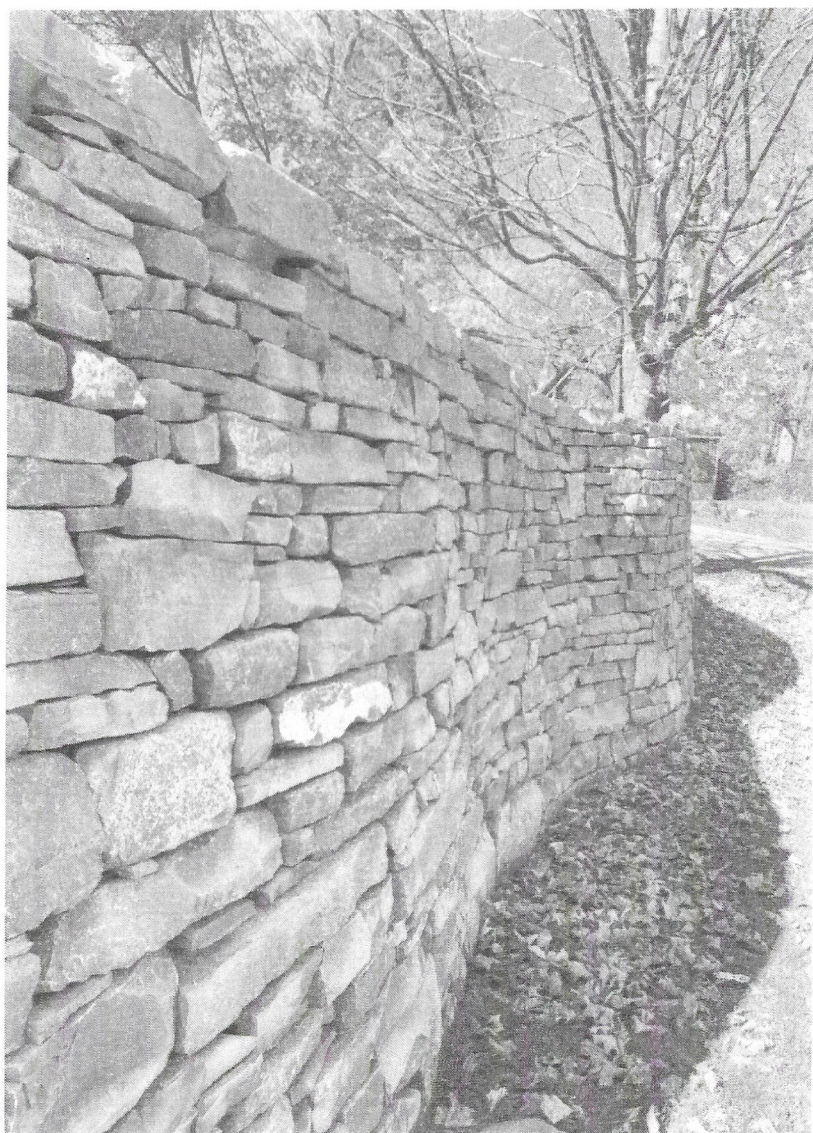


Lantern

Philomene Kocher



Lantern

Philomene Kocher lives in Kingston, Ontario. After 30 years, she is still enchanted by haiku.

2023

For my mother, Rose

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on our way
to see the baby
geese returning

holiday travels
my seatmate on the bus
holds a unicorn pillow

in a dream
my little girl self reaches up
and tugs on my jacket pocket

if not for the crows
making a fuss
I would have missed the owl

crossing the kitchen
feeling the warmth
of the sunlit floor.



cherry blossoms
on both sides
of the wrought-iron fence


morning light
the spider web rewoven
after yesterday's storm

laughter on one side
tears on the other
wash the window of my soul

evening stroll
the fragrance of the linden
before the linden

a female cardinal
first bloom
of the day lily

cover girls in the newsstand
Marilyn Monroe
and Mother Mary



rose hips and roses and buds
on the same bush
August evening

door to the lower level
the shine
of the brass knob

late afternoon
a grasshopper jumps
out of its shadow

unlit candles

leaning toward each other

scent of lilies

missing her

making the poppy seed cake

like my mother used to

back on the farm
fireflies
in moonlight

one red apple
on the lowest branch
evening church bells

harvesting the garden
the late peas
tender and sweet

using the mirror
my mother gave me
the other side magnified

I finish my tea
the cup still full
of warmth

travel photos
still full of wonder
that I was there

far from home
crossing the bridge
to menopause


at my age
I'm now the one
offered a seat on the bus

full moon
the sidewalk curves
around tree roots

the longest winter
in 20 years
lilacs in bud

family visit
resetting the porch stones
with new cement

what's left
of the crabapple tree
in blossom



in the Japanese garden
the Mother lantern
visible from everywhere



