

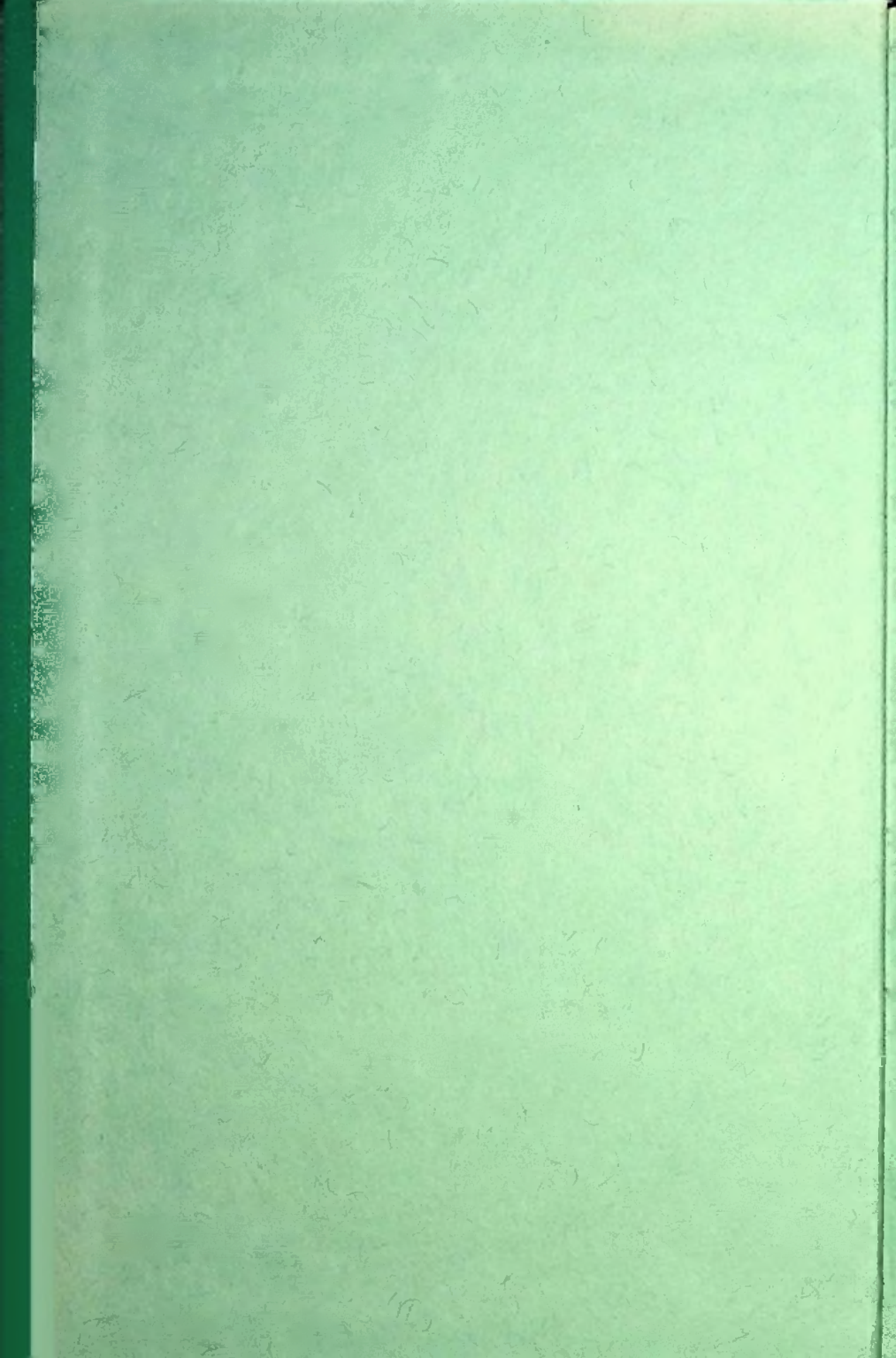
MOVING STILLNESS

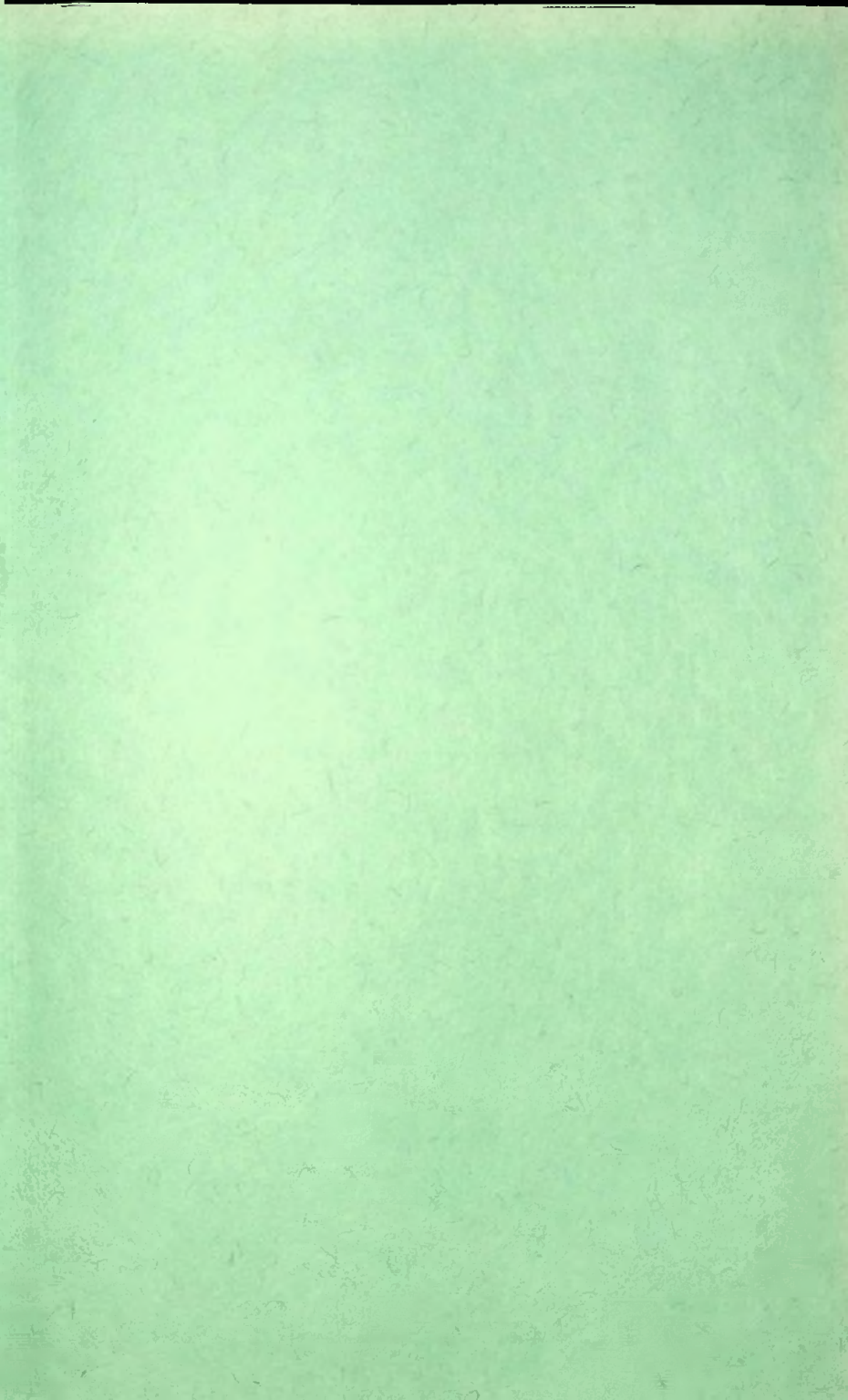


REPTILES
WOULD

haiku by DAVID SAMUEL BLOCH

illustrations by JULIE HANAN BLOCH





MOVING STILLNESS

haiku by

David Samuel Bloch

illustration by

Julie Hagan Bloch

AHA Books

MOVING STILLNESS

Written by David Samuel Bloch

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MOVING STILLNESS

David Samuel Bloch

Haiku

Julie Hagan Bloch

Illustration

MOVING STILLNESS

David James Mack

1991

Like the sea, Mack's music is

both calm and restless, both

still and moving, both

quiet and loud, both

simple and complex, both

easy and hard, both

light and dark, both

soft and hard, both

slow and fast, both

young and old, both

new and old, both

and so on, and so on, and so on.

Like the sea, Mack's music is

both calm and restless, both

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slow and fast, both

young and old, both

new and old, both

and so on, and so on, and so on.

Dedication

**To that most healing,
deepest feeling, sacred source
of the universe**

Our gratitude goes out to:

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MISSING, NOT A THING

AN UNRECORDED PAGE

Little Miracles

Little Miracles

Dedication

**To You who have so well concealed
in the mundane
the miraculous**

Bookings

To You who have in well-considered
in the market
the situation

Response of the heart
to a woodpecker's knocking
—opening of spring

Vernal Equinox —
cover of snow can't conceal
Earth's celebration

Mid-April sun, you've missed some...
ice on the lake,
snow on the forest floor

Raindrops make bookmarks,
tug the attention from the written
to the real

Main Street signs creaking
—won't somebody tune them up
before the parade

Spring dawn — a solid circle of ice
from the dog's outdoor dish
flipped out!

Around the bend glimpse —
hind hooves leave the ground... vanish
into the thicket

Pent-up steam
piping hot music in
—calliope percolator

Lots of dots...
dearth of dashes
—woodpecker's Morse-encoded messages

High winds have me holding my breath
—our own leaning tower
of hemlock

The wind registers
its every move with willows
planted in mud

Sky Chef, it's scrumptious!
—this scrambled sunset sandwich
cloudy evening snack

Curtain of haze — clouds step out
ham it up in the spotlight
of the sun

A day's work to be done
up-early woodpeckers
already at it

Wakeful, I wonder
how long he's been hammering
away at my sleep

Storm warnings sent out
over the open airwaves
—thunder's rumblings

Driving rain — wonder what became
of that frog who jumped
into traffic

Darkness wrapped in a sheet of rain —
white, night lightning
ripped that shroud to shreds

River rock-hopping —
on my shoulder hitching a ride,
dragonfly guide

Middle of May — coming into bloom,
the old crab apple
piñata

You can tell they've had enough to drink —
fruit trees all bloated
with blossoms

A bandstand in our backyard —
blaring orange trumpet vine
flourishes

In such proximity
so much variation
—columbine in bloom

A whole bloomin' bunch
of color combinations
—little miracles

Burying the dead woodpecker —
I think someone should be sounding
Taps



Wind breaks the news: spring's passing
