

DARK SEEDS FALLEN

Haiku and Senryu by John Parsons

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PUBLICATIONS

Blithe Spirit UK

Kokako NZ

Ko Magazine Japan

Presence UK

Take Five Best Contemporary Tanka USA

Bright Stars Tanka USA

Red Moon Anthology USA

Shamrock Ireland

Frog Pond US

Iris Croatia

Atlas Poetica 25 Tanka Poets UK & Ireland

Noon Japan.

BOOKS OF HAIKU PUBLISHED

Choosing The Stone, 2005

On The Journey Home, 2008

Overhead Whistling, 2010,

In A New Garden, 2012

So Briefly Here, 2014.

Another book of haiku and senryu loosely extracted from the past year. The haiku are about nature, the senryu are concerned with human nature and more often than not, humorous. Both, I consider, to be a kind of jolt, a tiny shift, hopefully just enough to set one thinking in a slightly different direction. They are, as is so often said, meant to last the length of a single breath. Some have been published in Blithe Spirit, Kokako, KO and Frogpond.

I would like to thank Sandra Hill of Monkey Press for her invaluable work with the design and my wife Mary for her continual support. I am blessed.



dark seeds fallen
honesty becomes
more transparent

from the roman blind
on a shaft of cold sun
the dead lacewing

brickweave
through labyrinths of moss
silver gyres of snails

last light in the valley
a barn owl haunts
rivers of mist

evening woods
darkness deepens beneath
dogs mercury

again that sliver
moon behind wind driven trees
stills us

dead of night
a finger of moonlight
feels her pulse

things best unsaid
I pick up stones
with holes in them

white sun through mist
she catches my smile
and returns it

small unploughed meadow
fringed gold that fleeting sense
of all's well

silence of snow
we listen to the house
grow smaller

cold city corner
the down and out
speeds up his carol

junk stalls
so much of my childhood
now collectible

windy square xmas paper
wraps a road sign
then a leg

open lap top
she yawns

edge of town
the Rest Home radiates
faltering tracks

any doorway
 is home
 the beggars dog

shepherds delight
 in my empty glass
 a touch of red

remembrance day
 we watch
 two minutes silence

sycamore's fan
 how easy to miss
 infinite change

strong winds a wren
 leaves quiver in the smallest
 of branches

lily buds sink
 unopened
all those plans I made

burnt out heart
of an ancient oak
seedling elders

ox bow
a heron's neck folds
over weeping willows

his rusted roof
each valley gathers
last season's russets

bus queue
girl with nose rings
answers a call

conductor gathers
the orchestra's sound up
then lets it fly

in out in out
infant's two note
harmonica

Bach fugue
peeling the satsuma
to a treble clef

early sun
on the Buddha's nose
caught in a drip

clear cut night
in a pollard's Y
the transit of venus

his old house
in disrepair
memories still intact

frost hollows
stark trees in mist
I stretch stiffness out

New Years Day
a turnstone checks
under drifted leaves

moonlit flood
on the landing
we pass in the night

low sun
I rebuild a blackbird
from shadows

sea front shelter
asleep on bench her dog
sleeps on her

tulips hyacinths
daffodils these days
of short lived joys

coffee in morning sun
steam spirals between
small talk

horned moon
the naked pollard shivers
a pool of quicksilver

New Year's window
last gnat or first
the ruined web

frosted bird bath
just enough
to crease sky

we talk
of the past
lichens on the swing

padlocked in a bed
of brambles
the unused gate

dawn frost
through threadbare sycamores
a skein of pinkfoots

silent breakfast
we reach for words
tulips snake across

old rocker
his blow wave reduced
to a widows peak

snorting saliva
the great red bull eyes me
with indifference

his postcard
from Etna
photo shop flames

half moon
milk skin from the cup
on her lip

bedside clock
new battery our hearts
in sympathy

february sun
through white washing she sings
La Vie En Rose

mid winter
 lifeboat house
 not a soul save us

 cold sun
victim of gales old oak
 neatly stacked

 mid january
amongst pale rosemary flowers
 faded blue tits

along breakwaters
gulls rise and fall
in rhythm with waves

winter porch
inside the old fleece
new cocoons

book case in surreal light
wheel back shadows
on Miro and Arp

black winter soil
ham string nettles peel back
bone white bulbs

through unkempt meadows
setting gossamer free
swipes of a stick

fresh soil
motion detectors
