

Even  
A Stone  
Breathes



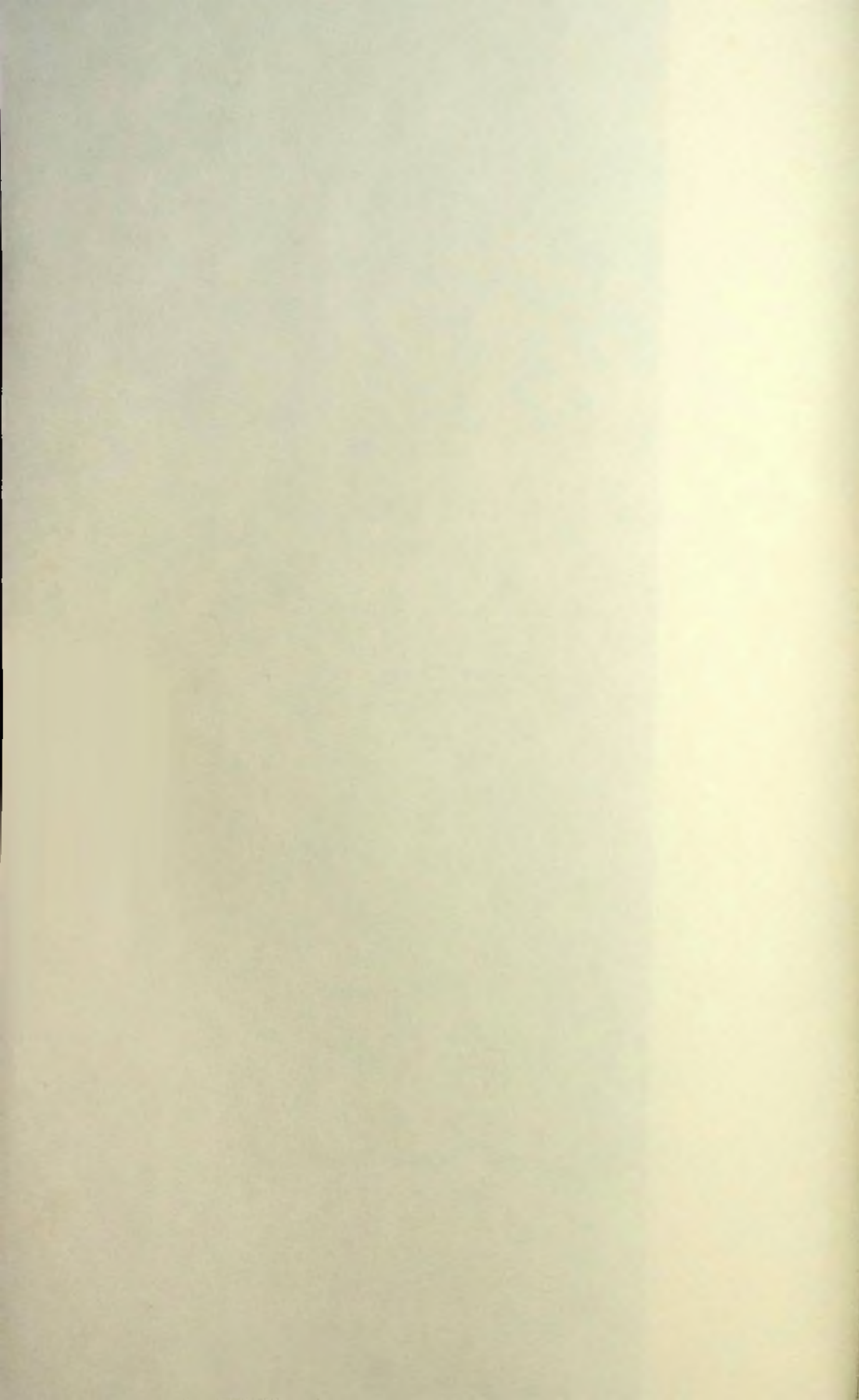
Haiku and Senryu

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Winona Baker



EVEN A STONE BREATHES



# Even A Stone Breathes

Haiku & Senryu

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Winona Baker

*Winona Baker 4/2000*



oolichan books

LANTZVILLE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

2000

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Spring



old nun  
sells ceramic babies  
at the spring bazaar

spring cleaning—  
dolls my daughter left  
have slept twenty years

rocky hilltop  
in a pocket of soil  
green tips of shooting stars

last goodbye—  
his ashes on the water  
gold-flecked waves

*for Brian*

old pond—  
frog's eggs float  
in my reflection

such faint fragrance  
in this unknown wildflower  
I should not have picked

in the pocket  
of his woodshed coveralls  
a nest of deer mice

*for Jim*

grandson's plaque  
on the memorial seawall  
every wave different

feather  
from an unknown bird  
on the bracket fungus

the bear in the blossoms  
holds out his arms  
I do not understand



first narcissus—  
rub soap in a collar  
another age spot

warm gentle wind  
cloudy— a perfect day  
to wash an old quilt

wheelchair race—  
white clover in the lawn  
of the hospital

he mows the lawn in circles—  
Basho's pond

washing windows  
me inside he outside  
the smiling glass

dig new potatoes  
'Look grandma—  
a tired moon'

