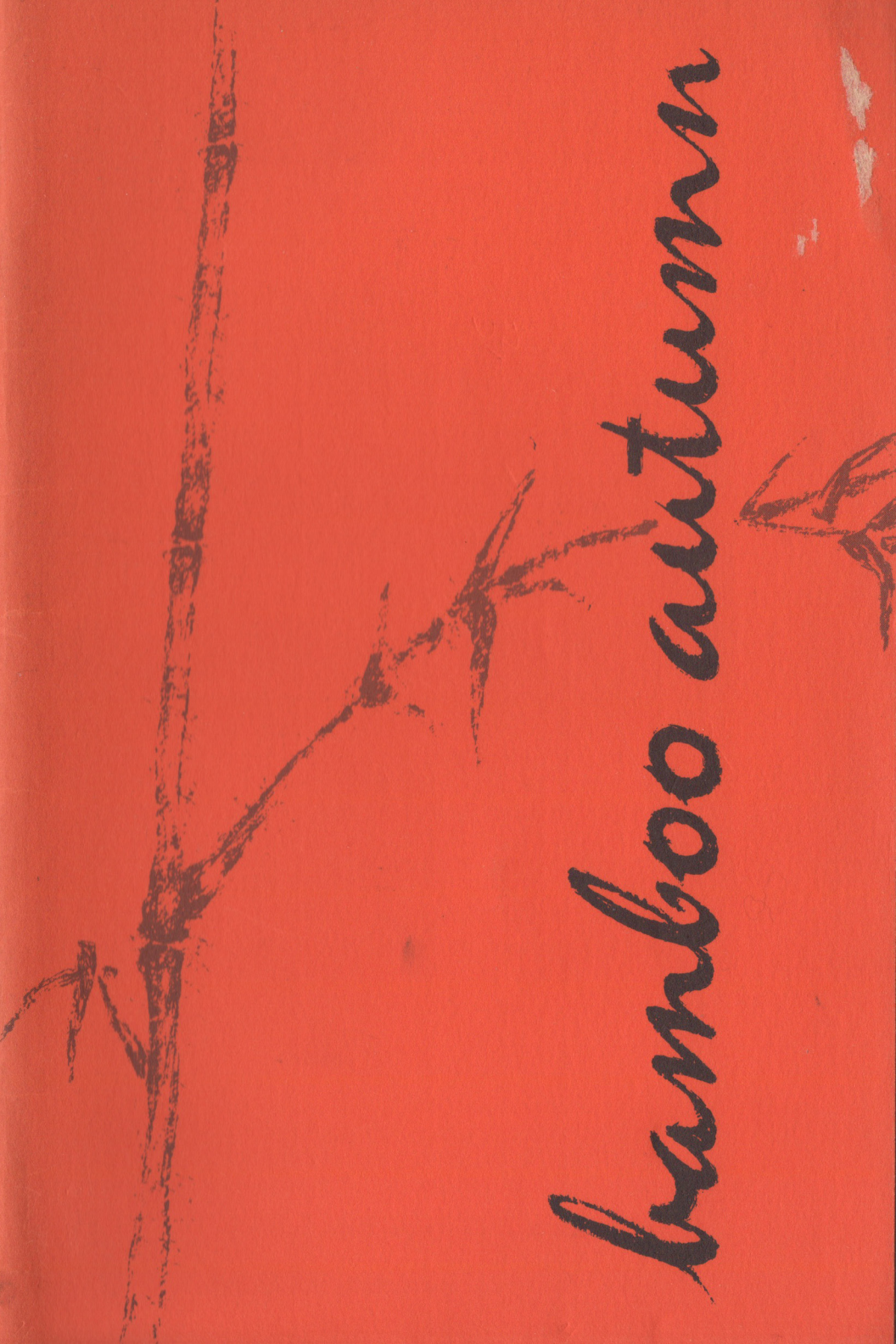


bamboo autumn



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\$2.00 Box 615, Hampton, VA 23369

haiku

by bee

ART WORK By GARY JOHNSON

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haiku

by bee



through his earmuffs

fresh snow

beneath each bootstep

*the brisk wind
frozen
on this puddle*



out from cold water

stream of ducks quacking after

boy's empty pocket

wind across the lake

these grassblades

into ice crystals

the brisk wind

frozen

on this puddle

bundled on this beach

sand dune

beneath a snow drift

still grinning

on the winter beach

dead porpoise

flurries in the brisk air

and on the bay

a gaggle of snow geese

Icy Hatteras

and against the wind again

old gannet



after high tide

this old cypress stump

beneath its ice

zero degrees

and this bay wave's skeleton

ice on the beach

this winter morning

with the steam from the train

just jogging along

the tip

of the bare oak branch

against this night window

winter breath

solid

on his beard

for a moment

the snowflake

against this tombstone

moonlit stroll

through the deepening snow

but my nostrils!

