

parnassus flowers





Photographs By Larry West
Design By David Mohrhardt

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parnassus flowers
haiku by robert mainone

On what vines of thought might these
flowers lead a mind in simple contemplation?
To what dreams of truth might they
in better minds than mine aspire?



This gray world of mist—
even things I thought I knew
appear and disappear.



The fretted rose leaves—
nor could the roses begrudge
Mourning Cloak youngsters.

Again and again
the lightning's light reminds me
of such earthly things.

Trolling the night sky
the Moon captures a bright ring
in her cirrus net.

Hilltop house and barn,
someone's joys and sorrows
lived on this old farm.

Looking beyond death
past the swift crossroads a cow
complacently chewing.





In one drop of dew
both sun and moon glittering
through eternity.

Unforgettable—
that dream of autumn color
where I used to live.

Evening flight of souls;
white gulls riding down the wind—
dark and distant isles.

Endless August night . . .
outside my window crickets
singing ancient songs.

The flaming windows—
all the houses on the hill
in flames at sunset.

These nights in June—
even sleepy birds are watching
this giant moon.

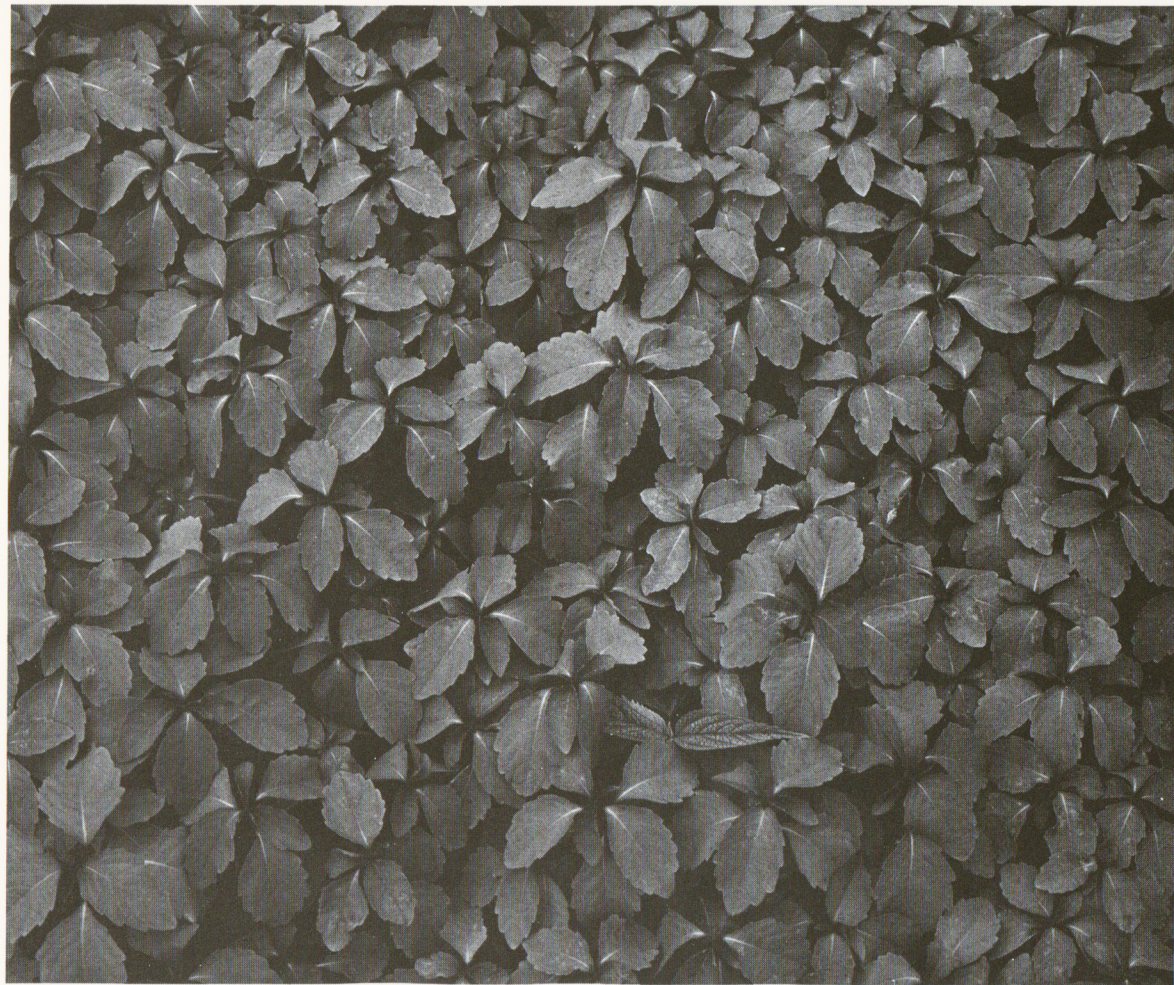
Darkly booms the wind,
a sea among the houses
trying every door.