visibly shaken —
blossoms from branches

Given keys to wind and earth —
a generation of maples
gets wings

Exposed — tree roots reporting
lawn mower assaults
countless, the clippings

Prominent rib cage —
half the neighborhood feeds the dog
feeding his worms

The bark of the tree
biting the barbed wire back
—trapped, the trespasser

Dog walk in progress —
through the lattice... pokes... the nose
of the next to go

Lifting up the screen
to experience today
as it really is

High honors!
It's been draped all over the mountain —
a wreath of laurel

Refreshment needed...
the lawn mower serves it up
—a cool whiff of mint

Garter snake,
you're not unwelcome here — it's just that
your home needs mowing

To think I was prematurely born
—always saying,
“Sorry, I’m late”

His longing to play
frees the puppy from his chain
—Independence Day

Can't put my finger
on that which the goldfinch grasps
—prickle of thistle

The side yard as seen
through lattice-covered windows
—each square is complete

Bye-bye blueberries!
—but in purple on my tongue...
dyeing, you live on

Urban scrawl, the wall of a bridge
spanning the spectrum
signed ROY G BIV

The goldfish gone...
turtles, carp about the pond
—lost, some local color

Kaleidoscope — churned contents
of the mind — looking
for a new design

The mess on my desk
becomes a work of art
through the kaleidoscope

Mist materializing
another dimension
in the meadow

Water balloon fight —
drenched, declared-noncombatant
steaming in the sun

Chicory and Queen Anne's Lace
—my attention
a divided highway

You stream-top raindrops
can't fool me — I know really
you're water striders

Japanese beetles —
roses and I implore you:
mind your mandibles!

Bicycle riding —
as everything passes,
no worries today

Last year's leftovers
or this fall's appetizers?
—browned bunches of leaves

One small step for a man
with mower,
...one giant leap for cricketkind!

**Frog escapes the mower blade
in the nick of time
—close shave, Uncle Dave!**

**Birds in a blanket
sample surfacing earthworms
—countdown to downpour**

The wind picking up,
and I also...
the scent of the approaching storm

Overcast sky
but for a stunning single spot
of brilliant blue



Where sunlight sharpens
the dull edge of a dark cloud
—a silver sliver

Surface of a stream —
cloud reflections calmly drift
counter to current

I'm up! — mockingbird
perfectly mimics the call
of my alarm clock

At daybreak a spark
from the burning horizon
—clouds catching fire

Of wind not so much
as a whisper through the trees
—bicycling's a breeze!

Exhilarating!
downhill accelerating
—fresh air on my face

Getting dark early —
most painful, the transition
to the indoor bike

Waitress awaited...
patron at the piano...
presto! supper's served

In shadow of swan —
fish scavenge bits of feast dropped
by clumsy waders

Ferry's forceful wake —
a crease-crossing motorboat
fails to unfold it

Home from the city...
heavy traffic on our street
—two cars and a truck

Chickens — how proudly
they pick through the trash... then squawk
how slim their pickin's

Stone wall — chipmunk
makes an appearance in each
of its crevices

Lawn statuary —
suddenly one of those geese
had the nerve to move!