*in moonlit flurries
these snowflakes
upon his eyelash*

*the fawn in the woods
stripping the bark from that pine
with winter half gone*

*frost
and the tar men fill these cracks
in the highway*

the cat's whiskers

too close

to the fireplace

the hay in the loft

deep

through his nostrils

this winter morning

hen's eggs

warming my hands

*shelter in this barn
but on these tobacco leaves
snow*

*quietly
upon the groundhog's roof
a snowman*

*in from the deep snow
children fingering
the hot cocoa cups*

after the thaw
little boy
with the snowman's teeth

on snowy sidewalk
the old woman's white knuckles
around a teacup

winter crowd
shoulder to shoulder
shivering

on the salt-pond ice
the herring gull
and its footprints

at the iced pond
two mallards
in for a landing

the sound of
pond ice
in its fissure

beside frozen pond

spitting curses into night

crackling maple log

ice

thawing its way

across the pond

from high in her nest

great blue heron

laying eggs on the ground

climbing
from boulder to boulder
a white butterfly



*between pine needles
spring rain
toward open window*

*raindrops
stretching
the puddle*

*after so much rain
the lawn into
a flowing patchwork*

first crocus

and the peep of

baby chicks

tulips

tip to tip

igniting

at the tidal basin

spring blizzard

beneath the cherry trees

spring breeze
against the ribs of this new
maple leaf

curled in its sac
wet puppy
born, and yet . . .

cardinal's nest
from the deeper hollow
pipping

dawn on the pillow

cat's nose

upon my top cheek

through the dawn mist

only the live oak's

gnarled trunk

with the forest dawn

a daddy long legs bustling

across this tent roof

turning up
right before the storm
lily pads

into this breathing
space
torrents of rain

raindrops
full speed down mountain gulley
... the creek

inching along

this milkweed stalk

butterfly child

oak seedling

through that fissure in this

granite rock

beyond

drifting cherry blossom

bell buoy

men fishing

when through the lake's mist

the osprey

in the coffee shop

while the grey-morning sea gull

drops clams on this roof

the moon

the bay

and this wrinkled oyster shell

in cloudless sky

men walk on daytime moon while

neighbor plants corn

the sound of planting

after the planting

farmer pushing wheelbarrow

full of children

in the summer sky

white cloud

yawning

to the beach and back

ocean waves

in summer relay

running wild

in old amusement park

raspberry vines

on the wind
through the bamboo thicket
the harmonica





walking in summer
this tall bamboo in the grove
into a new shoot

through briar thicket

before

scratch of blackberries

old amusement park

gathering wild raspberries

startled pheasant flies

drowning our voices

hurricane surf

against this sea wall

over its banks

the creek

through the back door now

still standing

after summer hurricane

slender cattail

goldfinch

on one stalk seven

sunflowers

tall greens

carrot in summer garden

how deep?