In frosted silence
the golden leaves are waiting—
crickets last sad songs.



Bright sumac sparks
ignite October's sassafras—
maples burst in flames.

How shadows deepen
when the Wood Thrush is calling—
how daylight lingers.



The Yellow Warbler
weaving a bright thread of spring
among the green leaves.

Could you know of me,
Caterpillar? . . . What might I
know beyond the stars?

Forests of my youth,
as one with sun and earth and
there I wander still.

Minutes pass . . . the hours—
from the endless days the years:
lifetimes slip away.



Beyond the street lights
a degree of iciness—
raindrops, evergreens.

The whispered voices—
in ghostly groves what stories
these great trees might tell.

The crow's own shadow
keeps him moving down the road:
two walking blackbirds.

Still admiring
September Parnassus flowers,
pale frozen grasshopper.

And why not?
In this ocean of trees
a voice I'd never heard.

So tentatively
hares come into the moonlight
to race with shadows.



Tell me magic moth—
from a groping sleeping thing,
what could I become?

After the rainstorm
only one bird is crying
somewhere far away.



As if some joy
yet unexpressed
sends up mushrooms.

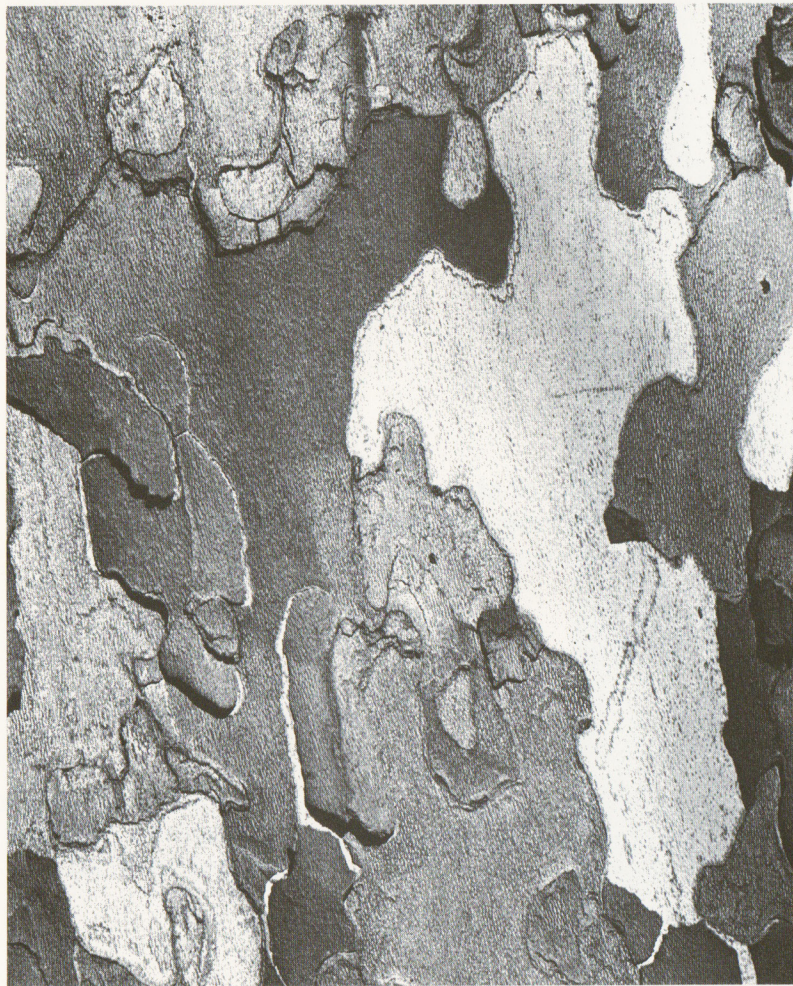
Turbulent Fall sky,
beneath darkening clouds
a tattered butterfly.



