long ago.

THE SHREW . . . . .

If I only knew,  
what could become of it?  
wee whisp of thought . . . . .

Silently the stars  
pale beyond the eastern trees,  
and dawn comes singing.

Sheds and falling leaves  
into fields and lawn the trees —  
so relentlessly.

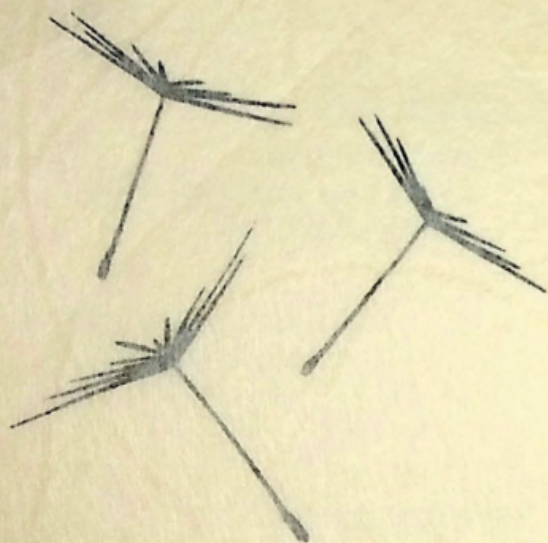


Gnarled spring orchard row  
seems to be remembering  
laughter long ago.

APPLE TREES

Rise up from the ground  
and fill the summer day, with  
whirring insect sound.

CICADA



Silently the stars  
pale beyond the western trees,  
and dawn comes singing.

Sheds and falling barn,  
into fields and lawn the trees —  
so relentlessly.

Gnarled spring orchard row  
seems to be remembering  
laughter long ago.

APPLE TREES

Rise up from the ground  
and fill the summer day, with  
whirring insect sound.

CICADA

On the icy pond  
like boys they're playing,  
those three crows.



Creatures of the deep,  
children of the moonlit wave, that  
trace the midnight sand.

OTHER WORLDS

Were they companions,  
wading here with muddy feet —  
child and raccoon child?

Nebulous spring cloud  
Winter's spirit slips away —  
in a ghostly shroud.

FOG

Are they not holy,  
these great trees that reach, into  
my ancestors' graves?

Balmy yesterday —  
the sun dons blustery clouds, and  
Springtime runs away.

MARCH

Is it hungry,  
this leaning silo  
with the vacant look?

Trees from basement rooms,  
caved in well and crumbled stone —  
only lilac blooms.

Joyous flocks of birds  
that fly up from the road, these  
over-wintered leaves.

Pale the silent moon  
where feathered legions slept; pine  
shadows on the dunes.

PASSENGER PIGEONS

Lost in time  
I wander aimlessly, on  
these historic roads.

In the surf they stand,  
ten weathered piling-men, still  
upright in the sand.

STOICS

Cry above the ocean's roar,  
sleek-winged silvery tern-cloud, bound  
for far off Greenland's shore.



Star-lit bells ringing,  
April's marsh awakens, —  
singing!

Sand islands, and  
so much to cut away —  
these endless waves.

On the Mammoth's road,  
gone the ice and ox and bear;  
hear the humble toad.

TRANSITION

Autumn's floating leaves;  
reflected water shadows  
reclothe naked trees.

Violet, green, and blue,  
dancing on the newborn snow,  
light from diamonds, too.

MORNING

Insects everywhere;  
dig, leap, and swim; crawl, run, fly—  
water, land, and air.

Owlet-winged we go,  
through the silent forest, on  
sleeping clouds of snow.

SNOWSHOEING

How fresh the wind  
that stirs my torpid mind, and  
drives the distant wave.

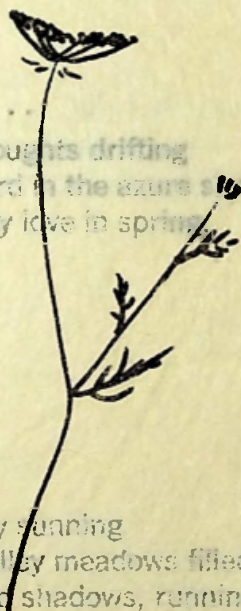
MARCH 24, 1968 . . . . .

First warm day of spring;  
someone near my heart stopped by.  
— even Sadness sings!

CLOUDS . . . . .

Gentle thoughts drifting  
eastward in the azure sky  
to my love in spring.

While I lay sunning  
lush valley meadows filled with  
cloud shadows, running.



And lo! the wind  
That stirs my torpid mind, and  
Drives the distant wave.





MARCH 24, 1963 . . . . .

First warm day of spring;  
someone near my heart stopped by,  
— even Sadness sings!

CLOUDS . . . . .

Gentle thoughts drifting  
eastward in the azure sky,  
to my love in spring.

While I lay sunning  
lush valley meadows filled with  
cloud shadows, running.

Torrid summer night;  
even owls are crying; the  
thunder's flashing light.