soft wind  
carrying the scent of lilacs  
through the screen door

freeway traffic  
stalled both ways  
skunk and kits crossing

another speech—  
wild flowers  
on the CEO's table

sign QUIET  
a pro tees off the green  
a bird keeps singing

along the row  
feeling guide wires  
goes the blind gardener

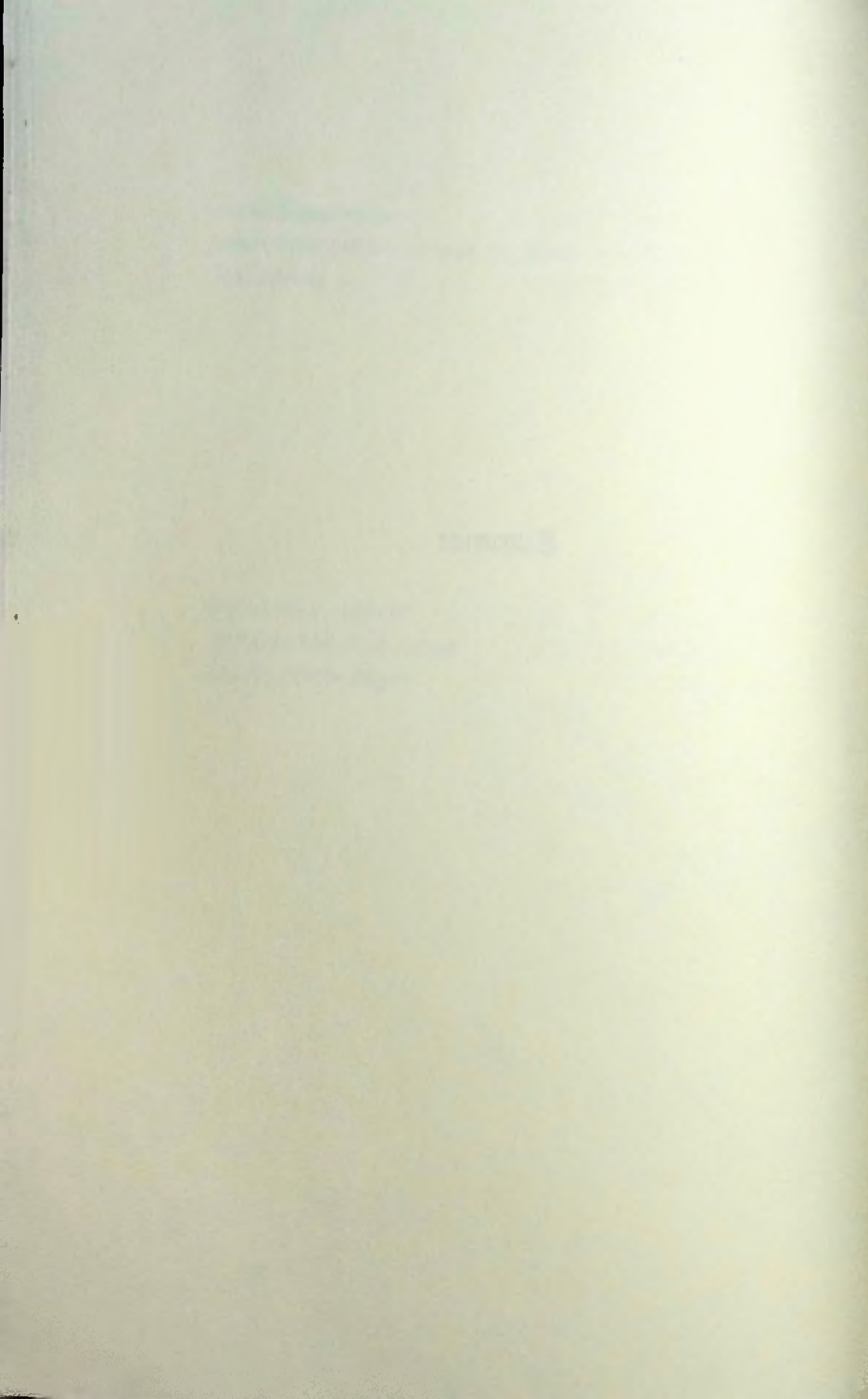
feel sorry for the killer whale  
she hasn't got a pod  
to be in

prize sweet peas  
where the outhouse was emptied  
last spring

grandma's 'unders'  
hang on the clothesline  
inside pillow slips



Summer



beneath water  
these stones  
seem to be breathing

aviary—  
birds watch children leaping  
on the trampoline

tree trunk rounds  
on the sawdusted lawn  
under empty sky

sun bleaches  
the spread linens  
my son's hair

spider  
hanging from the soffit  
climbs into the cloud

young bald eagles—  
unimpressive  
without white crowns

summer radio  
talks to empty rooms  
faint sea sounds

low tide  
children walk from one island  
to the other

shore birds rise  
pulling the waves in  
fall the waves retreat

beach  
waves arranging  
re-arranging



gull's awkward flight  
with a fast food tray  
over beach umbrellas

grandchild  
snatched from the undertow  
cries for her hat

*for Joan*

moonlit beach  
I sit alone  
on a driftwood log

stone beneath  
my old sleeping bag—  
falling star

lightning stab  
the cemetery poplar  
riven

thunder storm—  
the old Irish setter  
trembles against me

waterfall  
empties light  
into the river

river  
carries light  
to the sea

tree-filtered heat—  
rivulets running down  
the horse's flank

wild stallion  
calls across the river—  
the pack horse tenses

a field of melons—  
remember Issa  
'Turn into frogs'

