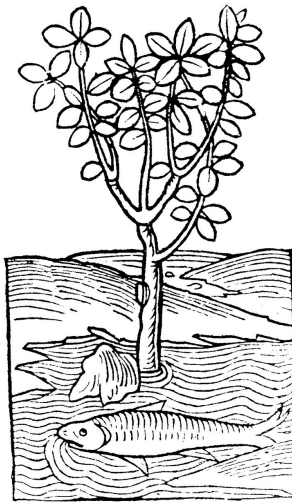


A Book Of Seasons
Vol. 1



Haiku By
Dick Whyte

Four Shades Press
2017

for em, laurence, hannah, bis, erica,
kenealy, jimmy, ruppert & asher

with love
xoxo

s
p
r
i
n
g

dawn—
the white of a lily
not yet white

sunrise,
the sparrows sing
for no-one

before it was a poem birds singing

bird song . . .
the way into
clouds

rustling
in the bamboo . . .
new love

kōwhai reaches into the earth into me

between
the richest and poorest . . .
shadows lengthen

five soldiers dead
in a war not their own . . .
first blossoms

war in Syria—
how dare i write about
dandelions

returning home
without an arm, a leg . . .
drifting clouds

into dusk the shape of a seagull's cry

dusk—
the sound of blossoms
opening

one flower
worth of whiteness,
spring dusk

war zone . . .
a mouse giving birth,
to stars

distant stars both either or and both and

into stars,
the bone white belly
of a seagull

she meows i meow spring night

poverty—
no matter where you go
the moon

seagulls
making a racket . . .
hazy moon

s

u

m

m

e

r

sunrise the minimum wage falls

first cicada . . .
how quickly i approach
my death

fucking
for the first time . . .
cicadas

kikihi,
nobody sings
like you

blowfly!
being your friend
isn't easy

and and and and and ants

here
and then gone . . .
a dragonfly

empty sky . . .
no matter what
i write

whatever
the sky is doing . . .
one mind

infinite sky the comfort of hyperbole

dead sparrow
ruffling its feathers . . .
summer wind

the length of
a pigeon's shadow . . .
my last dollar

dusk gathering seagulls gathering dusk

last light
brushing your cheek . . .
against mine

silent my bones swallowing stars

things we said
things we didn't—
distant stars

every leaf touching summer moon

four moths
dead in the lampshade—
summer moon

summer moon,
a kind of longing only
the river knows

a

u

t

u

m

n

early autumn . . .
the broken shell
of a snail

first rain,
only the sky knows
how to love

in the shape
of a missing stone . . .
autumn rain

like rain the leaves are not alone

every kind of
way there is to fall . . .
autumn leaves

deep longing—
the leaves that have fallen
cannot fall again

leaves fall
mourning the dead,
last cicada

drag me
into clouds, spider . . .
fucking clouds

scattered clouds the only answer i get

how will
the clouds move . . .
endlessly

the birds
never seem lost . . .
autumn sky

drizzling rain now and then a tūī

a few crumbs
left for the sparrow . . .
autumn's heart

setting sun
four or five birds?
six or seven

in a pile of dishes autumn evening

dusk . . .
every kind of blue
there is

autumn moon . . .
in last night's soup
a dead fly

without thinking
i swat a mosquito . . .
autumn moon

almost full the moon i made myself

w

i

n

t

e

r

from me
to the mountain—
first frost

waking
before everyone else—
first snow

no jobs
in the paper again,
first snow

two crows
cleaning themselves—
fresh snow

gull's carcass the earth knows why

winter sun—
i practice talking
pigeon

sparrow

letting
go

of
sky

left over the romance of clouds

winter sky,
i may as well become
a cloud

spring,
i'll be better
then

winter—
the blackbirds flying
in pairs

rain beats
on a blackbird's back—
winter's end

dusk—
the blackbird sings
even louder

possibility: more more more
stars

drunker
than the moon . . .
starlight

desire . . .
into the darkness
winter moon

winter moon in every shadow a shadow

to be close
to learn to trust . . .
winter moon

moon
light

a different

kind of
poet