on churchyard lamps



never the same
meandering paths
of tears

wild crocus
her slender shadow
first thing

crescent moon
clear cuts indigo
their tail lights curve away

seeing it through
every now and then
a fly strikes glass

gold medallist
ski jumper
wings his anthem

winter church yard
blackbird prints
snow angels

Parret floods
swans float
across zebras

after all these years
that tiny key
fits our suitcase

book sale
he collects
the smells

into the arms
of variegated holly
two pied wagtails

breakfast alone
after gales
all the dead wood

first tortoiseshell
sun briefly rests
in its wings

blue bells
and daffodils
the wren's pipe

old war defences
a snake skin sloughed
across barbed wire

we agree to differ
in his cup
half a biscuit

spring sun
she walks the garden
trailing filaments of light

faint whistle of wings
a pigeon's shadow
brushes us down

early spring
a peacock spreads
before tete a tete

climbing the pollard
old joints crack
young limbs resonate

blue spring morning
perfect skies but then
the first brimstone

I zip her up
brush her down
she offers a cheek

from a 'No Right of Way'
sign
the robin's song

bus queue
pink coat white fur collar
the pomeranian

march morning
floating through the house
a note from Chet Baker

from the beach
a touch of sea
in the child's palm

river side thoughts
occasional tracer bubbles
nothing surfaces

that stone carried
for years let fall
on the shingle path

plum blossom wind
outmatched
spirals of tortoiseshells

google earth
littered with
unloved trampolines

first cut
in the mower's path
her sunlit smile

dealer's hat rim
once more a money spider
claws its way back

in the window
a witches ball turns
her inside out

stark black shadows
on white walls
accusations let fly

water's edge
from a goldfinch's beak
droplets of light

foot steps in a sea
of petals
the old wall holds back

melanistic ladybirds
we try each
different angle

all that DNA
in the charity shop
scattered on sun light

spring morning
through the workshop door
a curious bee

hawthorn hedge
a common blue
turns into sky

limpid sea
rolled over each wave
her green eyes

between sacred oaks
bushwhacked hollies
search for the light

cottage for sale
sign smothered by last blooms
of morning glory

river's heart
the surface breathes
vesicas of rain

last paddle steamer
his ashes bloom
in its wake

barely a ripple
the grebe stealth bombs
passing fish

for a split second
 high up
 swifts cheek to cheek

terminus cafe
 I join the others
 for the ride back

her long necklace
 its heavy heart swings
 dangerously close

castle mound
ranks of cow parsley face
circling ox eyes

across the footbridge
past the swinging gate
the unused stile

patter of rain
may blossom lightens
horse's feet

seafront shelter
two old ladies a cross word
between them

rooks muster
buzzards rise
wing tips spill curved air

Beer slipway
the old salt fishes
for solace

BnB
Bodhisattva door stop
loses a toe

heavy seas
hearts cut in cliff faces
soften

derelict churches
synagogues mosques
always a flying bird

hail turns to rain
her vacuum above
I wash yesterday up

whirligig beetles
we skate the surface
of deeper thoughts

washed up
deflated balloons
happy faces shrivelled

beside the roadside
snack bar beef steak
 mushrooms

stately home fountain
a few half hearted
 pennies

lone walker
by the lake on leaf green
 Constable's touch of red

stone bird bath
a goldfinch sharpens
its trill

a shadow across
closed lids
the pain we ignore

empty beach
from a wind break the red kite
feeds into sky

upper case A
shape shifts
homebound geese

a garden of homes
for things
waiting

shafts
of light
barn conversion

feeding the birds
a butterfly comes
to hand

long barrow
breaking through leaf skeletons
mitres of bracken

old railway sleepers
between each bolt
a vestige of Rome

baby blue tits
in the bath
queue takes a shower

Mother's rose bowl
memories fade
as each petal falls

rain
a thrush's flecks
darken



vague mists
of rain the solitude
of bees

poet's old desk
my pulse echoes
in the ink

white haze on spring air
the wedding party leaves
rice paper hearts

Beatle scrapbook
a sixties moth
crumbles to dust

old guitar
one by one strings break
their own tuning

domes of silence
she turns sound off for ads
he closes a book

fifteen years on
we still see glitter
in her carpet

luring us deeper
the charm
of snakeshead fritillaries

dusk
