

Faraway Hills

A collection of haiku

Frank Williams

Acknowledgements and thanks are due to the editors and publishers of the publications in which many of these poems previously appeared in one form or another:-

Blithe Spirit; BHS Anthologies 2010 and 2011; Frogpond 2008; Lacewings (2010); 'leaves to a tree' (2010); Time Haiku; LYNX (2009); Presence and Simply Haiku,

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a giant cricket leaps
into mother's gasp—
Spanish heat

street hedgerow...
peeking from the shade
an elderflower cluster

morning drizzle
mare and foal standing
absolutely still

late night walk...
my grey hair covered
with a cap of snow

at dusk
through steady rain
the song of a blackbird

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late december
sun catches the foliage
along the garden fence

brooding sky—a murder
of crows silhouette
the leafless tree

the sun setting...
along the undertaker's roof
a band of blue light

threatening rain
this morning the clouds
are faraway hills

november sun
a butterfly's ghost
briefly before me

a seagull steps out
of its own shadow
summer's end

six mile walk
the imprint of leaves
on many paving slabs

old brick wall
your fringe of buddleias
cut back to wood

not quite awake
from a full litter bin
a mouse spills out

two days on...
leaves on the pavement
have changed to filigree

lost in the day—
the boy with a bucket
peers into a tide pool

setting sun—a pigeon
lands on a table
and clears it of crumbs

sipping a drink
each wave pounds sunlight
onto the dark sand

inside window sill...
on the second day
another sycamore seed

drone of the city
a white moth lands
on a white wall

first day of spring—
in half light faint thunder
and a few drops of rain

restless night
suddenly aware of the dawn
through closed eyes

evening sun...
snagged in a web
the lacewing's light

slight chill...
falling leaves for a moment
turn into birds

broad daylight
a fox walks nonchalantly
past the front door

overnight snow
a blue tit zips
all over the feeder

sulphur horizon...
a sparkle of diamonds
in the vessel's wake

bitter cold evening...
the scent of Mahonia
welcomes me home

countryside silence...
a berry plops into
the glassy current

town centre
three girls move and walk
in unison

plane tree...
ashen wagtails roost
among the fairy lights

sunday morning hush—
a ginger tom plays mouse
with a mouse

rhythm of rain
slowly sunlight engulfs
the living room

swooping to ground
a wood pigeon bolts down
a grape in one go

winter dusk...
a plane weaves in and out
of cloud and sunlight

blue sky and sea...
into the distance
a rainbow of beach huts

a brisk wind...
a pigeon puts its foot
on a slice of bread

monday morning blues
beads of rain trickle
down the frosted pane

drifting from grey
into a black abyss...
a faint full moon

birthday party
sunlight and music rhythms
traverse the floor

wine-red bridge...
weed drifting nowhere
in the river's surge

a dusting of snow
wafts across the cul-de-sac
silent twilight

