

THE ESSENCE OF THIS



HAIKU
BY DAVID
SAMUEL
BLOCH

ILLUSTRATION
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BLOCH

Dedication

Living in the heart
author of the universe
no wonder He hears

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Haiku by David Samuel Bloch
Illustration by Julie Hagan Bloch



The sun above clouds
knows a brilliant way
to pass a rainy Spring day

Over the edges
and through spaces between clouds
heavenly light streams

Sunbeams fanning out
in every direction
-you've surrounded me!

Its clouds touching
the very tops of the trees
the sky falls no further

Clouds behind treetops
silhouetted by the sun
a perfect setting

White woolen socks
cumulus clouds covering
foothills of the Catskills



Loudly cawing crow
who would dare deny your claim:
Ruler of This Ridge

Providing such feasts for crows, I suppose,
dead cats
eat crow in heaven

Deserted golf course
but did you see that hailstone
make a hole in one?!

The heavens must be pleased
listen to that sound
of thunderous clapping

The powerful wind
reminds the forgetful one
just who's in control

Climbing the ladder
carpenters in high places
direct board meetings



Startled by footsteps
time, for a frog, suspended
before splashing down

For fun loving fingers
magic ring of wind chimes
irresistible

Those ripe strawberries
-describe them again while I
absorb their sweetness

Surveying the vast
scintillating blue ocean
pinch myself - awake !

Neversink River
- people with life preservers
not taking chances

The rushing river
and none else daring to cross
the flooded footbridge



A snowy owl
never before seeing one
I stare, wide-eyed, back

Our cold weather trick
moving to keep from freezing
the brook's always known

Light rain becomes heavy ice
with a sudden cold snap
and timbers fall

Warm sun urges trees,
"Bloom courageously!"... "Beware",
I warn, "It's Winter"

Inches on the rail
mock the errant forecaster's
"light dusting of snow"

Lining the branch tops
down from a great comforter
out of season snow



From a cloudless sky
how could raindrops be falling?
My wife with the hose!

One of the movers
studies my wife and the box
labeled simply, "rocks"

Hearing her warning,
"Watch out for the columbine!"
as I mow the ... oops!

Got to the garden
just in time to catch the slugs
licking little lips

Lightly landing
on the roof of my car
helicopter dragonfly

It fell on my car
when I tried running over
the passing shadow



Carelessly crossing
gamboling their lives away
the deer homeward bound

The landscape complete
and a masterpiece
with that Indian paintbrush

Crackling hot embers
sputter and spit through ashes
cool rain, cracking rocks

Lighting up the lawn
the firefly convention
welcomes one and all

Hint of fireworks
flaring in the distant dark—
don't miss out tonight!

Colored drops of light
showering in the heavens
the grand finale



Bring in barking dogs
two geese honking overhead
local alarm clocks

I remember how
generous with love you beamed
as I awakened

The neighbors' shutters
repainted orange for free
- the sunrise special !

Crystals cast their light
white walls capture rainbows clean
what a morning's catch

Big black dog stands up
fuzzy little clinging one
dangles from his neck

Welcome home, master!
we, the dogs, have no knowledge
who chewed up the couch



A pint-sized poodle
boldly obliterating
hoofprints of horses

The mice of the house
or their Mexican cousins
red hot pepper thieves

Not quite keeping up
the baby hedgehog scrambles
after its mother

Never an update
from our on the scene scarecrow
filled with last year's news

Garbage picker
with red, white and blue party hat
Independence Day

Cat goes with stranger
unknown future better
than past life of neglect



Morning glories climb
the high security fence
making their escape

Winter behind walls
but listen- a bird singing
warmly and freely

No need to escape
enjoy the essence of this
snowy Spring evening

Filling hairline cracks
small, frail flowers blossoming
pushing aside rock

Pushing up amidst
piles of broken branches
yellow daffodils

Earth moving machines
the daffodils buried
won't see another Spring



Spring fever - squirrels
circle tree trunks - dizzy
mating-motivated

Marks of outstretched wings
on transparent glass, stunning
too much Spring cleaning

Early Spring flowers
and look, no two snowdrops
are exactly alike

Tender leaves dotting trees
filling the forest
with delicate delight

Budding beauties, these
trees trying on fair and fresh
frilly Spring fashions

Spring breezes
rattle clinging autumn leaves
with eviction notices



Rain and rose petals
dropping together produce
puddles of perfume

Rain showers this Spring
our welcome and regular
weekend visitors

A warm welcome
awaits cold raindrops rushing
to greet thirsty ground

Don't you remember
praying for all this rain
back when drought threatened

Everybody
it's going to rain! - peepers
can't keep a secret

Rainclouds deposit their wealth
at the river bank
and I'm the teller!



A robin a'stealin'
the labor force from our land
-unearched earthworms

Dawn of a Spring day
a blackbird bouncing, bobbing
focused on breakfast

Don't worry there bird
your mouthful of straw is safe
- nest wrecker? Not me!

There in the silence
when my mind quit chattering
Summer birds chirping

A great blue heron
nonchalantly crossing
the great blue Summer sky

Long wings of a bird
forever slowly flapping
through my memory



Morning mountain mist
moves the mind from the mundane
to the magical

Veil of vapor
blurs distinctions...seems to open
windows between worlds

A cemetery
overlooking the highway
- talk about rest stops !

Above the bustle
sun setting among mountains
such serenity

Evergreens
offer their limbs to be injected
sunlight through needles

Night time
but notice the sun
reflected in that sliver of the moon



Bright lantern held high
escorting me safely home
thank you, full moon friend



David Samuel Bloch is a registered dietitian who started writing haiku in the Winter of 1992. He is also a songwriter and has played the guitar for over 20 years.

Julie Hagan Bloch received her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the University of Cincinnati in 1974. She does hand-carved stamps, illustration, and calligraphy.

Married in 1985, David and Julie share their home with Julie's mother and her cat, Neko Chan, and also with two dogs (Dougie, a little brown poodle, and Ernie, a big black labrador), and four rabbits. The Blochs also spend their time singing harmonies together, gardening, and otherwise looking after household life in Hurleyville, New York.



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