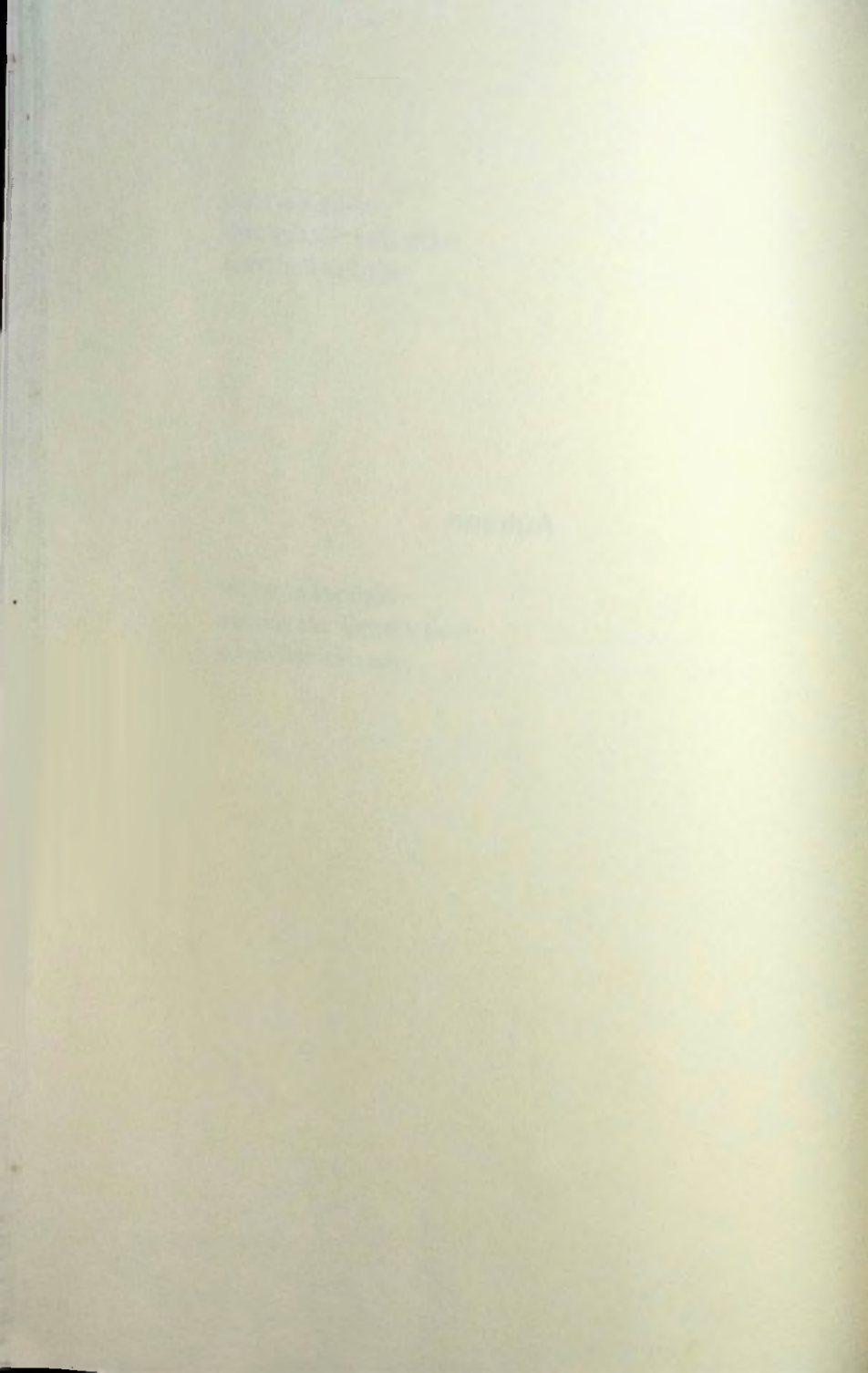
in the flower bed  
a man guts and fillets  
a canary rock cod

cat's tail glides  
through the long grass  
faint bell sounds

shiver in sunlight—  
outside the fortieth floor  
a window cleaner

## Autumn





hunter's moon—  
waves lap the woman  
carved in the rock

'Fourteen hundred feet . . .'  
the open pit mine's depth—  
we stand in sunlight

a dragonfly  
on the lily pad  
before that swallow

election speech—  
purple loosestrife spreads  
along the river

asked about smog  
the politician said  
'Just smells like money'