Crashing through the brush —
one enormous buck
wakes up the sleepy hollow

Double the dose of orange
—autumn foliage
lit by morning sun

Autumn —

old dwellings along the way
falling deeper into decay

In retirement

letting the farm go to seed
—fields full of milkweed

Its back nearly broken,
it can hardly hold up its head
—sunflower

At the signal from wind chimes —
trees drip yesterday's raindrops
on my head

Milkweed, no one else needs to know
who's offered what
wishes to the wind

A frayed pair of ropes
remains of an old tree swing
—the wind has it sway

Reincarnated,
rays to rainbows on its spray
—fountain in full sun

Leaves all waiting...
—the wind promises to take them
for one last whirl

Why they look so chewed up —
canna lilies bitten
by the first few frosts

Sprinkling on my head...
through clouds I can just make it out
—the Big Dipper

Even out here, haves and have nots —
 some trees full,
 others missing their leaves

Making my Hallowe'en mask myself
 this year... took two weeks...
 not shaving

Home from Florida —
 willows, last to lose their leaves,
 finish fall for me

Not only not late,
 nearly an hour early!
—end of DST

End of October,...
 suddenly inspiration kicks in
—spring cleaning!



Autumn cleaning —
what it takes sometimes to break the spell
of inertia

Feeling of fullness —
from feasting on an orange
final fall sunrise

An icy footprint —
the sole survivor of snow
and subsequent rain

Winter haiku walk —
layers insulate me
from my subject matter

Huddled after heeding
the building's fire bells —
cold as all get out!

Cloudless, but the sky
is hardly empty... sun, moon,
and infinite blue

...And Infinite Blue

Dedication

**To You who bring
to each instant, infinite blessings
from out of the blue**

How much more bubbly
seems the stream at each crossing
—New Year's midnight bridge

Ficus in focus...
what's this? dancing polka dots?
—winter ladybug

My mind, take this down
so we don't slip up again
—baby steps on ice!

At the open door
the same dog who begged, now balks
—chilling winter rain

There's a dog, I swear!
not just the snow-patched earth there
—her calico coat

Reciting haiku...

poised to make a splash, a frog
jumps... into my throat

How could I swat it?

a wasp so utterly trapped
—middle of winter

One command keeps us

upstanding citizens — "Dogs...
Easy!" over ice

Full Moon, you've been found

peeking out from behind them —
thick curtains of clouds

So reassuring, this glimpse —

I wonder

had I doubted you were there

Blizzard predicted —
 what follows is a flurry
of activity

Midst of a blizzard —
 the airport filled with
 no one going anywhere

Melting rooftop snow —
 just about through the ice, drips
 each mild moment

Spring thaw smells of fall —
 ah, the sun's warming us up
 some leftover leaves

Evergreens in mist —
 amassing moisture enough,
 droplets they let drop

My morning shower —
only yesterday I ran
to escape the rain

Grandpa's funeral —
a gentle-hearted soul lived
and died — dignified

Prop plane in a lightning storm
over the Ozarks
—prayer in the air

Striking!
the orange light of daybreak upon it —
robin's sunburst breast

Feline foliage,
cattails and pussy willows —
poised with pen, I pounce

Rain, sun... many such showers
you've sheltered us from,
great spruce guardian

Tree falls — wind, you've done it!
homeless birds up in the air
all aflutter

My giant old friend —
finally you get to rest
your crown on the ground

The uprooted tree —
look out below when you go
wishing for windfalls

Odd, from the kitchen window —
tonight, the sight
of unobstructed sky



The spruce tree's demise —
a new intensity
to our view of sunrise

Shun shallowness, root deep!
this thought brought to you
by a wind-toppled tree

Reflected sunlight
reflected again — shining
moonlit daffodils

The real time of spring —
a woodpecker tapping out
its rapid rhythm

Dank air feel — moist earth smell,
gurgling sounds — stream
all but seen in the dark

Along the trail, now,
where rails used to run — coal dust
dissolves the distance

The outermost ring glistening —
 spruce stump
with its sap pump left running

Mountain ash planted...
 muscles sore, spirits soaring
 —heron overhead

Climbing in the sky...
 heron spreads wings wide,
 catches the current — free ride!

Lights from the local street lamps
 find me in the fog
 circle-encircled

Spruce tree shaken out —
 yellow plume of pollen
 whisked away by the wind

Peony blossom
lying in the dirt,
you've lost none of your luster

Safety goggles on,
he oversees me mowing the lawn
—dragonfly

The spot you've been staring at
lights up as you look away
—fireflies!

Sudden storm — stealing some
of its thunder, lightning bugs
flicker through rain

Coming soon: bushy gardens —
earthworms receive
free rototiller rides

They'll take care of this site, all right!
—tent caterpillars
 camped in our trees

Turkey vulture... space...
 as much as it can scavenge
—its whopping wingspan!

but chipmunk, earthquakes
 come with the territory
 —basketball practice

One blustery day,
 I'm out shooting baskets — ferns,
 the fans, make a wave!

Razor ribbon perch —
 a finch serenades
 the criminally insane

Nothing in your net...
hungry yet? or have you already et?
...spider!

Guy spreading stones
insists, "No poetry in this!"
—gravel in his voice

White ball bounces off...
bunny, wait, don't you want
to help me walk the dogs?

Eager, ten eyes wait...
for the beaver to come out
from under the bridge

Deft strokes —
in still water the beaver has written
an inverted V

Abundance of brush —
so much astir over so little
a chipmunk

Rabbit,
your secret's safe with me
(that your hole is under the mailbox!)

Dusk —
with the approach of headlights
the dark shape of a deer... disappears

Exploding into white smoke
of marshland fog — Queen Anne's Lace,
croaks of frogs

Concentric circles —
at the center of each set,
a water strider



**Rings expand and overlap
—water bugs spreading
their rippled netting**

Landlocked... an odd key
—the lone cry of a seagull
sweeps me out to sea

Passersby,
follow my eyes
to a cloud fully outlined in sunlight

A seagull swoops down...
and from the manmade lake comes
the catch of the day

Ceremoniously,
three ducks parade past
the hotel swimming pool

Noontime swim —
on the inside of my goggles, a drop
of sunlight

At rainbow's end,
greater than any pot of gold —
Niagara Falls

Table Rock Restaurant —
between sips of coffee,
drinking in the falls

Spirit of the Falls
manifests manifold forms —
wind-shaped, made of mist

Under meteor showers
dogs walk and fleas jump
every which way

Almost ninety degrees... I freeze
... bees!
—the entire spruce tree buzzing

Over the river, at the bridge —
a moment there
mingled with the mist

Eyes, you've only
to trace the winding trail of mist
—where the river is!

End-of-summer drought —
all the forest engulfed
in silent prayer

Water restrictions —
suddenly okay to pray out loud
for more rain

Autumn coloring...
faintly at first, filtering
through the greenery

Remaining bird's call
fades into the background
—clamor of fall colors

Ping... ping... what was that?
couldn't be rain — star-lit sky
frost-laden leaves... fall!

Wind tumbling through the trees
flying colors —
autumn acrobatics

Spread of red
seed clusters pointed skyward
—sumac's sunrise silhouette

Five inches of rain, post-drought,
overnight swells
the river to a roar

An intimate table for two —
through the window...
climbing, the full moon!

