



the silence of the cymbals



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2019

a collection
of haiku by
spring street haiku group
nyc 2020

Opening Note

It's the twenty-sixth of April 2020. I sit at my minuscule desk in my minuscule New York apartment. The windows are barred. I escape to the exercise yard for a few minutes a day before the lockdown whistle. Masked, socially distant, I walk through the town of ghosts that my city has become. Haiku come into my head ever less frequently... what's there to write about except THE PLAGUE? I'm so tired of writing about THE PLAGUE.

All the poems in this book were written in pre-plague times. Half last year, 2019, half in 2017... a year we forgot to publish... skipped over... until noticed by Miriam Borne. Thank you Miriam!

Right now, the city is closed. Our Spring Street Haiku Group hasn't met in person since February... and even then, plague panic kept the numbers down. There've been virtual meetings, organized by Matt Beck. I thank him for that, though I rarely participate. I'm not much of a virtual guy.

It's been a depressing time. And in this little anthology you'll read haiku about

- skid row gutter
- bulletproof backpack
- after the argument
- metastasis

Not cheery, but great haiku despite (because of?) the topics.

There are a few smiles to be had

- the leisure of rabbits
- our yellow canary
- mayflies

What can I say? The haiku are the moon. The poet is the pointing finger. I'm just the hand that lifts the finger doing the pointing.

Our previous books have had long fanciful introductions, with simile, metaphor, hyperbole, and literary conceits up the wazoo. This year is different, so very different. I'll be let the poems speak for themselves this time. The order of poets, as in the last book, is random..

I do want to thank all the members of the Spring Street Haiku Group, especially my co-conspirator, kei

andersen... whose design makes this
book what it is... and Bruce Kennedy
whose photos grace the cover.
Enough finger pointing, the actual
moons lay inside.

--Mykel Board for Spring Street Haiku
Group

The following books in the Spring Street Series are available for \$8 including postage (U.S. only). There are only a few copies left of each. They'll be sold on a first-come first-served basis. The dates indicate publication years. The haiku were presented to the group the previous year.

- 1994 Woodshavings
- 1995 A Small Umbrella
- 1996 After Lights Out
- 1997 In the Waterfall
- 1998 Absence of Cows
- 1999 Pink Bulldozer
- 2000 Five O'clock Shadow
- 2001 The Pianist's Nose
- 2002 Behind the Fig Leaves
- 2003 Lit From Within
- 2004 More Wrinkles
- 2015 Low Growling From the Petunias

2016 A Gust from the Alley

2019 The Weight of Moon Light

Note: These are the tail end of the printings, so they may have minor defects, like a bent or smudged cover. If you only want a perfect copy, let me know, but that may mean you'll get nothing. Checks to: Seidboard World Enterprises, POB 137, New York, NY 10012. Paypal to: paypal@seidboard.com

Also available

2004 Suspiciously Small (5-year collection)

2017 A Gust From The Alley

To order these books, contact Efren Estevez at efren39@verizon.net
Or print on demand from [Lulu.com](https://www.lulu.com)

the
haiku



old pond
clouds drift across
the silence

rain promised
she lets down
her hair

learning where
the accent falls
metastasis

winter wind
where the carousel
used to be

autumn nightfall
my notebook full
of first drafts

–Bill Kenney

Sunday at dawn...
a shredded rose
at the subway entrance

the world is vast and wide –
I put raisins in my oatmeal

a man coughs
the library quiet
deepens

a hand stuck out
from the tree fort window
spring rain

trench coat
over her pink pajamas
evening rush hour

–Bruce Kennedy

furled sails...
a gull feather
drifts in the puddle

storm clouds...
the waiters at the empty cafe
close the table umbrellas

orchestra warming up...
the silence
of the cymbals

a day after
the state fair
crows in the parking lot

wind in the cattail shoots
snow slides off
the overturned rowboat

—Matt Beck

Roma al fresco—
little dishes of pasta
for the street cats

early twilight
setting the table
fork knife moon

Brooklyn-bound train
a woman in camo
touches up her makeup

after the argument
a long walk
something in my shoe

night returns—
a black cat slips
through the garden gate

—kei andersen

supermoon
the magnification factor
of dreams

rear view mirror
the way things simply
disappear

leaf litter
autumn's brief but colorful
half-life

—Jay Friedenber

dusk
rabbits quietly
eat the windfalls

winter morning
houseflies fast asleep
on my shower curtain

*"no pens for patients"
I use a magic marker
to write this haiku*

-Doris Heitmeyer

spring morning
the sound of lake water
lapping against the docked boat

the circus in winter seclusion
an elephant chained to a palm
trumpets to the moon

--Cor van den Heuvel

evening train
leaves the station...
fading jazz saxophone

face down
in the Sonora
her remains

on the girl's
back-to-school list
a pink bulletproof backpack

close as we are
still a guest
in this body

—Miriam Borne

parked car
the tail lights come on
covered with snow

sewn into
her Pale Star quilt
summer gossip

idle moment
I bend a paper clip
into a sculpture

first light
a copper rooster creaks
on top of the barn

where I left it
my image
in the hall mirror

-Carl Patrick

maple seeds spiral
fall lift swirl land
on Astroturf

Bach fugue
follows every rise & curve...
the mountain road

reflected in the water
that it spans
bridge's underbelly

cordoned-off sidewalk
pigeon prints
in the fresh cement

–Noreen Ash Mackay

evening class--
teacher steals a glance
at the clock

nursing home visit
I try to straighten
the picture on the wall

removing his shoes
before entering the temple--
a man in a wheelchair

Mumbai streetwalker--
scouting for customers
quietly coughs

Taj Mahal--
woman in a burqa
takes a selfie

—Mykel Board

resolving to use
every part of it
Year of the Pig

skid row gutter
a rain-filled hubcap
panning for stars

his oak coffin
lowered
acorns all around

darting between
the subway rails
my dark thoughts

fresh rust
on the train trestle
blood moon

--Scott Mason