tomato

one bite

and dripping down his beard

in the kitchen

flies on the sticky tape

froth on the beer

hot on the fingers
yet after the husking
down to this cob

in the back lawn
children somersaulting
and a click beetle

swamp cottonmouth;
even the mud
hanging loose

this swamp waterway
all covered with sea lettuce
and a gallinule

crossing the swamp
the fawn
with mud to its belly

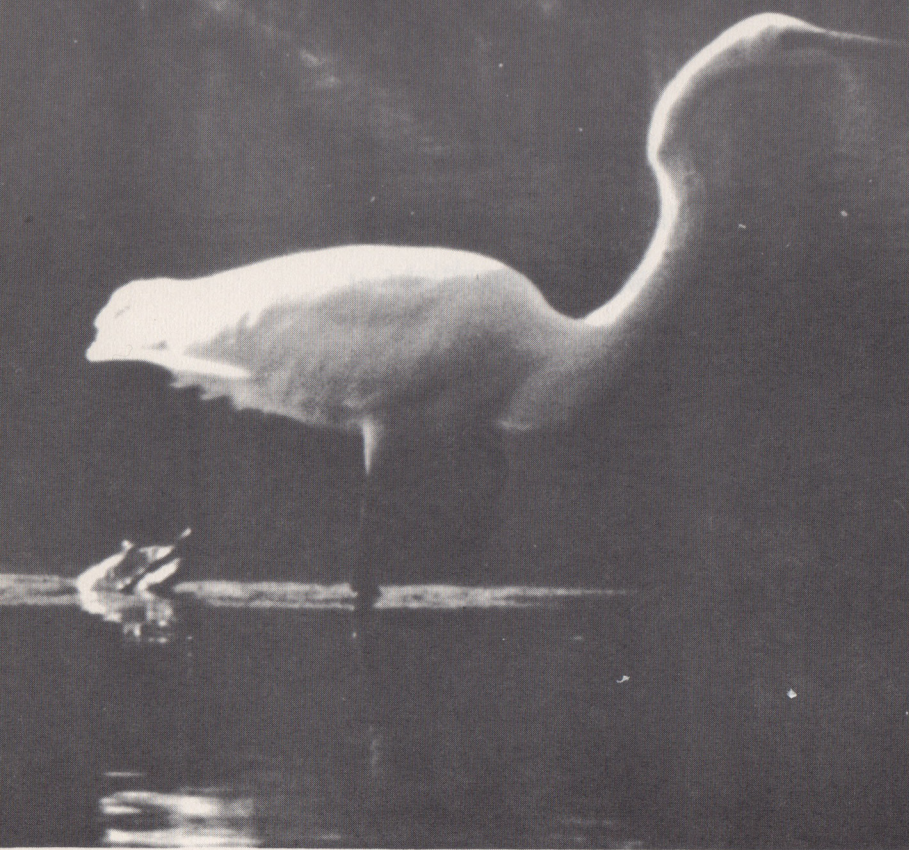
from that tree
a barred owl low through the swamp
and dusk, too

*meandering
along the dusty road
an ant trail*

*along caked beach road
fluttering of kingbird wings
and blistered barefeet*

*toward the sea
but pointing to the rear
herring-gull footprints*

*in this bayside swamp
watching the cars toward the beach
the snowy egret*



sea pens

in beach lagoon

"tide's out"

one bite of air

and from this coral crevice

teeth of green moray

the oarweed

in the hollows of

its holdfast

*sunlit coral reef
across the sea fan's shadow
this barracuda*

*this cool forest lake
the color
of those mangrove roots*

*wide-eyed from the beach
boy
with sea biscuit-whole!*

*covered bridge
the loose planks
echoing still*

*this thin splash
once around
the water wheel*

*from the porch rail
garden spider
hanging by a thread*

spider:

