

# NO SUCH THING AS STRANGERS



HAIKU  
by  
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ILLUSTRATION  
by  
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Dedication

To the One Who stirs the fire  
and lets fly  
sparks of recognition

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Haiku by David Samuel Bloch  
Illustration by Julie Hagan Bloch

10-15-1994  
for Jim!  
with love from  
Julie & David



Poised by the front door  
its many heads extended  
fierce red snapdragon

Holding up the hillside  
with its fine little feet  
crown vetch ground cover

Being poured  
into the small cup of a pond  
tea garden waterfall

Soon to set  
a glob of glowing molten orange  
dripping from the clouds

Train so swift  
red disk of the sun  
unbroken by invisible trees

Sun hovering above the rim  
just daring some hot shot  
to dunk it





Running to escape headlights  
only to be devoured  
by the dark

Down to a couple  
of great glowing eyes  
black bear dissolved in darkness

Exotic sounds - heron screams  
bring the wilderness  
to our neighborhood

parallel lines  
birds on the uppermost  
represent the higher notes

Guest lecturer  
presents to school of fish  
duck's position on water

A pocket of autumn  
in the middle of Summer  
red maple grove



Traveling on the ground  
yet keeping up with the airplane  
-its shadow



Sea of sky  
a cloud of barracudas  
pursues two low flying fish

With sharpened senses  
a deer cautiously cutting  
the field wide open

Introducing themselves  
at the threshold of Fall  
soaking Summer rains

Barefoot Summer  
carrying its muddy shoes  
dripping into Autumn

Tassles tower  
over graduated rows  
-successively sown corn



Scarecrow commanding  
battalions of skeletons.  
Fall in fields of corn!

Further South the sun  
returns the frost brushed forest  
to reality

Indian Summer rosebuds  
get ready  
for a wild second wind

License plate - Alaska  
thirty degrees somehow seems  
not quite so cold

Autumn unfolding  
extra blankets on the beds  
flower killing frost

Withered foliage  
invites all takers  
to the unveiled woodpile



Hallowe'en  
we'll carve them up, display, then eat them  
- five patient pumpkins

Truckload of pumpkins  
tipping over 'round the bend  
-heads will surely roll!

The script must call  
for changing season scenery.  
Autumn colors please!

Both ours and the neighbors' leaves  
gather and gossip  
by the backyard fence

Rainfalls  
affix this multicolored carpeting  
wall to wall fall leaves

Loud colored leaves  
seem to fall silent  
but I hear them whisper, "Winter"





Pickpocket wind  
bumps right into Autumn trees  
ripping off all their gold

Late Autumn

evergreen army

now in control of the countryside

Good heavens, my heart

how full and how bright

airborne Autumn moon viewing

No fancy settings

just sparkling gems by the millions

snow sprinkled ground

Falling from the sky - a gift -

a one size fits all Winter coat

of snow

Without any skates

slightly bumpy figure eights

in the freezing rain



Ice-encrusted snow  
dogs that like to stray  
today walk the beaten path

Eighteen inches of snow  
Winter's tightening grip  
on my steering wheel

Heavy snowfall  
see neighbors compete  
at the sidewalk weight lifting meet

Introducing our black dog  
snacking on some snow  
Mr. White Moustache

Mid-December thaw  
glaciers become great lakes  
before our very eyes

Cloudy Winter sky  
constantly reconstructed  
frame around the moon



No respect  
for a fallen snowman  
rabbit running off with his nose



Blizzard resolved  
to revive or bury them  
old bent over snowmen

At knifepoint  
robbing every last bit of strength  
piercing Winter wind

A rooster pecking  
at the tail of a monkey  
Chinese New Year's Eve

Still Winter  
but there blossoming at the top of that tree  
the full moon

Not a sign of Spring  
appearing on all the trees  
budding ice crystals



Winter morning fog  
one by one the cars perform  
disappearing acts

Cold March

    cancels plant participation  
    in the wearin' o' the green

Fruit of Winter

    ripened by the sun  
    icicles slip down to the ground

Snow and ice

    melt in the arms of one another  
    run off together

Start of Spring

    the sun jumps in  
    our snowy driveway's game of hide and seek

With the arrival of Spring

    the snaking river  
    sheds its icy skin



Some fall, some fly  
as blossoms and butterflies  
seem to sort themselves out

Handful of sand  
tossed into the air  
suddenly visible - the wind

Obedient flag  
always following  
the directions of the wind

From the next car  
a little hand waving back  
no such thing as strangers

Wildflowers  
knowing few of their names  
I call them all beautiful

A cover of clouds  
gently pulled overhead  
-the wind tucking us in





Thunder in the night  
a dog too big for our bed  
finds a place in it

A surge of power  
followed by an outage  
lightening bug storms the house

Playful in the pouring rain  
splashes of orange  
double day lilies

Fed by heavy rains  
the creek, hungry still for more  
swallows up my feet

Rain mixes a mud pie  
clouds make a meringue  
adding a glaze - moonlight

Did you come far, chilly wind,  
just to blow Summer leaves  
bright side under



Entertaining the notion  
bees believe she's sweet!  
-a cry and a half laugh

pale painted faces  
gloved hands grip the casket  
of their colleague, the clown

Blood mobile with open doors  
sharing with mosquitos  
donor access

Freed from the oppressive heat  
slave  
to the master air conditioner

Our cat gone  
in search perhaps of a home  
where they don't clean mites from ears

Rearranging the wood pile  
under renovation  
House of Mouse



Vet's office visit  
"Not another dog!" worms her way  
into my heart



King of the dirt pile  
at the pinnacle  
of his puppy career

Canine engine  
pulling its human caboose  
along the railroad bed

Summer evening walk  
sometimes glimpsing the full moon  
through maple windows

Forgetting a pen  
my memory now entrusted  
with a haiku

Brighter than ever  
moon making up for lost time  
after its eclipse



Floating with the moon  
on the surface of the pond  
folded ducks at dusk



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, three dogs (Dougie, a little brown poodle; Ernie, a big black Labrador; and Sara, a small calico mongrel), and four rabbits. The Blochs also spend their time singing harmonies together, gardening, and otherwise looking after household life in Hurleyville, New York. The Essence of This, their first book together, received Honorable Mention in the Haiku Society of America's 1992 Merit Book Awards.



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