

詩

My Chinese Haiku

Andrew T. Roy

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# Introduction

I wrote a good many of these haiku during my forty-two year stay on mainland China and in Hong Kong as a missionary, from 1931 to 1972.

Although I had written some poetry before that, after I returned to the United States I had more time and wrote many more poems.

~ Andrew T. Roy





On black silk water  
the Li River bears mountains  
flat and upside down.

Lighted ferries thread  
gold through black to sew Hong Kong,  
at night, together.

The distant plum tree  
bursts with early white blossom  
or armfuls of snow

An oriole sings,  
hid well in qingko branches,  
throat glad with nesting.



## REHEARSAL

Quick lilting grace notes  
of the twittering tomtits  
in branches above  
'company muted burbling  
of a hidden water course.

Carp swim warily  
beneath the swaying lotus  
a cormorant dives

Shivering image  
in the river's watered silk  
abrupt Kweilin peaks!

Approaching clouds loom.

Sheet lightning floodlights heaven  
my lawn wears jewels.



The hawk floats, resting  
on the sun-warmed lift of air  
until a hare runs

In noon glare of sun  
a praying mantis eats through  
a grasshopper's head.

An old saquaro  
points an accusing finger  
at the heartless sun

An ancient cactus  
dying in sun-baked dryness  
houses mating wrens



In watered black silk  
the stream mirrors Guilin peaks  
hanging upside down

The autumn moon lays  
a silver satin comfort  
on sleeping Kunming.

Two ducks without legs  
slide smoothly on the mirror  
of the still lagoon.

The midwinter sun  
in fierce late glowing, gold dusts  
the old pagoda.



A rabbit, last night,  
pulled a zipper across my  
snow-blanketed lawn.

Snow lays a soft hand  
on caroling children's heads  
in quiet blessing.

From bulging roof snow  
eaves-dropping crystal carrots of ice  
wait to plunge earthward.

On yenjing roof slope

late snow loiters on glazed tiles  
an icicle falls.



On temple roof slope

snow slides gently down glazed tiles

an icicle falls.

Melting snow slides down  
the golden temple roof tiles  
and softly plummets.

This book was designed and printed by Rosemary C. Anderson  
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using the font Roel,  
in honor of Dr. Andrew T. Roy's 97th year.

spring  grass

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