out of itself

into its web

in this orchard

first ripe peach

and a bumblebee

after the tractor

the child gathering loose hay

a four-leaf clover

*under the august sun
heaving
another bale of hay*

*that mosquito
in the evening air
suddenly—a bat*

*violin maker;
in his stringless fiddle
cricket wings*

silk moth

flapping against the screen door

full moon

old hiker

at stream's edge

lips to the water

autumn cattail
swamped
in solitude



*on autumn leaves
raindrops
and squirrel footsteps*

*swirling
toward the culvert
red oak leaf*

*a match
to the leaf pile
filling the air*

in bare oak top

mistletoe

clumping

hooked

on this goldenrod

a monarch

sitting empty

out on this limb

hummingbird nest

morning sun

circle on the

frosted grass

on morning sidewalk

school boy

and last night's slug track

still

from the blacksnake's mouth

the rat's tail

thick on the beach

crisp

horseshoe crab helmets

piece of cork

lost

on the beach

in boots to his neck

surf fisherman

reeling-in midnight splash

on the mountain trail
french bread
out from his knapsack

the words erased now
on this
thick tablet tombstone

resting in the field
when between the basket slats
the potato's eye

still playing

above the lake

morning mist

into the water

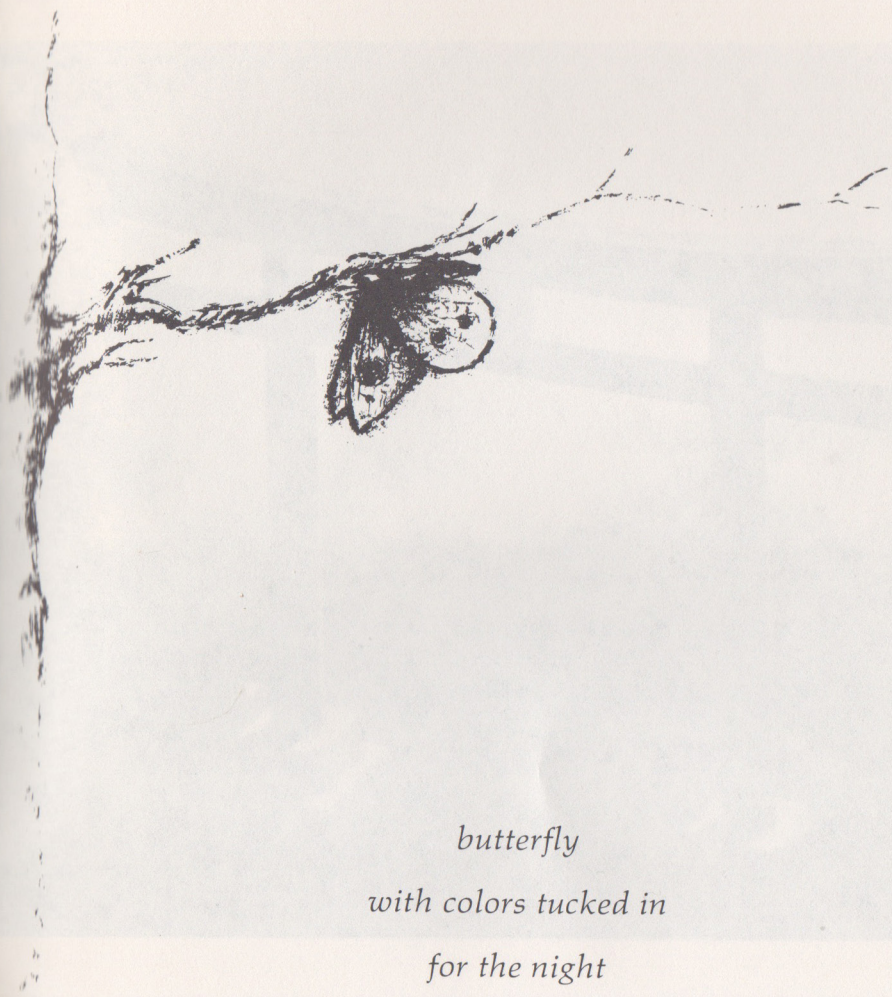
the coot headfirst

and canoe paddle

under his head

thick mass of this Spanish moss

... the Big Dipper



butterfly
with colors tucked in
for the night

through this

side and into

morning mist

into the water

the cool hand

slipped across the

butterfly

with a soft touch

and the night

was a gift





HAIKU

Although Haiku is a relative newcomer in poetic forms found in the West, it has been practiced in the Far East for centuries. Its emergence in Western literature is indicative not only of the poet's continued search for new forms to express his ideas but, more important, Haiku demands an approach to life that is, in many instances, quite apart from the Western tradition.

If we define Haiku as the essence of all things in their own spatial relationship to all other things, then we are immediately aware of a new set of priorities for the poet. No longer is the falling leaf a metaphor for the poet to exploit for his message; the leaf is its own reason for being. In **bamboo autumn** the poet demonstrates this appreciation for things as they are. As Haiku grows in popularity in the West, perhaps we all, reader and poet, can grow to see more clearly the importance of all things to the world in which we live.

BEE

A native of Bucks County, Pa., Bee has spent a number of years studying the philosophies of the East. While in Japan she began to explore Haiku as a poetic form and as an extension of Eastern philosophies. A devotee of Hatha Yoga, she studied at the Sivananda Yoga Center, Washington, D. C., and presently teaches in Hampton, Va. Recently she produced a program for educational television to demonstrate the principle of Hatha Yoga. Her activities as a naturalist have greatly influenced her writing. She lists among her interest camping with her three sons and photographing wild life.

GARY JOHNSON

Gary is a graduate of Virginia Commonwealth University and has subsequently worked as an illustrator-photographer in the Hampton area and as an illustrator during his military service in the Air Force. He is presently Director of the Audio-Visual Department of the Hampton Association for the Arts and Humanities. His most recent art-photography exhibit was in a group show at the Hampton Roads Coliseum.

