

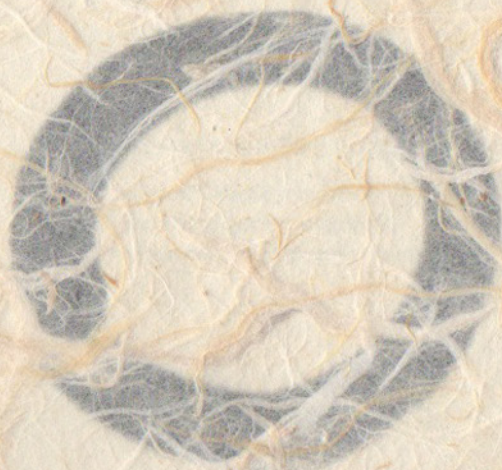
A Circle of Light



Doris H. Thurston



A Circle of Light



Doris H. Thurston

To Alice -

The story of the
circle of light
a gift from
Doris H. Thurston

11/10/10



A Circle of Light



Doris H. Thurston

To alive -

*The play of words
makes each day
a game.*

*Doris Thurston
9/10/10*

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Poems by Doris Thurston.
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Doris Thurston

Preface

Dear Doris,

These haiku were selected from what you've written during the past twenty years. They're but a few of the many special moments you've penned. At one time or another you've shared most if not all of these poems with members of the Fort Townsend Haiku Group, the group you help hold on back in 1991. Lucky us! We've heard you make these poems aloud and have seen about half of them in print.

night loses its darkness
to one robin's song

Since 1997 you've been reading your haiku aloud at every month and have also read them at our meetings. They're available to us as a haiku library. I think we all have a pretty good idea of the effort these activities involve. But, on behalf of the group, I'll say: How about?

Thank you Doris, for offering your beautiful home as a place to meet, for the patience in your poetry, your craft, and the engaged way you live your life, for being thoughtful, selfless, and compassionate, and most of all for your friendship. You are

A Circle of Light

—Christopher Herold
July 4, 2010

Preface

Dear Doris,

These haiku were selected from work you've written during the past twenty years. They're but a few of the many special moments you've penned. At one time or another you've shared most if not all of these poems with members of the Port Townsend Haiku Group, the group you helped form back in 1991. Lucky us! We've heard you recite these poems aloud and have seen about half of them in print.

Since 1997 you've hosted group meetings almost every month and have also established, maintained, and made available to us a haiku library. I think we all have a pretty good idea of the efforts these activities involve. We also know there aren't enough superlatives to express our gratitude, but, on behalf of the group, I'll try. How about:

Thank you Doris, for offering your beautiful home as a place to meet, for the passion in your poetry, your music, and the engaged way you live your life, for being thoughtful, selfless, and compassionate, and, most of all, for your friendship. You are

A Circle of Light

—Christopher Herold
July 4, 2010

piano keyboard black and white songs in my fingers

there are no few words
to measure the bright color
of spring's first flower

sunrise
around each moving leaf
a birdsong

why do I reach
for miracles in vision when one
small flower will do

raincloud—
the day blows in
through sunshine

there are so few words
to measure the bright color
of spring's first flower

why do I reach
for miracles in vision when one
small flower will do?

I saw the wind—
it took an umbrella up high
like a kite it flew!

scattered thoughts
whirls of white petals
cross the grass

spring ritual
pulling out roots to make room
for roots

my quilted jacket warms me almost as much as the pansy blossom

(the ants have been busy, the ants are busy, the ants will continue to be busy.)

first raindrops
the neighborhood dog and chainsaw
stop.

raindrop by raindrop
through tears, I follow each trail
down the windowpane

I follow patterns:
the wind, the shadow, the rain
give me paths to walk

forest path
a spider web
catches my ear

snake skin
caught on a blade of rock
windless day

I would shed habit
as easily as the snake
sheds its old skin

it leans
one piece against another
driftwood

in a puddle
a leaf with a puddle
in the middle

spider web
floating in the wind
garden fragrance

water lily
the first shaft of sunlight
on the lake

wind in the trees
my dreams also fly
over the hill

things live and die
along the edge of consciousness
I reach out my hand

the voice of a friend
sunlight in the storm
of day and night

wandering
my thoughts find their way
moth-like

full moon—
from the cloud bank
a circle of light

fog line ...
nightmares are made
bumper to bumper

coastal fog
one red madrona branch
warms the morning

wandering
my thoughts
methinks
the funeral ends—
for just a moment
a sun-break

a sliver of ginger
floats in the teacup
winter solstice

wind funnel
whirling leaves across the drive
my neighbor waves her rake

brown and green fields
quilted together with roads
knotted with fence posts

basket-maker
her fingers learn seasons
from sweetgrass

war again ...
the starlings
fly south

indoors
the holiday—outdoors
the wind

dark woods—
an owl glides out
into moonlight

quiet so deep
you can hear the swan
crook its neck

morning frost
a compost seedling
sparkles

cold sun
the wild currant blossoms'
red fragrance

snowflakes
frozen to tree bark
morning silence

morning frost
a compact seedling
sparkles

morning silence
broken to tree bark
snowflakes

old sun
the wild curant blossom
fragrance

while I napped
the amaryllis opened wide—
winter sunshine

Credits

piano keyboard: *Frogpond XIX*:1(1996)
raincloud—: *fish in love* (2006)
why do we reach: *New Snow* (1994)
spring ritual: *The Heron's Nest*: II #5 (2000)
first-raindrops: *The Heron's Nest*: II #11 (2000)
forest path: *The Heron's Nest*: IV #8 (2002)
snakeskin: *The Heron's Nest*: II #2 (2000)
it leans: *Sunlight Through Rain* (1996)
in a puddle: *The Heron's Nest*: II #2 (2000)
wind in the trees: *The Heron's Nest*: IV #3 (2003)
my quilted jacket: *Frogpond XX*:1(1997)
coastal fog: *Frogpond XXIII*:2 (2000)
wind funnel: *The Heron's Nest*: I #4 (1999)
brown and green fields: *A Travel-Worn Satchel* (2009)
basket-maker: *bits of itself* (2002)
war again: *The Heron's Nest*: IV #1 (2002)
dark woods: *The Heron's Nest*: II #1 (2000)
quiet so deep: *The Heron's Nest*: I #4 (2000)
morning frost: *The Heron's Nest*: IV #12 (2002)
cold sun: *The Heron's Nest*: II #4 (2000)
snowflakes: *The Heron's Nest*: IX #2 (2003)
while I napped: *The Heron's Nest*: IV #3 (2002)



Pro

pro... Progon... (1996)

... in for ...

... we ... Snow (1993)

... The Heron's Nest:

... The Heron's Nest: ... (2000)

... The Heron's Nest: ... (2000)

... The Heron's Nest: ... (2000)

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Doris is a noble mentor to aspiring writers of haiku and poetry in our little town. Her generosity in hosting literary events contributes to the well-being of the entire community. —Jackie Barr

For many years Mom has graciously offered her home and hosted the Haiku group. She is the haiku mother of us all, helping to water our seed so we may grow. —Polly Thurston

Doris's heart is magnetic center for haiku here on the Quimper Peninsula. She's a treasure.
—Karma Tenzing Wangchuk

