

EXHALING GREEN

by

FOSTER JEWELL

俳句

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*Spring, and doors open -
in the woods no bars
to a beyond.*

*Increasing sun -
pupa on last year's ragweed
is restive.*

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*Spring morning shivers -
wooly coat of the crocus,
sun bundled in cloud . . .*

*In April's mirrors
the dead woods faintly exhales
green.*

*Amid burgeoning
the fire-blackened pine stub
and its statement.*

*And the great dead oak:
always losing
but still itself.*

*Coming in the night
a last skim of snow;
leaving at sunrise.*

*New wren house -
somewhat interested
an early wasp . . .*

*Coloring dawn
in their own way,
nestlings.*

*Early summer dawn -
prairie emptied of dark,
fills with lark song.*

*Nest almost complete,
and the cow sheds lining
on fence barbs below.*

*Still there
in the shrinking puddle
my reflection.*

*Ants, too,
again at their pausing,
considering,
hurrying on . . .*

*Hot on the hillside.
Applying his kind of shade
hovering buzzard.*

*One of those sunsets
that never fade . . .
but again the scythe.*

*Afterglow
of the afterglow . . .
Then Venus!*

Evening stillness . . .
The fox comes down the hill.
Color of dusk . . .

From the same stillness
far siren,
imminent night bird . . .

*The night bird's song -
everyone hearing
but no one ever seeing . . .*

*Knee deep
in forest dew -
and the trees go on raining -*

*Into the lake
of a sycamore leaf
the rock sheds a river.*

Heads too loose
on such thin necks -
daisies in wind and rain . . .

Last rain-drop
nears end of twig . . .
nearing it . . . nearing it . . .

*Drained pond -
the moon
just keeps on going.*

*The drained pond -
and listening . . .
all the way home.*

Drained pond -
the moon
just keeps on going

***One frog
singing all by himself -
then still - all by himself, too?***

The drained pond -
and listening
all the way home.

*Not hearing the silence -
until
the whip-poor-will!*

*The miles of silence
out there
beyond whip-poor-wills . . .*

***Second whip-poor-will landed -
and now- !***

***Dawn thunders up!
and whip-poor-wills leave
as rain arrives.***

*Haying -
fiercer than thistles,
the prairie roses.*

*Hay fork door opens -
deluge of gold light: -
up into it! - pumping HARD!*

Lost among bright motes,
BARN LOFT SWING AT ITS APEX! -
"Hey, I'M AN ANGEL!"

*Hint of fall
in the air -
the dove's plaint . . .*

*Pondering
all the robins' songs, too,
that go unanswered . . .*

*Scarcely a leaf turned,
yet the Harvester enters -
the time has come.*

*Harvester -
Now the field mice -
which way to run -*

*Muttering on the ramp,
the grain wagon thunders
on the left floor.*

*The grain wagon
now on the loft floor:
binned wheat shifts and shudders.*

*Ragweed! -
but, oh, blue of chicory
six feet tall!*

*Joint grass: -
again pulling it apart -
again rejoining . . .*

*Once in a while, cricket . . .
then the old porch chair*

*No haiku . . .
but now in the clear blue sky
sudden-whisp of fluff! -*

*Phoebe's sick mew
as the leaves come down -
The trees rest.*

*That a voice so plaintive
need appeal on and on:
"Phoebe-e-e-"*

*Late but perfect rose:
at last
it sheds a petal*

*The wait
for a gray day's flowering -
but now it's eight . . .*

*Windy fall night:
faintly a cricket.
The trees roar*

*Forgotten garden
brighter than ever
with leaves . . .*

*Sleeping, and waking:
in full flight
with garish leaves*

*In cold fall rain
the red leaf
just misses the puddle*

Windy fall night:

*The last bright leaf
finally lets go -
but there's another!*

Forgotten garden

*The raggedest leaf -
after a while it, too,
loosens . . .*

*Without any fuss
the thin moon just slides down
and away . . .*

*Sudden new phrasing
of brook and boulder;
thunder in the hills . . .*

*Indian summer :
the trees's lack -
the rabbit's new coat . . .*

*Pausing, and waiting . . .
if whiteness already here -
December nudging.*

*Printed in new snow
fast forget-me-nots
as cats hurry home.*

*More birds on the fence;
a look at the bread supply . . .
The snow continues.*

*Starlings and sparrows -
remembering the finches . . .
Empty feed pan*

*One on either side
across the pale winter sky
the shaggy sun-dogs.*



*At the dark window -
a long look at blackness ...
deciding to read.*



