

# HAIKU

THIS

BOUNDLESS

MIST

# This Boundless Mist

by

Robert F. Malmgren



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Robert F. Mainone

Reva Harwood  
1968



Robert L. Marione

## HAIKU.....

is a poetry of perception . . .  
an awareness of life in an  
unusually vivid way . . . its brevity  
imposes on the reader's own  
background and imagination for  
the magic of the haiku moment.

A river of time . . .  
my invisible canoe  
passing through the world



All the trout they say  
and only one has leaped it . . .  
the dam at Leland Bay

A willow catkin  
where winter had hidden it . . .  
the spirit of spring

Where the river is swift  
light plays in the water . . .  
shadows of fishes



A day to go see  
the rain on the water,  
the wind in the trees

From the darkest ooze  
the morning sun is drawing  
yellow marigolds

A trout stream in spring  
and all of it pouring  
from the Winter Wren's throat

Out on the bay  
a painter is mixing  
night with the day

Over Lighthouse Point  
through the roar of the storm . . .  
a sound of finches

The morning breeze,  
how gently it moves the rushes . . .  
feathers of the bittern

Water and moonlight . . .  
now and then the wind ripples  
leaves of the maples

Plumes of the Giant Reed . . .  
to the summer clouds they reach  
at Dermo Bay



Tail-over-head  
a reed in each foot . . .  
the Marsh Wren!

The fallen-tree bridge . . .  
looking back and watching  
oneself cross over

In a grove of pines . . .  
listening to the sound of  
moonlight sifting through

Dry winds of July  
dancing with the poplar trees.  
Rainmaker's rattles



Tail-over-head  
a seed in each foot . . .  
the Marsh Wren!

The fallen tree bridge . . .  
looking back and watching  
oneself cross over

In a grove of pines . . .  
listening to the sound of  
moonlight sifting through

Dry winds of July  
dancing with the poplar trees:  
Rainmaker's rattles



Muffled August drums . . .  
beyond the fire, chanting . . .  
the shadow dancers

Buffalo dancers . . .  
let the earth tremble to your  
drums and pounding feet

A fabric, windblown  
the swallows are weaving  
of wavelets and rushes

In my tent-cocoon . . .  
awaken Polyphemus  
to the morning wind!

Forgotten by trees  
and violets blooming in it . . .  
the loggers' road

The woodpecker,  
striking trees with wedges  
of his metallic voice

A quiet evening,  
a road through a woods where  
bats flutter by

Swallows of the world . . .  
they darken the sun  
in the groves west of Vero



I look at Moorland . . .  
all the houses disappear . . .  
mammoths and grasses!

Northport by the bay  
calm mornings one can see  
the Garden of Ryoanji

At Igaueno,  
singing in the bamboo grove . . .  
was it Basho's voice?

Clouds in the river . . .  
a paddle sending whirlpools  
eddyng away

**For the longest time  
that's all there was . . . the blackbird  
the reed and the wind**

This boundless mist . . .

Loch, one cry from you might  
the emptiness



River is her name . . .

mirrors now the sun, the moon,  
never quite the same

At the crossing

wading knee-deep in autumn  
red and yellow leaves





For the longest time  
that's all there was . . . the blackbird  
the reed and the wind

This boundless mist . . .

Loon, one cry from you might break  
the emptiness

River is her name . . .

mirrors now the sun, the moon,  
never quite the same

At the crossing

wading knee-deep in autumn . . .  
red and yellow leaves

Out where clouds come down  
a tiny boat is sailing . . .  
how wide, how blue the sea

This morning  
wild geese, too  
are part of the storm

Snow began to fall  
on the lodges of muskrats,  
on the dry reeds

Singing strong-heart songs . . .  
it is not I who sings them,  
it is someone else

Light are my snowshoes,  
among the birches I walk . . .  
white snow all around

*Nin gim-na nan-gan,*  
*a-bim-seh-yahn wig-was-sing . . .*  
*gwi-tai ki-na goon*



Dreams we'll never dream,  
buried in the Spoonville mound  
songs we'll never sing

All night the northwind,  
and running with it all the  
ghosts of arctic wolves

Through the polar night,  
watching daylight climbing down  
a distant mountain

The snow this morning  
falling on the black water . . .  
on the wings of swans

Cones of the hemlock . . .  
from the highest snowy branches,  
the kinglet's bells

Winter dies, too  
and with it all the footprints  
in February's snow

February rain  
calling to the bird-voiced frog,  
to the silent ear

I walk . . .

I breathe . . . I am . . .  
fantastic!

Preening his feathers,  
the crow of many winters  
thinks about himself

In another dream,  
what shall it be . . . oceans?  
. . . the air some maiden breathes?

In higher places,  
now and then through the mist  
the peaks of mountains













