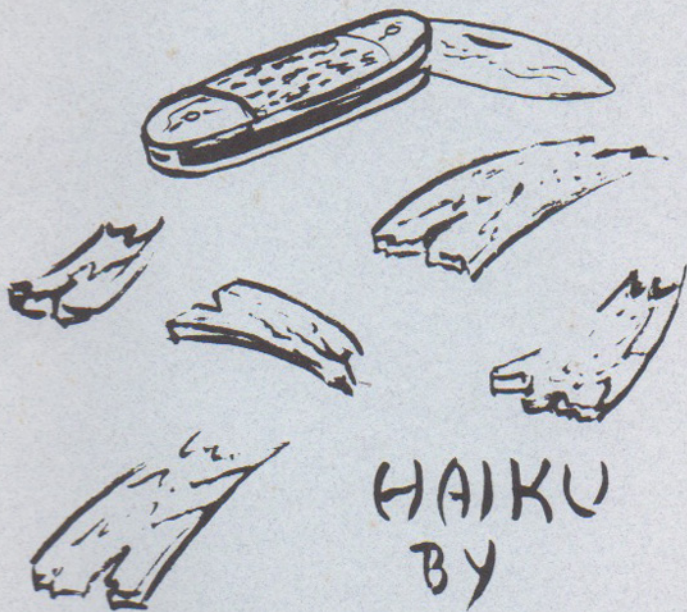


WOOD CHIPS



HAIKU
BY

DENVER STULL

I am indebted to my friend Bob Ahrens for the cover, his usual beautiful artwork, and for his encouragement.

I am also indebted to the haiku editors who have published my work and who took the time to offer constructive criticism that improved my work. A special thanks to "Tombo" former editor of Dragonfly.

WOOD CHIPS



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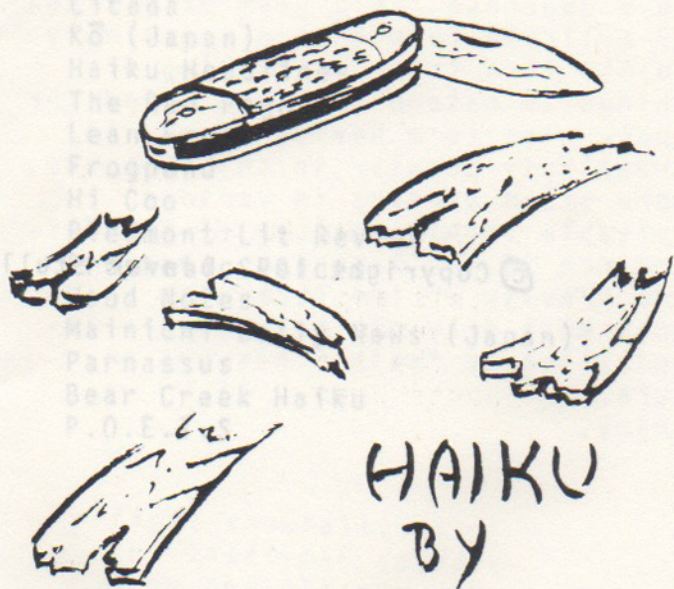
HAIKU
BY

DENVER STOLL

OTHER BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR

A Bit of this and A Bit of That
A Sense of Humor
Hatched by the Sun
It Only Hurts When I Smile

WOOD CHIPS



HAIKU
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WOODS (H) 29112



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A Sense of Humor
Happened by the Sea
It Hurts When I Smile

HAIRY
YB

STULL DENVER

KUDZU PRESS, FOREST PARK, GA

INTRODUCTION

The haiku herein has appeared in
the following publications:

Dragonfly

Cicada

Kō (Japan)

Haiku Headlines

The Red Pagoda

Lean Frog

Frogpond

Hi Coo

Piedmont Lit Review

Prophetic Voices

Wood Notes

Mainichi Daily News (Japan)

Parnassus

Bear Creek Haiku

P.O.E.T.S

first snowfall
the last leaf
from the old oak

2020 PRESENT

INTRODUCTION

For those of my friends who do not understand what they are reading here, haiku is described by Webster as a Japanese lyric poem of a fixed 17-syllable form that often simply points to a thing or pairing of things in nature that has moved the poet. The form having become increasingly popular, in this country, more often appears in various syllable counts because of the difference in our language. Due to the brevity of the form, the haiku poet must draw on the reader's imagination to "paint" his own picture. Enjoy.

frozen fish pond...
the gold fish lie still
beneath the ice

first snowfall...
the last leaf spirals
from the old oak

INTRODUCTION

winter ice storm...
the old cat wants out...
wants in

as a Japanese lyric poem of a fixed 17-syllable form that often simply points to a thing or pairing of things in nature that has moved the poet. The form having become increasingly popular, in this country, more often appears in various syllable counts because of the difference in our language. Due to the brevity of the form, the haiku poet must draw on the reader's imagination to "paint" his own picture.

