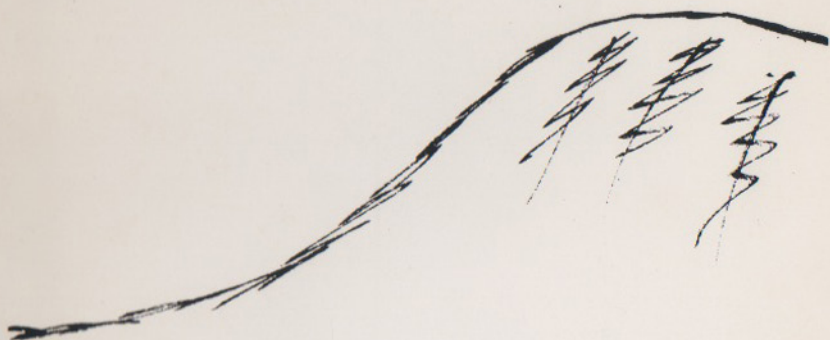


# A hill without A name

haiku by



ross la haye



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Haiku

W. R. 22/1/19





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**Haiku**

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Ross L. Hays



Old Mountain Press



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First Edition  
Manufactured in the United States of America  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



*This book is for Erin*

spring stars  
my breath  
obscuring them



spring stars  
my breath  
obscuring them



spring evening  
walking alone they've  
left me to the moon

at the window  
again and again the fly  
bumping spring dusk

spring afternoon  
over the empty parking lot  
graveldust swirling



spring morning  
the cagedoor cold closing  
the parakeet in

in the cemetery  
maintenance workers weedtrimming  
spring afternoon

watching television  
alone orange in the fly's wings  
spring dusk



i pause from work and  
the sound of the ant's leaf  
dragging spring afternoon

birdfeeder  
the squirrel had been sitting in  
swinging spring afternoon

spring sunset  
the cardinal's descended into  
descending into it



spring evening after  
the lightning flash the haiku  
that doesn't come

*(For John Wills)*

warm spring evening not far  
behind us his house a tree another  
headlights flicker on

summer heat digging deeper  
and deeper and still chinking  
the buried brick



summer afternoon  
passing them again alone still  
cows grazing

summer shower  
one by one raindrops run off  
the blackbird's back

summer morning  
gloom deepening in the faceless  
scarecrow's face



summer evening  
out of the deepening stillness  
a crow's caw

summer morning  
on the library floor leaving  
some rain i've taken in

summer's greenhouse i pull  
a weed bugs scatter then  
swarm on another



cool summer morning  
cucumber vines creeping  
closer and closer to the house

summer morning down  
the driveway the deep stillness  
a crow parts

after the long rain  
the farm fields teeming with seagulls  
summer afternoon



summer afternoon  
in the tall grass  
a fox watching



fall morning  
cold wind running through  
the raccoon's fur

autumn evening this  
far from the bay fog  
illuminated by streetlights

autumn morning reading  
my grandfather's meter behind his  
bushes i sink into mud



autumn evening  
a dark bird moonlight  
in the bay behind it

winter dawn looking out there  
for something  
other than snow

*(For Rod Willmot)*  
winter's depths  
cold lifting my  
razorblade again



winter morning passing  
through Frog Station snow holds  
the sign the sign holds