Into dark despair —  
a ray of light to show, the  
Muse has sent me there.

Fields I used to know;  
changed as you and I have changed,  
even stone walls flow.

WOOD NYMPHS . . . . .

Sunlit strings of pearls,  
the Spider made of dew, for  
sylvan dancing girls.

Fine the Master's pen  
that etched this winter scene; bright  
snow, Black Locust trees.

Soft clouds, I watch pale  
evening steal the sky, and three  
birds across the moon.

SNOW LICHEN . . . . .

White, forest fungi  
patterns up the frozen boles:  
last night — windblown snow!

PRAIRIE . . . . .

As if to say,  
"We're holding up the sky,  
we cottonwoods three!"

Listen — August rain!  
Tapping on the elm leaves, and  
dusty windowpane.



White capped waves today;  
one can almost see the voyageurs  
there on Traverse Bay.

#### SHORE BIRDS . . . . .

Like falling snow  
they build-up on the sandy bar  
and melt away.

#### CONTEMPLATION . . . . .

These landward clouds  
that float in from the sea,  
silently, silently.

## ENCHANTED ISLES

What constellations these  
that drift in morning's shoreward mist  
the isles of Manitou!

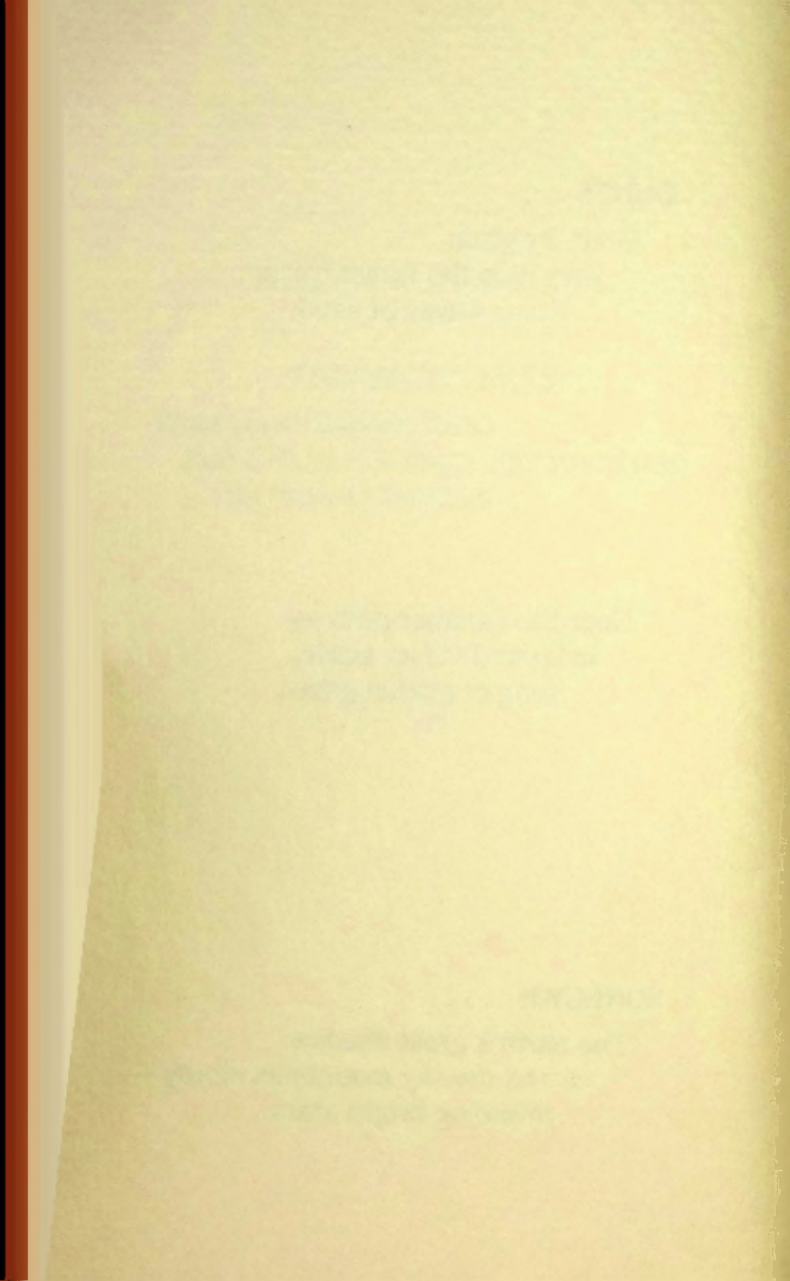
DUNES . . . . .

Grain by grain  
they hide the forest trees,  
these waves of sand.

Hear the summer pass —  
incessant insect sizzle,  
song of golden grass.

SUNDOWN . . . . .

The earth's great shadow  
climbs the sky mountains slowly —  
revealing bright stars.



### FULFILLMENT

Ride the fresh northwind  
High above the flowered hills,  
Grace the cooling sky  
With autumn's tropic hues —  
And proudly die, Butterfly.