Where high eagles played
above the sandy bluffs and
chased the windblown clouds.

The paths of stars—
something remembered vaguely in
recesses of the mind.

These deep blue pastures
where white mares are racing through
meadows of the sea.



Moan sadly Northwind
past Trees that turn their backs
on Winter's sorrows.

Eternal voices
what is it they are saying?
Timeless sighing winds . . .

Mirrors of pure light:
sunshine on the forest leaves—
facets of a mind.

Listen! On the roof
a thousand poems tonight—
this first spring rain.

Eastward, winding home
the playful moon goes this way
that way through the trees.

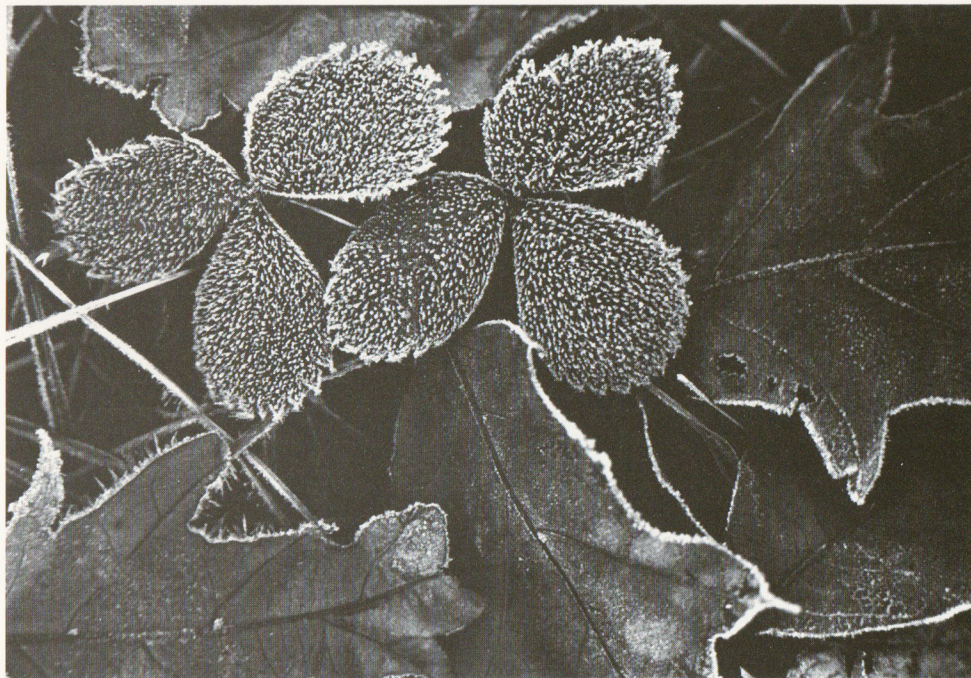
In the trees, West Wind;
rain drumming on the bark roof
singing dream songs.

By my fireplace
for my companions: nightwind,
stars, and this full moon.

Luminous veil —
What lies beyond ghostly trees?
A deer moves slowly . . .



I believe its true . . .
they hang them after moonlit walks,
wet with sphagnum dew.



Shifting clouds that bring
in darker waves, a touch of
winter to the spring.



So dark tonight,
even mosquitoes must be
bumping into things.



Dark and cold the night—
in my bed I couldn't move
for thinking of it.

So vaguely defined,
life and death—thin lines where the
land-world meets the sea.

A man's shadow—
how it reaches out,
in the autumn afternoon.

Such a pleasant snail—
“Good morning! Good morning!” with
telescopic winks.





To be a butterfly
and lost in swaying dreams of
purple lilac breath.

Things that we both know
bind our worlds together now,
me and my pet crow.

Lost aspirations,
the dead spruce statues—bleached bones
still reaching for stars.

Watch out Master Toad!
In my flower garden an
adder flicks its tongue!

The hunter returns —
in his gamebag he carries
the moon and the stars.



The pattering rain,
each tree singing its own song
over and again.

Lightly on the wind
a pallid moon-eyed huntress
sweeps the wint'ry fields.

Quietly the rain;
a red leaf falling . . .
something ends.

To A Goddess

I hear your laughter
by a brook . . . even the trees
whisper your sweet name.