spring mist  
the birch  
sparrowless

spring rain the oak  
the crow  
sits in



spring morning  
no word from them  
in months the clouds

spring evening this  
world this world waiting  
for the crickets to come

summer morning  
blanketing the river mist  
the river is



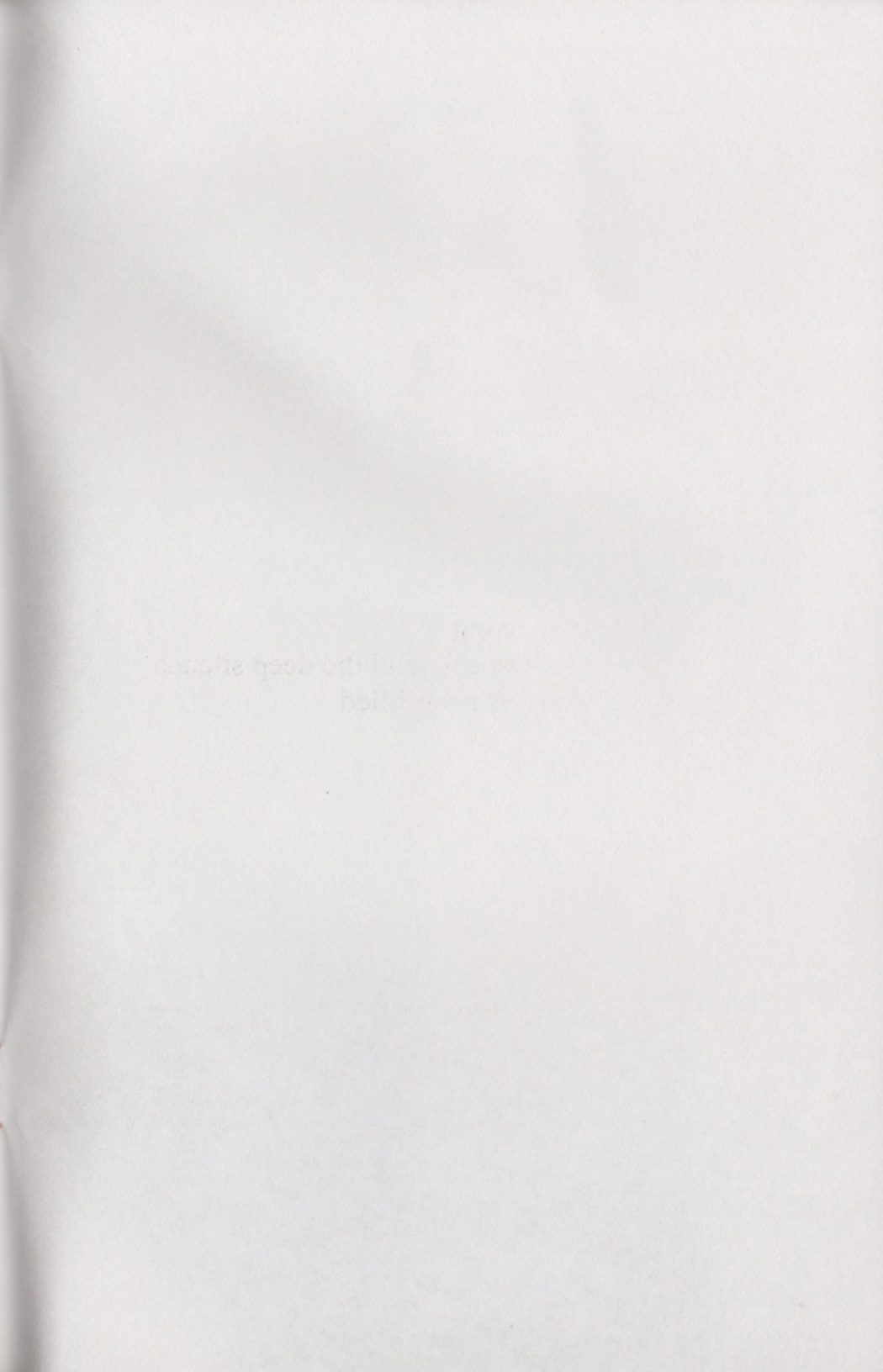
summer afternoon

lakemist pushes the seagulls  
off the water a drop of sweat

summer dusk the red  
of the redwinged blackbird's wing  
in the long grass

spring evening  
dewscent and the deep silence  
crickets have filled





spring evening  
dewscents and the deep silence  
crickets have filled





Ross La Haye is a poet and writer. *A Hill Without A Name* is his first collection of poetry.



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