pumping through thunder heads
tiny dark hearts of swifts

outside the pub
small boy talks to himself
on walky talkies

boxed set
we watch
afternoon TV

new floral wellies
every puddle a child's
stamp of approval

evening air
 bobbing gnats
 pin point transience

under a stone
where the key is kept
 springtails

development
 a lone stag horn oak
 marks the boundary

tumbling through buddleias
a sparrow examines
leaf after leaf

hovering over the lake
vibrations of terns
take a chance she says

empty crab shell
the crab's body
of sea

city friends
traffic noise lends itself
to the sea

our life together
sparrows catching
butterflies

seems summer's just here
already crane flies
at the window

yard sale
all her starched lace
goes for nothing

stunt kites
boys tie knots
in the sky

more and more lonely
the yellow hammer's cry
over parched land

sudden shift
blue hydrangeas lighten
this heavy day

rain on the river
silence flows
into mouths of trout

old documentary
mere shadows of lovers
dancing for life



where the beach hut was
a few rusty nails
and a door handle

once lovers
we swim through cool waters
a short distance apart

occasional table
where her flowers stood
patches of seed

she tells me
she never loved her mother
I hide my tears

by cyclists
with tattooed legs
his varicose veins

humid heat
flying ants take off
into swallows

river's bend
on the curved reed
damsels entwined

collapsed earth stars
erupt firmaments
of dust

artificial flowers
she brought before she died
almost colourless

hunched
where the spider left
its skin

on the dresser
her cups still moving
out of time

in a bowl of sky
above town
ripples of buzzards

those lost gloves
waving from railings
weathered to mittens

chains
of small clouds
thought bubbles

she phones
in my open book flowers
pressed when a child

moment of rest
peak of a climb
the pigeon's weight

strands of barbed wire
prayer wheels of web
trap winged light

mid day sun
the resting herd
switch tails

discussing something
above my head
the pair of rooks

graveyard poppies
memories of war
dried to seeds

between pub wall
and paving
heartsease

summer's height
in tangled woods dark pools
nymphs tremble

water lilies bloat
deeper sometimes we
just have to let go

more and more
this old printer takes time
to kick start

old wheelbarrow
oiled before he died
squeaks more than ever

satellite dishes
on blocks of flats
turn faces to the stars

outside Waitrose
vanilla flavoured
air

reaching out
to Buddha small pink palms
of Japanese maple

autumn once more
yellow sycamores
wave from gutters

church notice board
on a post it
"there is always hop"

daughter visits
I give her a fuchsia cutting
rooted outside the pot

dark corner of woods
in portals of sky
ash keys

high boned mask
eye to eye roe deer
thicket deep

couple who've fallen out
he walks behind

a large gap

blank postcards for sale
each memory
goes without saying

building site
four small rooms
sprayed on the ground

under the old man's
hard pruned apple
two small crosses

abandoned farm
the dung heap cockerel
that broke free

old house
on the cliff edge
gate at the bottom

sickle moon
through ranks of sweet corn
slides a fox's brush

JOHN PARSONS is an artist and writer living in Norfolk, UK.

AWARDS:

Runner Up, Hackett Award, 2005

1st Kikakuza Haibun Comp, 2009

3rd Klostar Ivanic 2009

2nd Winter Moon Haiku Comp, 2009

2nd Runner Up Ukiah Haiku Comp, 2010

Aichi Prefecture Board of Education Award 2010

Little Haiku Contest Eleven Equal Winners 2010

Runner Up Klostar Ivanic 2010

Basho Haiku Comp Runner Up 2010

Runner Up/Commended 3rd Kikakuza 2011

Snapshot Calendar Runner Up 2011

1st Basho Memorial Museum Competition 2012

2nd/Commended Vladimir Devide Competition 2012

1st Klostar Ivanic 2012

1st Kumamoto City Award 2012

3rd Diogen Best Summer Haiku 2012

Take Five tanka anthology (two tanka) 2012

2nd Spring Haiku Diogen 2013

3rd Yamadera Basho Selected 2013

Hon Mention Genjuan Haibun Contest 2013

2nd Place HSA Merit Book Awards (Kanterman) for 'Overhead Whistling' 2013

Museum of Literature Award BHS 2013

Museum of Literature Award HSA and best of issue 2013

Honourable mention (one of four) Akita Dew Haiku Contest 2013

Touchstone Award Frog Pond, 2014

An (cottage) Prize (one of three)

3rd Genjuan Haibun Contest 2014

Museum of Haiku Award BHS 2014

Merit Award 25th Ito En Oi Ocha New Haiku Contest 2014