broad-leafed maple  
turning golden from the top down—  
colorless wind

autumn afternoon—  
a kneeling gray-haired woman  
clips grass on a grave

leaves soon to fall  
the old one visits  
a tree she planted

hike in falling leaves  
the happiness  
in the setter's tail

a spider spins  
in the fisher's net  
drying in the sun

barbershop fragrance  
the autumn widow pauses  
inhales

*for Mae*

blue heron flaps  
over wind-buffeted trees—  
lift grapes from the shadows

it's happened  
my mother doesn't know me—  
first autumn rain

slanted flying—\*  
a red leaf blows in  
the open window

*\* a movement in tai chi*



river mist  
rises whitely behind a string  
of wild horses

horse's muzzle  
melts the moon  
in the trough

crouched rabbit—  
coat changing color  
beside a peeling log

crows' whacking cries—  
leaves fall from the poplar  
in the cemetery

driving through mist  
a white cat waits  
by a mailbox

in the stubble  
a ball of blue wool  
unwinds in the wind

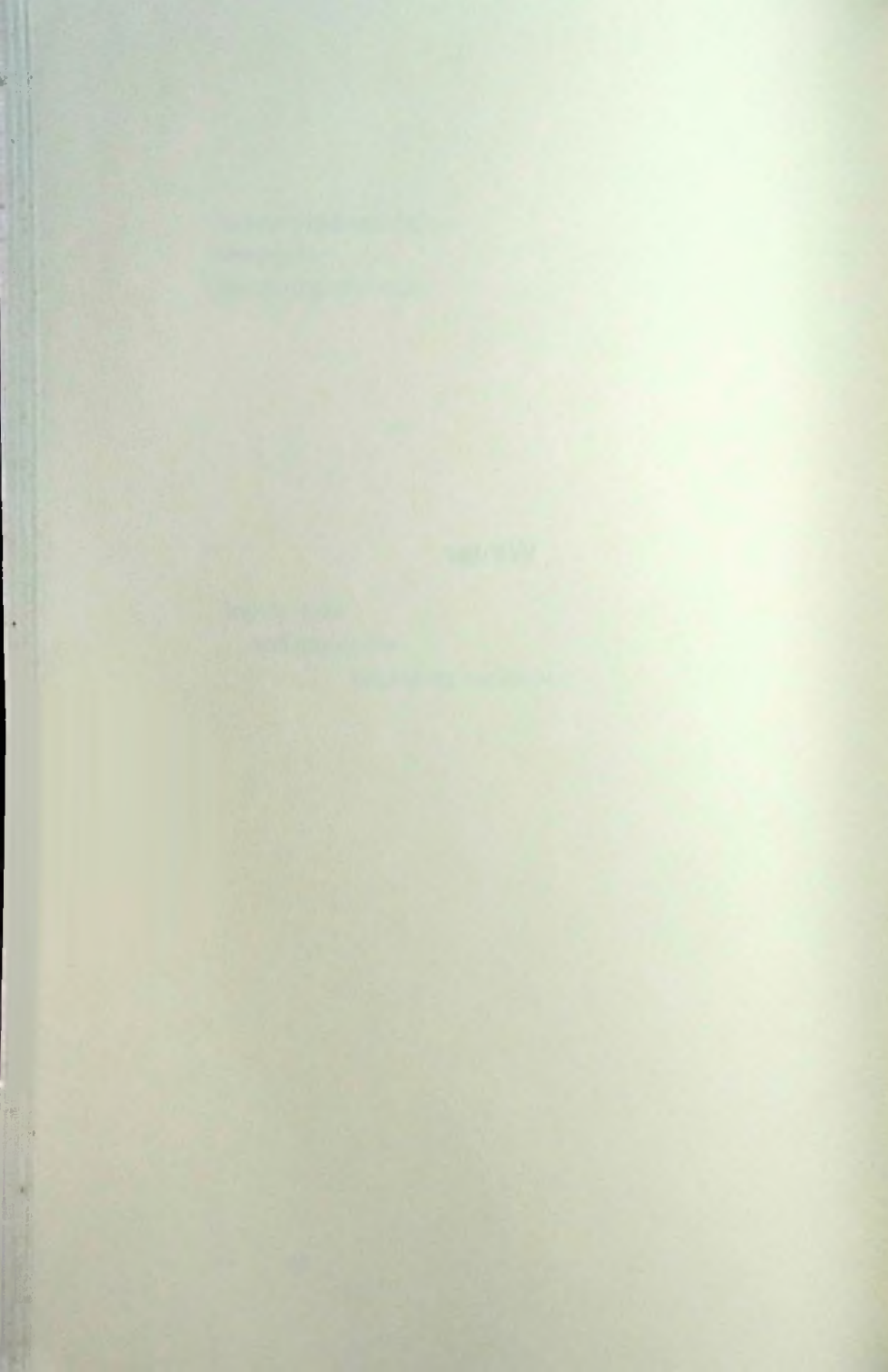
low tide  
blue heron stalks  
    the moving beach