Lavender everywhere
but there — evergreens
shading the mountain

Sixty degrees —
an unexpected extra bit of spring
in my step

Off to the thrift store —
clothes we don't wear anymore
after a fashion

Our flight,
rising up from the dead of desert night
—brightly lit Phoenix

Surrounded by mountains —
can't get over
how fragile the desert feels

No Saguaro cacti up here —
hard to climb
with your hands in the air

Penciling in
South-of-Phoenix property lines
—Ponderosa pines

Fated, the time we'll arrive...
this road we're on leads to one place
—Tombstone

The O.K. Corral,
click,click... couple of shots... got us!
—camera man



Having flown away,
they left behind a nestful
of snow — wintry days

Muffled drumming
getting lost in snowy silence
—woodpecker Christmas

A giant snoring —
though winter woods sound asleep,
woodpecker's awake

Over the windows,
letting in all the light — awning
of icicles

Nothing corresponds
with its last known location
—our buried mailbox

Overcast New Year's Day sky —
in the air, something
about to happen

A Persistent Tug

Dedication

**To You, who,
when we're pushing too much
go on ahead... pulling for us**

Bolting through the door,
lightning on a leash — poodle
enthusiasm

Muzzle nuzzling
crusty snow — poodle pulls out
a frosted donut!

Neighboring woodland
temporarily wetland
—January thaw

Pond ice platform
up where the surface used to be
—rushes for pillars

Through thickness of fog
(don't tell anyone) — I looked
right into the sun!

Weekend — things to do
and time enough left to rest
eyes on the full moon

News of a friend's death —
bright sphere of light from beyond
closed kitchen curtains

By the time you've heard
a car's whoosh above the wind,
you're dead — the blind bend

Lamp light left behind —
dark adapting eyes, stars start
refilling the sky

Fog engulfed —
the winding road to home a string
of educated guesses

Above the windbreak
the two neighboring spruces
carry the same curve

Having viewed the falls —
contented souls trickle on
back down the mountain

How our shadows leapt!
crossing from the realm
of one street lamp to the next

Shining
through the crystalline makeup
of each snowflake — a little sun

Blown down from atop
the truck just ahead — my own
personal snowstorm

Toenails click-clicking,
dogs can't let sleeping folks lie
—Saturday mornings

Windstorm's aftermath —
swept into little piles,
evergreen's sheddings

The Bird Family
—its empty nest possessed by
the crook of a tree

Tinsel from Christmas
fringes a bird's nest — Easter
around the corner

Crocuses come up
and every so often,
a spray of snowdrops

Wet late winter snow
delivers a crushing blow
—crocus comeuppance

First day of spring —
the flowering plants catalog
dog-eared to dogwood

Appears
to disappear —
spring, in-a-hurry-to-evaporate snow

One whoosh of the wind,
they're off in a whirl —
a few flighty snowflakes

Nagging me awake —
snooze alarm... the insistent
cawing of a crow



Early morning ducks
spooked by the broken silence,
scold me for my sin

Caught in the middle
of their mating ritual —
mallards taking flight

At the tip-top of a tall tree,
one crow... one blink...
thin air perches there

Snow from wires
paints broken lines across the road
—detour at springtime

Night drive, on a bridge
at the edge of a small town,
sounds of friends — peepers!

Gravity! in time,
glass, and all that's seen through it
get bent a little

Splashes... ripples spread
out from the ditch through the dark
—rains, amphibians

Couple of cowbirds
perched together — East and West
on the weathervane

Storm... sanctuary under spruce
—wind chimes
tuned to Kyoto's temple bells

The influence
of a wild wind —
umbrella gets carried away!

Viewed behind the veil
of clouds swiftly sailing by —
half moon, half hidden

By the time I'd turned
back around — a band of clouds
made off with the moon!

Pond's perimeter —
beaver on patrol — tell-tale
thuh-thunks and splashes

Dawn, each blade of grass
carries a dewdrop
of a different color

Leaping by moonlight
over surface of the sea —
waves of ecstasy

Green-aqua-gold
inner curves of breaking waves
—Caribbean colors

Behind closed eyelids
 waves of the Caribbean
instantly replayed

About-face prayer...
 beeline for the boat — shark seen
 first time snorkeling

"Shark!" I tried to shout,
 but the word got swallowed up
 —my snorkeling tube

Without a photo —
 just another fish story
 to the islanders

Our flotation mats aimed head on...
 full speed... Smack!... Smack!
collision kisses!

Cutting-edge construction
 leveled in nothing flat
 —minds blown by high winds

Hurricane behind
 the island checkered with blue —
 St. Thomas roof tarps

No problems out here —
 all dissolve in one vast
 saltwater solution

Rocking and rolling,
 walking around on sea legs
 —first days back on land

Mud-brown, mossy green —
 camouflaged though you may be...
 Bullfrog, you've been seen!

Rototilled earth... percolates
—gopher's out of garden
experience

In the exact same spot
sitting — Bullfrog, is that
your favorite rock?

Choruses in all kinds of keys,
scores of birdsongs
—spring is in full swing

Birds in the branches,
overheard, from overhead,
cheep conversation

Hailstones hammering
metal rooftop overhead
—all hairs stand on end



Not a sign of fight
or flight in their eyes — deer just watching
cars roar by

Gazing into the eyes of a deer
—distance between us
disappears

Rustling through brush —
nearby deer under cover
of the new moon night

An opening
between branches where clouds had been
—full moon flooding in

With gusto we greet
each bat, "Bon Appetit!"
—buggy about the bog

Robins land with chirps
and splashes of sunlight — dew drops
from tree branches

Together, they just click —
so many different
rhythms of crickets

While you're at it, please
give them some big ones for me,
mountain-hugging clouds!

Family emergency...
night drive — mountains
climbing out of the fog

Sunrise on the day after her death,
flooded with light,
the evergreen

Survived... summer of much rain
—cactus set outside
sunny day last May

First frost, but wait! whew!
—my wife remembered
to move the cactus inside

Weeks of waiting...
Sun, won't you come and coax
gladiolas into bloom?

Morning shower —
through the bathroom window,
what a watery world!

Foliage through mist
—holding pastels, hills make good
all around easels!

Maples through windows...
reds, yellows, greens, oranges
—a jumble out there!

Equine clip-clop,
canine commentary — crisp
autumn cacophony

Neighbor's puppies left out late...
lightning! —on and off—
their frantic faces

Spectacular autumn colors —
facial muscles
frozen in a grin

Wild colors of sunrise —
passively fall leaves
picking them all up

Charcoal clouds
underlit by city lights
—airborne surrealism

Autumn —

chameleon vines full of leaves

turn into red brick background

Their pull is strong —

leashed dogs sniffing out trails of

phantom animals

Sunrise wastes no time

brightening the countryside

—gold October leaves

Drainage ditch

loaded with leaves and rain — whirlpool

bubbles at the bend

New York night, air flight —

light bulbs below flickering

—obstacles unseen

Red setting sun looms
 over Texas horizon —
the enormousness

Safe behind the Alamo's outer walls —
 a canal full of gold
 fish

Half circle
 of a different color —
gill of a goldfish stands out

Border town,
 a persistent tug... little, big eyes...
 —"Mister, buy chicle?"