Enjoy.

snow in Atlanta...
dad and the children
ride garbage can lids

this heat
tip top of the oak
a clump of mistletoe...
we stop for a kiss
on the furnace vent



covering the azaleas
mother's old quilt
flapping in the breeze
moving on this hill

first snowfall...
mocking bird perched
on the furnace vent



icy morning...
not even a mailman
moving on this hill

this heat
my old dog's tail
the only breeze



at the golf course...
taking my next shot
from the dry lake bed

this heat
old rooster chasing a hen...
s l o w l y



autumn leaves...
riding the old woman's rake
a butterfly

persimmon tree
bending with fruit...
my mouth puckers



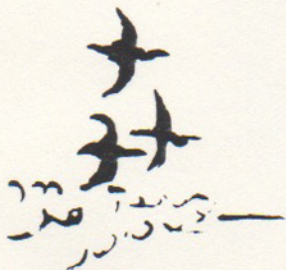
woodpecker drumming...
old swamp alligator
bellows his protest

Old Tom
washing his face...
feathers on the lawn



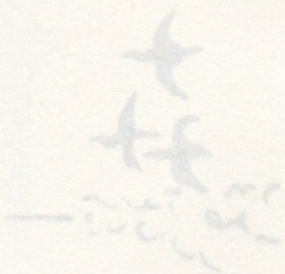
all night...
the mocking bird
under the street light

first day of spring...
dancing on the clothesline
his and her long johns



wild geese
flying north...
I too am homesick

planting spring bulbs...
the old dog
finds his lost bone



scraping frost
from the windshield...
a robin's chirp

in the new clearing
the last tree falls...
a mourning dove moans

caught in a web...
the green blowfly
tries again

m'owing the lawn
I leave this side....
wild violets

trying to sleep...
over and over
the tree frog

rain, rain, rain..
I remember the smell
of grandma's linament



spring morning...
the old dog licks the ice
in her water bowl

march wind...
the oak tree
flies a new kite



20

this heat...
she empties the ice tray
into the dog's water dish

winter snow...
new across the front lawn...
the mailman's foot prints



snow melting...
lying on the lawn
a top hat and carrot

cry of the hawk...
chicken feathers
in the meadow



abandoned farmhouse...
broken screendoor
squeaking in the breeze

autumn breeze...
the milkweed seed
looks for new ground



ragweed in bloom
along the country road...
the old dog sneezes

on strong north winds
one last Monarch
fluttering south



R7

picking the last rose...
a formation of wild geese
honking their way south

first day of fall....
the hummingbird returns
for one last sip



winter ice storm....
hazardous landings
at the feeder

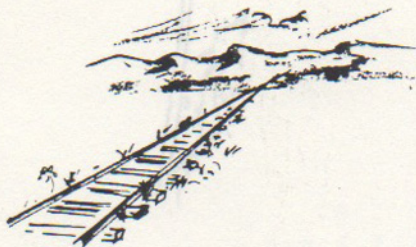
frozen long johns
on the clothes line
trap door open



R7

on the front porch
the empty chair rocks...
cold north wind

rusty rails....
still I hear the echo
of a distant freight



city squirrel
crossing the intersection
on the telephone cable

hole in the screen door...
a flattened house fly
on my unread paper




sleeping late...
the mocking bird's song
under my window

hammering on the roof...
that redheaded woodpecker
on the antenna again



Monday morning...
listening for the rooster
eaten yesterday

eye of the Buddha...
the old cat
staring...staring



Old Tom
takes a nap...
warm clothes dryer

broken tombstones
blackberry vines bloom and fade
in highway dust

sound of a gunshot...
the crow
cries a warning

summer day...

June bug

trailing a string



wood chips

from the giant cedar...

the Jays scolding

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Denver Stull was born in Pennsboro, W.V. December 21, 1919. After serving in the infantry during WWII, he settled in Forest Park, Georgia and attended John Marshall Law School in Atlanta, earning an LLM Degree. Since his retirement in 1980 he has published over 300 poems, several short stories and numerous political satires, and humorous articles in various literary journals, magazines and newspapers. In 1983 he assumed editorship of **Parnassus Literary Journal**. Previous chap books include **A Bit of this and A Bit of That, A Sense of Humor, Hatched by the Sun, and It Only Hurts When I Smile.**