parade over  
vet stumbles down the street—  
poppies in the gutter

heavy wind and rain—  
the poplar  
becoming anorexic

loon's wake  
and loon's cry  
becoming darkness

Winter



cold rain  
the miner's gravestone  
deeper in the earth

fourteen photos hang  
over bouquets of flowers  
propped in drifted snow



a gray sun  
and a paper wasps' nest  
in the bare tree

his size ten oxfords  
on her dancing shoes—  
even in the closet

floodlit yard—  
cat's shadow on the aviary  
a black panther

woman's solstice circle—  
how warm the talking stone  
passed to my hand

laughing Buddha  
tinsel around his bald head  
beneath the trimmed tree

smoke from a distant chimney—  
first snowflakes disappear  
in her white hair

poplar log  
felled by beavers  
burns in the fireplace

family visit:  
he tries to fix what's wrong  
with the answering machine

she and her doll  
sleep after the party—  
both one hundred today

Egypt disappoints—  
she saw the pyramid  
in Vegas

attic cobwebs—  
a cracked window  
and falling snow

coastline  
wave and wind eroded  
peeling arbutus

so cold  
waiting for the school bus  
children without hands

a dark path  
in the graveyard  
ends in a snowman



bare trees—  
now there are mountains  
on the mainland

*(with a bow to Basho)*

snowman  
in the parking lot  
anatomically correct



pale winter sunlight—  
pine siskins at the feeder  
wings flashing yellow

white-breath'd hooker  
looks in the window  
at the wedding gown

false teeth  
frozen in the glass—  
the cold

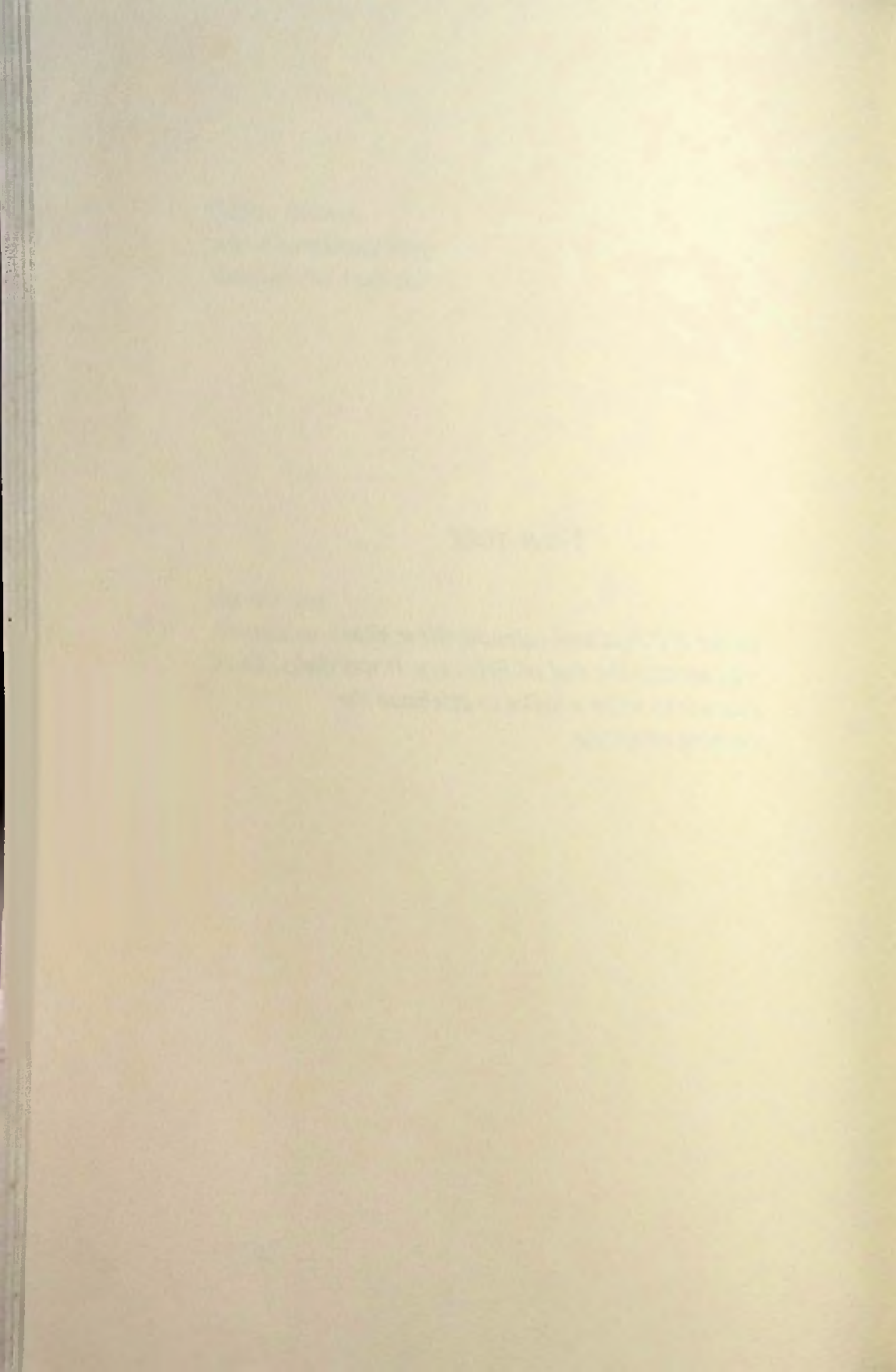
starched moon—  
cold flannel arms  
on the window sill