Driver's lookout —
 orange sun fills the rearview mirror,
 full moon ahead



**Red tide: with each wave,
another fish rolling in
its watery grave**

Bluffside,
barnacle-encrusted root-ball of tree
—far reach of the sea

Rising tide —
people busy keeping cars
from becoming submarines

It creeps up on you —
folks hustle to reclaim
belongings from the sea

Folks, that's close enough!
egret retreats from jetty
to a nearby bluff

Scarecrow alone
in freshly harvested fields
still standing sentinel

All In An Instant

Dedication

**To Eternal Love,
whose Grace sheds light
everywhere it radiates**

October snow —
making sure we know
we're not in Texas anymore

Final fall courtin' call?
the persevering pleas
of a lone peeper

Thick crust of frost
gets softened by ascending sun
—things done by degrees

Deep oranges
coming over forest floors
—fall flings' afterglowings

Trees free of leaves —
from edges of woods
with ease one sees all the way through

Blades ablaze, brilliance in abundance —
behold the grades of gold
grasses!

The odd breeze pressing
for their release — finally,
a few flakes fly... freed!

Last night's snow
slowly letting go of the spruce tree
—sun-drenched and dripping

Wind and rain exposed —
what magic keeps this place so
full of foliage?

What luck!
falling into our laps amid maples
—light through yellow leaves

Connecting

many little islands of marsh grass —
massive mass of ice

Cloud-hugged horizon...

romantic expanse of sky...
kissed by crescent moon

Persuasive power

of the wind — no sweat getting
the hemlock to give

Seed fluff of cattails,

growing cold... left-standing sticks...
ashes on incense

Long lines forming across the sky

—clouds receive
light from the morning sun

Just dawning on me,
last night's dream — unearthly light
at the break of day

Surprise snow and ice —
the forecaster seems to be
slipping a little

How long can what goes up stay up?
—wind blowing snowing
horizontal

Storm clouds collect —
my cup of tea contributing
steam to the system

Spaces between snow clouds
until sun-up unseen
—hot pink highlighting

Imprised cloud
divulges all — color components
of full moon's light

Cold rain —
not complaining to the Management,
this thanks-giver shivers

Overnight chill —
intense orange sunrise
warming me on the inside

Thermometer
mercury not moving
—another messenger, shot!

Deep night — in stillness,
awareness assuming
enormous proportions



Right up from the ground,
with grasses along the stream
—ice crystals growing

Pet-stop — at first tree,
surrounded by skittering
sounds of landing sleet

Bank of a turn —
geese scramble... a new order
into their formation

Two crows, quiet, top of a tree
out of mist, geese
honking their heads off

Geese — the two second fiddles
exchange positions...
chevron shuffling

Foothills —
rainfall-filled basin below,
roads awash in the overflow

A fine white line —
where snow-powdered mountains end
and morning mist begins

Sky half-overcast —
where clouds stop,
exploring eyes... step... off into space

By street lamp's light
streaming over the big white screen
falling snow's shadows

Gorging
on twigs, leaves, rain, and melting snow
—fattening-up waterfall

Filled out waterfall, floating mist...
snow-melt drips
at the middle of this

Spotted in the woods —
one hundred and one bark-muffled,
snow-spattered trees

Winter ritual —
skiers fling themselves
at the feet of fallen snow

Following too close
precipitates pile-ups
—back-to-back nor'easters

Out-in-the-road doe —
stalwart, waiting... for her fawn
to catch up and cross

Holding such promise,
any moment might explode —
New Year's fireworks!

Linked to a long chain
of snow-capped little islands
—plumes of steam mid-stream

Working overtime —
through overcast dawn... street lamps
at their posts, glare on

After a brief thaw —
by full moon's light, the pond looks
almost all patched up

Sent sprawling across yards of ice —
crab apple's shadow
by full moonlight

Still up at dawn,
high over clouded horizon
—moon outshines them all

Screen of light snowfall —
powerful, piercing... heron's
scream from the unseen

Sunrise — standing just so,
spruce tree in all its glory
...with a halo!

Each slight move broadcasts
beaver's culvert location
—stream's frozen silence

Rabbit tracks in snow —
the only hint
anything's hopping around here

Pulled and pulled across
sparkling expansive sky
—star-gazing dog-walk

February —

bright full moon-lit night,
cracking ice, honking geese... sing peace

Shroud over the lake
from which these islands arise
—mist and mystery

Climbing out
at the fog-covered far side of the lake
—phantom mountain

Clouds, a range themselves,
appear to mimic the mountains
behind their backs

Broken sound barrier...
there! an orange spark... repairs
to northern night sky



**Morning snow — distant duck's call
answered by cawing
hidden local crow**

Mouse-nibbled pages —
long winter stash of dog food
shelved behind the books

Rooftop sun —
at waterspouts' tips, drips,
wind-chilled icicle haywire

Spring's parade frozen
mid-mountain cascade...
waters masquerade... as ice

Day's steady drizzle...
dampening night... softened footsteps...
deepening silence

...turns to freezing rain —
temperatures plummet
this side of the summit

Spruce trees wide in the rain —
but under weight of wet snow,
umbrellas closed

Flocks in flux,
influx of seabirds inland
—rapid snow-melt, flash flooding

Fine rain — specks of light in the dark —
peepers' sounds mixed in
amidst the mist

Sprinkling, sparkling spray —
particles of moon-lamp light
...ricochet!

A wayward little whirlwind —
sparse snowfall
caught up in its world

Their carvings
 echo curvings of the earth —
 contour plowings, in-plane view

First beach-walk —
 all tensions recede
 beside the turbulence of the sea

White caps, within range, brought
 by lighting from the beach
 —visible wavelengths

Extended presence
 of the city's fluorescence
 —surf's unearthly glow

Through one cracked eyelid,
 slit in cloudy horizon
 —fraction of sunrise

Swimming in satisfaction —
undiminished
appetite for ocean

Viewing the ocean
over breakfast — over easy
gentle wave breaks

From wave tops spill drops of light
—taking them all in,
surf is raining sun

Its dark foreboding,
not-fully-defined form;
beachfront, brewing — a storm

Storm at sea — charred clouds,
singed mist left behind, lightning
bolts into the blue

Gale-gliding seagulls
racing strings of sea-storm clouds
—measured in knots... tied!

After the big storm
sitting alone on the beach
—a complete conch shell

Skin seared red from so much sun
sleeping sitting up...
ah, but such seashells!

Between pelicans,
between pelicans and ocean,
—only inches

Waves! unwavering —
the in-line formation
of in-flight pelicans

Pelican with dark wing tips
dives into the water
for fish... and dip!

Clouds hanging back —
lavender network reflects,
mingles with aqua blue

The fetching blonde
—while she flirts, her Rottweiler
goes digging up the beach

Drifting off...
in surround sound, ocean waves
serenading us to sleep

Wind, dogs, frogs —
their whistling, howling, peeping
prelude to a storm



Planting completed —
the following day's rain
watering new willows

Days of falling rain —
all in an instant, the air
cleared by songbird's trill

Absorbing? Imagine this —
mist hanging
over the weeping willows

Forsythia shines —
its unruly new growth shoots...
yellow fireworks!

The culprit setting
the woodpile on fire
—sidelit by the sun

Utility pole —
top of it lit by a few stray
first rays of day

Hushed, You Can Hear It

Dedication

**To the Great Energy
that's humming at the heart
of everything**

Small-town springtime's plentiful frills —
lots of yellow
double daffodils

With wild grasses —
a refined fuchsia tulip
just seems to fit in

Sun catchers flicker
green, silver, gold... wind flutters
left-alone grasses

As breezes blow, so the part goes...
naturally wavy
untrimmed grass

Dandelions, who was that
unmasked man — who chopped
your little heads off?

With cricket chorus,
echo-filtered through the woods,
blends mower's motor

In a flash, arcing
the length of the chain-link fence —
crackling lightning

Working with whipping winds —
waves of rain
sweep up hailstone-littered sidewalks

Deep post-downpour breaths —
storm spent... heavenly scent
of earth is in the air

Eyes left on Hilldale Road —
glistening gold, mist
in after-storm sunlight

Hats off!

dry heavenly humor —
heads moistened by invisible mist

Horse chestnut with one hell of a hull —
threatened hedgehog
rolled into one

Mother's Day — the night
brightened by constellations
blossoms by moonlight

Rabbit's burial —
this Mother's Day we honor
comings and goings

Over, under, through —
two dogs and their walker freed
from tangled leashes

Wind bellows;
not one to be bullied, brick building
refuses to budge

Pre-nightfall, post-rain —
everything sparkling
in the in-between

Dewdrops in sun, shine
some stand out, bright... the rest recede...
soft green, glowing

Just swept up
and over a speeding truck —
dragonfly recovering

Airplane, stirring flight-pattern change
into storm-cloud, banks...
winding vapor trails

Goose sounds the all clear...
rain-rinsed atmosphere...
sun-bathed street's a stream — of light

Sun's dazzling flames
thrown here from the horizon
—burnt-reddish spruce tree

Short on dunk, long on spunk—
dachshund on a roll
with the big basketball

Bird scats through a couple of bars
cage walls of water —
rain's steady beat

Nudged by last night's rain,
this morning the crab apple
begins to blossom



Creek bubbles over its banks —
flowering crab apple bursts
into bloom

Freshly mown

pink petal-strewn lawn — crab apple's
elegant negligence

More pink petals

found far afield — crab apple's
wide sphere of influence

Our race the sun won...

I squint for the finished line
—mowing in the dark

Bicycling

came to a stop... focus broken,
now fixed on birdsong

Once within earshot,

pulled into pure paradise
—warble of wood thrush

Distant bird calls — this
is as close as one can come...
without trespassing

Music composition
way over my head —
canopy of birdcall

Columbine in rain,
taking a direct hit, falls
to petal pieces

Slower layer of clouds —
my mind keeps blowing it
the opposite way!

Recent rain dripping
between footsteps in the dark
a random rhythm

Wisps of cloud spreading out
slowly dissipate
Whoa! the vastness of space!

With starlit backdrop —
a strand of cloud softly shines
by crescent moon's light

Fireflies set off
twilight's yellow twinkling
—buttercup background

Hushed, you can hear it —
the hummingbird's hovering
whisper of wingsong

Morning rounds —
hummingbird carries the tune
to each of the red zinnias

Solstice! hottest of pinks
present themselves to summer
—opening day!

With a charge, lightning leads the way
thunder rip-roaring
right behind it

Street lamp blinking —
half-blinded, the electric eye
in a lightning storm

Now and again
you get glimpses of a ghost town
—stark nighttime lightning

Hunkered down with dogs,
group hug in the thunderstorm
—bracing, embracing

In you flit — leave
your little wing-motor running, and split,
hummingbird

World traveler —
chapel full of well-wishers
bids her bon voyage

Dangling
twenty feet post-take-off
—already-in-information geese

Hot, hazy night —
eyes climb through smoky orange
tunnel to the full moon

After a dry spell —
central channel of the stream
filled by the full moon

Applauding through aspen leaves,
through cattails taking a bow,
—cool wind waves

Spilled into the pond —
ride of the drunken driver
ends up in the drink

Each crunch punctuates
our back porch conversation
—apple-munching deer

Crepuscular cuisine —
rabbits, deer... make morsels
of my moss roses

Lights pierce, winds disperse
post-precipitation mists
—passing motorists



**Master rolls over...
opportunity! dog dives
beneath the blankets!**

Mist over the marsh
picks up cloudless, starry sky
—glowing in the dark

Eyes sharp this morning
saw sky with a jagged edge
—ragged ridge of spruce

Cloudy dawn's bronze glow —
out from cover of cattails,
flash of a goldfinch

Crowds of Queen Anne's Lace...
off by themselves, a couple
of Shasta daisies

Outages on Earth,
liquid spills from the sky
—lightning jumping with juice

Queen Anne's Lace laden
with a luminescence
—full moon's giving presence

Soft thoughts,
absorbing peace of this place —
wisps of mist, whispers of crickets

Barest of breezes —
almost imperceptibly,
bushes' branches sway

Clouds diffract double
—beside myself over this
view of two full moons

Begging snack scraps,
pier pigeons — toes missing,
fishing-line-embedded feet

Seagull, on a spree,
tries taking off — shopping
bag's handle in its beak

Morro Bay estuary —
plovers' eggs... protected here
from breakers

Tide going out —
in the eye of a whirlpool,
rock's reappearance

Crowded rock... groans —
as one seal shifts, the rest refit
the puzzle pieces

Small rock
balancing, one seal
caresses the other with a flipper

Incoming tide —
 remaining harbor seal
 wave-swept from favorite rock

Churning surf —
 picked-up shells and rocks tumble, settle
 and roll jingling

Fog wafting into the cove —
 time on vacation,
 secluded dreamworld

Waves split... sweeping curves...
 complete wraparound — outskirts
 of little islands

Migration!
 around a wall of headwind,
 Monarch butterfly tacking

Japanese garden —
enormous stretch to reach
each steep half-moon-bridge step

Dad's hand poised to assist
—daughter determined
to climb it on her own

Japanese garden — the trees
in all those old screens
were not stylized!

Golden Gate Park —
Sundays, holidays, like clockwork,
“impromptu drumming”

Luggage crammed with souvenirs —
we pass a freight train
on parallel tracks

Solitary spruce —

look again... birds by the branchful
are blending in

Wind tugs

clouds' piled cargo of warm color —
vermilion sunrise

Cloud drifts

filling the gap... barely overlapping
nearly a full moon

Autumn color change —

elms in rain dripping leaves
deepening liquid gold

Cuddled with poodle,

bathed in beams from the full moon
—simple luxury



Stretch of lit highway —
frozen in forest's shadows,
separated deer

Tick... tick... freezing rain...
day off work... not! a moment to lose —
home projects!