falling snow—  
white envelopes drop  
through the mail slot

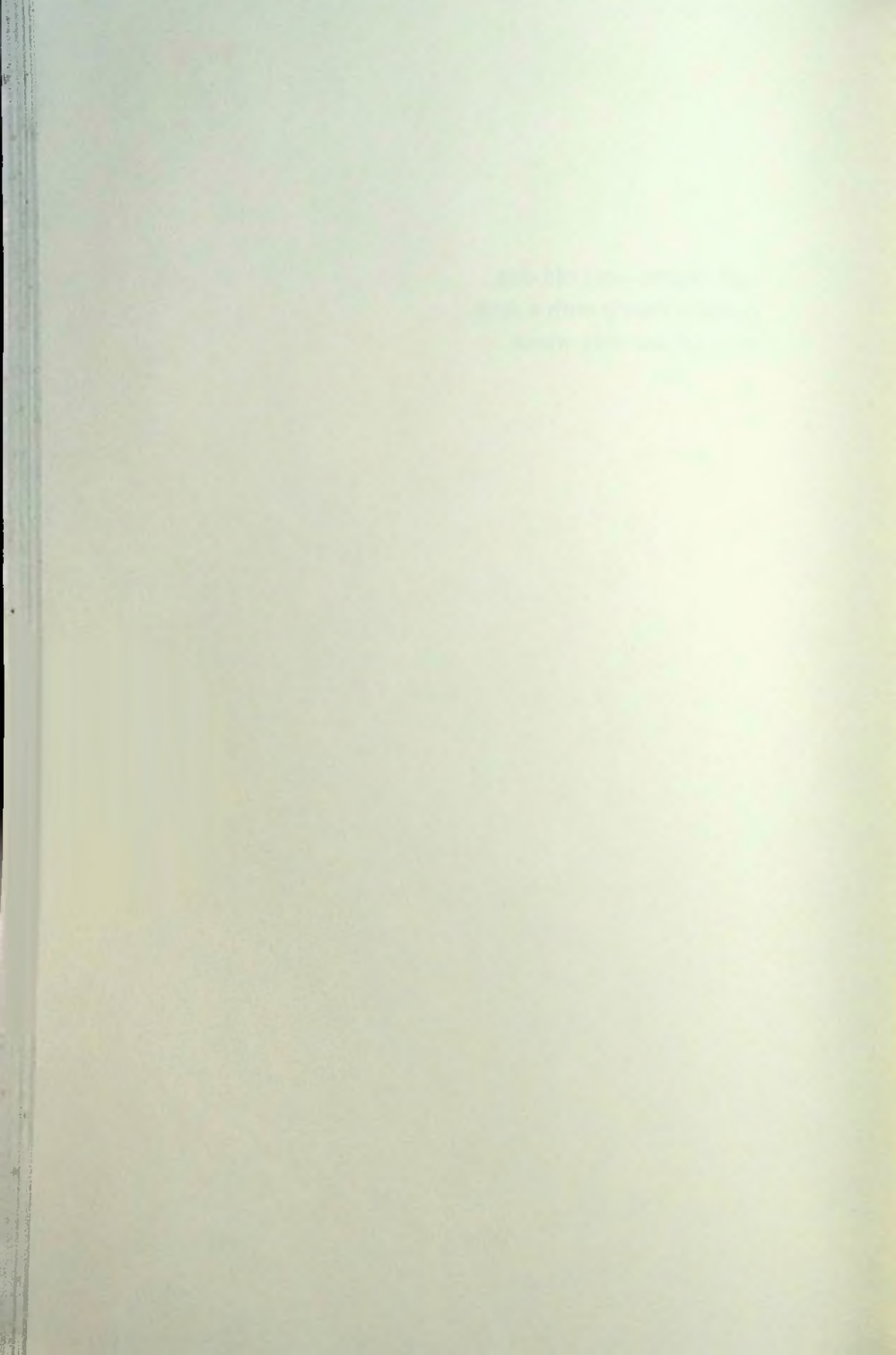
the old dog  
chained in the back yard  
barks coldly

## New Year

*In the old Japanese calendar New Year was around the end of February. It was the custom to write a haiku to celebrate the coming of spring.*