Plover's peeps
take on a tone of protest —
season's first pelting of sleet

Wrapped in silence
'til the gift gets opened — chimes spill out
strings of ringings

Each stride into evening fog
more deeply enfolded
—moving stillness

Through a crack in traffic
cardinal just flits — bright red
flash... of brake lights!

Missing Not A Thing

Dedication

**To You, Who, holding all things,
withholding nothing,
are really something**

Airborne — lost...

sun's rays comb the clouds... finally find
our hidden heaven

Cloudless sky,

what shadows are these?
undulating offshore manta rays

Fronds drawn together —

overlapping, cross-hatching,
shade trees fill in sky

Sun-softened, I slip

smoothly through their silkiness
—calm evening waters

Orange-pink sunset

bouncing from clouds to waves, and sand
soaking it up

Off waterfront walls,
 echoing — loud-laughing
 Sunday morning seagulls

Night storm...
 light show far out to sea
—fourteenth floor front row balcony seat

Flashes going off;
 clouds light up from the inside
 —in pastels, pulsing

After Grandma's funeral,
 the endless procession
 of ocean's waves

Swell coming in...
 splash subsides, slips away...
 buried by subsequent waves

Outgrowing the old,
mollusk lays down a deposit
on a new home

Landing in the fog,
haloes everywhere...
airport light bulb heaven!

Bare lilac branches
red sunrise-silhouetted
—missing not a thing

Viewing the lilac
from various vantage points
—all the odd angles

Heaven's happenings —
snowflakes fall to earth
in great crystalline clusters

Welcoming the New Year —
sparkle dance of lamplight,
surfaces of snow

Drizzly thaw — water
gurgles at ground level... drips
from all that's tall

After the ice storm,
caught up in crystal treetops —
sun rose pink clear through

Sunlight! appearance of fire
through the trees — crackling
icicles

Wings red, wave overhead...
duck couple — valentines
day dawns upon them

Cloud-free horizon —
from still dark valley, eyes rise
to shining highlands

Barking their heads off —
dogs introduced to stranger
snowman in the yard

Snowman must present
a startling silhouette —
skunk scent at sunup

Warm day — drawn to the snowman
just in time to catch
his head falling off

In with the breath,
returned to the sky with a sigh —
orange crescent moon



Branches, wires spark my quest
for full view of this
pieced-together moon

Luscious, but who'd run off
with the moon? cantaloupe
sliced to a sliver

Sky opened up at dawn —
between sun and myself,
softest of rains shines

Cloudbursts, sunlight reveals
the secret sparkling spots —
gentle rain drops

With that sound beating
—hands down— I surrender!
—caught in a downpour

So full, the rising moon
seems to have gotten stuck
between two spruce trees

Sun, shown on each face,
 flashes as it's reflected
 off flipping snowflakes

A shame to show up
 her majesty — the Full Moon,
 humble hint of sea

Sea water swirls
 in pools among jetty rocks
 —natica nestled

Wave-washed morning mind
 skipping across... timeless trails
 of left-behind rocks

Whipped up by the wind
 to a stiff, half-frozen froth
 —saltwater daffy

Disintegrating
as it's blown across white sand —
ghost beach tumblefoam

Just off the ocean,
wind finds flimsy resistance —
rattling railings

Beachcomber wind —
raking up the cape,
leaves rippled patterns in the sand

While we wait, wind
makes it whole again — cloud-split,
massive orange moon

Which of us looks more curious?
a lone, nearby seagull
facing me

Winter crossing spring's border —
field's edge littered
with broken crocuses

No longer pinned down —
surviving snowdrops emerge
fully camouflaged

Stopped, just standing here,
feeling rushing over me
first whiff of sea air

With my wife's blessings
I carry on... long-term love affair
with ocean

Darkened balcony —
wave sounds swell over sea wall
inundating me

Just inside sea wall,
mom scoops up squirt, scoots off beach
—low-level sandstorm

Wave-stirred whirlpools,
little holes drilled in dry sand
—water fizzes in

Released in waves,
lodes of gas escape the sand
—groups of tiny geysers

Wind, must you keep it
just out of my reach? seagull's
feather souvenir

Retracing beach steps...
fresh tracks with mine intertwined
—gull's been following

There's wind in it yet —
 birthday balloon bouquet blown,
 bouncing up the beach

Winter glove washed up —
 a single golden seashell
 in the palm of it

Imagine... just who
 might have had a hand in this
 glove found with shell held?

Sunset spilling out —
 splash of a fisherman's cast
 added to the drink

Curtains! outside them all is lost...
 consumed by morning sun
 at Sea Bright



Specks next to so much —
sky, sand, sea — ladybug perched,
oceanside, on me

Deficiency-free —

beached shell filled with small shells, sand
and bubbling sea

Sand-stranded horseshoe crab turns
from seaweed green
to color of beach — peach

Ocean waves at night;
the image still with me —
full moon provides the flash

Wave formation —
inside each curl before cresting,
gloss from full moon

Cylindrical hole
bored in boulder — wave chute formed
by jetty's juttings

Animate object —
stiff wind sets metal can lid
upright and rolling

End of an enormous meal —
dessert's frosting furnished
by a full moon

One boardwalk street lamp
glowing orange in daylight
—early marigold

Web of evidence
dredged from the deep — fresh prints
place high tide at the scene

Glint of gold glancing
off windows across the way
—skyscraper sunrise

Surprising spring heat —
resounding through the marshland,
gurglings of ducks

Frigid Atlantic
flow tide catches me crossing
barely a sandbar

Wind-borne beach debris —
just to see, I'm forced to clean
salt spray from glasses

Beachcomber's cache
of the day displayed: all scallop shells
—same, different

First, before sunning,
I seek gully's protection
—beach sand-blasting wind

As one approaches
pigeons flee nests, and from new perches,
coo, "Yoo hoo!"

The Scotch pine
looking fuzzier than usual
through twilight drizzle

Cold-to-the-core downpour —
whit of whiteness runs through each
long drawn-out drop

Forsythia blooms
drop atop dandelions —
April lawn yellows

May Day! flowering crab
dropping its petals already
—El Niño

Blamed for a series
of punishing rainstorms
that bad boy — El Niño

Getting fidgety,
I'm informed by the waiter —
it wasn't decaf

Rail-split raindrops glide
underside... collide... re-fuse
to finish falling

What?! What time?! Where...
in the world am I?! — hotel,
early, fire alarm

Right off a live plant
sparrow plucked some tender leaves
for added padding

Golf course-engulfing,
rain-swollen, serpentine stream —
green within its grasp

Plumes of rain falling,
rays shoot down — cloudburst failing
to dampen the sun

Summer saltwater
flipped a couple of clam shells
straight up in the air

Into the protected area
venture two
unendangered ducks

Windy at the beach —
seagull feather found sanded down
close to the quill



**Standing surrounded
by dozens of gull prints
—sense of community**

Wooden ramps to the beach
left hanging way out over
eroding coastline

Hardly out of sand —
tops of a few rocks — jetty's
almost history

Tidal legacy —
rich settlement of seaweed
resurfacing rocks

A bigger honking V's never met these eyes
—goose bumps
cover this guy

Three gulls
on three still-standing, off-shore piles —
where the pier used to end

An Unperturbed Path

Dedication

**To You through whose guidance
entanglements unwind
—path to peace of mind**

With ropes of seaweed,
tug-of-warring with ocean —
mussel-bound jetty

Running, not flying —
gull escapes getting tagged "it"
by human toddler

Compounded poundings —
offshore thunderstorm fills in
lulls between the waves

Inches from ocean,
down-sized by sovereign sea
—overthrown ruler

That goat,
never far from its favorite horse, grazing
—best barnyard buds!

Told, "too soon for dolphins,"
wistfully I scan the sea —
two bottlenose!

Acting camouflaged,
observing tourist traffic —
spotted local cat

Square window, chute through clouds —
long box of sunlight
delivered to the ground

Lobbed green tennis ball...
Out! among the fallen fruit
— crab-apple court yard

Parading prize rock
retrieved from the swimming hole
—dog daring diver

Box canyon —
at the opening, pieces
of corrugated coastline

Trying them all on —
hummingbird finds each foxglove
a full-filling fit

Nesting jay
raids bike rider's helmet-free head
—moving violation

Diver's mask, flippers,
vanish into foam — little
hot tub explorer

With autumn backdrop,
bright green bursts in through the window
climbing ivy

Burnt-orange maple
sandwiched between brick buildings
—relit at lunch break

Out, hugging the overhang —
I notice my wife
doesn't have to duck

At the summit
she asks whether arriving climbers
knew there were stairs

Past the last passageway —
rock, lizard, and I come
face to face to face

Which local sees us
reach the top of Morro Rock?
—a lounging lizard!

Between mountains and clouds,
setting sun's light... extinguishes
distinctions

Motion detected —
eyefuls of stars floodlit
into obscurity

Gentle, abused dog
snaps, but won't clamp down — asking
to be left alone

Human form ahead —
double-taking buck
gauging danger with a gasp

Spinning right around,
wild-eyed buck blows the scene —
building head of steam



**Synchronous swarm,
signature of migrating swallows
look – flourishes!**

Cool-jet jacuzzi,
trough beset by river rocks
—rapid shooting me!

Faces of snowflakes —
full moon beams us sparkling
into the New Year

Warehouse — puppy bounding about
stacks of rugs, rolls
of linoleum

Night walk down our road
past the misted-over marsh
—familiar unknown

Warm road — packed snow thaws...
slow-going nighttime drive-through —
hood winked out in fog

On steep, winding roads
almost lost it — waning moon
looking lopsided

Puff of warm breath
through the car door's frozen keyhole —
commute-resolute

Accumulating cumulus clouds —
days indoors...
lost track of the sun

Jet's out-of-synch strobes
flicker in flight, wobble straight
across the cosmos

Tunnel vision —
in the yard, dug, one final hole
for the departed mole

By crescent moon's light —
winds comb through the weathered brush,
search for signs of life

Squirrel's nonchalance
crossing frigid drainage ditch,
one thin branch — its bridge

Marsh ice comes up
with one heck of a crack:
howling wind — hissing grasses

Cloudy minus ten degrees of open sky
—light leaks
from crack of dawn

Mild dawn —
up and down the spruce,
varied perches, pitches of phoebes

Storm clouds
over crowded parking lot — seagulls
lighten the atmosphere

Double taken,
mistaken for marshmallows
—fence post's melting snow caps

Spots before my eyes —
ladybugs' fuel efficient
new light bulb lodging

Softly, distinctly —
you can hear each slush-drop land
among the grasses

Wheee! where muskrat found
snow-hidden ice — pre-paw-print,
long linear tracks

Kid-filled pool —
loving couple in the jacuzzi
ducking cannonballs

Through cracked car window
at stream's country crossing — fresh
voice of a peeper

Drawn here by swift winds —
where none had been, wisp-edged clouds
being air-brushed in

Waves just miss its feet —
from full-speed piping plover,
an uplifting peep

Driftwood resembles
crab claw on which it rests —
prosthesis in a pinch?

Tossed out by the sea,
shipped misshapen back to shore
—abandoned frisbee

Plastic golf ball,
water hazard to sand trap,
to shore from sea — missed tee

One jackknife,
I'd be in a terrific jam
—sandwiched between bread trucks

Bicyclist sighted —
critters scatter... fade
into bordering forest

Intruder alert!
—with each white tuft fluffed, dozens
of grazing deer flee



Turtle's plunge into deepening shadows
—just-drifting-off stream,
a wake

Wind, a ways away
arises, leaves announce
its local arrival

Post-Easter
post office early bird picks up his
chirping box of chicks

Whole flock taking off —
seagulls bigger than the boy
bearing down on them

Waves break
through layers of mist — surf emerges
awash in pure whiteness

Solidifying
from a different dimension —
girl through the mist

Thunder's third warning
off darkening beach, stampede
elephant raindrops

Dream state, shifting
car into gear — bedside alarm
jolts me to a stop

At stoplight,
gift of prior-passed-driver passed on —
a suggestive yawn

From between car wheels —
chipmunk, alive! moves four feet,
highway to haven

Bicycle's brakes squeal —
porcupine plodding along
an unperturbed path

Hearing my gearing,
deer hoofs it over the road
—an eight-click crossing

At last roadside second —
wild turkey's crash dash
for wooded cover

If anyone comes
anywhere close — sunning geese
honk beside the road

Earthly oddity
with other-worldly weirdness
—a veery's double voice

Whistle-warning,
releasing steam, or mimicking?
blue jay's bold-note blast

Keeping five goslings
swimming close — constantly on
parental patrol

As the heron flies —
it points up the stream
meandering through the marsh

Beyond the reaches
of ordinary speeches —
high-flutin' wood thrush

Showering all day
rinses all the gray away
—sparkling sunset

Pooch plunging
into overgrown grasses,
pivots — now he's chasing me!

At the beach, heads turn
to follow a real looker —
stripe-winged dragonfly!

Hummingbird: "So slow
you humans go... C'mon! Let's
refill those feeders!"

Clipped-wing cockatiel... squawks,
walks, three long rooms away —
family voices

What's come over me?
—one wind-borne whiff of roses
from across the yard

Deer's precise timing —
highway rush hour crossing,
never breaking stride

Lawn care truck ahead —
each escaped leaf's unique
twirling trajectory

Stone wall caving in
half-hidden inner chambers
woodchuck's checking out

Maple serves
as key source of calories
—chipmunks stuffing their faces

Give her a wide berth!
snapper digs in, bears down
—turtles' egg-laying turf

Back road mobile home —
from its yard, the shrill alarm
of captive peacocks



At stream top eye-level —
puff of milkweed floats
up on its filaments

Nighttime storm clouds blowing over,
nearly stepped-on skunk
—saving their sprays

Aching for a stretch —
horse pounds the ground in protest
on tortuous trails

Sunlight angling
over road and into woods
—fern scene, glowing green

Making their meters
remaining daylight displays
—spruces' tall lit tops

Finishing things up —
spurred on by a newfound
openness to closure