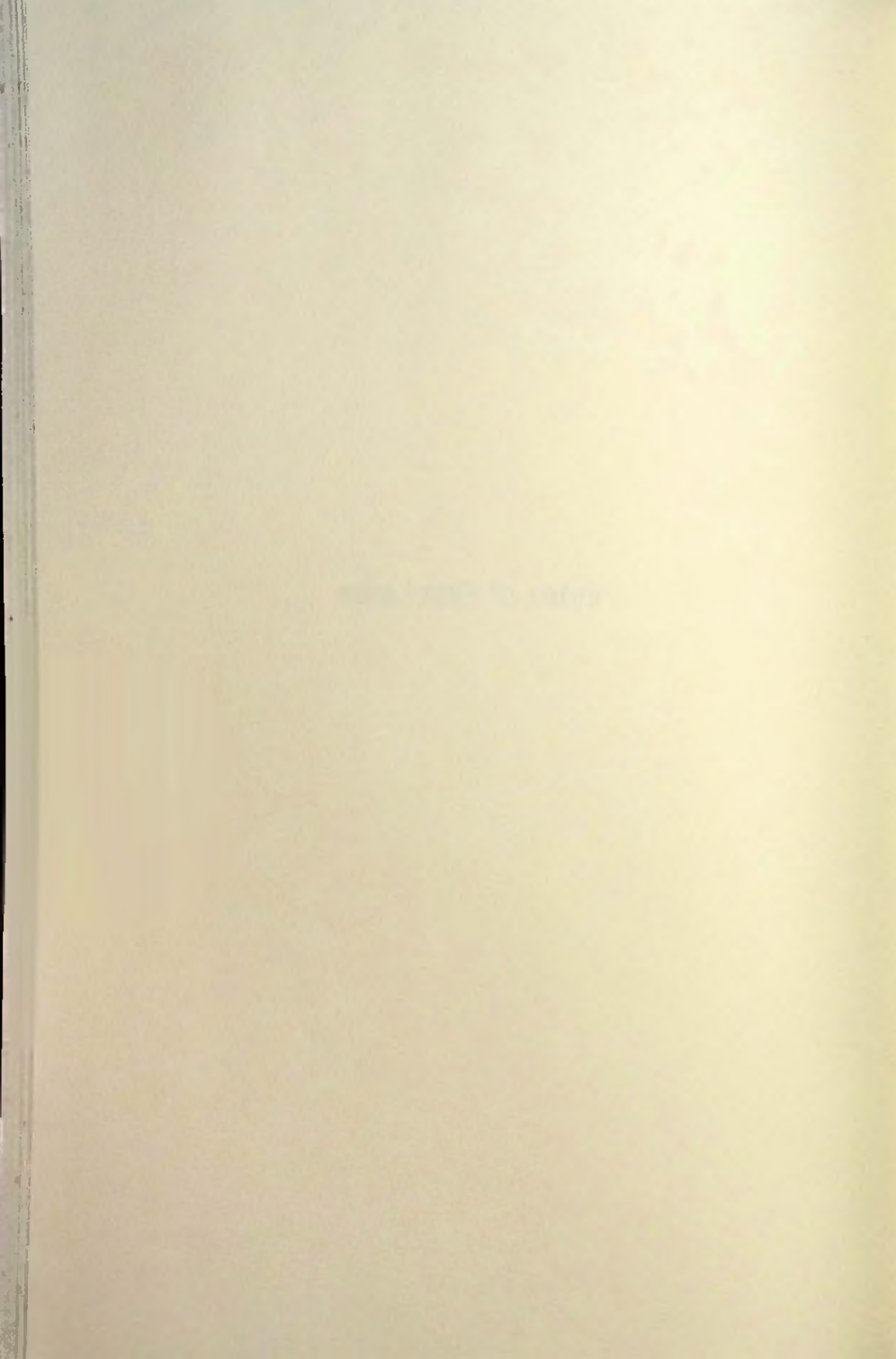


first dream—my old dog  
paddles slowly with a stick  
through the rosy waves



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#### ANTHOLOGIES

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### EUROPE

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## ANTHOLOGY

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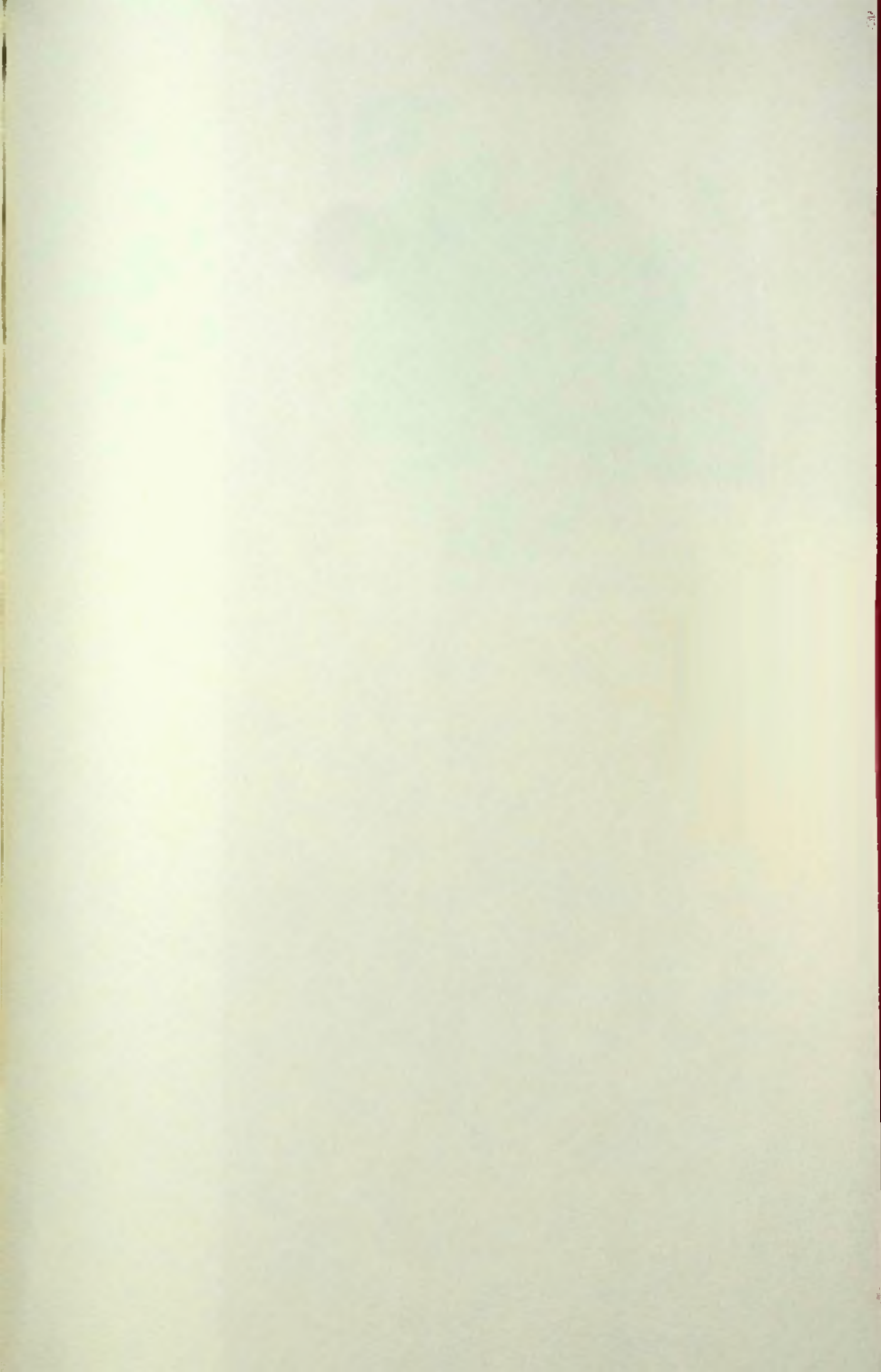
## JAPAN

## PUBLICAATIONS

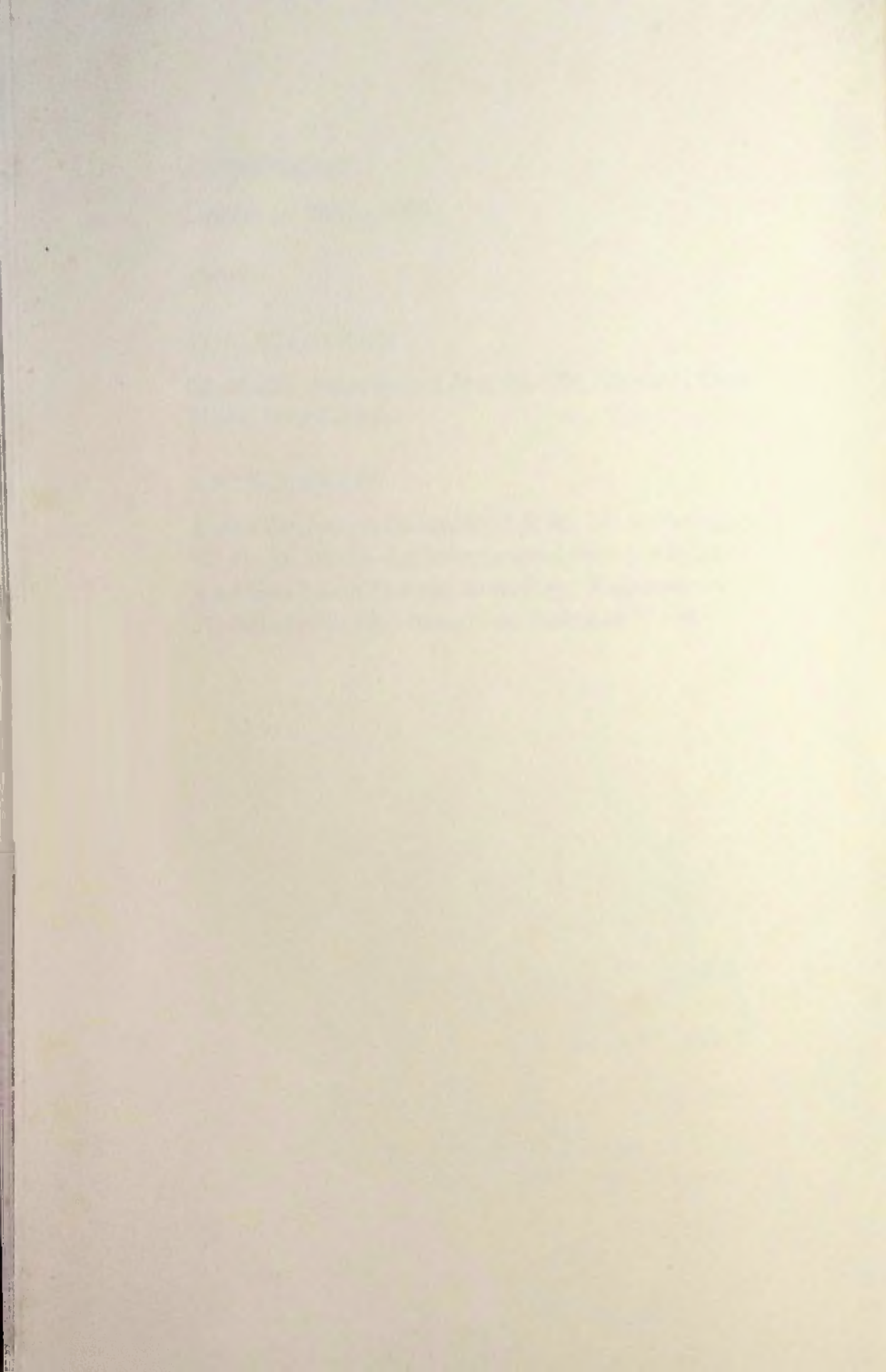
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# Even A Stone Breathes



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